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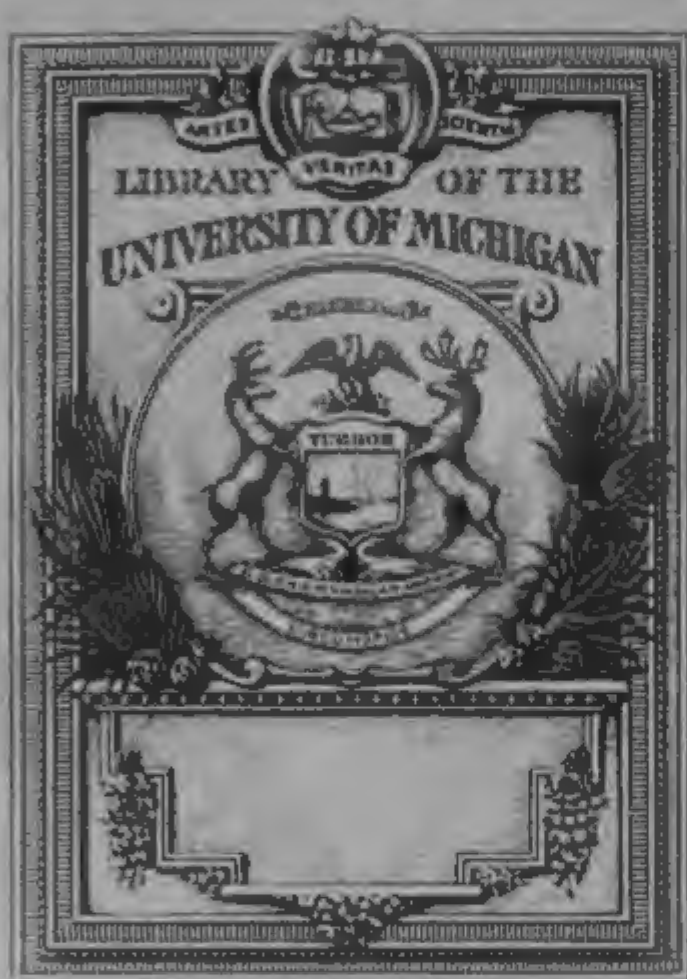
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NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XLIII.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY S. HUESTON, 348 BROADWAY.
1854.

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SAMUEL HUESTON,
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK.

JOHN A. GRAY,
PRINTER,
95 & 97 Cliff Street, New-York.

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J O H N B I G G S .

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATTORNEY,' 'HARRY HARSON,' ETC.

CHAPTER THIRD

JOHN went to his child's funeral ; but he was very quiet : and many who had seen the devotion with which he had watched him while alive, wondered at his calmness. They had expected a heavy out-break of grief ; but there was none. He lingered at the grave until the last sod was laid upon it ; and then he went away very quietly, though some said he tottered for a moment as he turned to go.

Harry Lindsey joined him as he went home, and quietly slid his hand in his. John started, and turned suddenly, as if he expected to find some one else at his side ; but he said nothing : and the boy, too, walked with him in silence. They did not part at the door, but went in together, and sat down by the fire. The room was very still ; the little hat and coat still hung on the peg against the wall, and all the marks of the former presence of the child were still there. John looked around wistfully, and then turned to the boy :

' You 'll miss little Tom, won't you ? ' asked he, in a tremulous tone. ' He was very fond of you.'

Harry Lindsey sprang up, and, flinging himself in front of the blacksmith, leaned his head against his knee, and sobbed as if his heart would break. John's own heart was full ; and oh ! how grateful to him was the love which this child was showing to his own lost boy ! He could not speak ; but he raised him in his arms and pressed him to his heart ; and as the tears, which he vainly tried to keep back, filled his eyes, with his head bowed over him, he swore by the love which he had borne to his own child, to keep the promise he had made to Harry's father, at all hazard and at all cost.

They sat and talked of little Tom, of his ways, and of what he had said and done, and of how gay and patient he was in spite of all his pain, until they both grew quite cheerful : and now and then a smile

lighted up the face of John, as in dwelling on the past he forgot the present. As they talked, the sun went down, and night came on. Then the black-smith took Harry by the hand and accompanied him home. As he was parting with him, he said :

‘ You ’ll come and see me sometimes, Master Harry, won’t you ? ’

The boy sprang up and flung his arms about his neck :

‘ I will, John, I will.’

The door closed on him, and John set out for home.

A week had passed, and John went to his work as usual ; but there was a stern gravity about him, as if he had encased his warmer feelings in iron, resolved to keep them down, although he had at times a weary, care-worn look. Morning, noon, and night, the clink of his hammer was heard. He never broke off from his work as heretofore. His neighbors, who usually assembled about the smithy, kept away, for they felt that beneath his grave exterior there was a great weight of mental sorrow ; and so he labored on by himself.

It was a quiet, golden day ; not a breath of wind rippled the water of the lake ; not a leaf rustled. The smoke of the forge ascended straight upward like a column of dark gray marble, until, high up in the sky, above the smithy, it spread out into a sombre canopy ; and there it hung. There was a glistening rime upon the leaves and branches of the trees which spoke of coming winter ; but the birds still twittered gaily, for their ice-clad enemy was not upon them yet.

John was busy at his work, too sad at heart to think of the brightness about him, but stern and resolved to bear his trouble with a manly spirit, and to fight the battle of life bravely. He was so intent upon his work that he did not observe a shadow as it darkened his door ; nor did he observe the owner of the shadow, who, after standing for a moment watching him, came in and stood within a few feet of him.

He was short and square-built, with light hair, and a bright, open, blue eye, which met your glance freely, fully, and frankly, and had withal such an honest expression that you might have sworn to his sincerity at once from his look alone. Although much younger than John, he was by no means young. He was roughly dressed in stout, strong apparel, and wore a felt hat, carelessly slouched over his face.

He stood some moments watching the smith, as if in doubt how to address him, and perhaps in the hope that John would observe him. But if such were the case he was disappointed, for the black-smith went on with his work, utterly unobservant of his presence.

At last he went up to him and took him by the hand. John started and looked up.

‘ Dick Bolles ! you here ? I’m glad to see you, Dick ; indeed I am,’ exclaimed he, laying down a heavy hammer which he held, and grasping the hand of the other in both of his own. ‘ It’s kind of you, Dick.’

The stranger shook his hands cordially.

‘ The world’s gone hard with you, John,’ said he, still holding his hand and looking earnestly in his face. ‘ I heard of it only yesterday.’

‘ Yes, Dick, it has.’

‘ And little Tom ? —— ’ inquired the other.

He did not finish the sentence, but stood looking John full in the face.

John pointed to the place beneath the willows, where the child had used to lie.

‘He’s gone.’

Dick still held his hand, and looked inquiringly in his face; and John, rightly interpreting the look, went on, speaking in a low, tremulous tone, and twisting a piece of iron in his hand as he spoke:

‘I knew that he must die; I felt that it must be so; that it could never have been intended that a little decrepit boy like he should grow to be a man; he could n’t. But I always thought the time a great way off; a very great way off——’

He paused and drew the back of his hand across his eyes, and twisted the piece of iron backward and forward with great rapidity, and then went on as before:

‘I did n’t wish to die and leave him here alone with no one to care for him. I did n’t wish that, but I hoped that somehow we might go together, and that I could have his little hand in mine even in the grave. It was foolish——’

John struggled with himself for a moment, then flung the iron on the floor, and, going to the forge, turned his back upon his friend and busied himself in raking up the fire. At last, turning to Bolles, and straightening himself up, he said:

‘It’s all right, Dick; it’s but the course of nature. Children have died, and parents have sorrowed over them before this; and time has fled, until they rested side by side; and then they met again. It has been so before; it is so now; it will be so again as long as earth is earth and man is mortal. Grief is idle: I’m but fulfilling the great law.’

John spoke bravely. He held himself up erect, and looked his friend full in the face, as if to gain his approbation of the victory which cold reason was gaining over his heart; but his words wanted the ring of the true metal.

Dick was a plain, uneducated man, with keen perceptions of right and wrong, and a blunt and open honesty of purpose which went straight to its object; withal a kind and open heart, and had always looked up to the smith with respect and affection.

He saw the struggle of John to reason down the yearnings of nature, but he had no sympathy with such cold philosophy.

‘John,’ said he, ‘though you’re a black-smith you are a l’arned man, and I am not; you have been abroad and seen the world and the sights that are in it, and I have not; while you were getting wise, I was getting rusty, and perhaps behind the world; I do n’t say that I was n’t; but this I do say, and this I’ll insist on, too,’ said he, placing his finger on the palm of his hand; ‘if God gives us children, and gives us hearts to love them with, HE *intends* us to love them. If HE takes them away, and gives us hearts to grieve for them, HE *intends* us to grieve for them. You might as well say when a man’s pleased he’s not to laugh, and when he’s hurt he’s not to holler. I believe in them all; each in his proper place.’

Dick struck one hand against the open palm of the other, to drive his argument home and clinch it.

John stood some time looking on the ground, but he made no reply : and whether convinced by this argument or not, he did not say, but taking up a bar of iron he thrust it in the fire, and applying himself to the bellows, worked at it until the forge fairly roared. Dick stood looking on in silence ; at last he said :

‘ John, I came to take you home with me.’

John shook his head :

‘ I can’t go ; there’s another death coming soon.’

‘ At the House ?’ said the other, inquiringly.

‘ Ay ! and very soon. I may be wanted.’

‘ But after that, John, after that,’ urged the other, ‘ you’ll come then ?’

‘ Perhaps I may ; perhaps I may not ; I cannot tell,’ said John. ‘ I have kind friends here ; perhaps I’ll stay among them ; perhaps I’ll go abroad ; I’m very restless now. My movements hereafter will be guided by another. I’m quite adrift, Dick, quite adrift.’

Dick Bolles saw that to the black-smith every thing had assumed a sombre hue ; and so he sat down and spent the morning with him, and by conversing with him on other subjects, gradually drew his thoughts from dwelling upon himself ; and when he left him there was a smile upon his face which augured brighter hours.

Another week had flitted by. Death was on his rounds, and his gaunt shadow began to hover over the ‘ House.’ From day to day Mr. Lindsey’s life ebbed. From morning till night, and through the still, silent hours of darkness, when all were hushed in sleep except the solitary watcher at his bed-side, until the gray dawn of day changed to the blush of sun-rise, his struggling heart kept throbbing heavily on. Day after day the physician came and went ; he gave no prescription ; he left no directions, for man was powerless, and he felt that the great Conqueror was on his march, and silently watched him as one by one he sapped the foundations of life.

Strength had failed, and the sick man had taken to his bed. He knew that his disease was gaining ground. He had withstood its wear and tear with manly courage. He had struggled not to yield, not from any craven fear of death, or any wretched clinging to life for life’s sake, for he had learned to look with a steady eye into the dark abyss to which he was hastening ; and with his mind free and clear, and his senses calm and collected, he gathered in his energies to grapple with his fate, but he felt the chill of the dark shadow which overhung him.

The ‘ House ’ grew dim and dreary ; and although the sun shone brightly over hill, and field, and wood-land, it did not dispel the gloom. The servants moved on tip-toe, and spoke in whispers, and constant watch was kept on the door of the sick man’s room.

The bell rang furiously, and word was sent for John Biggs. Mr. Lindsey was sinking rapidly, and wished to see him. As fast as man and horse could travel, the message went ; and almost as soon, the grave sad face of the smith was seen at the door of the House. He was told to go up at once, for there was no time to waste : moments were of more worth than gold now.

Robust, gigantic, a personification of strength and sinew, of rugged,

stalwart, iron life, he entered the sick-chamber, himself and all about him a type of earth, except the light which beamed like an emanation from heaven in his honest eyes. Mr. Lindsey was bolstered up in bed, his temples sunken, his eyes deep-set and glassy, and his fingers thin and long. By him stood his child, and at the bed-side sat a nurse. He beckoned John to him: he paused to gather strength, then fixed his earnest eyes on John.

‘So little Tom is gone?’

The color deepened in John’s cheek, and he looked upon the floor.

‘He is.’

Again a pause to gather in his breath.

‘My sand is running fast, John: I shall soon be with him.’

The black-smith compressed his lips, but did not speak.

Mr. Lindsey took John’s hand in his and placed it on the head of his boy. He half rose from the pillow which supported him. His words were calm and deliberate, and strong Will was struggling with Fate as he spoke.

‘I’ve sent for you again, John, before I die, to remind you of your promise.’

‘There is no need, Sir,’ replied John; ‘I’ll never forget it, never!’

‘I thank you,’ replied Mr. Lindsey. ‘It’s a heavy responsibility that you have taken upon you.’

‘I know it is, Sir,’ said the smith, earnestly; ‘but I trust in God to give me strength to bear it.’

‘That’s right, John; and if ever in the future your resolution fail, or my boy should weary out your patience with waywardness or perseverance in wrong, when friends have fallen off, and the world turns its back upon him, do you look back through the dim past to this hour and to me; and when you do so, forgive him, and shelter and protect him, for then he’ll want a friend the most.’

It was a fearful effort to speak those slow, earnest words; to battle with the enemy which was gripping at his heart; but he kept it down until he heard John’s answer.

‘I will.’

And then he sank heavily back, the light faded from his eye, and he spoke no more, but left John standing with his hand upon the child’s head.

John waited to hear if he had any thing more to say, but he did not speak, nor seem to notice him; and John stole out of the room, and took his station in the hall below.

Word soon came that Mr. Lindsey was sinking fast. The members of the household gathered near the door. It soon was said that he noticed no one; and several of the older ones who had lived with him from childhood, and had grown old and gray, and decrepit in his service, went in and drew back in the dark corners of the room, watching the ebbing of his life.

John still remained in the hall, watching the faces of those who passed him, and ready to go up if he should be called again. Once or twice, as the door of the room was opened, he thought he heard the dying man’s voice, but it was fancy: he was not sent for again.

The shadows of evening were coming on, and the window-curtains in the room were opened, and the old man with his filmy eye gazed out through the window and over the distant landscape. Hill and valley, meadow and forest, were spread before him. The scenes of his boyhood, manhood, and age — what dreams of the past were gathered about them, and what silent memories were crowding through that clogging brain! The shadows of evening are deepening; more dull and heavy is the beating of his heart. The twilight is darkening; the dull, filmy eye still looks out, but not upon the landscape, for it seems to stretch beyond it, and to gaze into the far-off distant sky. Still the struggling heart is striving laboriously and hard to retain its hold on life. The twilight has darkened almost into night, and still the dim eye looks out. Was that a cloud that swept across the sky, and flung its shadow over the face of the dying man? Bring lights, for it is dark, dark indeed; the darkness of the valley of shadows has flung its pall over the place: the struggle is past, and that strong heart is conquered, and at rest for ever!

John Biggs left the House, and went along the road which led to his home: but oh! how vividly rose up in his memory the past images of those days when first he had met him who had now gone from earth for ever! He recollected a crushed and broken-down man, seated in a miserable, ill-furnished room, with his head resting between his hands, almost ready to follow the counsel given to the patriarch of old, 'Curse God and die.' He remembered, too, a patient, loving face at his side, watching his look with anxious eyes, and breathing hope in tones which soothed him like an angel's whisper, and as it looked upward, bade him trust in God. And he remembered well how he had struggled hard to obey; but how difficult it was, when he saw her day by day fading at his side, and his sickly child growing wan and decrepit even in his cradle, to silence the murmurs which rose to his lips, to look through the dark vista before him, where there was no gleam of light, and yet hope on when hope seemed dead.

But the dawn came at last; a kind hand was stretched out to save him; the means of labor were placed within his reach; labor reaped its proper harvest, and the whisperings of hope became realities.

But where was she who had cheered him on, and with strong love had supported his sinking heart? She was sleeping with her dark lashes fringing her closed lids, her pale hands crossed upon her breast, and her face white as the fresh-fallen snow. He remembered it well. She was sleeping, never again to wake on earth, and he was to journey through life alone. Tears filled the eyes of the rugged man, but memory had not done its work yet; for still amid the dim past sprang up another form, a feeble, patient child, stretching its arms to him for succor and for love.

'Tom! Tom! my own little child!' muttered the black-smith, burying his face in his hands, and struggling hard to choke down the tears which rose; 'are we never to meet again on earth?'

'The dead rise not again here.'

It was the very hour and the very spot at which he had uttered those words, 'The dead rise not again here.' But did he dream, or

was his fancy running wild with him? Were the strong yearnings of his heart affecting his reason? Was the dim outline which stood in the path before him, and with its little finger pointing upward, that of his child? Could he mistake that patient, loving face?

John bowed his head as he whispered:

'Tom, my own child, why art thou here?'

'Father,' replied a voice which he well knew, 'I am thy spirit-guide through life. Even as thou on earth guidedst me and leddest me on in the path toward heaven, so am I now with thee.'

John bent his head to the earth, in reverence to the little being whom he had loved and carried in his arms.

'Tom, my own dear child of earth—angel of heaven now—I'll do as you bid me.'

The child smiled, and pointed upward; and through the trees John looked up and saw the stars shining brightly in the sky, and amid them all, a planet looking down on earth, glorious and beautiful, and toward it the small hand pointed.

'There,' said he.

'Ay,' said John, 'there, little Tom, never to part; wait for me there, my own little angel-child, and by God's help, and for the love of thee, I'll struggle on till we meet again.'

He turned, but the child was gone. The same bright star was shining from the sky; and as the old man turned his tear-dimmed eyes upward, he fancied that he saw kind faces looking down at him, and beckoning him onward; and he thought he heard, in gentle tones, a voice uttered from the sky, 'Remember Harry Lindsey.'

'Ay, he's the tie which binds me to earth and heaven!' muttered the old man.

In all the hours of his after life, when troubles thickened about his path, and man and fate seemed all against him, John never forgot that hour. Whether it was a vision or a reality, it mattered not; amid all, the child-guardian from on high was ever with him to cheer him on, for ever pointing to that bright star, the promised land of their future meeting. Oh! with what humble love and reverence did he treasure up the hope and feeling that his boy was always at his side; and with what a strange mingling of parental love and child-like trust did he repose upon his promise to protect and guide him on his troubled way!

S O U L .

THE breath of God: a being caught
From Being's source, eternal thought,
And with this dust minutely wrought:

A harp for angel-fingers strung,
While colder hands are o'er it flung,
And only broken strains are sung:

A land-bird on a stormy deep,
Where winds o'er billows wildly sweep,
And weary pinions may not sleep:

A captive at the oar of doom,
And tolling through the deepening gloom,
And yearning, yearning for his home!

L I N E S : F A D I N G .

BY EDWARD WILLETT.

FADING! fading! Fine and fresh their color
 When with Fancy's touches all a-glow;
 Now, alas! each day the tints grow duller;
 Heart! O heart! be strong, and let them go.

Fading! fading! Such are always fleeting;
 Fair when first upon the canvas spread,
 But with quick decay too early meeting,
 Turn to dust, and soon are worse than dead.

Fading! fading! Fools are we to paint them!
 Thus we fool ourselves from day to day;
 Slightest things will soon suffice to taint them;
 Soon they pale, and melt in mist away.

Dreaming! dreaming! Oh! how bright and gaily
 Shone our dreams in boyhood's summer sun!
 Now they all grow dim, and darken daily,
 Dim and dark before the day is done.

Dreaming! dreaming! Heart! how very vainly,
 Worse than vainly, thou hast wasted youth:
 Look about, and live a little sanely;
 Do not shrink before the naked truth.

Dreaming! dreaming! Heart! have done with dreaming!
 Sober sense has shown thee thou wast wrong;
 Truth, plain truth, destroys all shadowy seeming;
 Stiffen up thy sinews, and be strong!

Day-light! day-light! strangely hast thou lighted
 All the dark recesses of my heart;
 But a thousand fairy dreams thou 'st frightened;
 Hard it is to see them all depart.

Day-light! day-light! sternly and severely
 Show'st thou every stain and speck of dust;
 Show'st the treasures which are cherished dearly,
 Touched by time, and marred by moth and rust.

Day-light! day-light! I will thank thee for it;
 And when age has filled my face with seams,
 Tell myself how bravely well I bore it,
 When, so soon! thou shov'st away my dreams.

Fading! fading! Well may hearts be weary
 When their dreams have thus grown old and died.
 Oh! this glare of day is very dreary,
 Not a corner left wherein to hide!

Fading! fading! Why not, then, forget them?
 Surely we have fooled ourselves enough:
 Fading? fading? If they will, then *let* them!
 Truth's a plainer path, though rather rough.

LETTERS FROM POPLAR HILL.

LETTER SECOND.

Poplar Hill, July 18—.

DEAR EMILY: By the address you will probably understand that I am at home; that only two miles of green fields and blue skies lie between our divided hearts, if you care to know that fact. Yes, I am at home at last, and to prevent a fit of tears, the effect of disappointment and fatigue, I have taken my pen to vent my spleen in a more harmless manner.

The partings of yesterday, the anxiety and weariness of to-day, have quite depressed my usual spirits; and now that I am alone in my own room, and all but myself and the stars are sleeping, I can scarcely resist the desire to fly to you, Emily, and pour all my griefs into your ear.

We left school yesterday morning, father and I, and took the cars for Grassmere. Father was sick on the way, and we were obliged to stop in Hempstead over night. The examination passed off well. The girls acquitted themselves admirably, and did honor, the President told us, to the institution. To my surprise, I received the first premium in composition; and I must say I do not estimate very highly the discrimination of the Committee. Ellen Summers wrote an exquisite allegory, abounding in metaphors and comparisons; I think she deserved the prize. The girls sent many kisses to you, which, by the by, I am not to deliver until I see you.

I expected to return to these dear scenes of childhood unchanged; and it was not *my* eyes, Emily, oh no! not *mine*, wherein the shadow lurked. How I have loved every inch of this old homestead; and how sensitively is every association treasured in my heart! When the carriage drove through the great gate, past the sentinel poplars, and I leaned from the window to take in at a glance the dear old place, not a thing seemed changed, except perhaps that the early grape-vine over the piazza was grown more luxuriant. But when I entered, the whole appearance of the place chilled me to the heart.

Margaret and Elfie met us on the steps, and to the question 'Where is Emily?' I was told you were not here, and had sent no word. I learned, too, that Agnes had been indisposed for some days, and therefore had not ventured out, but would send the carriage for me to-morrow. The mistiness at my heart dimmed my eyes, for I saw nothing until two warm arms were around my neck, and two warmer lips upon my own, and 'It is Margaret, Bertha; don't you remember sister Margaret?' sounded in my ears. How I thanked HEAVEN for those kisses and those words! Then Margaret drew Elfie toward me, and I kissed her, making her call me 'sister Bertha;' and her large inquiring eyes followed me as we entered the house. Margaret is like, very like Aunt Mary. Her voice has all the sweetness of hers, and her eye the depth; her every movement recalls to me what I have loved and lost. Elfie's

manner and countenance are so varied at times that she will be a study to me.

We went into the parlor, which looked dismal indeed, for the blinds were almost closed, and the summer twilight came in sadly. The furniture was placed stiffly around the apartments, and the twelve years since I was a six-year-old, were condensed in one agonizing moment, for there my poor mamma had lain, clad in the habiliments of the grave!

We stood some moments without speaking, and then father came and told us mother was not dressed, and I had better prepare for supper; he would send up my trunks immediately. We went up together, Margaret, Elfie, and I; and at the foot of the stairs we met an old friend in whose company I have enjoyed many golden dreams, namely, the family coat-of-arms. Its dear old features were unaltered, and I believed the honor of my home was as unsullied as those colors.

'That is the Ellicott coat-of-arms; it came from Scotland,' said Elfie, seeing me lift my eyes to the painting, and desiring to make me acquainted with all around me.

'I guess Bertha saw that before she saw you,' replied Margaret, shortly.

We were already at the door of my room, and there was no opportunity for farther remark. The east room had been appropriated to me, and I was only too happy that it was so. The same heavy old furniture graced the apartment, unrelieved by ornament or drapery, yet some fresh flowers on the table near the window brightened it in a moment for me; perhaps the view beyond of green fields, hills and wood-lands, intersected by a road dim in the gathering twilight, added not a little to the satisfaction of that moment. You may be sure I had not a few questions to ask, and received not a little information. Margaret tells me you have expected your brother Harold every day this week, and she thinks his coming may have detained you at home. I sincerely hope you have as good a reason; but I cannot quite forgive him for coming now, when I want you to come to me often, for I remember years ago he quite monopolized you.

The little fingers that assisted me in completing my toilet, tarried not until I was rendered presentable; and leaving my room not unbecomingly disordered by my unpacked clothes, we went down stairs with linked arms and pleasant chatting. At the door of the china-closet down stairs, we met mother. And oh! Emily, she is not altered in the least! She may be thinner, if that were possible, and her short black curls a trifle blacker, but her general appearance is the same. How many of childhood's visions that form awakened; so many that for a moment I was only aware of the presence of 'book-muslin and musk.' She did not seem to see us, until we were close beside her; and Elfie said:

'Mother, here is Bertha.' Then she turned, and her stern features brightened into a cordial smile, as, shaking me by the hand, she said: 'Oh, is it *you*? how you have grown! I should n't have known you.' And then turned again to the closet and added: 'We did not expect you so soon; the cars came in earlier, I suppose.'

I replied that we had not been detained as we feared, yet I was very tired, and feared father was even more so.

‘Yes,’ she said, ‘he told me he had not passed so uncomfortable a week in a long time.’

She added something about city fatigues, and the like, but I heard nothing more, for all the blood in my veins seemed accumulated in my face; my eyes burnt in their sockets, and no words came to express the anger I felt.

‘He told me he had not passed so uncomfortable a week in a long time!’ rang in my ears as Margaret led me across the hall to the north piazza, and with womanly consideration directed my attention to many familiar and loved objects. Elfie had left us a moment before, so I asked Margaret to go with me to the cherry-trees, which, you know, stand about a hundred yards from the piazza. She seemed surprised at the request, but did not hesitate, and we stepped out into the already deepening twilight. Not a word passed between us as we passed over the ground scattering the dew-drops, and crushing the tender grass; not unlike, methought, the ruthless manner that a moment before had chilled the fresh emotions of my own heart. When we reached the cherry-trees I breathed more freely, and sinking down on the bed of myrtle at their roots, I exclaimed: ‘Oh! I am sure I would rest better here than under that roof to-night!’ My manner alarmed Margaret, for she begged me to get up and come back; it was getting damp, and I would take cold. Not heeding her, I asked whether the myrtle was in bloom, and then corrected myself by saying that was impossible, for the latest flowers lived only until June, and July had nearly passed.

‘Why did you ask?’ said Margaret.

‘Because I wanted a flower to put in my hair; mother, when a young wife, always dressed her hair in the spring with these; and I fancied father’ —

But I could not finish the sentence; and when Margaret took my hand and led me to the house, I did not remonstrate. When we reached the house, we met Elfie coming to summon us to supper, and we all went in together.

Mother treated me with exceeding politeness the remainder of the evening, but father and the children retired early, and I soon after found my way to my own room. For more than an hour I have leaned from the window, listening to the sad melody of the crickets, and the dirge of the frog in the stream at the foot of the hill. And I did not forget that this star-lit sky bends over Aunt Mary’s grave in the cemetery at Beechnuts, and the wail of the distant Niagara alone breaks the solemn stillness. Dear Aunt Mary! her remembered voice comes to me in this silent hour with its accustomed blessing, and I fervently entreat HEAVEN to make me deserving of it!

It is very late, dear Emily, and I must write no longer. Father sends the gardener to Beverley to-morrow morning, and you will get this letter early. You will come to me to-morrow, dearest, but I shall not ask for a sight of you — ‘for if love does not bring you, let not my letter.’

Good night.

BERTHA ELLIOFF.

T H E F O R S A K E N .

A V E R Y D I S M A L B A L L A D .

BY J. E. OTIS.

SOME time ago,
A fickle beau,
 With winning word and look,
And smile so bright,
Came every night
 A-courting of our cook.

He gave her rings
And pretty things
 To deck her auburn hair;
And dresses, too,
Of gingham new,
 And breast-pin big to wear.

He won her heart
With cunning art,
 And breathed a lover's vows;
He spoke with pride
Of such a bride
 A-milking of his cows.

He talked of love
And stars above,
 (Such things as poets utter;)
And gown of silk
From sale of milk,
 Of new-laid eggs and butter.

A year has gone,
And so has JOHN!
 Our hapless cook forsaking.
Oh! fickle man!
He left his ANN,
 And her lone heart is breaking.

With aching head
She mixed her bread
 And thought of other days;
Then frantic strove
To reach the stove,
 And put it there to 'raise.'

With look of woe
Fixed on the dough,
 One curse she gave to men;
Then face of ANN
Was in the pan;
 She never breathed again!

MOULTS FROM THE WING OF A WHITE BLACK-BIRD.

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

FEATHER FOUR.

THE melancholy effect produced by my voice, afflicted me very much. I turned my course toward Paris, saying, as I went: 'Alas! for music and for poetry, how rare, in this world, are the hearts responsive to their chords!' And as I made this reflection, I came with my head bump against that of another bird, who was flying in the opposite direction. The shock was so violent and unexpected, that we both tumbled into the top of a tree, which happened, luckily, to be just beneath us.

When I had shaken myself, I looked at the stranger with unpleasant misgivings as to the possibility of having to do battle with him. To my surprise, he was quite white. His head, which was a trifle bigger than the whole of my body, was adorned with a plume of feathers, which gave him a rather melo-dramatic air; and he cocked his tail at an angle expressive of great self-respect. He did not seem in the least disposed to be quarrelsome; and so we approached each other politely, and, having mutually apologized for the awkward accident, we entered into conversation. I asked him his name, and of what country he was.

'I am surprised,' said he, 'that you should not have recognized me; you're one of us, arn't you?'

'In good faith, Sir,' answered I, 'I don't know what I am; every body I meet asks me the same question, and makes the same remarks. I think it must be done for a bet.'

'You're joking,' rejoined he; 'your garb becomes you too well to permit the possibility of a mistake. You belong, Sir, incontestably, to the ancient and illustrious family called in Latin *Cacuato*, and in the language of philosophers, *Kacatoës*, but better known in the vernacular as *Cockatoos*.'

'Sir,' exclaimed I, 'I feel highly honored by being thus classed. But what do these good folks do?'

'Nothing; and they are paid for doing it.'

'In that case, I am doubly willing to believe myself one of them. Nevertheless, consider me, for the present, a stranger, and be so good as to inform me who it is to whom I have the honor of speaking.'

'I,' answered the stranger, 'am the celebrated poet *Kacatogan*. Far I have wandered o'er mountain and plain, o'er the yellow desert and the blue-billowed main, but ocean, nor desert, nor tempest, nor time, have quenched my fire nor withered my rhyme. I've warbled a strain to the Bourbon race, chanting their praises with beaming face; with the loudest lift of my boldest song, I've helped the Republic to limp along; nor did I leave Napoleon the first, without of my lyre a glorious burst; but a poet (if paid for it) should shew discretion, so I kept a stave for the Restoration; and now I struggle with zeal unvarying, to

render my muse utilitarian. Deluged the gasping world have I, with floods from the source of poesie ; epic and lyric and classic ode, tragic and comic alike have flowed, with serious drama and light vaudeville, from the teeming tube of my fertile quill ; and late I roved through the seventh heaven, seeking a poem in cantos seven, when you broke my head and reverie, and down I tumbled into this tree ; stranger, your servant consider me.'

'Indeed, Sir,' rejoined I, 'you can do me a great service, for never was any body in a worse dilemma than I am at the present moment. It would, perhaps, be too much for me to say that I am a poet ; or, at least, to class myself with such lyrists as you,' added I, with a low bow ; 'but nature has gifted me with a musical voice, which I feel a strong impulse to make use of whenever I happen to be deeply affected either by joy or by grief. To tell you the truth, however, I am utterly ignorant of the rules of art.'

'And I,' said the great Kacatogan, 'have utterly forgotten them. Trouble not thy spirit with such trifles.'

'But the worst of it,' continued I, 'is the melancholy effect produced by my voice upon all who hear it ; an effect which I cannot describe, but which you can, perhaps, imagine.'

'I should think I could,' said the poet, with a bitter laugh, 'for it's no less strange than true that I have frequently produced the very same effect myself. The cause I cannot pretend to account for ; but as to the effect, there can be no mistake whatever about *that*.'

'Then, Sir, to you, the father of poetry, I appeal, imploring you to impart to me the secret by which so terrible an effect may be counteracted.'

'None such have I,' said Kacatogan, 'nor could I ever discover one. Affliction sore long time I bore when I was young and green, in consequence of the marks of popular disapprobation with which my best efforts were oft-times greeted. What care I about such now ? Know I not that if there were no other poems in the world but mine, the public would be quite satisfied with them ?'

'Doubtless they would. But you must allow that it is hard one's best intentions cannot be practically developed without spreading panic through the ranks of one's friends. Pray let me give you a specimen of my powers, and then favor me with your candid opinion on the subject.'

'With the greatest pleasure,' said Kacatogan ; 'I am all ears for you.'

I told out a few staves of my song, and was delighted to find that the great Kacatogan neither flew away nor fell asleep. On the contrary, he regarded me with great apparent attention, occasionally nodding his head, with a low murmur which I took to be expressive of approbation. But, alas ! I soon perceived that so far from listening to me, he was thinking of nothing but his poem in seven cantos ; for, suddenly, as I paused for an effect, he croaked out in a polyglot of excitement :

'Heureka ! heureka ! I have found the rhyme for it at last ! Doxa en hupsistois ! They may say I'm in my dotage, O profanum vulgus !

but, nevertheless, there goes rhyme number sixty thousand seven hundred and fourteen, and I defy them to say it's not as good as number one! Away where the aspens quiver, down by the flowing river! thither rush I to read it to my expectant friends.'

And with that he rose on his short wings, and flapped rapidly away, leaving me and my song as if he had never seen the one or heard the other.

FEATHER FIVE.

ALONE, and disgusted, I thought the best thing I could do was to make the most of the afternoon, and fly with all speed toward Paris. But, unluckily, I had a very indistinct idea of the route; for, my journey with the carrier was of too rapid and harassing a nature to permit of my making any notes of localities; so that, instead of going to the right, I turned to the left at Bourget, and flew straight on until night overtook me, when I was forced to seek a lodging in the wood of Mortfontaine.

When I arrived there, the inhabitants were all going to rest. The magpies and jays, notoriously the most restless of birds, were squabbling away in every direction. In some thick bushes twittered a host of sparrows, trampling and jostling each other unceremoniously; and on the borders of a pond marched two stately herons, balancing themselves upon their tall stilts in silent contemplation.

Immense ravens, already half asleep, pitched heavily upon the topmost branches of the tallest trees, snoring lazily as they droned forth their drowsy vespers.

Lower down, the amorous titmice still chased each other through the brush-wood; and a well-whiskered green wood-pecker might be seen pushing his family with great care into the hollow of an old tree.

A detachment of finches came from the field, wavering through the air like a cloud of smoke, and falling upon a bush, they covered it completely; whilst the linnets, the chaffinches, and the robins, grouped upon the slender branches that cut out sharp against the evening sky, swung there amidst the tracery like the crystal-drops of some mighty chandelier.

And a Babel of small voices went through the forest, in which I could plainly distinguish such addresses as:

'Where are you, Linotte?'

'Here, love, here!'

'Is Mr. Finch come in yet?'

'Come to roost, Robin.'

'Call me early in the morning.'

'Good-night, sweet-heart!'

'Rest thee, my titmice.'

'Blow out that glow-worm!'

'Farewell, my finches.'

What an alternative for an unfortunate bachelor, to be obliged to seek refuge in such a hostelry as that!

I looked around for some birds of about my own size, within whose family-circle I might seek a shelter; 'for,' thought I, 'all birds appear

much of one color at night ; and beside, after all, it will be hardly imposing too much on their hospitality to claim the privilege of being allowed to occupy the same branch with them.

First, I approached some starlings, who were encamped near a ditch ; they were making themselves up for the night with great care, and I observed that most of them had gold-spangled wings and varnished feet. They were evidently the exquisites of the wood-side, and might, for all I knew, have been very good fellows in their way ; but they did not honor me with the slightest notice ; and their conversation was so vapid, and their demeanor so disgustingly foppish, that I was glad to get away from them.

I next perched upon a bough where several birds of different species were arraying themselves. Hoping that they would, at least, endure my presence, I meekly placed myself at the extreme end of a branch ; but, with my usual ill-luck, my next neighbor happened to be an old hen-pigeon, as dry as a rusty weather-cock. Just as I arrived, the old creature was pretending to trim out the few miserable feathers that were still scattered over her angular anatomy ; but she took good care not to pull one of them out. Perhaps she was only counting them ; but, at all events, the moment I came within wing's length of her, she drew herself up majestically, and said, pursing up her old bill : ' What are you about, Sir ? ' and following up her words with gestures, she elbowed me off the branch with a jerk of exceeding force and sharpness.

I fell into a thicket, in which a fat old pheasantess was cultivating balmy sleep. She was so full, and so round, and so well feathered out, that even my mother, in her palmiest pride of incubation, was nothing to her ; and so, not wishing to throw away my chance of such a feather-bed, I crept stealthily under her wing, thinking that such a comfortable old god-mother must surely be of a benevolent turn. Perhaps she was, but all I got from her was, ' Get out of that, you young jackanapes, and don't bother me with any of your tricks ! '

Just then, some birds called out to me. They were thrushes, and made signs to me to join them in the top of a service-tree. ' Friends at last ? ' thought I, as I went to them, dropping lightly into the middle of the circle, like a love-letter into a muff ; but I soon perceived that these excellent people had been indulging to excess in grapes, for they could hardly keep their seats upon the branches ; and their wild laughter and boisterous songs soon drove me to seek an asylum elsewhere.

Despondent and weary, I was looking for a solitary corner to rest in, when, suddenly, a nightingale began to sing. In a moment, all was hushed, save the melting strains of that bewitching voice, which, so far from disturbing the denizens of the forest, seemed to lull them to repose. No body bid *him* hold his tongue ; no body abused *him* for singing at such a time of night ; nor did his father kick him out, nor his friends flee from him.

' To me alone,' cried I, ' is happiness denied ! Let me go ; let me fly from this cruel world ; better to seek my way in the dark, even at the risk of being devoured by some hungry owl, than to remain here, and be blighted with the sight of felicity in which I cannot participate ! '

With these thoughts, I took once more to the route, and wandered about blindly for some hours. As day broke, however, I descried the towers of Notre-Dame. Soon I alighted on them; and beholding from thence my dear native garden, I flew toward it as fast as my wearied wings would carry me. Alas! the garden was deserted! In vain I called upon my parents; there was no body to answer me. The tree where my father sang; the thicket where my mother nestled, they were all gone — all.

The axe had been there; and in place of the green alley where I was born, there was nothing but a pile of fire-wood.

FEATHER SIX.

I SEARCHED for my parents through all the neighboring gardens; but in vain. They had emigrated, doubtless, to some distant region, and I never heard of them again.

Subdued and prostrated by my misfortunes, I took up my abode upon the gutter to which I had been driven by the first out-burst of paternal wrath — the dreary house-top from whence I had taken my last look at the old homestead. There I passed many days and nights in mournful lamentations, until, from want of rest and of sustenance, I had come nearly to the point of death.

One morning, my usual melancholy train of thought found vent in a lamentation of somewhat logical arrangement. ‘So,’ said I, ‘I’m clearly not a black-bird, or my fond parent would not have plucked me; nor a carrier-pigeon, or I would not have given in as I did upon the route to Brussels; nor a magpie, or the little mag I met in the wheat-field would not have shut her ears the moment I opened my bill; nor a turtle-dove, or Gourouli, the amiable Gourouli, would *never* have snored such an accompaniment to my song; nor a cockatoo, or the great Kacatogan would have condescended to hear me, which he did n’t; nor, in fact, a bird of any known tribe, or I should not have been neglected as I was in the wood of Mortfontaine; and yet, with all that, I have the usual allowance of legs, of wings, and of feathers. What, then, can be the meaning of the fearful dispensation that prevents this compound of feathers, legs, wings, and accompaniments, from taking rank amongst things distinguished by names?’

My soliloquy was cut short by a noise in the street. Two old women were disputing, and one of them, quivering upon a torrent of objurgation, exclaimed:

‘Tell me *that*! oho! oho! oho! if that ain’t a downright lie, I’ll make thee a present of a white black-bird!’

‘Bless me!’ said I to myself, ‘that’s me! I’m the son of a black-bird, and I’m white; must I not, therefore, be a white black-bird?’

This discovery gave a new turn to my ideas. I dried up my tears, and, drawing myself proudly up, I began strutting backward and forward upon the gutter, looking out upon the world with an air of great confidence, as I gave utterance to the following exalted sentiments:

‘A white black-bird! that’s something not to be found on every bush! Truly a *rara avis* am I — hard to catch, and harder to match. Let the

Phœnix look to his laurels when *I* come out. Let the feathered tribes in general sing small and hide their diminished heads, whilst I take up my rank with all things next to impossible. Sea-serpents, mermaids, woolly horses, fossil alligators, bearded women, hide your diminished heads! Calf with two heads, hide *both* your diminished heads! Dwarf with enormous head, diminish your head!

‘But hold! shall I, exhibiting myself for base lucre to the gaze of the profane, neglect the finer gifts of intellect with which bounteous PROVIDENCE has seen fit to endow me? Shall I be content to build my fame upon any thing so light and perishable as a bunch of white feathers? Not so. Rather let me emulate the great Kacatogan — surpass him, I should say — for, instead of launching a poem in seven cantos, why should I not go forth to the world on the wings of one in twenty-four, or even in forty-eight? The latter, indeed, with notes and a copious appendix, would be little enough as a vehicle for my pent-up melancholy. Alone I stand, a bird of many sorrows. Let me expatiate on the dreariness of my lot. ‘The pathless woods,’ ‘the lonely shore,’ ‘the desert for a dwelling-place,’ myself for a theme! I will write it with a pen of bitterness, and publish it with a purpose. I will be the Byron of Birds!’

L E O N O R A .

OPEN the western lattice, ROSALINE;
I fain would feel the blessed air again,
The air so sweet with April winds and flowers.
It is as fair an eve as I e'er saw:
Far mountains clustering their golden heads
Along the gorgeous altar of the West;
The sea a fallen cloud of rosy light,
Wherein some buried stars look faintly forth,
Smiling to their twin-sisters throned above,
And where the broken moon hath left a part
Of her white circle dropping far away.

The hills are fair as when I saw them last,
Dimpled with valleys all their green slopes o'er;
Crowned with ripe groves, and traced with winding walks,
Down which the evening trails its rosy fire;
Belted with brooks, within whose golden dance
The white flocks wander homeward to the fold.

The setting sun ne'er wore a sweeter smile
In all the pleasant childhood-hours a-gone
Than burns to-night upon his glorious brow.
Leaning upon a pillow of blue cloud,
Parting the curtains of the April shower,
He looks a-down the lonesome evening dells,
O'er all the dear familiar things about my home
With the deep tenderness of other days;
Over the white curve of our palace-walls,
Lifting with lordly grace above the sea,
O'er winding stairs, and turrets lone and high,
O'er quaint old carvings, fretted cornices,
And balustrades all wreathed with ivy vines:

Through arching windows into banquet-halls,
 Piercing the aged gloom with spears of gold,
 Where in the olden time my Fathers won
 Their freedom, and these halls, with lance of steel
 Less beautiful, but not less bold and true.

All the dim gardens, too, grow luminous.
 Under the arching dust of olive-boughs,
 The slant beams roll a-down its flowery ways,
 Broken and rippled, till the scattered spray
 Glitters on every bending leaf and flower.
 The sculptured forms anon so cold and pale,
 Flush with red life in every rounded vein;
 DIANA, watching for ENDYMION,
 Hath a love-glory on her lips' bent bow;
 BACCHUS reels laughing under western vines;
 And where yon blossomed rose-tree bending low
 Cools its white fingers in the fountain's brim,
 A naiad lifts her fair head, rainbow-crowned,
 Her lips red flushing, and her tangled hair
 A golden glimmer through the veiling foam.

The Spring-wind never brought a sweeter song
 From lark or nightingale, than falls to-night
 From yon dim olive-grove upon my ear.
 And when the song grows fainter with the day,
 Broken by its own echoes in the grove,
 Still the air revels with soft music-sounds,
 The shepherd's pipe dropping in silver rings
 A-down the rocky hill-sides to the sea;
 The vesper-bells from Norna's convent-town,
 Born under blue beams of the evening-star;
 The broken winds and waves about the shore,
 The fountains tinkle in its marble bowl;
 The merry music of a lone guitar
 Throbbing a tune for some gay village-dance.

Dear Italy is full of love and joy;
 The Spring hath crowned her with his brightest stars;
 Clapsed her in arms of sun-shine and of flowers;
 Hushed her sweet lips with kisses; sang to her,
 Till her whole soul is tranced in Love's wild dream.
 Ah! Mother-land, and silver-voiced Spring,
 I cannot sing at thy gay bridal-feast;
 My hands are all too weak to offer flowers;
 My step too faltering to grace the dance
 Thy glad Bacchantes lead so joyously;
 My cheek hath grown too delicate and pale
 To glow even at thy altar's rosy fire.

I weary of splendor, ROSALINE;
 I cannot look on this grand march of stars,
 Or drink this cup of passion-laden air;
 The glowing beauty of the love-thrilled earth
 But fills my heart with loud regret and pain;
 For He whose soul drank in its sweet delight,
 With such rare thirst; whose skilful voice and lute
 Echoed its changeful songs so wondrously,
 Lies — where no setting sun, or evening star,
 No night-bird's song, or vesper-chime may come;
 Whose loving lips, and my pale aching brow,
 The river Death rolls cold and dark between.

THE GYPSIES OF ART.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MURGER'S 'SCENES DE LA BOHEME.'

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRINTON.

CHAPTER FOUR.

A GYPSY CAPER.

THE night when he paid out of his own purse for the supper consumed by the club, Barbemuche managed to make Colline accompany him. Since his first presence at the meetings of the four friends whom he had relieved from their embarrassing position, Carolus had especially remarked Gustave already felt an attractive sympathy for this Socrates whose Plato he was destined to become. It was for this reason he had chosen him to be his introducer. On the way, Barbemuche proposed that they should enter a coffee-house which was still open, and take something to drink. Not only did Colline refuse, but he doubled his speed in passing the coffee-house, and carefully pulled down his hyperphysic hat over his face.

'But why won't you come in?' politely insisted the other.

'I have my reasons,' replied Colline; 'there is a bar-maid in that establishment who is very much addicted to the exact sciences, and I could not help having a long discussion with her, to avoid which I never pass through this street at noon, or any other time of day. To tell you the truth,' added he, innocently, 'I once lived with Marcel in this neighborhood.'

'Still I should be very glad to offer you a glass of punch, and have a few minutes' talk with you. Is there no other place in the vicinity where you could step in without being hindered by any mathematical difficulties?' asked Barbemuche, who thought it a good opportunity for saying something very clever.

Colline mused an instant: 'There is a little place here,' he said, pointing to a tavern, 'where I stand on a better footing.'

Barbemuche made a face, and seemed to hesitate. 'Is it a respectable place?' he demanded.

His cold and reserved attitude, his limited conversation, his discreet smile, and especially his watch-chain with charms on it, all led Colline to suppose that Barbemuche was a clerk in an embassy, and that he feared to compromise himself by going into a tavern.

'There is no danger of any one seeing us,' said he; 'all the diplomatic body is in bed by this time.'

Barbemuche made up his mind to go in, though at the bottom of his heart he would have given a good deal for a false nose. For greater security, he insisted on having a private room, and took care to fasten a napkin before the glass door of it. These precautions taken, he appeared more at ease, and called for a bowl of punch. Excited a little

by the generous beverage, Barbemuche became more communicative, and, after giving some autobiographical details, made bold to express the hope he had conceived of being personally admitted into the club, for the accomplishment of which ambitious design he solicited the aid of Colline.

Colline replied that, for his part, he was entirely at the service of Barbemuche, but, nevertheless, he could make no positive promise. 'I assure you of my vote,' said he; 'but I cannot take it upon me to dispose of those of my comrades.'

'But,' asked Barbemuche, 'for what reasons could they refuse to admit me among them?'

Colline put down the glass which he was just lifting to his mouth, and, in a very serious tone, addressed the rash Carolus:

'You cultivate the fine arts?'

'I labor humbly in those noble fields of intelligence,' replied the other, who felt bound to hang out the colors of his style.

Colline found the phrase well turned, and bowed in acknowledgment.

'You understand music?' he continued.

'I have played on the bass-viol.'

'A very philosophical instrument. Then, if you understand music, you also understand that one cannot, without violation of the laws of harmony, introduce a fifth performer into a quartette; it would cease to be a quartette.'

'Exactly, and become a quintette.'

'A quintette; very well; now attend to me. You understand astronomy?'

'A little; I'm a bachelor of arts.'

'There is a song about that,' said Colline; '*Dear bachelor, says Lizzie*' — I have forgotten the tune. Well, then, you know that there are four cardinal points. Now suppose there were to turn up a fifth cardinal point, all the harmony of nature would be upset. What they call the catechism, you understand?'

'I am waiting for the conclusion,' said Carolus, whose intelligence began to be a little shaky.

'The conclusion — yes, that is the end of argument, as death is the end of life, and marriage of love. Well, my dear Sir, I and my friends are accustomed to live together, and we fear to impair, by the introduction of another person, the harmony which reigns in our habits, opinions, tastes, and dispositions. To speak frankly, we are going to be, some day, the four cardinal points of contemporary art; accustomed to this idea, it would annoy us to see a fifth point.'

'Nevertheless,' suggested Carolus, 'where you are four it is easy to be five.'

'Yes, but then we cease to be four.'

'The objection is a trivial one.'

'There is *nothing* trivial in this world; little brooks make great rivers; little syllables make big verses; the very mountains are made of grains of sand — so says the *Wisdom of Nations*, of which there is a copy on the quay — tell me, my dear Sir, which is the furrow that you usually follow in the noble fields of intelligence?'

'The great philosophers and the classic authors are my models. I live upon their study. *Telemachus* first inspired the consuming passion I feel.'

'*Telemachus* — there is lots of him on the quay,' said Colline; 'you can find him there at any time. I have bought him for five sous — a second-hand copy — I would consent to part with it to oblige you. In other respects, it is a great work; very well got up, considering the age.'

'Yes Sir,' said Carolus; 'I aspire to high philosophy and sound literature. According to my idea, art is a priesthood —'

'Yes, yes,' said Colline; 'there's a song about that, too;' and he began to hum

'Art's a priesthood; art's a priesthood,'

to the air of the drinking-song in *Robert the Devil*.

'I say, then, that art being a solemn mission, writers ought, above all things' —

'Excuse me,' said Colline, who heard one of the small hours striking, 'but it's getting to be to-morrow morning very fast.'

'It is late, in fact,' said Carolus; 'let us go.'

'Do you live far off?'

'*Rue Royale St. Honoré, number ten.*'

Colline had once had occasion to go to this house, and remembered that it was a splendid private dwelling.

'I will mention you to my friends,' said he to Carolus, on parting; 'and you may be sure that I shall use all my influence to make them favorably disposed to you. Ah, let me give you one piece of advice.'

'Go on,' said the other.

'Be very amiable and polite to the three young ladies — you understand.'

'I'll try,' said Carolus.

Next day, Colline tumbled in upon the association. It was the hour of breakfast, and, for a wonder, breakfast had come with the hour. The three couples were at table, feasting on artichokes and pepper-sauce.

'The deuce!' exclaimed the philosopher; 'this can't last, or the world would come to an end. I arrive,' he continued, 'as the ambassador of the generous mortal whom we met last night.'

'Can he be sending already to ask for his money again?' said Marcel.

'It has nothing to do with that,' replied Colline. 'This young man wishes to be one of us; to have stock in our society, and share the profits, of course.'

The three men raised their heads and looked at one another.

'That's all,' concluded Colline; 'now the question is open.'

'What is the social position of your principal?' asked Rodolphe.

'He is no principal of mine,' answered the other; 'last night he begged me to accompany him, and overflowed me with attentions and good liquor for a while; but I have retained my independence.'

'Good,' said Schaunard.

'Sketch us some leading features of his character,' said Marcel.

'Grandeur of soul: austerity of manners: afraid to go into taverns:

bachelor of arts : candid as a transparency : plays on the bass-viol : is disposed to change a five-franc piece occasionally.'

'Good again !' said Schaunard.

'What are his hopes ?'

'As I told you already, his ambition knows no bounds ; he aspires to be 'hail-fellow-well-met' with us.'

'That is to say,' answered Marcel, 'he wishes to speculate upon us, and to be seen riding in our carriages.'

'What is his profession ?' asked Rodolphe.

'Yes,' said Marcel ; 'what does he play on ?'

'Literature and mixed philosophy. He calls art a priesthood.'

'A priesthood !' cried Rodolphe, in terror.

'So he says.'

'And what is his road in literature ?'

'He goes after *Telemachus*.'

'Very good,' said Schaunard, eating the seed of his artichoke.

'Very good ! you dummy !' broke out Marcel ; 'I advise you not to say that in the street.'

Schaunard relieved his annoyance at this reproof by kicking Phemy under the table for taking some of his sauce.

'Once more,' said Rodolphe ; 'what is his condition in the world ? what does he live on, and where does he live ? and what is his name ?'

'His station is honorable ; he is professor of every thing in a rich family. His name is Carolus Barbemuche ; he spends his income in luxurious living, and dwells in the *Rue Royale*.'

'Furnished lodging ?'

'No ; there is real furniture.*'

'I claim the floor,' said Marcel. 'To me it is evident that Colline has been corrupted ; he has already sold his vote for so many drinks. Don't interrupt me ! (Colline was rising to protest ;) you shall have your turn. Colline, mercenary soul that he is, has presented to you this stranger under an aspect too favorable to be true. I told you before ; I see through this person's designs. He wants to speculate on us. He says to himself, 'Here are some chaps making their way ; I must get into their pockets ; I shall arrive with them at the goal of fame.''

'Bravo !' quoth Schaunard ; 'have you any more sauce there ?'

'No,' replied Rodolphe ; 'the edition is out of print.'

'Looking at the question from another point of view,' continued Marcel, 'this insidious mortal whom Colline patronizes, perhaps aspires to our intimacy only from the most culpable motives. Gentlemen, we are not alone here !' continued the orator, with an eloquent look at the women ; 'and Colline's client, smuggling himself into our circle under the cloak of literature, may perchance be but a vile seducer. Reflect ! For one, I vote against his reception.'

'I demand the floor,' said Rodolphe, 'only for a correction. In his remarkable extemporaneous speech, Marcel has said that this Carolus, with the view of dishonoring us, wished to introduce himself *under the cloak of literature*.'

* To appreciate this joke fully, one must have occupied furnished lodgings in Paris.

‘A Parliamentary figure.’

‘A very bad figure; literature has no cloak.’

‘Having made a report, as I may say,’ resumed Colline, rising, ‘I maintain the conclusions therein embodied. The jealousy which consumes him disturbs the reason of our friend Marcel; the great artist is beside himself.’

‘Order!’ cried Marcel.

‘So much so, that, able designer as he is, he has just introduced into his speech a figure the incorrectness of which has been ably pointed out by the talented orator who preceded me.’

‘Colline is an ass!’ shouted Marcel, ‘with a bang of his fist on the table that caused a lively sensation among the plates. ‘Colline knows nothing in an affair of sentiment; he is incompetent to judge of such matters; he has an old book in place of a heart.’

Prolonged laughter from Schaunard. During the row, Colline kept gravely adjusting the folds of his white cravat as if to make way for the torrents of eloquence contained beneath them. When silence was reëstablished, he thus continued:

‘Gentlemen, I intend with one word to banish from your minds the chimerical apprehensions which the suspicions of Marcel may have engendered in them respecting Carolus.’

‘Oh yes!’ said Marcel, ironically.

‘It will be as easy as that,’ continued Colline, blowing out the match with which he had lighted his pipe.

‘Go on! go on!’ cried Schaunard, Rodolphe, and the women together.

‘Gentlemen! although I have been personally and violently attacked in this meeting; although I have been accused of selling for base liquors the influence which I possess; secure in a good conscience I shall not deign to reply to those assaults on my probity, my loyalty, my morality. [Sensation.] But there is one thing which I will have respected. [Here the orator, endeavoring to lay his hand on his heart, gave himself a rap in the stomach.] My well-tryed and well-known *prudence* has been called in question. I have been accused of wishing to introduce among you a person whose intentions were hostile to your happiness — in matters of sentiment. This supposition is an insult to the virtue of these ladies — nay more, an insult to their good taste. Carolus Barbe-muche is decidedly ugly.’ [Visible denial on the face of Phemy; row under the table, supposed to be Schaunard kicking her.]

‘But,’ proceeded Colline, ‘what will reduce to powder the contemptible argument with which my opponent has armed himself against Carolus by taking advantage of your terrors, is the fact that the said Carolus is a PLATONIST. [Sensation among the men; uproar among the women.]

This declaration of Colline’s produced a reaction in favor of Carolus. The philosopher wished to improve the effect of his eloquent and adroit defence.

‘Now, then,’ he continued, ‘I do not see what well-founded prejudices can exist against this young man, who, after all, has rendered us a service. As to myself, who am accused of acting thoughtlessly in wishing to introduce him among us, I consider this opinion an insult to my dig-

nity. I have acted in the affair with the wisdom of the serpent ; if a formal vote does not maintain me this character for prudence, I offer my resignation.'

'Do you make it a cabinet-question ?' said Marcel.

'I do.'

The three consulted, and agreed by common consent to restore to the philosopher that high reputation for prudence which he claimed. Colline then gave the floor to Marcel, who, somewhat relieved of his prejudices, declared that he might perhaps favor the adoption of the report. But before the decisive and final vote which should open to Carolus the intimacy of the club, he put to the meeting this amendment :

'WHEREAS, the introduction of a new member into our society is a grave matter, and a stranger might bring with him some elements of discord through ignorance of the habits, tempers, and opinions of his comrades,

'RESOLVED, That each member shall pass a day with the said CAROLUS, and investigate his manner of life, tastes, literary capacity, and wardrobe. The members shall afterward communicate their several impressions, and ballot on his admission accordingly. Moreover, before complete admission, the said CAROLUS shall undergo a novitiate of one month, during which time he shall not have the right to call us by our first names or take our arm in the street. On the day of reception, a splendid banquet shall be given at the expense of the new member, at a cost of not less than twelve francs.'

This amendment was adopted by three votes against one. The same night Colline went to the coffee-house early on purpose to be the first to see Carolus. He had not long to wait for him. Barbemuche soon appeared, carrying in his hand three huge bouquets of roses.

'Hullo !' cried the astonished Colline ; 'what do you mean to do with that garden ?'

'I remember what you told me yesterday. Your friends will doubtless come with their ladies, and it is on their account that I bring these flowers — very handsome ones.'

'That they are ; they must have cost fifteen sous, at least.'

'In the month of December ! If you said fifteen francs, you would have come nearer.'

'Heavens !' cried Colline, 'three crowns for these simple gifts of Flora ! You must be related to the Cordilleras. Well, my dear Sir, that is fifteen francs which we must throw out of the window.'

It was Barbemuche's turn to be astonished. Colline related the jealous suspicions with which Marcel had inspired his friends, and informed Carolus of the violent discussion which had taken place that morning on the subject of his admission. 'I protested,' said Colline, 'that your intentions were the purest. but there was a strong opposition, nevertheless. Beware of renewing these suspicions by much politeness to the ladies ; and to begin, let us put these bouquets out of the way. He took the roses and hid them in a cupboard. 'But that is not all,' he resumed ; 'before connecting themselves intimately with you, these gentlemen desire to make a private examination, each for himself, of your character, tastes, etc.' Then, lest Barbemuche might do something to shock his friends, Colline rapidly sketched a moral portrait of each of them. 'Contrive to agree with them separately,' added the philosopher, 'and they will end by all liking you.'

Carolus agreed to every thing. The three friends soon arrived with

their friends of the other sex. Rodolphe was polite to Carolus, Schau-nard familiar with him, Marcel remained cold. Carolus forced himself to be gay and amiable with the men, and indifferent to the women. When they broke up for the night, he asked Rodolphe to dine with him next day, and to come as early as noon. The poet accepted, saying to himself 'Good! I am to begin the inquiry, then.'

Next morning, at the hour appointed, he called on Carolus, who did indeed live in a very handsome private house, where he occupied a sufficiently comfortable room. But Rodolphe was surprised to find at that time of day the shutters closed, the curtains drawn, and two lighted candles on the table. He asked Barbemuche the reason.

'Study,' replied the other, 'is the child of mystery and silence.'

They sat down and talked. At the end of an hour, Carolus, with infinite oratorical address, brought in a phrase which, despite its humble form, was neither more nor less than a summons made to Rodolphe to hear a little work, the fruit of Barbemuche's vigils.

The poet saw himself caught. Curious, however, to learn the color of the other's style, he bowed politely, assured him that he was enchanted, that —

Carolus did not wait for him to finish the sentence. He ran to bolt the door, and then took up a small blank-book, the thinness of which brought a smile of satisfaction to the poet's face.

'Is that the manuscript of your work?' he asked.

'No,' replied Carolus; 'it is the catalogue of my manuscripts; and I am looking for the one which you will allow me to read you. Here it is, *Number fourteen: Don Lopez; or, Fatality*. It's on the third shelf;' and he proceeded to open a small closet in which Rodolphe perceived, with terror, a great quantity of manuscripts. Carolus took out one of these, shut the closet, and seated himself in front of the poet.

Rodolphe cast a glance at one of the four piles of elephant-paper of which the work was composed. 'Come,' said he to himself, 'it's not in verse, but it's called Don Lopez.'

Carolus began to read:

'On a cold winter night, two cavaliers, enveloped in large cloaks, and mounted on sluggish mules, were making their way side by side over one of the roads which traverse the frightful solitudes of the Sierra Morena.'

'May the Lord have mercy on me!' ejaculated Rodolphe, mentally.

Carolus continued to read his first chapter, written in the style of the above throughout. Rodolphe listened vaguely, and tried to devise some means of escape.

'There is the window, but it's fastened; and, beside, we are in the fourth story. Ah, *now* I understand all these precautions.'

'What do you think of my first chapter?' asked Carolus; 'do not spare criticism, I beg of you.'

Rodolphe thought he remembered having heard some scraps of philosophical declamation upon suicide, put forth by the hero of the romance, Don Lopez, to wit; so he replied at hazard:

'The grand figure of Don Lopez is conscientiously studied; it reminds me of the *Savoyard Vicar's Confession of Faith*; the description of Don Alvar's mule pleases me exceedingly; it is like a sketch of Géri-

cault's. There are good lines in the landscape ; as to the thoughts, they are seeds of Rousseau planted in the ground of Lesage. Only allow me to make one observation : you use too many stops, and you work the word *henceforward* too hard. It is a good word, and gives color, but should not be abused.'

Carolus took up a second pile of paper, and repeated the title *Don Lopez, or the Fatality*.

'I knew a Don Lopez once,' said Rodolphe ; 'he used to sell cigarettes and Bayonne chocolate ; 'perhaps he was a relation of your man. Go on.'

At the conclusion of the second chapter, the poet interrupted his host : 'Don't you feel your throat a little dry ?' he inquired.

'Not at all, replied Carolus ; 'we are coming to the history of Inesilla.'

'I am very curious to hear it ; nevertheless, if you are tired ——'

'*Chapter third !*' enunciated Carolus, in a voice that gave no signs of fatigue.

Rodolphe took a careful survey of Barbemuche, and perceived that he had a short neck and a ruddy complexion. 'I have one hope left,' thought the poet, on making this discovery. 'He may have an attack of apoplexy.'

'Will you be so good as to tell me what you think of the love-scene ?'

Carolus looked at Rodolphe to observe in his face what effect the dialogue produced upon him. The poet was bending forward on his chair, with his neck stretched out in the attitude of one who is listening for some distant sound.

'What's the matter with you ?'

'Hist !' said Rodolphe, 'do n't you hear ? I thought some body cried fire ! Suppose we go and see.'

Carolus listened an instant, but heard nothing,

'It must have been a ringing in my ears,' said the other. 'Go on ; Don Alvar interests me exceedingly ; he is a noble youth.'

Carolus continued with all the music he could put into his voice :

'O INESILLA ! whatever thou art, angel or demon ; and whatever be thy country, my life is thine, and thee will I follow, be it to heaven or hell !'

Some one knocked at the door.

'It's my porter,' said Barbemuche, half opening. It was indeed the porter with a letter. 'What an unlucky chance !' cried Carolus. 'We must put off our reading till some other time ; I have to go out immediately. If you please, we will execute this little commission together, as it is nothing private, and then we can come back to dinner.'

'There,' thought Rodolphe, 'is a letter that has fallen from heaven ; I recognize the seal of PROVIDENCE.'

When he rejoined the comrades that night, the poet was interrogated by Marcel and Schaunard.

'Did he treat you well ?' they asked.

'Yes, but I paid dear for it.'

'How ! Did Carolus make you pay ?' demanded Schaunard, with rising choler.

‘He read a novel at me, inside of which the people are named *Don Lopez* and *Don Alvar*; and the tenors call their mistresses *angel*, or *demon*.’

‘How shocking!’ cried the club, in chorus.

‘But otherwise,’ said Colline, ‘literature apart, what is your opinion of him?’

‘A very nice young man. You can judge for yourselves; Carolus means to treat us all in turn; he invites Schaunard to breakfast with him to-morrow. Only look out for the closet with the manuscripts in it.’

Schaunard was punctual and went to work with the minuteness of an auctioneer taking an inventory, or a sheriff levying an execution. Accordingly he came back full of notes; he had studied Carolus chiefly in respect of his movables and worldly goods.

‘This Barbemuche,’ he said, on being asked *his* opinion, ‘is a lump of good qualities. He knows the names of all the wines that ever were invented, and made me eat more nice things than my aunt ever did on her birth-day. He is on very good terms with the tailors in the *Rue Vivienne*, and the boot-makers of the *Passage des Panoramas*; and I have observed that he is nearly our size, so that, in case of need, we can lend him our clothes. His habits are less austere than Colline chose to represent them; he went wherever I pleased to take him, and gave me a breakfast in two acts, the second of which went off in a tavern by the fish-market where I am known for some Carnival orgies. Well, Carolus went in there as any ordinary mortal might, and that’s all. Marcel goes to-morrow.’

Carolus knew that Marcel was the one who had made the most objections to his reception. Accordingly, he treated him with particular attention, and especially won his heart by holding out the hope of procuring him sitters in the family of his pupil. When it came to Marcel’s turn to make his report, there were no traces of his original hostility to Carolus.

On the fourth day, Colline informed Barbemuche that he was admitted, but under conditions. ‘You have a number of vulgar habits,’ he said, ‘which must be reformed.’

‘I shall do my best to imitate you,’ said Carolus.

During the whole time of his noviciate the Platonic philosopher kept company with the Bohemians continually, and was thus enabled to study their habits more thoroughly, not without being very much astonished at times. One morning, Colline came to see him with a joyful face.

‘My dear fellow,’ he said, ‘it’s all over; you are now definitely one of us. It only remains to fix the day and the place of the grand entertainment; I have come to talk with you about it.’

‘That can be arranged with perfect ease,’ said Carolus; ‘the parents of my pupil are out of town; the young viscount, whose mentor I am, will lend us the apartments for an evening, only we must invite him to the party.’

‘That will be very nice,’ replied Colline; ‘we will open to him the vistas of literature: but do you think he will consent?’

‘I am sure of it.’

‘Then it only remains to fix the day.’

‘We will settle that to-night at the coffee-house.’

Carolus then went to find his pupil, and announced to him that he had just been elected into a distinguished society of literary men and artists, and that he was going to give a dinner, followed by a little party, to celebrate his admission; he therefore proposed to him to make one of the guests. ‘And since you cannot be out late,’ added Carolus, ‘and the entertainment may last some time, it will be for our convenience to have it here. Your servant Kancris knows how to hold his tongue; your parents will know nothing of it; and you will have made acquaintance with some of the cleverest people in Paris, artists and authors.’

‘In print?’ asked the youth.

‘Certainly. One of them edits the *Scarf of Inis*, which your mother takes. They are very distinguished persons, almost celebrities, intimate friends of mine.’

That night, at the coffee-house, Barbemuche announced that the party would come off next Saturday; and from that day all the neighborhood was informed that Mesdemoiselles Phemy, Mimi, and Musette, were going out into society.

On the morning of the festivity, Colline, Schaunard, Marcel, and Rodolphe, called, in a body, on Barbemuche, who looked astonished to see them so early.

‘Has any thing happened which will oblige us to put it off?’ he asked, with some anxiety.

‘Yes — that is, no’ — said Colline; ‘this is how we are placed. Among ourselves we never stand on ceremony, but when we are to meet strangers, we wish to preserve a certain decorum.’

‘Well?’ said the other.

‘Well,’ continued Colline, ‘since we are to meet to-night, the young gentleman to whom we are indebted for the rooms, out of respect to him and to ourselves, we come simply to ask you if you cannot lend us some becoming toggery. It is almost impossible, you see, for us to enter this gorgeous roof in frock-coats and colored trowsers.’

‘But,’ said Carolus, ‘I have not black clothes for all of you.’

‘We will make out with what you have,’ said Colline.

‘Suit yourselves, then,’ said Carolus, opening a well-furnished wardrobe.

‘What an arsenal of elegancies!’ said Marcel.

‘Three hats!’ exclaimed Schaunard, in ecstasy; ‘can a man want three hats when he has but one head?’

‘And the boots!’ said Rodolphe, ‘only look!’

In the twinkling of an eye each had selected a complete equipment.

‘But,’ said Barbemuche, casting a glance at the emptied wardrobe, ‘you have left me nothing. What am I to wear?’

‘Ah, it’s different with you,’ said Rodolphe; ‘you are the master of the house; you need not stand upon etiquette.’

‘But I have only my dressing-gown and slippers, flannel waist-coat and trowsers with stocking-feet.’

‘Never mind ; we excuse you before-hand,’ replied the four.

A very good dinner was served at six. The company arrived, Marcel limping and out of humor. The young viscount rushed up to the ladies and led them to their seats. Mimi was dressed with fanciful elegance ; Musette got up with seductive taste ; Phemy looked like a stained-glass window, and hardly dared sit down.

The dinner lasted two hours and a half. The young viscount kept stepping on Mimi’s foot. Phemy took twice of every dish. Schaunard was in clover. Rodolphe improvised sonnets and broke glasses in marking the rhythm. Colline talked to Marcel, who remained sulky.

‘What is the matter with you ?’ asked the philosopher.

‘My feet are in torture ; this Carolus has boots like a woman’s.’

‘He must be given to understand that, for the future, some of his shoes are to be made a little larger — but now to the drawing-room, where the coffee and liquors await us.’

The revelry re-commenced with increased noise. Schaunard seated himself at the piano and executed, with immense spirit, his new symphony, the *Death of the Damsel*. To this succeeded the characteristic piece of *The Creditor’s March*, which was twice encored, and two chords of the piano broken.

Marcel was still morose, and replied to the complaints and expostulations of Carolus :

‘My dear Sir, we shall never be intimate, and for this reason : Physical difficulties are almost always the certain sign of a moral difference ; on this point philosophy and medicine agree. Your boots, infinitely too small for me, indicate a radical difference of temper and character ; in other respects, your little party has been charming.’

At one in the morning, the guests took leave, and zig-zagged homeward. Barbemuche felt very ill, and made incoherent harangues to his pupil, who, for his part, was dreaming of Miss Mimi’s blue eyes.

W I N T E R .

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

WINTER wraps his mantle o’er us, and with clouds and storms before us,
How we long for the bright days of ever-smiling, genial Spring !
When those fetters that now bind us we shall leave with joy behind us,
Welcoming with joyous praises those soft days which Summer brings.

April suns and April showers, lovely May and May’s bright flowers,
Glad the heart that gloomy Winter over it a shade hath cast,
Waking in us new sensations, breathing nobler aspirations
Than will ever bless and cheer us while stern Winter’s reign shall last.

While Life’s seasons are before us, may the clouds that hover o’er us
E’er reflect warm, golden tints from that bright sun which shines above ;
And when this frail cord shall sever, may we all, and may we ever,
In a world of light and glory ever more repose in love !

Hartford, Ct.

D O C T O R P U F F .

AN EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED SATIRE.

I.

SAGE Doctor PUFF has deigned a few, brief days,
 From beds of suffering long, the sick to raise;
 Ye members of the Editorial Corps,
 Announce the presence of this man of lore!
 Though luckless Satire is his fiery beak,
 On a famed wash to whiten Beauty's cheek;
 And few his bristles on his cocoa-nut bare,
 Though his pomatums glad the bald with hair;
 Afflicted man cries loudly, stung with pain;
 The Doctor speaks, and he is sound again.
 Afflicted woman drops upon her knees
 To be relieved; the Doctor gives her ease.
 His pill will drive Consumption from his prey,
 The work of Death his sovereign plaster stay;
 His cordial make the spectre, Death, retreat,
 When brow grows cold, and pulse forgets to beat;
 His magic powders never fail to rout
 The fiends of Cholic, Cholera, and Gout;
 And when his great elixir he prepares
 Of Youth's return no more Old Age despairs;
 His cheek like parchment, shrivelled, dry, and worn,
 Wears in a few brief hours the rose of morn;
 Strength to his bowed and wasted form returns,
 And in his eye the glow of spring-time burns;
 A weak, cracked voice gives place to manly tone;
 Judgment resumes a long-deserted throne;
 And in his heart awakes a wild desire
 To play the bride-groom, not the wrinkled sire.

II.

Great Doctor PUFF! with pain and plague at strife,
 Defender of the Citadel of Life!
 What matters it that dirt and Indian meal
 Thy pills compose that never fail to heal?
 What matters it that fluids of strong scent
 Are prime ingredients with thy cordial blent?
 A magic skill thy groaning patients own;
 Potent emetic is thy look alone.
 Thy syrups, salves, and panaceas rare
 Make sextons of employment to despair;
 And undertakers vanish in a trice,
 While cradles rise, and coffins fall in price.

III.

NAPOLÉON of Physic! when thy skill
 Has worked a cure for every carnal ill,
 If friends do not thy genius underrate,
 Applied will be thy leechcraft to the State;
 Thy drops the body politic will heal,
 And hushed be mourning Freedom's funeral peal;
 The day of tight astringents will be o'er,
 And puckered-up the soul of man no more.
 Aperients his mind will then expand;
 Cathartics purge foul humors from the land;
 And Sin be drugged with opiates so strong
 That Earth no more will hear one tale of wrong.

IV.

Great ÆSCULAPIUS of modern times!
 Why lengthen out a poet's idle rhymes?
 Enough that health is where thy foot-steps tread,
 And seen no marble slabs that mark the dead;
 While Death, an idler, snores and slumbers on,
 OTHELLO-like, 'his *occupation* gone!'

W. H. O. R.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL AND CHARACTER.

I A S E V I L I A N A .

PART FIRST.

'RIBERAS del rio do las aguas doran,
 Al prado dejando margen arenosa,
 Me topé una niña — mas que digo?— diosa!
 Que sin duda lo era, por ser tan graciosa.'

ROMANERO VIEJO.

'AND now, brother William,' cried my wife, after the 'tea-equipage' had been removed, and the youngster put to bed; 'draw your chair nearer the fire, and let us know why you remained abroad so long: some love-affair, I'll be bound!'

The lieutenant rose, paced hurriedly twice or thrice across the floor, as if struggling to repress some inward emotion; next, going to his valise, which lay upon the side-board, he took therefrom a small painting on ivory, representing two graves by the side of a gentle stream, which he gazed at sadly and silently for the space of some minutes; then, thrusting it in the breast-pocket of his coat, and covering his face with his hands, in the vain endeavor to conceal the tears which trickled down his manly cheeks, he resumed his seat, and commenced his tale as follows:

'You both must recollect Harry Burton, 'the light-hearted Harry, as we called him at school, with his bright blue eyes and curly hair, his winning smile and gentle manners. You will both remember, too, that, as boys, Harry and I were inseparable, and that we entered the naval-service together; he being ordered to the East-Indies, and I to the Pacific-Ocean. It was about ten years after this eventful period, that I received a letter from him, informing me of his having obtained a year's leave of absence, for the purpose of visiting Spain, and begging me to accompany him. As I had just returned from a long cruise, and had a few shot in the locker, I gladly acceded to his request; and the twelfth day from the receipt of his epistle saw us embarked at New-York, in one of Her Most Catholic Majesty's packets. After a voyage of thirty days, we landed at Malaga. Here we hired mules and a guide, and, the necessary passports being procured, set forth, like two knights-errant of old, '*probar fortuna*.' I will not pause now to give you a detailed account of our wanderings. Suffice it to say, that after having visited most places of note in the kingdom, we reached Seville, '*la maravilla*.'

just a month before the expiration of our leave. For some time previous to this, I had noticed a sadness stealing over my companion, which grew deeper day by day. For the past fortnight, he had seemed wholly unconscious of all that was passing in the busy world around him; and during our journey from Cordoba to this city, not one word had fallen from his lips.

We had been in Seville five days. The cathedral-bells had sounded the hour of mid-night, and I sat alone in our comfortable lodgings at the '*Fonda de la Reyna*.' Harry, who had been more than ordinarily depressed in spirits since our arrival here, had left the house in the morning, before I was awake, and was still absent. I feared lest some accident had befallen him, and was on the eve of going in search of him, when he entered the room, looking pale and dejected, and sinking into a chair, burst into tears.

' 'Harry, my dear fellow,' cried I, 'for God's sake speak to me! What is the matter!'

' 'Oh, William,' he answered, 'you must have thought me very cold and unkind of late, but I am so unhappy!'

' 'Nay, Harry,' I rejoined, deeply moved, 'I have never, in my whole life, thought you either cold or unkind. Your melancholy, of late, has been a source of much uneasiness to me; but I have forbore to speak of it hitherto, lest I should add to your grief. Now, however, let me implore you, for both our sakes, to tell me the cause of it.'

' 'I will, William. I have long wished to do so, but have lacked resolution. To-morrow you shall know all.' So saying, he turned from me, and left the room.

'The next morning, I entered his chamber at an early hour, and found him seated in an easy-chair, fast asleep. Before him, on a small table, were his writing-desk and a letter, directed to me, which ran thus:

It is little more than two years ago, that, being on leave from my ship, then lying at Cadiz, I sallied forth from this very hotel, and wended my way toward the '*Paseo de las Delicias*.' I had arrived opposite the Cathedral, and stopped to gaze a moment upon the far-famed '*Giralda*,' when my curiosity was excited by observing some half-dozen persons grouped about the window of a house near by. I joined the throng, and, looking through the *reja*, beheld, extended at full length upon the floor, the body of a young girl of not more than fifteen summers, very beautiful, even in death. She was dressed in white, as if for a bridal. Her golden hair, which lay in luxuriant tresses upon her ivory bosom, was decked with a single white japonica; a smile of passing sweetness still lingered upon the lips from which the coral had not yet departed: and in her snowy arms lay the body of an infant, covered with rose-buds. At her head, were a crucifix and an image of the Virgin, while on either side six waxen tapers were dimly burning. As I gazed, a decrepit old man, leaning upon a crutch, entered the room, and with faltering steps approached the corpse; then, kneeling slowly down, he bowed his aged head until his silvery locks mingled with hers, and murmuring, in a low, sad tone, '*Hija mia, hija mia!*' kissed passionately the pallid lips of her whom in life he had loved so well.

The scene was to me a novel one, and I was filled with awe and admiration. 'Alas, poor child!' I thought; 'hard, indeed, has been her fate! How oft did she, in the pride of her heart, as her hour of travail approached, dwell, with all a mother's tenderness, upon the burden she bore! how oft did she speculate upon the color of its hair and eyes; and then too, doubtless, in the midst of her visions, the form of her loved husband would appear, and she would fondly whisper: 'He will love me even more than now, when he beholds our first-born!' And now, she and the babe are no more; to-morrow they will be buried, and the next day forgotten by all, save this poor old man. Such is life!'

My countenance must have betrayed what was passing in my mind: for I was awakened from my reverie by a shout of laughter from the idlers about me, who, I found, were making merry at the expense of the *pensativo Americano*, one of their number having likened me '*al caballero de la triste figura*.' I was retiring in some disgust at their heartlessness, when the sound of light foot-steps fell upon my ear. A moment after, a soft, sweet voice at my side murmured, in rich Castilian, '*Pobrecita! se ha muerto muy joven*.' The speaker was a dark-eyed, dark-haired *señorita*, just budding into womanhood. Her figure was as faultless as Marcela's, and her face like that of Murillo's guardian-angel. She blushed slightly as she met my ardent gaze, and, drawing her black-lace mantilla closely around her, tripped lightly across the street to the cathedral, and disappeared through '*la puerta del perdon*,' while I slowly continued my walk to the *paseo*, which I reached not much before night-fall.

It was a mild evening of the merry month of May. The air was redolent with the perfume of the orange-blossom, and the last rays of the setting sun were still lingering, in a flood of crimson light, upon the waters of the poetic Guadalquivir; and, as I watched the sportive maidens who thronged its banks, gladdening the earth with their innocent merriment, I thanked God in my heart that I was permitted to behold so fair a scene. How long I remained here, I know not; but when I turned my steps homeward, the *paseo* seemed deserted, and all nature hushed in a deep sleep, save that a solitary songster from a neighboring grove poured forth his evening-carol to the rising moon. Loitering a moment by the column of Hercules, to cast a last look upon the bewitching scene, my eye rested upon three persons who were engaged in an animated, and apparently angry discussion. These were two women in black, and a man of middle age, eminently handsome, but bearing in his countenance the evident traces of a life of dissipation. He was clad in the undress of a captain of artillery. Although the trio were but a few yards removed from me, the shadow of the pillar against which I leaned effectually concealed me from their sight; and I was about to discover myself, when, recognizing in the voice of the younger female that of the compassionate looker-on at the window, I remained as it were, spell-bound and immovable. '*Basta, Fernandez*,' she said, sadly; '*no hay mas que decir: vamos, madre mia*.' As she spoke these last words, she drew her mother's arm within her own, and the two walked slowly off, followed at a little distance by the cap-

tain. A moment after, he sprang madly forward and seized the maiden by the waist; while the feeble mother, vainly endeavoring to extricate her from his grasp, called loudly for aid. Quick as thought, I was by her side, and, blind with passion, I felled the assailant to the earth. '*Muchas gracias, señor!*' '*Bendito seas!*' cried mother and daughter in a breath. The crest-fallen captain, rising with difficulty to his feet, laid his hand, with a significant gesture, on his sword: '*Caballero, nos encontraremos otra vez,*' he said, as he strode haughtily away.

As soon as the ladies had recovered sufficient composure to enable them to converse freely, they overwhelmed me with thanks for my opportune assistance, and insisted upon my accompanying them to their residence, which, they said, was not far distant. On our way thither, I learned that they were the wife and daughter of General Gonzales, of the Spanish army, and that the officer who had behaved so badly was a cousin of the *señorita's*, who had long courted her in vain.

'He has been drinking to-night,' said the old lady, 'and to-morrow will be heartily ashamed of what he has done; but never more,' she added, indignantly, 'shall Fernandez de Lema cross the threshold of my doors!'

'And what do you think of Seville?' asked the *señorita*, as we passed the city-gates.

'I quite agree with Gil Blas:

'QUIEN NO VIÓ A SEVILLA,
NO VIÓ MARAVILLA;'

And, as for the Sevillañas, I verily believe they are the most lovely beings on earth!'

'*Vamos, señor!* you speak like a lover, or a poet, which is worse, as the niece of Don Quixote avers,' rejoined the now-laughing girl; 'may-be, however, you are both poet and lover, in which case you are the more to be pitied. Let me tell you, then, Señor poet, or lover, or both, *las damas de Sevilla no se precian de hermosura pero en toda Andalucia hay mucha gracia.*'

'*Hay mucha gracia, y mucha hermosura tambien,*' cried I, to the no small amusement of the mother; and I was just proceeding to give a most glowing description of a fair damsel whom I had met twice that very day — once at a certain *reja*, and again by the borders of the 'trembling river' — when my discourse was cut short by our arrival at their mansion. Entering with them, I was ushered into a large room on the second floor, elegantly furnished, where sat an elderly gentleman, perusing the evening papers. 'My husband,' said the Señora, introducing me. To you, William, who know something of Spanish character, I need only say, I found General Gonzales an *hidalgo* worthy of Spain's proudest days. His manners were reserved, but not cold, and in his upright carriage and lofty bearing, one might read pride without arrogance, self-respect without conceit. He received me with much cordiality when he was informed of the service I had rendered his family, and in a short time, I found myself as much at my ease with him, as if he had been the acquaintance of years. That evening was one of the happiest of my life; and the '*a las doce, y sereno — ave*

Maria! of the watchman had already greeted my ears, ere I rose to take leave. When I did so, the General gave me a hearty embrace, after the Spanish fashion, and exacted a promise from me, to make his house my home, should I ever visit Seville again; while his wife called upon all the saints of the Calendar to watch over and protect me. The *señorita*, the while, sat waving her fan in silence. I took her hand, and in a few hurried words expressed my regret that duty compelled me to leave Seville the following morning, and a hope that I should meet her again, at some not distant period. '*Paciencia y esperanza, Señor!*' said she, with an arch look. 'T was thus we parted.

On the morrow, I returned to Cadiz: not, however, before I had addressed a line to Don Fernandez de Lema, telling him where I was to be found. To my surprise, my note was unanswered; nor did I ever set eyes on the Captain again.

Time rolled slowly on. Our good ship visited many pleasant ports on the classic shores of Italy, where objects of interest met my gaze at every turn; but, go where I would, see what I might, that fair girl's spirit was ever at my side; and, whether roaming gaily through the stately palaces of Naples, or standing pensive amid the ruins of Pompeii, a sweet voice would ever and anon breathe into my ear, '*Pobrecita! se ha muerto muy joven,*' followed immediately by the cheering words, '*paciencia y esperanza!*'

A year had now passed, and our noble frigate lay at anchor off Funchal, Madeira, where she was to remain some months, preparatory to returning to the United States. It was the morning after our arrival here — a bright morning of the first month of summer — when, throwing the reins to my guide, I alighted from my horse on the heights overhanging the town, and entered the chapel of '*Nossa Senhora do Monte,*' where, although the hour was an early one, I found many good Catholics gathered around the altar; while a choir of monks chanted a requiem for the dead. Among the worshippers knelt a young girl, in deep mourning, and evidently in deep distress; for, in that part of the Mass where, after the elevation of the Host, the priest recites the words, *Quiescant in pace*, she sobbed as if her heart would break. I took my place near her; and as she was passing by me on her way out of the chapel, upon the conclusion of the service, her long veil became entangled in one of the buttons of my sleeve, and she turned to extricate it. 'Can it be possible?' I exclaimed; '*Maria Gonzales!*' Almost at the same instant, she uttered a joyful cry of recognition, and smiling through her tears, as sun-shine follows an April shower, stretched forth both her tiny hands to me; which, I need hardly say, I pressed with all a lover's devotion.

As we walked on together, I learned that, since we parted, sorrow, and even death, had visited her once happy home. 'You had scarce been gone a week,' she said, 'when my father was arrested, upon a charge of being in correspondence with the Carlists, the enemies of our beloved Queen. The accusation against him was contained in an anonymous letter to the Minister of War, the hand-writing of which none could recognize; and yet, poor father was thrown into prison, and chained and manacled like a common felon. In the trial which ensued,

it being declared by the Court 'that Queen Isabella had not a more loyal subject in her whole army than the gallant General Gonzales,' he was immediately released from confinement, and restored to his command; with a notification from the ministry, that it was Her Majesty's intention to compliment him soon with the Captain-Generalship of the Island of Cuba. But all this availed nothing. His proud spirit could not brook the indignity which had been put upon him, on such trifling grounds, at the close of a long life of devotion to his country — during which he had been thrice wounded in defence of the crown — and thenceforth, life seemed to have lost all charms for him. Yet still, mother and I, thought that time would restore him to us; but this was not to be: for, discovering, a short time after his release, by some means unknown to us, that his calumniator was his own nephew, Fernandez de Lema, his only sister's son, his heart was broken; and he expired just six months after his honorable acquittal by the court, calling upon us with his latest breath, for the honor of his line, never to reveal the name of the slanderer. My mother's health has been declining ever since, and so, by the advice of her physicians, we came to this beautiful island, and are residing in the little English cottage you see yonder on the brow of that hill; but I cannot perceive any improvement in mother, as yet,' she added, sadly; 'and I fear you will find her greatly altered, Sir. Then, turning to her attendant, an old sergeant, whose proudest boast was, that he had served General Gonzales faithfully, from the cradle to the grave, 'Hasten home, my good Pedro,' she cried, 'and tell mamma who is with me. She will be almost as glad to see you, Mr. Burton, as I am,' said she naïvely.

As we drew near the house, the unhappy widow came forth to meet us, leaning upon the arm of the trusty soldier. She endeavored to force a smile when I advanced to salute her, but her heart was too full; and, holding down her head, she wept bitterly. Alas, poor heart-broken woman! she was changed, indeed, since I had seen her in Seville; and, as I glanced at her flushed cheek and wasted form, I could scarce restrain myself from crying aloud, 'Alas! poor Maria!'

When her agitation had in some measure subsided, she greeted me in the warmest manner; and from that time, I was ever a welcome guest at the cottage, and always by Maria's side.

The rest is a tale soon told: 'I loved, and was beloved.' I should but tire you, William, by attempting to describe our days of courtship. 'Happy the persons,' says Montesquieu, 'whose history is *ennuyeuse*!' I only know that we were always together, and always very, very happy; and that the even current of our lives was never troubled by any of the thousand and one little *contretemps*, so pathetically described by our fashionable novelists, and which, according to them, form a necessary element in the existence of all true lovers. But Byron has well said:

'THE Spanish girl is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover tremble;
And if she love, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.'

With us, all was peace and sun-shine, each day being but a repetition

of the past ; and when, after plighting our troth, we knelt before the good old lady, and received her sanction to our engagement, my happiness was complete. It was settled that, as soon as I arrived home, I should procure a leave of absence and proceed to Seville direct, where mother and daughter were to join me ; Señora Gonzales wishing Maria to be married in the same house in which they had passed so many happy days during the life of the General.

And now, the time of my departure was at hand. 'T was evening : one of those delicious summer-evenings in Madeira that no pencil can describe. Maria reclined upon a couch in the verandah, and I sate by her side, holding her hand in mine. We had ridden out, in the morning, to the chapel where we had first met after our long separation, and afterwards to the '*Corral*.' On our return, as we were riding along the brink of a precipice, my horse suddenly took fright, and ere I could curb him, had carried me several yards in advance of her. 'Jesus !' I heard her exclaim. Looking back, I perceived that her pony had stumbled, and but for the guide, who with admirable presence of mind had seized the bridle, would have precipitated her into the abyss beneath. She was dreadfully alarmed, and I had no sooner reached her than she fainted in my arms. She soon revived, however ; and the 'good Pedro,' who was always with us, having procured a palanquin, we bore her swiftly home ; while the guide, who, honest fellow ! seemed as much concerned as myself at the accident, ran at the top of his speed for the nearest physician. Upon examination, the doctor, a bluff, good-natured Englishman, immediately declared, to my infinite relief, that Maria had sustained no bodily injury ; and after rallying her a little, in true John Bull style, upon her want of courage, prescribed a soothing-potion, and took his leave. She was still, however, nervous and depressed.

'Harry,' said she, 'I have lost the note you sent me the other evening, and I feel so superstitious about it ! I fear some evil threatens us.'

'A fig for your nonsensical superstitions,' cried I, jestingly ; '*my* only fear is, that some one of the handsome cavaliers of Seville will make you entirely forget the ugly American.'

'Nay, Harry, you must not say so,' she rejoined quickly, at the same time laying her little hand upon my mouth. 'You do but jest, I know, but then, I am well aware, too, that the women of my native land are generally characterized by foreigners as fickle and inconstant ; and *por Dios !*' she added, with a virtuous indignation, her eyes flashing fire as she spoke, 'I believe the accusation to be as false as was that of the arch-traitor Judas himself. Undoubtedly, there are in Spain, as elsewhere, very many females among the lower classes, who are a disgrace to their sex ; but to say that a Spanish *lady* is light of love, is to affirm that Roger de Lauria was a saint, and Gonsalvo de Cordoba a coward : and know, Harry,' she continued, passionately throwing her arms about my neck and resting her head on my bosom, as she spoke, 'when a *Serillana* loves one of your sex, she loves him with her whole soul, *prescinde de si es Español, ó extranjero !*' And I believed then what she said, William, as I believe it now ; as I would believe 'proof of holy writ.'

It was near mid-night, when I clasped her in a last, fond embrace. 'Nay, do not weep so bitterly, dearest,' I whispered, endeavoring to assume a cheerfulness I was far from feeling. 'For your mother's sake, you must bear up against this trial.'

'*Ah, c'est une epreuve bien dure!*' she sighed, unconsciously using the beautiful language of Virginia. These were the last words I heard her speak: I never saw her more.

The next morning, as our ship was fanning with a light breeze out of the harbor, whither an English steamer had preceded us, a note was brought to me from shore, the hand-writing of which I immediately recognized as Maria's. I tore it open, and read as follows:

'THE places where I have been so happy have now become hateful to me, and when you receive this, my mother and myself will be on our way to Spain. Farewell for ever, Harry: we must never, *never* meet again. God bless you! 'MARIA.'

For months after this, I lay in a delirium, and my life was despaired of. When consciousness returned, I was lying on a bed in a darkened room, with my mother and sisters bending over me. From this moment, but one idea took possession of my mind: I would go to Spain in search of Maria, and either marry her, or lay down my life at her feet. At Granada, I learned that she and her mother were residing in Madrid; thence, I traced them from city to city, until our arrival here, where I have entirely lost sight of them.

My tale is finished, William; I have nothing more to write. Well has Saint Pierre likened our day of life to that of the globe on which we live; one part of which cannot receive the light unless the other be given up to darkness. For me, my sun of happiness has set for ever, and a dark, dark night of sorrow has set in.

T H E P A S T .

THERE'S a spell in the mighty Past;
There's a charm round the days that are gone:
And a sorrowful look behind we cast,
Though our path lies ever — on.

Its mystic depths profound,
In fancy I love to explore;
To steal awhile from the world around
To dream in the world of yore.

In the evening hour, while yet
Some struggling day-beams last,
I think of the ages, long since set
In the gathering night of the Past.

Of the grandeur and greatness, flown;
Of heroes and sages, sublime:
Of woman's beauty, that sweetly shone
In the vanished, olden time!

Fled are they now, for aye;
Gone, the assemblage vast;
But like stars that gleam in the dark night-sky,
Their memory gilds the Past.

THE VETERAN OF SEVENTY-SIX

TELLING HIS STORY TO THE SOLDIERS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF NEW-ORLEANS.

BY RICHARD HAYWARD

ONCE I stood beneath the hemlocks in the drear December snow,
 In a mid-night, when the moon-light filled a valley far below,
 And a river darkly glinted by the willows in a row,
 Ever rolling, rolling, rolling —

Rolling by the leafless willows: tree and shadow were as one;
 Tree and shadow, church and shadow, on the crusted surface thrown,
 With the belfry, where the wind sang with a melancholy moan,
 But the bell had stopped a-tolling:

Stopped a-tolling; yet the echoes of that ancient turret-bell
 Seemed to linger in the landscape, and the cypress-shadows fell
 Round a chaplet-crownéd column, with a sculptured pedestal.
 'To the memory of META!

Oh, the pleasant nights of summer! when the lights shone from the hall,
 Shining through the green grape-lattice, with the moon-beams over all,
 When her foot-step on the threshold was the answer to my call;
 And a boyish kiss to greet her,

Which I paid, was taken lightly, as when brothers sisters meet;
 But the time crept slowly, surely, with inevitable feet,
 And our partings were more bitter, as our meetings were more sweet:
 But her cheek grew paler ever.

There was fearful news from Princeton! but the battle had been won:
 There were spots upon the sword-belt, but my mother bound it on;
 Bound her husband's blood-baptizéd scarf around his orphan son,
 And her only son, who never

From the homestead had departed, now went forth with eager soul,
 Looking forward in the future, pressing onward to the goal,
 To the bugle's ringing music, and the drum's triumphant roll;
 While my ardent fancy blended

META's love, and mother's blessing, with the bastion scaled and won;
 With the cannon-shattered parapet our free flag floated on;
 With the brow-wreathed victor's welcome when his labors were all done; —
 Thus arose the vision splendid!

Then, at last, with eyes dilated, saw I, star-like, on the plain,
 In the distance, lurid camp-fires, through the falling wintry rain,
 And the *real* seemed a vision, just a phantasm of the brain;
 Was the patriot-camp before me?

Was that crowded canvass-city filled with spirits, ardent, true?
 Longing, eager for the death-clutch (here a heart-deep breath I drew)
 With the Red-coat, Red-skin, Hessian — with the savage hireling crew?
 I looked upward; and all o'er me,

Through the parted clouds, the free stars! Down I knelt upon the sod,
 Praying there, as youth alone can pray, right-earnest up to God,
 That His hand would loose Oppression's gyves, and break the tyrant's rod:
 Then, with fervent joy elated,

Passed the out-posts. Where the vision now? the glory of the dream?
Where the torch-flashed cuirass? serried arms? the cannon's brazen gleam?
Where, the trophies? captives? victors? Ah, more like the vanquished seem
These, with aspects sorrow-sated!

By the smouldering fires of Valley-Forge I saw the spectral train,
Under canvas-rags, and pine-boughs, on the dreary, miry plain;
War-worn, famished, unprotected, in the chill December rain,
Yet, undaunted and defiant:

With great, watchful eyes, and bony hands, and blood-encrusted feet,
With their guns clenched by the watch-fires, in the driving rain and sleet,
These, who scorned privation, wounds, and toil, till vengeance was complete,
Uncomplaining — self-reliant!

Youth's a dream, but manhood's real; with that wintry night began
Life with me in earnest, comrades; in it I became a man;
Never more the glass shall glow that once with golden moments ran.
And if then I dreamed no longer —

If the bubble, glory-pictured, broke and vanished in my sight —
'T was a larger passion filled me, and my prayer, that dreary night,
As I lay beneath the pine-boughs, was, 'O God! protect the right!
Let him trample on his wronger —

'Him who suffers by oppression; let him trample in the dust,
In his boyhood, youth, and manhood, him, whose tyrant-fingers thrust
Forward, insolent and selfish, disregards the right and just;
Moved by hatred, envy, malice,

'Toward his peers — his fellow-creatures! whether master, chief, or king,
Bind the gyve, or weld the shackle; add the fetter, ring by ring:
Whether ruler, priest, or neighbor, let his own oppression bring
To his lips the bitter chalice!'

So prayed I, that night, my comrades, underneath the bough-piled roof.
Ere the morn, the burthened snow-clouds o'er us spread their shining woof:
As the sturdy pines around us, we, unbending, tempest-proof,
Throve amid the desolation:

Throve like them, though tempest-shaken; gathered strength from year to year,
Though Time rolled in fearful blood-tracks — blood of foes and comrades dear;
Monmouth, Eutaw, Camden, Guilford, losing there and gaining here:
Yet, 'mid sickness, wounds, privation,

Throve the green life of our mission, till arose the triumph-shout,
When the British guns were silent, and above each dark redoubt
Twice the screaming, triple rockets flung their starry radiance out,
And our flying foes, in terror,

'Mid the gathering storm and darkness, launched their transports to the blast;
Fast and free the rolling river; fast and free the wrecks were cast
Shoreward, and the Yorktown trumpets told the startled world at last,
Right had triumphed over Error!

Homeward now, the wars are over; homeward, never more to rove:
Ah, what memories cluster round me! ah, what promised transports move!
Fire-side faces — homestead-gossip — mother's blessing — MARY's love —
On and ever onward bore me —

Till I hear the fatal story; till I see the graves below,
As I stand beneath the hemlocks, in the drear December-snow:
Near them rolls the rapid river; dark its sullen waters flow:
'And the world is all before me!'

A COURT-SCENE AT PUDDLEFORD.

FROM 'THE PUDDLEFORD PAPERS'

My intercourse with the inhabitants of Puddleford had been frequent during the summer ; and my acquaintance with them had now become quite general. One morning in the month of September, I was visited by a constable, who very authoritatively served upon me a venire, which commanded me to be and appear before Jonathan Longbow, at his office in the village of Puddleford, at one o'clock, P. M., to serve as a jurymen in a case then and there to be tried between Philista Filkins, plaintiff, and Charity Beadle, defendant, in an action of slander, etc. The constable remarked, after reading this threatening legal epistle to me, that I had better 'be up to time, as Squire Longbow was a man who would not be trifled with ;' and then leisurely folding it up, and pushing it deep down in his vest-pocket, he mounted his horse, and hurried away in pursuit of the balance of the panel. Of course, I could not think of being guilty of a contempt of court, after having been so solemnly warned of the consequences ; and I was therefore promptly on the spot according to command.

Squire Longbow held his court at the public house, in a room adjoining the bar-room, because the statute prohibited his holding it in the bar-room itself. He was a law-abiding man, and would not violate a statute. I found on my arrival that the whole country, for miles around, had assembled to hear this interesting case. Men, women, and children had turned out and made a perfect holiday of it. All were attired in their best. The men were dressed in every kind of fashion, or rather all the fashions of the last twenty years were scattered through the crowd. Small-crown, steeple-crown, low-crown, wide-brim, and narrow-brim hats ; wide-tail, stub-tail, and swallow-tail, high-collar, and low-collar coats ; bagging and shrunken breeches ; every size and shape of shirt-collar were there, all brought in by the settlers when they immigrated. The women had attempted to ape the fashions of the past ; some of them had mounted a 'bustle' about the size of a bag of bran, and were waddling along under their load with great satisfaction. Some of the less ambitious were reduced to a mere bunch of calico. One man, I noticed, carried upon his head an old-fashioned bell-crowned hat, with a half-inch brim ; a shirt-collar running up tight under his ears, tight enough to lift him from the ground ; (this ran out in front of his face to a peak, serving as a kind of cut-water to his nose ;) a faded blue coat, of the genuine swallow-tail breed ; a pair of narrow fall-breeches that had passed so often through the wash-tub, and were so shrunken, that they appeared to have been strained on over his limbs ; this individual, reader, was walking about with his hands in his pockets, perfectly satisfied, whistling Yankee-Doodle and other patriotic airs. Most of the women had something frizzled around their shoes, which were

called pantalettes, giving their extremities the appearance of the legs of so many bantam hens.

The men were amusing themselves pitching coppers and quoits, running horses, and betting upon the result of the trial to come off, as every one was expected to form some opinion of the merits of the case.

The landlord of the Eagle was, of course, very busy. He bustled about, here and there, making the necessary preparations. Several pigs and chickens had gone the way of all flesh, and were baking and stewing for the table. About once a quarter, 'old Stub' 'moistened his clay,' as he called it, with a little 'rye,' so as to 'keep his blood a-stirring.' Mrs. 'Stub Bulliphant' was busy, too. She was a perfect whirlwind. Her temper was made of tartaric acid. Her voice might be heard above the confusion around, giving directions to one, and a 'piece of her mind' to another. She was the landlady of the Eagle, beyond all doubt, and no one else. Better die than doubt that.

'Bulliphant!' screamed she, at the top of her lungs; 'Bulliphant, you great lout, you! what in the name of massy-sakes, are you about? No fire! no wood! no water in! How, in all created natur', do you 'spose a woman can get dinner? Furiation alive, why do n't you speak? Sally Ann? I say, Sally Ann! come right here this minute! Go down cellar and get a junk of butter, some milk, and then, I say, Sally Ann? do you hear me, Sally Ann? go out to the barn and—run! run! you careless hussy, to the store! the pot's boiling over!'

And so the old woman's tongue ran on hour after hour.

At a little past one, the court was convened. A board, placed upon two barrels across the corner of the room, constituted the desk of Squire Longbow, behind which his honor's solitary dignity was caged. Pettifoggers and spectators sat outside. This was very proper, as Squire Longbow was a great man, and some mark of distinction was due. Permit me to describe him. He was a little, pot-bellied person, with a round face, bald head, swelled nose, and had only one eye, the remains of the other being concealed with a green shade. He carried a dignity about him that was really oppressive to by-standers. He was the 'end of the law' in Puddleford; and no man could sustain a reputation who presumed to appeal from his decisions. He settled accounts, difficulties of all sorts, and even established land-titles; but of all things, he prided himself upon his knowledge of constitutional questions. The Squire always maintained that hard-drinking was 'agin' the Constitution of the United States, and so, he said, 'Judge Story once informed him by letter, when he applied to him for aid in solving this question.' 'There is no such thing as slander,' the Squire used to say, 'and so he had always decided, as every person who lied about another, knew he ought not to be believed, because he *was* lying, and therefore the '*quar-animer*,' as the books say, is wanting.' (This looked rather bad for 'Filkin's' case.) Sometimes Squire Longbow rendered judgments, sometimes decrees, and sometimes he divided the cause between both parties. The Squire said 'he never could submit to the letter of the law; it was agin' personal liberty; and so Judge Story decided.' 'Precedents, as they were called, he would n't mind, not even his own; because then there would n't be any room left for a man to change his

mind. If,' said the Squire, 'for instance, I fine Pet. Sykes to-day, for knocking down Job Bluff, that is no reason why I should fine Job Bluff to-morrow for knocking down Pet. Sykes, because they are entirely different persons. Human natur' ain't the same.' 'Contempt of Court,' the Squire often declared, 'was the worst of all offences. He did n't care so much about what might be said agin' Jonathan Longbow, but *Squire* Longbow, Justice of the Peace, must and should be protected ;' and it was upon this principle that he fined Phil. Beardsley ten dollars for contradicting him in the street.

'Generally,' the Squire says, 'he renders judgment for the plaintiff,' because he never issues a process without hearing his story, and determining the merits. 'And do n't the plaintiff know more about his rights than all the witnesses in the world ?' 'And even where he has a jury,' the Squire says, 'that it is his duty to apply the law to the facts, and the facts to the law, so that they may avoid any illegal verdict.'

The Court, as I said, was convened. The Squire took his seat, opened his docket, and lit his pipe. He then called the parties :

'Philista Filkins !' 'Charity Beadle !'

'Here,' cried a back-woods pettifogger, 'I'm for Philista Filkins ; am always on hand at the tap of the drum, like a thousand of brick.'

This man was a character ; a pure specimen of a live western pettifogger. He was called Ike Turtle. He was of the snapping-turtle breed. He wore a white wool-hat ; a bandana cotton-handkerchief around his neck ; a horse-blanket vest, with large horn-buttons ; and corduroy pantaloons ; and he carried a bull's-eye watch, from which swung four or five chains across his breast.

'Who answers for Charity Beadle ?' continued the Squire.

'I answer for myself,' squeaked out Charity ; 'I hain't got any counsel, 'cause he's on the jury.'

'On the jury, ha ! Your counsel's on the jury ! Sile Bates, I suppose. Counsel is guaranteed by the Constitution—it's a personal right—let Sile act as your counsel, then.'

And so Sile stepped out in the capacity of counsel.

'Charity Beadle !' exclaimed the Squire, drawing out his pipe and laying it on his desk, 'stand up and raise your right hand !'

Charity arose.

'You are charged with slandering Philista Filkins, with saying 'She warn't no better than she ought to be ;' and if you were believed when you said so, it is my duty, as a peace-officer, to say to you that you have been guilty of a high offence, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul. What do you say ?'

'Not guilty, Squire Longbow, by an eternal sight, and told the truth, if we are,' replied Bates. 'Beside, we plead a set-off.'

'I say 't is false ! you are !' cried Philista, at the top of her lungs.

'Silence !' roared Longbow : 'the dignity of this court shall be preserved.'

'Easy, Squire, a little easy,' grumbled a voice in the crowd, proceeding from one of Philista's friends ; 'never speak to a woman in a passion.'

'I fine that man one dollar for contempt of court, whoever he is !'

exclaimed the Squire, as he stood upon tip-toe, trying to catch the offender with his eye.

‘I guess ’t warn’t nothing but the wind,’ said Bates.

The Squire took his seat, put his pipe in his mouth, and blew out a long whiff of smoke.

‘Order being restored, let the case now proceed,’ he exclaimed.

Ike opened his case to the jury. He said Philista Filkins was a maiden lady of about forty; some called her an *old* maid, but that warn’t so, not by several years; her teeth were as sound as a nut, and her hair as black as a crow. She was a nurse, and had probably given more lobelia, pennyroyal, catnip, and other roots and herbs, to the people of Puddleford, than all the rest of the women in it. Of course she was a kind of *peramrulatory* being. (The Squire here informed the jury that *peramrulatory* was a legal word, which he would fully explain in his charge.) That is, she was obliged to be out a great deal, night and day, and in consequence thereof, Philista Filkins had slandered her, and completely ruined her reputation, and broken up her business to the damage of ten dollars.

Bates told the Court that he had ‘no jurisdiction in an action of slander.’

Longbow advised Bates not to repeat the remark, as ‘that was a kind of contempt.’

Some time had elapsed in settling preliminaries, and at last the cause was ready.

‘We call Sonora Brown!’ roared out Ike, at the top of his lungs.

‘No, you do n’t,’ replied the Squire. ‘This Court is adjourned for fifteen minutes; all who need refreshment will find it at the bar in the next room; but do n’t bring it in here; it might be agin’ the statute.’

And so the Court adjourned for fifteen minutes.

There was a rush to the bar-room, and old Stub Bulliphant rolled around among his whiskey-bottles like a ship in a storm. Almost every person drank some, judging from the remarks, ‘to wet their whistle;’ others, ‘to keep their stomachs easy;’ some ‘to Filkins;’ others ‘to Beadle,’ etc., etc.

Court was at last convened again.

‘Sonora Brown!’ roared out Ike again.

‘Object!’ exclaimed Sile; ‘no witness; hain’t lived six months in the State.’

Squire Longbow slowly drew his pipe from his mouth, and fixed his eyes on the floor in deep thought for several minutes:

‘Hain’t lived six months in the State,’ repeated he, at last; ‘ain’t no resident, of course, under our Constitution.’

‘And how, in all created airth, would you punish such a person for perjury? I should like just to know,’ continued Sile, taking courage from the Squire’s perplexed state of mind; ‘our laws don’t bind residents of other States.’

‘But it is n’t certain Mrs. Brown will lie, because she is a non-resident,’ added the Squire, cheering up a little.

‘Well! very well, then,’ said Sile, ramming both hands into his breeches-pockets very philosophically; ‘go ahead, if you wish, subject

to my objection. I'll just appeal, and blow this Court into fiddle-strings! This cause won't breathe three times in the Circuit! We won't be rode over; we know our rights, I just kinder rather think.'

'Go it, Sile!' cried a voice from the crowd; 'stand up to your rights, if you bust!'

'Silence!' exclaimed Squire Longbow.

Ike had sat very quietly, inasmuch as the Squire had been leaning in his favor; but Sile's last remark somewhat intimidated his honor.

'May it please your honor,' said Ike, rising; 'we claim that there is no proof of Mrs. Brown's residency; your honor hain't got nothing but Sile Bates's say so, and what's that good for in a court of justice? I would n't believe him as far as you could swing a cat by the tail.'

'I'm with you on that,' cried another voice.

'Silence! put that man out!' roared Longbow again.

But just as Ike was sitting down, an ink-stand was hurled at him by Sile, which struck him on his shoulder, and scattered its contents over the crowd. Several missiles flew back and forth; the Squire leaped over his table, crying out at the top of his lungs:

'In the name of the people of the State of —, I, James Longbow, Justice of the Peace, duly elected and qualified, do command you.'

When, at last, order was restored, the counsel took their seats, and the Squire retired into his box again.

Sonora Brown was then called for the third time. She was an old lady, with a pinched-up black bonnet, a very wide ruffle to her cap, through which the gray hairs strayed. She sighed frequently and heavily. She said she did n't know as she knew 'any thing worth telling on.' She did n't know 'any thing about law-suits, and did n't know how to swear.' After running on with a long preliminary about herself, growing warmer and warmer, the old lady came to the case under much excitement. She said 'she never did see such works in all her born days.' Just because Charity Beadle said 'Philista Filkins warn't no better than she ought to be,' there was *such* a hullabaloo and kick-up, enough to set all natur' crazy!'

'Why la! sus me!' continued she, turning around to the Squire, 'do you think this such a dre'ful thing, that all the whole town has got to be set together by the ears about it? Mude-ra-tion! what a hum-drum and flurry!'

And then the old lady stopped and took a pinch of snuff, and pushed it up very hard and quick into her nose.

Ike requested Mrs. Brown not to talk so fast, and only answer such questions as he put to her.

'Well, now, that's nice,' she continued. 'Warn't I sworn, or was't you? and to tell the truth, too, and the *whole* truth. I warn't sworn to answer your questions. Why, may-be you do n't know, Mr. Pettifogger, that there are folks in State's-prison *now* for lying in a Court of Justice?'

Squire Longbow interfered, and stated that 'he must say that things were going on very 'promis'cusly,' quite agin' the peace and dignity of the State.'

'Jest so I think myself,' added Mrs. Brown. 'This place is like a town-meeting, for all the world.'

‘Mrs. So-no-ra Brown!’ exclaimed Ike, rising on his feet, a little enraged, ‘do you know any thing about what Charity Beadle said about Philista Filkins? Answer *this* question.’

‘Whew! fiddle-de-dee! highty-tighty! so you have really broke loose, Mr. Pettifogger,’ for now the old lady’s temper *was* up. ‘Why, did n’t you know I was old enough to be your grandmother? Why, my boy,’ continued she, hurrying on her spectacles, and taking a long look at Ike, ‘I know’d your mother when she made cakes and pies down in the *Jarseys*; and *you* when you warn’t more than *so* high;’ and she measured about two feet high from the floor. ‘You want me to *answer*, do you? I told you all I know’d about it; and if you want any thing more, I guess you’ll have to get it, that’s all;’ and, jumping up, she left the witness-stand, and disappeared in the crowd.

‘I demand an attachment for Sonora Brown!’ roared out Ike, ‘an absconding witness!’

‘Can’t do it,’ replied the Squire; ‘it’s agin’ the Constitution to deprive any body of their liberty an unreasonable length of time. This witness has now been confined here by process of law morn-a-nour. Can’t do it! Be guilty of trespass! Must stick to the Constitution. Call your next witness.’

Ike swore. The Squire fined him one dollar. He swore again. The Squire fined him another. The faster the Squire fined, the faster the oaths rolled out of Ike’s mouth, until the Squire had entered ten dollars against him. Ike swore again, and the Squire was about to record the *eleventh* dollar, but Ike checked him.

‘Hold on! hold on! you *old reprobate*! now I’ve got you! now you are mine!’ exclaimed he. ‘You are up to the limit of the law! You cannot inflict only ten dollars in fines in any one case! Now stand and take it!’

And such a volley of oaths, cant phrases, humor, wrath, sarcasm, and fun, sometimes addressed to the Squire, sometimes to the audience, and sometimes to his client, never rolled out of any other man’s mouth since the flood. Ike commenced with the history of the Squire, when, as he said, ‘he was *a* rafting lumber down on the *Susquehannas*;’ and he followed him up from that time. ‘He *could* tell the reason why he came west, but would n’t.’ He commented on his personal appearance, and his capacity for the office of Justice. He told him ‘he had n’t only one eye, any way, and he could n’t be expected to see a great way into a mill-stone; and he did n’t believe he had as many brains as an *’ister*. For his part, *he* knew the law; he had ransacked every part of the statute, as a glutton would Noah’s Ark for the remnant of an eel; he had digested it from Dan to Beersheba; swallowed every thing but the title-page and cover, and would have swallowed that if he warn’t mortal; he was a living, moving law himself; when he said ‘law *was* law, ’*T* *was* law;’ better ‘peal any thing up from predestination than from his opinion! he would follow this case to the back-side of sun-down for his rights.’

During all this time, there was a complete uproar. Philista’s friends cheered and hurrahed; the dogs in the room set up their barking; Beadle’s friends groaned, and squealed, and bellowed, and whimpered, and

imitated all the domestic animals of the day, while the Squire was trying at the top of his lungs to compel the constable to commit Ike for contempt.

Ike closed and sat down. The Squire called for the constable, but he was not to be found. One man told him that 'he was in the next room pitching coppers;' another, that the last time he saw him 'he was running very fast;' another, that 'he rather guessed he'd be back some time another, if he ever was, because he was a sworn officer;' another asked the Squire 'what he'd give to have him *caught*?' but no constable appeared; he had put himself out the way to escape the storm.

A long silence followed this outburst; not a word was said, and scarcely a noise heard. Every one was eagerly looking at the Squire for his next movement. Ike kept his eyes on the floor, apparently in a deep study. At last he arose:

'Squire,' said he, 'we've been under something of a press of steam for the last half 'our; I move we adjourn fifteen minutes for a drink.'

'Done,' answered the Squire; and so the Court adjourned for a second time.

It was now nearly dark, when the Court convened again. The trial of the cause, *Filkins vs. Beadle*, was resumed.

Seth Bolles was called. Seth was a broad-backed, double-fisted fellow, with a blazing red face, and he chewed tobacco continually. He was about two-thirds 'over the bay,' and did n't care for all the *Filkinses* or *Beadles* in the world.

'Know *Filkins* and *Beadle*?' inquired Ike.

'Know 'em? thunder, yes.'

'How long?'

'Ever sin' the year one.'

'Ever heard *Beadle* say any thing about *Filkins*?''

'Heard her say she thought she run'd too much arter *Elik Timberlake*.'

'Any thing, Seth, about *Filkins*' character?'

'Now what do you 'spose I know about *Filkins*' character? Much as I can do to look arter my own wimmin.'

'But have you heard *Beadle* say any thing about *Filkins*' character?'

'Heard her say once she was a good enough-er-sort-a body when she was a-mind-er-be.'

'Any thing else?'

'Shan't answer; hain't had my reg'lar fees paid as witness.'

Squire Longbow informed Seth that he must answer.

'Shan't do it, not so long as my name is *Bolls*.'

The Squire said he would commit him.

'W-h-e-w!' drawled out *Bolls*, stooping down, and putting his arms a-kimbo, as he gave the Squire a long look straight in the eye.

'Order! order!' exclaimed the Squire.

'Whew! whew! whew *uo-uo-uo*! who's afraid of a Justice of the Peace?' screamed Seth, jumping up about a foot, and squirting out a gill of tobacco-juice, as he struck the floor.

Seth's fees were paid him, at last, and the question was again put, if

he heard 'Beadle say any thing else?' and he said '*He never did*;' and thus ended Seth's testimony.

Miss Eunice Grimes was next called. She came sailing forward and threw herself into the chair with a kind of jerk. She took a few side-long glances at Charity Beadle, which told, plainly enough, that she meant to make a finish of her in about five minutes. She was a vinegar-faced old maid, and her head kept bobbing, and her body kept hitching, and now she pulled her bonnet this way, and now that. She finally went out of the fretting into the languishing mood, and declared she '*should* die if some body did n't get her a glass of water.'

When she became composed, Ike inquired if 'she knew Charity Beadle?'

'Yes! I know her to be an orful critter!'

'What has she done?'

'What hain't she? She's lied about me, and about Elder Dobbin's folks, and said how that when the singing-master boarded at our house, she seed lights in the sitting-room till past three—the orful critter!'

'But what have you heard her say about Philista Filkins?'

'Oh! every thing that's bad. She do n't never say any thing that's good 'bout no body. She's allers talking. There ain't no body in the settlement she hain't slandered. She even abused old Deacon Snipes' horse—the orful critter!'

'But what did she say about *Philista Filkins*? ' repeated Ike again.

'What do you want me to say she said? I hain't got any doubt she's called her every thing she could think on. Did n't she, Filisty?' she continued, turning her head toward the plaintiff.

Philista nodded.

'Did she say she war'nt no better than she ought to be?'

'Did she? well, she did, and that very few people were.'

'Stop! stop!' exclaimed Ike, 'you talk too fast! I guess she did n't say *all* that.'

'She did, for Philista told me so; and she would n't lie for the whole race of Beadles.'

Squire Longbow thought Eunice had better retire, as she did n't seem to know much about the case.

She said she knew as much about it as any body; she wan't 'going to be abused, trod upon; and no man was a man that would insult a poor woman;' and bursting into tears of rage, she twitched out of her chair, and went sobbing away.

Philista closed, and Sile stated, in his opening to the Court on the part of the defense, that this was a '*little* the smallest case he ever *had* seen.' His client stood out high and dry; she stood up like Andes looking down on a potato-hill; he did n't propose to offer scarcely any proof; and that little was by way of set-off—tongue against tongue—according to the statute in such case made and provided; he hoped the Court would examine the law for himself. (Here Sile unrolled a long account against Philista, measuring some three feet, and held it up to the Squire and jury.) This, he said, was a reg'lar statement of the slanderous words used by Philista Filkins agin' Charity Beadle for the last three years, with the damage annexed; every thing had been itemized.

and kept in tip-top style ; all in black and white, just as it happened. Sile was about reading this formidable instrument, when Ike objected.

‘That can’t be *did* in this ’ere Court!’ exclaimed Ike ; ‘the light of civilization has shed itself a little *too* thick for *that*. This Court might just as well try to swallow a chestnut-burr, or a cat-tail foremost, as to get such a proposition a-down its throat.’

Squire Longbow said he ’d ‘never heer’d of’ such law — yet the question was new to him.’

‘Laid down in all the law-books of the nineteenth century!’ exclaimed Sile, ‘and never heard on’t!’

‘Never did.’

‘Why,’ continued Sile, ‘the statute allows set-off where it is of the same natur’ of the action. This, you see, is slander agin’ slander.’

‘True,’ replied the Squire.

‘True, did you say!’ exclaimed Ike. ‘*You* say the statute *does* allow slander to be set off; *our* statute — that statute that I learned by heart before I knew my A B C’s — you old bass-wood headed son’ — But the Squire stopped Ike just at this time. ‘We will decide the question first,’ he said. ‘The Court have made no decision yet.’

Squire Longbow was in trouble. He smoked furiously. He examined the statutes, looked over his docket, but he did not seem to get any light. Finally, a lucky thought struck him. He saw old Mr. Brown in the crowd, who had the reputation of having once been a Justice in the State of New-York. The Squire arose and beckoned to him, and both retired to an adjoining room. After about a half an hour, the Squire returned and took his seat, and delivered his opinion. Here it is :

‘After an examination of all the p’int’s both for and agin’ the ’lowing of the set-off, in which the Court did n’t leave no stone unturned to get at justice, having ransacked some half a dozen books from eend to eend, and noted down every thing that anywise bore on the subject ; recollecting, as the Court well doz, what the great Story, who’s now dead and gone, done and writ ’bout this very thing, (for we must be ’lowed to inform this ’sembly that we read Story in our juvenil’ years ;) having done this, and refreshing *our* minds with the testimony ; and keeping in our eye the rights of parties — right-er liberty, and right-er speech, back’ards and for’ards — for I’ve as good a right to talk agin’ you, as you have to talk agin’ me — knowing, as the Court doz, how much blood has been shed ’cause folks wer n’t ’lowed to talk as much as they pleased, making all natur’ groan, the Court is of the opinion that the set-off must be let in ; and such is also Squire Brown’s opinion, and no body will contradict that, *I know*.’

‘Je-hos-a-phat!’ groaned out Ike, drawing one of his very longest breaths. ‘The *great* Je-mi-ma Wilkinson! and so that *is* law, arter all! There’s my hat, Squire,’ Ike continued, as he arose and reached it out to him ; ‘and you shall have my *gallusses* as soon as I can get at ’em.’

The Squire said ‘the dignity of the Court must be preserved.’

‘Of course it must! of course it must!’ replied Ike, who was growing very philosophical over the opinion of the Squire ; ‘there ain’t no friction on my gudgeons *now* ; I always gins in to reg’lar opinions, de-

livered upon consideration ; I was just thinking, though, Squire, that as their bill is so much the longest, and as the parties are both here, Charity had better let her tongue loose upon my client, and take out the balance on the spot.' .

The Squire said 'the cause must go on.' Sile read his set-off, made up of slanderous words alleged to have been used ; damages fifty dollars ; and calling Charity herself, upon the principle, as he said, 'that it was a book-account, and her books were evidence ; and her books having been lost, the paper which he held, and which was a true copy — *for he made it out himself* — was the next best evidence ; all of which Charity would swear to straight along.'

The Court admitted Charity, and she swore the set-off through, and some fifty dollars more ; and she was going on horse-race speed, when Sile stopped her 'before,' as he told her, 'she swore the cause beyond the jurisdiction of a magistrate.'

Here the evidence closed. Mid-night had set in, and the cause was yet to be summed up.

The Court informed Ike and Sile that they were limited to half an hour each.

Ike opened the argument, and *such* an opening, and *such* an argument ! It will not be expected that I can repeat it. There never lived a man who could. It covered all things mortal and immortal. Genius, and sense, and nonsense ; wit, humor, pathos, venom, and vulgarity, were all piled up together, and belched forth upon the Jury. He talked about the case, the Court, the Jury, his client, the history of the world, and Puddleford in particular. 'The slander was admitted,' he declared, 'because the defendant had tried to set off something *agin'* it ; and if his client did n't get a judgment, he'd make a rattling among the dry bones of the law, that would rouse the dead of '76 !' He was 'fifty feet front, and rear to the river ;' 'had seen great changes on the t'restial globe ;' 'know'd all the sciences from Neb-u-cud-nezzar down ;' 'know'd law — 't was the milk of his existence.' As to the Court's opinion about the set-off, 'his head was chock full of cob-webs or bumble-bees, he did n't know which ;' 'his judgment warn't hardly safe on a common note-er-hand ;' 'he'd no doubt but that three jist such cases would run him stark mad ;' 'Natur' was sorry she'd ever had any thing to do with him ; and he'd himself been sorry ever since ; and as for ed'cation, he warn't up to the school-marm, for she *could* read ;' 'the Jury had better give him a verdict if they did n't want the nightmare.' And thus he was running on, when his half hour expired, but he could not be stopped — as well stop a tornado. So Sile arose, and commenced his argument for the defendant ; and at it both labored, Ike for plaintiff, Sile for defendant, until the Court swore a constable, and ordered the Jury to retire with him, the argument still going on ; and thus the Jury left the room, Ike and Sile following them up, laying down the law and the fact ; and the last thing I observed just before the door closed, was Ike's arm run through it at us, going through a variety of gestures, his expiring effort in behalf of his client.

After a long deliberation among the jurors, during which almost every thing was discussed but the evidence, it was announced by our

foreman, on 'coming in,' that 'we could not agree, four on 'em being for fifty dollars for the defendant 'cording to law, and one on 'em for no cause of action, (myself,) and he stood out, 'cause he was a-feard, or wanted to be pop'lar with somebody.'

And thus ended the trial between Filkins and Beadle.

Y O U T H .

OMIT THE LAST TWO LINES OF EACH VERSE IN SINGING.

How passing fair is the season of Youth!
 The Spring-time of innocence, love, and truth:
 When the head is free, and the heart is light,
 And joys are pure, and hopes are bright:
 When a fellow is n't bald, and his hair is n't gray,
 And he has n't any taxes or rent to pay.

What has earth so fair as a happy child!
 With its joyous laugh, and its spirits wild;
 With its ready tear, and its readier smile,
 And its simple heart so free from guile:
 If it did n't sometimes neglect its nose,
 And tear large holes in its holiday clothes.

The years glide on: Youth heeds them not;
 Little recks he of his mortal lot.
 Few are the sorrows that vex his heart;
 Short time sufficeth to heal the smart,
 When he cuts his finger, or bumps his head,
 Or, spanked and supperless, goes to bed.

Bright are the stars in the wintry skies,
 But brighter far a fair maiden's eyes:
 And her cheek doth shame the rose's bloom,
 And her breath the violet's perfume:
 Oh! how charming is 'sweet sixteen,'
 When its hair is n't mussed, and its hands are clean

And who but admires a bold, brave boy,
 His mother's pride, and his father's joy?
 With his open brow and his fearless eye,
 And his manly step, and his bearing high:
 When the scamp has just come home from college,
 With many cigars, and but little knowledgo!

Who but hath sighed, full many a time,
 For the happy days of his youthful prime,
 Ere the whirl-wind over his hopes had blown,
 When grief and care were alike unknown:
 And gaily and proudly he flew o'er the course
 With a very 'loud' vest, and a very fast horse!

O Youth! O Youth! who would not be young?
 Well have the poets thy praises sung:
 Well may we sigh for the days that are past,
 Well may we sigh that they fled so fast:
 When our heads are bald, and our hairs are gray,
 And we've so many taxes and rents to pay!

S K E T C H E S O F T R A V E L .

BY WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

T H E S C O T T I S H B O R D E R .

'O, CALEDONIA, stern and wild —
 Meet nurse for a poetic child !
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,
 Land of my sires !'

AND so the dream of boyhood was to be realised ! It was a clear, bright day in August, as, sitting on the top of an English stage-coach, I was rolled rapidly along the south side of the river Tweed. Across its sparkling waters was spread out the Scottish landscape. As we reached the centre of the stone bridge, I took off my hat and made a low bow to Scotland. In a minute more, we were dashing through the village of 'Cold-Stream.' Nearly two hundred years have gone by since General Monk here first raised that celebrated regiment, the '*Cold-Stream Guards* ;' at the head of which he crossed the borders, and turned the tide of fortune in favor of the house of Stuart, restoring Charles II. to the throne of his ancestors. To this day, that regiment constitutes a feature in the British army ; and it is said that there has been no period of time during the two centuries, when a descendant of the first commander was not numbered among its officers. My salutation to my ancestral land had not passed unnoticed, and I perceived at once that I had touched a chord which vibrated in the hearts of several of my fellow-travellers. The Scotch 'bluid' flowed more cheerily. Tongues were loosened, places of interest were pointed out, and every anxiety manifested to render my first introduction to the 'land o' cakes' both pleasant and profitable. The ruins of ancient castles, places rendered memorable in the border-feuds, were passed, and attention called to their interesting historical associations.

We crossed the *Till*. The little river rolled on sullen, as of old, in the days when the army of James was encamped near Flodden Field, and when, at the spot where we were, the English army were seen :

'By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,
 Troop after troop is disappearing ;
 Troop after troop, their banners rearing,
 Upon the eastern bank you see,
 Still pouring down the rocky den
 Where flows the sullen Till ;
 And rising from the dim-wood glen,
 Standards on standards, men on men,
 In slow succession still ;
 And bending o'er the Gothic arch,
 And passing on, in ceaseless march,
 To gain the opposing hill.'

Several years before, I had listened to an eloquent eulogy, pronounced by a distinguished American scholar, soon after the news reached the

United States of the death of Sir Walter Scott. The speaker stated that he was a member of an English University at the time that 'Marmion' first appeared, and he added, that he never read this scene without deep emotion ; and especially, he said : ' Though several generations removed from a Scottish ancestry, I never read that thrilling exclamation,

' And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile ? '

without feeling my Scottish blood tingle in my veins.'

But standards and banners have long since mouldered, and mingled with the dust of the soldiers who carried them. All around was peace and beauty. The fields were loaded with grain ripened for the harvest, and the whole landscape smiled beneath the rays of a summer-sun. We passed through Kelso, merely stopping long enough to make my first Scottish dinner, chiefly of hodge-podge. The sun was setting as we drove into the good old town of Jedburgh. In the gloaming, I walked a lang Scotch mile through fields and over rising ground, to the cottage of Hundalee.

A warm welcome awaited me ; and what was intended for a passing call upon those to whom I had letters of introduction from a distinguished mutual friend, was extended to a visit of several days. The cottage of Hundalee is situated near the banks of the river Jed ; and overlooks a wide extent of rolling country, well-cultivated, and dotted over with residences, and spots which are rendered memorable by the events of many border wars. Stretching to the south, and running off to the west, and in full view from the cottage, are the Cheviot Hills, the great natural boundary between England and Scotland. To the north, and in full view from the highland back of the cottage, is seen the beautiful and far-famed valley of the Teviot, or Teviotdale.

The afternoons were devoted to a more extensive examination of the surrounding country, in company with the ladies in the carriage ; but the mornings were spent most delightfully by my kind and agreeable host and myself, in more minute attentions to the objects of interest in the neighborhood. My host was a native of the county of Roxburghshire, and descended from a family whose name is illustrious in Scottish annals. His residence had been for years in London ; and passing his summer in his native place, he took great pleasure in recounting its history and traditions. We wandered through the picturesque woods which adorn the banks of the river Jed. All around is full of historic interest. Here was the famous Jed forest. Here, both English and Scottish armies were encamped. Here was the favorite residence of the early Scottish kings. The men of Jedburgh were a warlike race, and their proud war-cry was, ' Jethart's here ! ' and the weapon which they used with great dexterity was the ' Jethart-staff.' In the days of border-feuds, men were said to have been hanged here first, and tried afterward ; and hence came the proverb of ' Jethart justice.' The mansion still stands in Jedburgh, in which the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots resided. Here Thomson, the poet, spent his boyhood, and here

Sir David Brewster was born. But to me, the objects of most interest were the caves formed in the rocky banks of the river Jed, and which, local tradition declares, were the retreats of the Covenanters in the days of religious persecution. We spent a morning with a venerable man now gone to his rest, the fire of whose youth kindled up as he narrated the trials and the sufferings of his fathers. Obtaining from my kind friend the materials for lighting my way, I set out alone to explore one of these relics of a former age. Clambering down the side of precipitous rocks, holding on by the shrubs which grew in the crevices, I succeeded in gaining the entrance to the cave. The river Jed was far below, and a single man could have guarded the descent from above. A small passage-way led directly into a large room, apparently hewed out of the solid rock ; from this, a low passage conducted to another room of equal size ; each, perhaps, ten or twelve feet square. Descended from Scotch Covenanters myself, I could but feel sympathy with those who were driven by persecution to seek their abodes literally in the holes in the rocks. Here, as I sat down on a projecting stone, the walls dimly lighted by my single candle, my thoughts went back to the reign of the Stuarts, and to the religious troubles of those times.

They were stern and determined men, those old Scotch Covenanters. This rude cave had been their home when they little dreamed of the future ; when their thoughts were of the surrounding dangers ; and of their protection of, and adherence to, the sacred Covenant. But there was a future. Under better auspices, many of them found a home in the north of Ireland. But there, again, non-conformity cut them off from all connection with the affairs of government ; and they found themselves still aliens and strangers under the government where they were born. It was the children and descendants of these men who formed the important emigration element to the North-American colonies, known as the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. The historian's pen must yet do them justice. They were deeply imbued with religious feelings. Like the Puritans, they may, at times, have seemed unnecessarily severe, but they were always lovers of liberty. Their creed and their church-government were opposed to despotism and to monarchy. As far back as 1603, James I., himself a bigot and a pedant, said of them profanely, that 'Presbytery agreed as well with monarchy, as God and the Devil ;' and in 1661, his graceless grandson, Charles II., wrote to the Scotch councils, complaining that the Presbyterian form of church-government was inconsistent with monarchy, and adding : 'Wherefore, we declare our firm resolution to interpose our royal authority for restoring the Church of Scotland to its right government by bishops, as it was before the late troubles.' He had himself subscribed the Covenant which he now sought to avoid. It was this opposition to monarchy which, to a certain extent, caused their persecutions. But wherever they went, they carried their principles of civil liberty. In the American colonies, they still cherished them. They scattered over the granite hills of New-Hampshire, they were found on the head-waters of the Susquehanna in New-York, in the valley of the Shenandoah in Virginia, and on the uplands of Carolina. In the commencement of revolutionary troubles, they raised, at Mechlenburg,

the first voice in favor of the entire independence of the United States, and during the war, the muster-roll was handed round at the doors of their meeting-houses ; and there were few able-bodied men among them who were not enrolled in the American army ; and they, like the men of Massachusetts, left their bones 'mouldering in the soil of every state, from Maine to Georgia.' As I sat, therefore, upon the rude seat where the hymns had been chanted and the voices raised in prayer, where new pledges had been given, amid danger and death—I could but think how well their descendants had completed the mission of those iron men.

On returning home, I found a neighbor had been invited to dinner ; and, in compliment to my Scottish descent, and my first visit, he had brought with him a *Scotch haggis*. Perhaps he feared that my host, from his long residence in England, had forgotten its composition, or that his good English wife was perhaps never acquainted with it. At all events, there it was, and in truth it was 'vara gude ;' and one might say with Burns :

'FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak' your place—
Painch, tripe, or thirm :
Weel are ye worthy of a grace
As lang's my arm.

'Ye pow'rs wha mak' mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill-o'-fare!
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies ;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
Gie her a *haggis* !'

The stars were shining ere our neighbor-friend took his leave. Instead of following the road, he started in a line almost direct for his house, through field and wood-land. The night was still, and as Mr. K—— and myself stood out on the lawn in front of the cottage, we could hear the sound of his horse's foot-steps, as he galloped along the rocky bank of the Jed. 'There goes a man,' said my host, 'who, if he had lived in the days of English and Scottish feuds, would have been as brave a moss-trooper as ever crossed the borders.'

But I had, on the following morning, renewed evidence of his kindness ; for, after an early breakfast, I found two fine Scottish horses ready saddled, one for myself, and one for a servant. With horses and servant, I was to commence my examination of Dryburgh, Melrose, Abbotsford, etc. I had proposed a drive in a gig. It would be a shame, he said, for a gentleman of Scottish descent to travel in so unseemly a manner. I submitted myself to his direction ; and right glad I was that I did so, as I felt the exhilaration of the morning-air, when galloping along under the Eildon Hills, or dashing through the silver Tweed.

A B U R N S T R I B U T E

'FAIR FLORA strikes th' adoring eye,
Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine ;
I see the sire of LOVE on high,
And own his work indeed divine !'

T R A F A L G A R .

*Never did the ocean exhibit a grander spectacle than was presented by the British fleet bearing down on the combined squadrons of France and Spain, at noon on the twenty-first of October, 1805, a few leagues to the north west of Cape Trafalgar. A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz: the English ships, crowding all their canvas, moved majestically before it. Right before them lay the mighty armament of the foe, the sun shining full on their close-set sails, and the three-deckers which it contained appearing of stupendous magnitude amid the lesser line-of-battle ships by which they were surrounded.' ALISON.

Soft blew the Southern breeze
O'er the blue Atlantic-seas —
Soft and free;
Off the surf of Cadiz' bay,
The banded navies lay
In battle-line, away
Out at sea!

Green smiled the shores of Spain,
With their vineyards and their grain,
O'er the wave;
And each Spaniard, on his deck,
As he viewed that shining speck,
Swore to conquer — or, in wreck,
Find a grave.

On their forty gallant sail,
Fair blew the scented gale
O'er the brine;
The sun-shine glittered bright
On their canvas, snowy-white,
As, apparelled for the fight,
Closed their line.

With bold, majestic sweep,
Careering o'er the deep,
England comes!
Her meteor-flag, on high,
From each mast-head in the sky
Tells that all must win or die
For her homes!

Now, all is hushed as death;
Not a whisper, not a breath,
Is there heard:
Each seaman, stripped for fight,
Grasps his gun-match, all alight,
And to NELSON turns his sight,
For the word!

The 'Royal Sovereign' first
Through the ranks of battle burst
Her proud way;
With a long-resounding roar,
Her double-broadsides pour
An iron tempest o'er
Their array.

Though enveloped by your foes,
With unnumbered odds you close,
COLLINGWOOD!
Though your crashing bulwarks fall,
Still, no storm of shell or ball
Your valor may appall,
On the flood.

Though his deck with carnage runs,
Still, with triple-shotted guns,
On he steers!
Hid in suffocating smoke,
Amid flame and sabre stroke,
Loud shout his 'hearts-of-oak'
British cheers!

Then Lord NELSON, calm and proud
 His ship amid that crowd
 Bravely hurled;
 And upon the deck of fame,
 And amid that hell of flame,
 He departed; but his name
 Thrilled the world.

But they told him, ere he died,
 That the hostile navies' pride
 Was abased:
 Spain's flag, of old renown,
 Gaul's tri-color, were down,
 And their battered hulks were strown
 O'er the waste.

Napoleon's vaunted fleet,
 Dismantled, in retreat,
 Bled with gore:
 They were blazing o'er the wave—
 They were sinking in the grave!
 Farewell unto the Brave,
 Ever more!

ISAAC MACLELLAN

Jamaica-Plain, November, 1853.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PITT.

BY AARON V. FERRY.

THE characters of remarkable men, for the most part, appear to their contemporaries alloyed with personal and selfish motives, and attended by the foibles which reduce them to a level with their race. Present events are like those stage-decorations, which, closely inspected, are rough and unattractive, but which, seen farther off, present the appearance of completeness and magnificence. On the other hand, whatever is ancient, is dimly seen through the lapse of ages, and comes to us like the farthest orbs discovered by astronomers, surrounded by a dreamy and mysterious halo.

A mind susceptible to the higher order of emotions, and not closed against the allurements of history, will, almost of necessity, in its contemplative moods, stretch away through distance of time or of space in search of those illusions which please the fancy and satisfy the cravings for ideal perfection. This tendency is so strong, that the present generation seems but half aware that it stands barely one remove from a period more brilliant in most respects than any which preceded it; that an age magnificently resplendent has so recently departed, that its beams are yet gilding our horizon, and that to pierce behind it for the discovery of man in his highest modes, is like searching for planets directly through the effulgent disc of the sun.

There is an island, only of the seventh magnitude, presenting a surface of less than ninety thousand square miles, which gives law to various and opposite quarters of the globe, and holds a leading position among the powers of the earth. Her general disposition is domineering and covetous. She is boastful of her valor, although she has been several times conquered. She is much at war, striking mercenary blows

at weak and untutored nations, to extend the opportunity and enhance the profits of traffic. She is an armed merchant, owing debts she can never pay, yet gathering money every where. Her soil, bounteously responsive to the labors of the husbandman, is apportioned in large domains among her powerful princes and aristocracy, who cultivate in the midst of redundant wealth the graces of a generous and magnificent luxury. But her government, bearing up the privileges of social caste, and the maxims of its feudal origin against the equalizing tendencies of commerce and the arts, tolerates an inequality of condition so gross, that her multitudes cry often in vain for bread. She is loyal to her kings, but without chivalry, for they are borrowed. For six centuries, she has not been ruled by a dynasty native to the realm. Upon a close scrutiny of her character, in the aggregate, it presents few heroic, few generous traits, not even an habitual regard for justice. Yet, when her power shall have crumbled, as that of Rome and Nineveh have done before it, she will have left the trace of ruins more mighty than they. The lengthening shadows of her decay will inspire with poetic melancholy the imagination of mankind. The historic muse will swell her praises, and, not unjustly, will hang her memory with beautiful garlands. It will be declared that there existed a nation over against the continent of Europe, amid the eternal anthem of the northern seas, abounding in wealth, famous for the strength of her men, and the beauty of her women. That her orators, more numerous by far than those of earlier ages, were not less powerful. That her poets and philosophers were many of them inspired to that degree, that their works can never die. That her fleets forth issuing from her harbors, like broods of young eagles from an inaccessible eyrie, swept in triumph the remotest seas. That her palaces and temples, in numbers uncounted, combining the architectural splendors of all the schools, were decorated with trophies; and that the whole earth was filled with the renown of her agriculture, her laws, her literature, her arts, and her arms.

The fate of other nations, which for longer or shorter periods overshadowed their neighbors, 'first in the race that led to glory's goal,' and deeming that glory imperishable, but now

'GONE—glimmering through the dream of things that were

A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!'

renders it no presumption thus to anticipate the opinion of coming ages upon the story of Great Britain, when it shall have dwindled to a legend. It may also be anticipated that the culminating point of her greatness will be dated from the latter years of the eighteenth century to the close of the first quarter of the nineteenth.

Looking, then, for the individual Englishman, who, more than any other, shaped the policy of the epoch, an attempt to portray his life and character must, if successful, be full of popular interest.

Had you been able to look in upon the British House of Commons, in the year 1784, you would have seen a body of some three hundred men of various sorts; mostly men distinguished in some of the various walks of life, from the army, from the navy, from the bar; scholars,

poets, orators, and men of business. The country just emerged from unsuccessful wars; shorn of her most valuable colonies; and with finances disordered, was turning home an unflattering self-scrutiny. The gaze of her public men was piercing each other, for the causes of national disaster. Peace was but half welcome, and peace without glory was the seed of discontent. In the heat of fervent discussion, political parties were losing their temper. To them the occasion appeared to be more than usual a strife for individual ascendancy and party success. But looking back upon it with the knowledge of subsequent events, it seems almost as if the public mind was preparing itself for the critical and sanguinary period then unforeseen, but near at hand; as if the qualities of men, ambitious of public service, were being providentially tested; and as if, while yet tenacious of party association, there was an instinctive, unacknowledged groping for a leadership capable of facing emergencies, however delicate, however appalling. There was Burke, whose writings and speeches at once took their place among the established classics, and are now almost as much read and quoted as the writings of Shakspeare. There was Fox, the gigantic, whose eloquence was and is compared with that of Demosthenes. There was Sheridan, the inimitable, his invective bitter, his pathos moving, his wit irresistible. These, with others, by no means insignificant, but of less note, including a majority of the entire body, constitute one party.

On the other side, is bluff Harry Dundas, always cheerful, always ready, always formidable, but never great. There is also the pale and modest Wilberforce, not always to be counted as a party man; too feeble in health to admit of frequent participation in the contest, but sometimes roused, and when up and in the mood, a man of surprising ability. There are also old parliamentaries and debaters, with too much power to be lightly treated, but not necessary to be named here. Chiefly and most of all the weight of the battle rests upon one young man, of about the age of twenty-five years. All eyes are turned to him. His bosom receives the heaviest blows from the other party; his arm strikes the heaviest in return. He is so young to become already the central figure of that notable assemblage! He stands so by himself, fighting against odds apparently so overwhelming! Attempting to bear up and make head against predominance so decided, both of fame and numbers! Yet you see clearly enough that it is a position deliberately taken, and that he stands there to stake his hopes upon it. He seeks no facility for escape. He yields nothing. The language of his manner is, 'Here I am. This is my ground. I am not here for nothing. I wish to lead England, and to write my name on her pages; but I will lead in this direction, and in this manner only. I am ambitious, but it is a noble ambition to deserve well of my country. I am in peril, but my danger was fully anticipated, and the cost counted. It does not appal me. I am here to fight it out, and accept the fate, be that fate good or bad, which my king and the voice of England shall award. Here shall my prospects be for ever buried, or here will I triumph.'

He is backed by no well-organized party, and but recently, indeed, has been side by side with some of the strongest of his present opponents. A new turn of affairs and a marked individuality of character have at-

tracted the confidence of his King, and made him a nucleus for new political arrangements. The angry waves of controversy, often crested with fury, and always driven with the moral power of a considerable numerical majority, have long been rolling against him, and each successive billow has threatened to engulf him. Long and fierce has been the struggle which now draws to a crisis. Worn and battered, he maintains his footing. The waves have not only been broken, but have sometimes been turned back with an unexpected recoil. Enough has been gained to prevent despair, and to kindle some gleams of hope, perhaps illusory. He yet stands implacable, planted upon a force of will, no more to be bent or broken than a rock, and has even rallied from among his opponents a cluster of friends. But strife cannot last always. Power, often accumulated, and now wrought up to its grandest exertion, or endurance often drawn upon for its last resource, must give way under the strain of an extreme effort. That effort you now behold. If, by concentrating all the elements of aggression into a single demonstration, they can roll upon the young aspirant one more wave, so mountain-high, one more majority so large as to show that they, and not he, have gained ground, he must be swept away. The broad elaborations of Burke, picturesque and looming, move portentous across the view, and close in the horizon. The light of Sheridan's wit is out upon the scene; now playing in harmless flashes, now shooting from point to point in lurid zig-zags, now leaping upon and seizing prominent objects, burning, scathing, rending. The slow thunder of Fox rumbles not long in the distance, but comes booming, crashing in upon the field. Now is the hour of fate.

If the young aspirant can once more stretch forth his hands to the storm, and command it to be still; if he can once more breast its surging tide, and break its force; if, above all, he can, by a herculean movement, heave it backward upon his foes, they will be dispersed, and can never rally. Fame will be his, and triumph without a parallel! He will have scaled those solitary heights, where the verdure of social affections is never seen; where the flowers of sympathy never bloom; around whose arid summits, swept by detraction's bitter winds, for ever plays the burning gaze of men; but where rugged ambition seats itself in glory, and looks down upon the world like a god! Oh, rapture! was it not for this that he had forsworn the pleasures of youth, and made himself old before his time? Was not this the vision which made tables of dry statistics to him a solace? Was not this the necromancy whose mysterious wand had made the troubled pools of taxation to his taste sweet as fresh waters from the fountains of Castalia? Was it not for this he had laid out the garden of his dreams into blooming parterres of politicians, and filled the vases of his fancy with fragrant financial budgets? To lift his country from the slough of discouragement into which she had fallen, to gird her loins with new strength, to advance her happiness, and receive her gratitude! Ecstatic thought! glorious fruition! now or never to be his! He will open his heart to England; it is all hers. He rises to reply. There is in his personal appearance no marked indication of superiority, save some dilation of stature and new beaming expression of the eye, indicating perhaps consciousness

that his time is at hand, and signs which certainly carry no joy to his opponents. His voice is one of those indescribably excellent ones, which Nature bestows but rarely, and which she has denied to many of her most successful orators. His command of language is easy and sufficient. He displays an obvious familiarity with approved and classic models, together with practised and earnest elocution. But blows are to be struck ; and words and gestures are nothing, except as the vehicle of thought. He parries and throws back upon his opponents, with easy self-possession, the arrows of their shining dialectics ; then pushes forward with a giant's grasp to the strong points of their array. A sincere, patriotic, absorbing devotion to the public service of the kingdom, rendering him familiar with all its history and its dangers, and its chances for success, beams from his countenance, and informs every gesture. A sense of honor, exalted to generosity, and warmed by the fires of youth, illumines his ambition and unbinds the fetters which have banded his foes in party array to crush him. They waver. He mounts with his theme to a masterly impeachment of the policy of his adversaries, dissects their arguments, disjoins their syllogisms, carries their position by open assault, and plays thence upon their disheartened forces, torrents of wit, and ridicule — wit that blasts, and ridicule that penetrates to the marrow. Why is Fox uneasy ? What is the matter with Burke ? Why does the smile of Sheridan, half born upon his pleasant countenance, twist unconsciously into a deprecating and rueful grin ? Has he become the victim of a scalpel more keen and merciless than his own ? But the speaker occupies not much time with the small-arms of battle. He strikes for England and for fame. Just in advance, he beholds the pinnacle. He soberly and fairly acknowledges the embarrassments of his position, explains so much of his purposes as he chooses to explain, and allows full play to the beautiful visions of hope :—the public service regenerated, England made whole of her wounds, mistress of the seas, and dictating terms to her enemies. Then, drawing to a close, he touches the key-note of English feelings, by launching out that incomparably charming voice into a noble and pathetic dedication of himself to the service of his King, and to the support of the power and glory of the British Empire. The storm is ended. Qualities, dear to Englishmen, have caused them to see above him the bow of promise. The vote counted shows that his enemies are scattered and dwindled to nothing. He is henceforth, during his life, the undisputed first man of England.

To such as are acquainted with English history, this description will be known to apply to no other than William Pitt, sometimes called the Great Minister. He who, at an age so young as to be without a comparison, achieved a firm footing upon the highest round of ambition's ladder allowed to a subject of Great Britain ; he, at whose touch, the dry wells of her exhausted finance overflowed with copious streams of supply ; he, who, by the fires of his own genius, kindled all branches of the public service into a blaze of emulation, and launched the empire upon a course of policy, the probable cause, at once, of her greatest culmination, and of her ultimate decline ; he, whose tireless hostility to the French revolution, furnished for many years the only counterpoise to

that revolution ; he, who, by civil service alone, shared with Napoleon the admiration of the world, and who contrives to divide with him the history of that remarkable period.

William Pitt was the second son of the first Earl of Chatham, and of Lady Hester, only daughter of Richard Greenville, Esq., and Countess of Temple. He was born at Hayes, in Kent, on the 28th day of May, 1759. His father was the sort of public character of whom every intelligent person is expected to carry decided impressions, and who can no more be forgotten or confounded with other characters of his age, than the ragged outlines of a tall, overhanging cliff can be lost out of a landscape otherwise tame and common. His was one of those demonstrative and tragic natures, combined with large faculties, which appear at remote intervals ; which delight in master-strokes ; which kindle the imaginations of men, and with or without the advantages of official power, become the centre of observation. He raised himself from the condition of an untitled subaltern of dragoons to an Earldom, and during his day, no name was attended throughout Europe and America with a more general recognition of individual greatness. He was a bold man, and a friend of liberty. His energy was tremendous ; his conceptions were grand, and were enforced by a power of oratory incomparably electric and commanding. He sometime held the reins of power as Prime-Minister, but the King never liked him and never employed him except when compelled to do so by the force of his position. He was no courtier. He undeniably added new honors to England, and enhanced her glory. His own fame he saw to be established firmly ; his private fortune was helped by bequests so unexpected and uncommon, that they seemed like special smiles of benignant Heaven ; yet, as is common with great characters, his hopes were thwarted in so many directions, and by so many causes, that his old age was clouded by feelings of disappointment and a sense of misfortune. He looked upon the field of European politics with unsatisfied yearnings, as being full of grand opportunities, and laden with rich harvests of glory, out of which he had been permitted only to glean a few scattering trophies. All that he had done was but pageant and skirmish. When the great battle was set in array, the meteor-flag unfurled, and his heart bounding for the cry of onset, old age and disease sounded an imperative retreat. It was only to his own immoderate ambition that greater success seemed desirable. His sorrows were of the tree himself had planted, and inseparable incidents of his very successes. Yet, kind Providence, as the last of her special favors, so frequently and signally granted, poured into his cup of disappointment a large consolation, and crowed his last years with a blessing to such characters the most unusual — the prospect of seeing himself renewed in a son worthy of the father, and more than capable of his father's fame.

The physical health of the boy William was feeble and precarious. Continuous or severe application to study was impossible. But his spirit responded in fullest measure to the exalted hopes of the great but disappointed and broken statesman. His eye kindled, and his heart leaped almost in infancy at the voice of fame ; his gaze was fixed upon its object never to waver ; and with ardent longings, all his energies,

every gleam of returning health, was exhausted in its hot pursuit. It is delightful to see how firmly and surely his father built his hopes upon William. The only anxiety was to hold him in, to moderate his zeal, and preserve his health. Health established, all else was taken for granted. It was the peculiar felicity of the noble Earl, and it shows in a touching manner the feeling of mutual appreciation which existed between him and William, to assure him when only fourteen years old, that he was sure to "make noise enough," if his ardor could be moderated and his health preserved. No word of incitement appears ever to have been needed, but the tone of the father was a continual recognition of William's victorious zeal. He addressed William as a young Alexander, rushing vehemently from one intellectual conquest to another, and about to weep because there were no more worlds to subdue. The tone was playful and exaggerated; but it is impossible not to see that each held, in a peculiar manner, the key which unlocked in the other the deepest recesses of his spiritual nature. As a matter of fact, William's scholarship was never remarkable, unless considered with reference to the difficulties under which it was pursued. It has never been claimed for him that his studies were exactly or critically mastered. His feeble health forbid that his studies should be much more than desultory and occasional. But with the advantages of the best help on the part of instructors devoted to his attention, he gained a rapid and familiar acquaintance with classical authors, and a most lively and happy appreciation of their beauties. He read and re-read them with an active relish, and could quote from memory and at will, with remarkable aptness. The master minds of Greece and of Rome were not introduced to him as to most others, covered with a repulsive crust of grammatical technics, and led by a corpse of fossil professors, whose human juices had all been spent in grubbing for Greek and Latin roots; but they were made to be sociable and pleasant companions and playfellows. As such he loved and understood them. They pictured nothing more heroic, opulent, or glorious than the British Empire. The highest modes of action, the most splendid developments of those antique nations, were scarcely equal to what was seen around him from day to day. Neither Tully nor Cato was a grander character than Chatham, nor did Cæsar himself handle the reins of empire with a more masterly touch. Familiar as he made himself, charmed as he was with the Greek and Latin classics, they introduced to him no characters, nor scarcely a degree of artistic or literary polish, superior to what might have been daily enjoyed at his father's table. He is also said to have made good progress in his mathematical studies. He took his degree of Master of Arts when seventeen years old, and was called, or as we say, admitted to the Bar at the age of twenty-one. His father was a new man in the nobility, and in his pecuniary condition not beyond the necessity of close economy. William, therefore, was to enter upon his career armed with the means of success in a powerful and lucrative profession. History does not inform us that his father bestowed any unusual personal attention on his education. But we know the father and we know the son, and from this knowledge, we may see the whole story traced as with a pencil of light. By far the most important part

of William's education was in the example, the associations, and the conversation of his father. It needs no historian to tell us those lessons. What priceless criticisms upon the characters of famous men, both ancient and modern ! What familiar and affectionate remonstrances and warnings against those foibles and errors which diminish the weight of character, and lead astray from the paths of glory ! In what sportive mood does the old Earl induct the eager youth into those oratorical arts, and train his voice to those master strains, which had rendered himself the most famous orators of modern times ! It was a study for a painter to exhibit the great Earl, whose towering and imperious nature had marked the age in which he lived, teaching this sickly but zealous young man how to replace him in the face of Europe. He lived to see the health of William take a favorable turn and become established, and thus to see stretching on before him a broad track of light ; and then his countenance was changed, and he was called away. Two years before William's admission to the Bar, his father died. We are told but little of the effect of his death upon William, nor need we be told. He was alone. A great memory swelled his heart ; a benignant and gigantic shadow beckoned him. Sickness, and sorrow, and a great purpose had made him old before his time — a man who had seen no youth, and who had never known the feelings or the pleasures of a boy.

From the time he received his degree until his election to Parliament, he was much in London. It was there he fell in with many young men of spirit, who become the friends or opponents of his riper years. It was here he formed his friendship with young Wilberforce, then a fashionable young man about town, making free with his grandfather's fortune ; a singer, a wit, and a coxcomb, whose volatile genius and purposeless life formed the natural antithesis and complement of the character of Pitt, but who, in subsequent years, was able on several occasions to pour his impulses upon the British public in a tide of eloquence, and rally, to the support of Pitt, important aid. Their friendship was close and ardent, and lasted through life. It was here that Pitt rallied his first circle of friends, and planted in many a generous heart the seeds of that deep love and admiration, which, in the subsequent dangers of his career, surrounded and upheld him with loyal friendships. How far he shared in the dissipations and debaucheries then fashionable in the metropolis, is now only a matter of inference, and those inferences are in his favor. The only vice to which he is known to have been subject, was that generous vice of good-fellowship — the love of wine. Neither his fortune nor his ambition favored expensive or degrading associations. He was a frequent spectator of the debates in Parliament ; where, eager to decorate his brow with laurels, and conscious of ability, he snuffed up the sound of battle. It was his habit, whenever he heard a speech of merit, to consider to himself in what particulars it could be improved in manner or matter, and how, if he were on the other side, he could most successfully refute it.

The famous orators of antiquity prepared their orations with the utmost premeditation and labor ; and lest some occasion should take them by surprise, they kept on hand a great variety of elaborate exordiums,

and perorations and striking passages, ready to be interwoven with an impromptu discussion of any subject. The occasions on which they were to speak, were generally known for a considerable period beforehand. They studied and rehearsed their parts with an intensity of exertion only limited by their powers of mental and physical endurance. Instead of deeming it worthy of their ambition to gain credit for spontaneous volubility, they did, on many occasions, transplant entire passages from old orations to new ones, to be delivered before the same audience, a practice not indulged by any modern orator except Webster. But this was not the kind of display adapted to the British Parliament. The field to which Pitt looked was one, not precluding the idea of preparation on important occasions, which nevertheless required tact, dexterity, and promptness; and where high success could not be won without ability to put forth strength on the instant. It was for the sudden emergencies of debate that Pitt prepared himself, not by writing out exordiums and perorations, but by first imagining himself in the place of each distinguished speaker, and then in that of his antagonist. His natural disposition was ingenuous. He had no love for money. His heart was hot with patriotic zeal, and mightily stored with the exalted conception he had been able to form of a truly great and famous career.

T W I N - A C O R N S . .

ON BEING SHOWN, AFTER A STORM, BY A LADY, TWO ACORNS ATTACHED TO ONE STEM.

On one fair stem two acorns grew,
 Brownd by the golden Summer weather;
 Together drank the silvery dew,
 Rocked in the lulling air together.

Crown-jewels of the royal oak,
 A brief, brief time his forehead wore them,
 For the black tempest came, and broke
 The leaf-fringed diadem that bore them.

When the wild storm was over-past,
 A maiden through the forest hieing,
 Chancing around her eye to cast,
 Found the twin-acorns lowly lying.

She picked them up, with hand of snow,
 A lesson from their fate to borrow,
 Deeming them types of *love in wo*,
 Of two fond hearts unchanged by sorrow:

Saying, ' When suns no longer shine,
 And the red rose of joy is blighted,
 Oh! that some breast would beat with mine,
 True to the last, and disunited! '

W. M. O. HOMER.

M O H A M M E D ' S F L A G .

BY B RUSH PLUMLEY

'The sacred standard of MOHAMMED is only displayed in great national emergencies.'

FLING out the Flag! far outward fling
 O'er *Stamboul's* sacred walls!
 Let the world see the standard swing,
 And hear the sabre's ancient ring,
 And many a fight and fearful thing,
 Ere Islam's glory falls!
 Fling out the Flag! the Turk awakes
 From his siesta deep:
 The north-wind o'er his slumber breaks —
 The Russian BEAR the sleeper shakes:
 It is not *death*, but sleep.
 Call up the heroes of the past,
 Of OTHMAN's royal name!
 The turbaned hosts are trooping fast
 To the great combat, and the last —
 The triumph, or the shame.
 With a fierce joy the Moslem come
 To the dread sport of war;
 The nations, at their 'larum-drum,
 Shake to their centres far:
 Beneath the Crescent's blazing arch,
 On the old Flag unfurled,
 That drum-roll of the Moslem march
 Shall echo through the world!
 The Arabs on the Lybian sands
 Halt, as the sound sweeps by,
 And summon up their Bedouin bands
 To Islam's battle-cry.
 Along the Himmalayan peaks,
 As the dread echoes roll,
 The Prophet from the mountain speaks,
 And stirs the Persian's soul
 To leave the ancient feud, and bring
 The valiant Sons of Fire
 Where the great Flag the Moslem fling
 From *Stamboul's* sacred spire.
 Booming above the ocean-waves,
 Lone exiles catch the sound,
 And issuing from their living graves,
 Amid the nations round,
 Throng to the victory or death,
 In Freedom's glorious work;
 Marshalled for their last fight, beneath
 The standard of the Turk.
Encamped, four centuries' he lay
 On Europe's conquered strand;
 Four centuries hath kept at bay
 The foeman of his land:
 Thus bravely shall the Moslem stay
 Where Islam's altars stand:
 Triumphant still, through blood and fire,
 Around his sacred flag expire;
 Or, swathed in blood and flame, retire,
 Retreating, sword in hand.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TASTE: OR TRANSCENDENTAL GASTRONOMY. By BRILLAT SAVARIN.
Translated from the last Paris edition, by FAYETTE ROBINSON. In one volume:
pp. 347. Philadelphia: LINDSAY AND BLAKISTON.

SANDERSON, the witty and lamented author of '*The American in Paris*,' mentions calling upon a celebrated *chef de cuisine* in Paris one morning, being minded to have prepared a very *recherché* dinner for a small and select party of friends. After some delay, he was informed that the renowned 'chef' could not be seen: '*Il compose*,' said the servant, with an air of dignity corresponding with the high employment of his master. As our old and pleasant correspondent left the door, he saw a stately person, with folded arms, and a white paper-cap upon his head, walking in an adjoining garden. It was the 'chef,' 'composing' a new dish, or sauce, that was that very day to burst upon Paris. SAVARIN is the 'æsthetical,' the 'transcendental,' the 'orphyic,' the 'spiritual' representative of this eminent cook. Of his '*Physiologie de Goût*' we had 'by parcels something heard,' before we met the present rendering of our accomplished American translator; and it will now become current among all gourmets and gastronomical bon-vivants. It is a curious circumstance, of which, until now, we were ignorant, that during the 'reign of terror,' SAVARIN was a political exile in America, and that he taught the French language in Boston, Hartford, New-York, Philadelphia, etc., and at one period was 'first-fiddle' in the orchestra of the old Park-Theatre. But leaving the reader to peruse the volume in its 'entirety,' we proceed to present a few of the 'Professor's' aphorisms, touching upon his great subject and its various and multitudinous divisions. Let us begin with his own impressions of his 'great argument;' promising that we segregate, in our collocation, a few of his thoughts under the heads of 'Gastronomy' and 'Gourmandise:'

'GASTRONOMY sustains us from the cradle to the grave; increases the gratification of love and the confidence of friendship; disarms hatred, and offers us, in the short passage of our lives, the only pleasure which, not being followed by fatigue, makes us weary of all others. It considers taste in its pleasures and in its pains. It has discovered the gradual excitements of which it is susceptible; it regularizes its action, and has fixed limits, which a man who respects himself will never pass. It considers the action of food or aliments on the moral of man, on his imagination, his mind, his judgment, his courage, and his perceptions, whether he is awake, sleeps, acts, or reposes. It determines the degree of esculence of every alimentary subject; classifies all substances according to their qualities, and indicates those which will mingle, and measuring the quantity of nourishment they contain, distinguishes those which should make the basis of our repast from those which are only accessories, and others which, although not necessary, are an agreeable relief, and become the *obligato* accompaniment

of convivial gossip. It takes no less interest in the beverages intended for us, according to time, place, and climate; teaches their preparation and preservation, and especially presents them in an order so exactly calculated, that the pleasure perpetually increases, until gratification ends and abuse begins. In its effect upon sociability, it is one of the principal bonds of society. It gradually extends that spirit of conviviality which every day unites different professions, mingles them together, and diminishes the sharp angles of conventionality. Finally, it examines men and things for the purpose of transporting, from one country to another, all that deserves to be known, and which causes a well-arranged entertainment to be an abridgment of the world in which each portion is represented.'

The 'Professor' is not at all afraid of being thought garrulous in the discussion of his beloved theme. 'It may be said,' he observes, 'that sometimes I become garrulous. Is it my fault that I am old? Is it my fault that, like ULYSSES, I have 'seen the manners and customs of many cities?' Am I therefore blameable for writing a little bit of biography?' Not at all; on the contrary, dear Sir, you have laid the gastronomic world under infinite obligation to you. Among the 'aphorisms' of the author are these:

'THE discovery of a new dish confers more happiness on humanity than the discovery of a new star.

'Those persons who eat to indigestion, or who become drunk, are utterly ignorant of the true principles of eating and drinking.

'A cook may be taught, but a man who can *roast*, is born with the faculty.

'To invite a person to your house, is to take charge of his happiness as long as he is beneath your roof.'

'What,' says the Professor elsewhere, 'can we discern in a faculty susceptible of such perfection that the gourmands of Rome were able to distinguish the flavors of fish taken above and below the bridge? Have we not seen in our own time that gourmands can distinguish the flavor of the thigh on which the partridge lies down, from the other? Are we not surrounded by *gourmets* who can tell the latitude in which any wine ripened, as surely as one of BIOT'S or ARAGO'S disciples can foretell an eclipse?' Descending to particulars, in his estimate of the 'delights of the table,' the 'Professor' dwells upon the luxury of *truffles* with a preëminent unction. We cannot agree with him, however, that they are not indigestible, although sometimes they are not. He says, that 'when taken in moderation, they pass through the system as a letter does through the post-office!' Our friend SANDERSON, now of the fine Gramercy-Park Hotel, once sent us a '*dindon-aux-truffes*' which 'inundated the mouth with pleasure.' We are not eminently 'gourmand and trufflivorous' in Gotham, although the taste for that esculent is on the increase. Professor SAVARIN, in his chapter on wines, observes: 'In obedience to principles and practice well understood, true amateurs *sip* their wine. Every mouthful thus gives them the sum-total of pleasure which they would not have enjoyed had they swallowed it all at once.' Our old and esteemed correspondent JOHN WATERS — too long absent, we grieve to say, from these pages — a *gourmet* of the highest grade, does not hold with the Professor in this. He advocates the 'throw' instead of the 'sip,' it will be remembered, in his admirable '*Anecdote of a Bottle of Wine*;' albeit, it proved a sad 'throw' in the case of the single bottle of 'Scuppernong.' With the subjoined desultory passages, pencilled as we read, we must close our notice of this entertaining and instructive volume:

'THOSE who know how to eat are always ten years younger than those who are ignorant of that science.'

'WE eat nothing without experiencing the importance of the sense of smell, if not

as a constituent portion of taste, at least as a necessary adjunct. The nose plays the part of a sentinel, and always cries out, '*Who goes there?*'

'ALL languages had their birth, their apogee, and decline. None of those which had been famous from the days of SESOSTRIS to the era of PHILIP AUGUSTUS, exist except as monuments. The French will have the same fate; and in the year 2825, if read, will be read with a dictionary.'

'ANIMALS a hundred thousand times smaller than any visible with the naked eye, have been discovered: these animalculæ, however, move, feed, and multiply, establishing the existence of organs of inconceivable tenuity.'

'OF those persons to whom music is but a confused mass of sounds, we may remark that almost all sing false. We are forced to think that they have the auditory apparatus so made, as to receive but brief and short undulations, or that the two ears not being on the same diapason, the difference in length and sensibility of these constituent parts causes them to transmit to the brain only an obscure and undetermined sensation, like two instruments played in neither the same key nor the same measure, and which can produce no continuous melody. . . . Who knows if *touch* will not have its day, and if some fortuitous circumstance will not open to us thence some new enjoyments? This is especially probable, as facile sensitiveness exists every where in the body, and consequently can every where be excited.'

We predict for this book, so various in illustration and quaint in execution, a very general acceptance at the hands of American *gourmets*.

JANUARY AND JUNE: OR OUT-DOOR THINKINGS AND FIRE-SIDE MUSINGS. By BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR. In one volume: pp. 281. New-York: SAMUEL HUESTON, Number 189, Nassau-street.

WE have already referred to this elaborately-imaginative and beautiful volume, while it was yet in the 'swaddling-clothes' of its proof-sheets, before they were smoothly pressed, gathered together, and the whole handsomely bound in a book, and, interspersed among them, tasteful engravings. The passages from the work which we have quoted we observe have gone the general round of the press. Our own recorded impressions of the work are confirmed, we perceive, by the verdict of several journals whose praise is 'praise indeed.' The able and accomplished critic of '*The Tribune*' daily journal says: 'The keynote to this volume is the sentiment awakened by the presence of Nature and the memories of the Past. In various forms, this is addressed to the sympathy of the reader, and illustrated by a profuse wealth of personal experiences. Those who are not ashamed of feeling, will here find many touches of nature that go to the heart. The writer has a lively poetical fancy; his brain is stored with rural images and recollections; the suggestive aspects of life have not appealed in vain to his inner sense; and the emotions thus called forth are expressed in a quaint, but not inappropriate diction.' The Cincinnati '*Commercial Advertiser*,' in a review of the same work, observes: 'The whole forms the most tempting cluster yielded by the literary vintage of the present season. Views of Life and Nature in their wonderful beauty, as well as in their commonest details and every-day experiences, are presented and illustrated by the author with a truthfulness, a quaintness, and originality of style as refreshing as the sparkling Catawba. His thoughts thrill along the heart-strings and awaken a world of old remembrances; abounding with passages that will refresh and refresh again the mind, in its hours of weariness or leisure. His poems comprise the dessert of the feast; a choice though scanty dessert, just sufficient to sharpen the appetite for more.' We must make space here, although 'cramped'

for room, for the annexed beautiful passage, descriptive simply of the growing of a VINE, that has struggled to light; but observe the 'sweep' of the poet's imagination:

'LIKE some low-born maiden in the 'Morning Land,' where dwell the worshippers of the Sun, this *Vine* has crept night after night, without a day between, to the place it had heard of afar off, where the SHAH for a while held audience. Arrived, it unfolds its gift, though 't is of the humblest, and lying upon the earth, timidly lifts the border of his gorgeous robe, and covers its bended head, as if it had faltered, 'I too am thy subject. Be thou my protector, as thou art my king.' So said the Vine to the great Prince of Morning. But he withdrew his robe, and went on in his chariot. He flushed the red Missouri with a deeper glow; and he gilded again the sands of the Sacramento; and he drove on, like NEPTUNE, over the calm Pacific; and the porcelain towers of China were a-blaze at his coming. He tarried among the palms, and he pressed the lips of the daughters of Circassia, and he kindled the cold bosoms of the beauties of the North, and he lingered in dalliance with the ivory-fingered women of Europe; and he *did not forget* the Vine, that waited for him the while in the cellar of the old homestead. But this morning, the chariot and horses of PHŒBUS waited without, while he descended the damp and slippery steps, and left a smile for the vine that will last it all day and all night, and until he comes again in his glory.'

HISTORY OF THE CAPTIVITY OF NAPOLEON AT SAINT HELENA. From the Letters and Journals of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir HUDSON LOWE, and original Documents. By WILLIAM FORSYTH, M.A. In two volumes: pp. 1307. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is a work of rare and painful interest. It is the most minute and various account that has yet been given of the 'GREAT CAPTAIN's exile. It will have the effect, we think, to remove many of the prejudices which have grown up in the minds of thousands against the Governor of Saint Helena, for his alleged ill-treatment of his illustrious prisoner. His task was a thankless one at best; and he was constantly abused for doing that which his secret instructions from Earl BATHURST, of the Home Government, rendered it impossible for him to *omit* doing. Not a few of these instructions, to our conception, were unnecessary, if not positively insulting. What possible harm, for example, could NAPOLEON have done in speaking to the islanders whom he chanced to meet in his horse-back rides around his rock-bound 'watery prison'? There was at no one time of his captivity the slightest chance of his escape from the island. Guarded as he was, he might as well have attempted to take the fortress of Gibraltar with an elder pop-gun and tow-balls, as to get away. Say what they will, NAPOLEON was a 'smart' man, if he *was* timid; he had 'seen the time, too, when he was 'as good as ever he was,' and had considerable influence. Seriously, it was but too evident that his keepers were afraid of him, although chained to a rock in the midst of the sea. They could not but be exasperated, moreover, by the conduct of certain of his followers and dependents, who assisted his imagination to exaggerate the evils and annoyances of his position. NAPOLEON did not 'bear himself stiffly up' against his adverse fate: he was *minimis in minimis*—little in little things; and it is pitiful to read of his peevish, querulous complaints about petty grievances which a truly great mind would have overlooked, or borne uncomplainingly.

The materials of the work are most ample, and they have been collected and arranged with great care and good judgment by the editor. Many of the facts and documents, which have never until now appeared in print, give a greatly

added interest to the volumes. We find these eloquent remarks of the editor upon the character and 'lesson' of NAPOLEON :

'No one can study the character of NAPOLEON without being struck by one prevailing feature — his intense selfishness. This was caused partly, no doubt, by the unparalleled success which had for twenty years attended his career, and which made him look upon himself as a being born under a star, and as one whose destiny it was to rule, while it was the destiny of others to obey. Under the chariot-wheels of his ambition he was ready to crush every thing that opposed his path, without compunction or remorse. He regarded others merely as instruments to be used by him, and to be flung aside when he had no longer occasion for them. A memorable example of this occurs in his treatment of the noble-minded JOSEPHINE. Because she gave no promise of an heir to the throne, he snapped the cord of affection in a moment. The ties of duty and of love were nothing in his eyes when he found that his wish for a son was not likely to be gratified. How little feeling did he show when he heard of the death on the battle-field of any of the Generals and Marshals to whom he seemed to be most attached! Indeed, as has been already mentioned, he said of himself that his soul was of marble, and it was thus insensible to some of the finest feelings of our nature. Not that NAPOLEON was without gentleness and even playfulness in his disposition. When pleased and unopposed, there was a charming vivacity in his manner which irresistibly won all hearts. He was fond of *espèglerie* even with grown-up people; and in the case of children, who were always favorites with him, there was no limit to his good humor. But he could not brook contradiction or opposition, and had not the slightest consideration for others when they stood in the way of his caprice. He was the sun round which others were to revolve; but though attracted by his influence, they were kept at too great a distance to feel the warmth of his friendship or affection.'

'WHEN we turn from his character to his actions, and ask in what respect he benefited mankind, the answer is most unsatisfactory. Perhaps no man ever, for the sake of his own restless ambition, inflicted so much positive misery upon his species. His path was that of the destroyer. Kingdoms were trodden down under the iron heel of conquest, and wherever he appeared with his armies, blood was poured upon the ground like water. A fierce soldiery was let loose upon the countries of Europe, which spoiled the inhabitants, ravaged the fields, and swept away as with a whirl-wind the accumulations of years of industry and peace. A military despotism on a scale of unparalleled magnitude was established, which abrogated all political rights, and strove to trample out all national distinctions. If the sorrows of a single hero or heroine in a tale of fiction can move our hearts and powerfully awake our sympathies, let us think for a moment on the amount of human suffering caused by the career of NAPOLEON. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the land was as the Garden of Eden before him, and behind him a desolate wilderness. Tears did not fail to flow for each homestead burned, each family outraged, each peasant and each soldier slain, in that long series of years during which he ruled the destinies of France. And what did France gain under his sway? A code of laws which is his best title to her gratitude, and that which she values more — military glory. But at what a price was that glory purchased! The bravest and the best of her sons died in distant fields of battle, amidst the sands of Egypt or the snows of Russia. A ruthless conscription depopulated the villages, and at last reached, in its downward course, youths who were just emerging into manhood, but who were still rather boys than men. Her treasure was exhausted; her liberties were gone. A system of *espionnage* betrayed family-secrets to the minister of police, whose agents were every where, and whose omnipresence no one could escape. And at last came bitter retribution for the long-continued and daring attempt against the rights of nations. Her soil was invaded; her capital was taken; and Pandours and Cossacks bivouacked in the Champ-de-Mars, while English soldiers kept guard at the Louvre, and foreign bayonets brought back the King whom she had driven into exile and proclaimed an outlaw.

'Of his merits as a great Captain we need not speak. Such a World-Conqueror will perhaps never be seen again. But we may hope the time is coming, if, indeed, it has not already come, when men will sit in stern judgment upon those who, without adequate and just cause, and for the sake of their own aggrandizement, involve nations in strife. War is in itself an unmitigated curse. It is indeed the abomination of desolation. It may impose upon the imagination with all its proud pomp and circumstance; and few sights can be conceived of more thrilling interest than the march of a great army in compact array. But follow that army to the battle-field. See it after the shock of conflict, when the clash of swords is over, and the artillery has ceased to thunder. Listen to the cries of the wounded and the groans of the dying: follow the surgeon, and observe what *his* mission is when the battle is won, and acres of God's fair earth are strewn with corpses, and converted into a vast charnel-house. And what sorrow

accompanies the tidings of every victory ! The child is fatherless, and the wife a widow ; and the wail of mourning for those who have fallen, mingles with the shout with which the nation exults in its success. War may be a necessity in defence of outraged rights, and to repel aggression, but it ought ever to be looked upon as a miserable calamity ; and he who wantonly provokes it is one of the worst enemies of his race.'

There are two good engravings in the first volume, representing the old residence of NAPOLEON and his *suite* at Longwood, and the new and more capacious edifice, built for the illustrious prisoner and his companions in exile, just before his death.

THE BLOOD-STONE. By DONALD MACLEOD, Author of 'Pynnshurst,' 'Life of Sir WALTER SCOTT,' etc. New-York : CHARLES SCRIBNER.

MR. MACLEOD is the author of a life of Sir WALTER SCOTT, published about a year ago ; a judicious and very charming specimen in a difficult department of literature, presenting, within the short compass of a single volume, every material fact in the domestic and literary life of the author, lucidly arranged, and written with a glowing warmth and sincerity, proceeding not more from a clannish feeling, than from a thorough appreciation of that great genius, right-minded, and noble hearted man. There is no other work which supplies the place of it ; for, although confessedly gathering its materials from the cumbersome biography of LOCKHART, as well as from every other available source, it is in style and composition purely original, portraying, in every phase, and on many pages, with exceeding eloquence, those traits, revealed in the reverses of fortune, which made Sir WALTER'S moral life outshine his intellectual ; a heart which was the very fount of every kindly and generous affection, a pride and independence which never kneeled, an honesty sincere and incorrupted, which nerved him to those gigantic struggles in the midst of which he died victorious. From the time of his earliest years until the pen dropped from Sir WALTER'S fingers, Mr. MACLEOD has portrayed this life faithfully and beautifully.

The present work, by its title, will be apt to excite the curiosity of the reader, nor will that curiosity be disappointed. It combines the charm of an autobiography with the high-wrought interest of a tale, gradually increasing in excitement as the *dénouement* draws nigh, nor will the most ingenious and scrutinizing reader be likely to divine what the end will be. When we say this, it is according the highest compliment to a romance or tale. There is, moreover, a truth to nature in the scenes and personages described, which impresses you with the idea that the story is not fictitious, but real ; and this we are inclined to think, so far as the general outline is concerned. Indeed, this professes to be a life-history, 'a story of the passions, joys, sorrows, accidents, incidents, observations, and circumstances, which have concurred in making up an existence, and that drop in the ocean of eternity.' 'Shall I not touch your heart,' says the author, 'when I play upon the strings of my own ? When I say, O friend, I too have loved, and acted, and sorrowed, and enjoyed ? For it is true. I have experienced most of the feelings which we know to be human : smiles have beamed brightly upon my face ; and big tears also have rolled heavily, in deep mournfulness, over my cheek, while the strong painful

throbs of my heart kept time to them, as the tap of the muffled drum keeps time to the falling drops when they bury a soldier in the rain.' And farther on in his prefatorial essay, he remarks: 'I find my heart full, and wish to write. A human life, even the humblest one, is a solemn thing, and cannot be un-instructive. We know WHO gave it; to WHOM it shall be rendered; and there is a deep and holy lesson in every life-history, from that which hath endured in its strong grandeur, like a centenary oak, to that which only blossomed and vanished like a lily of the valley by the side of a brook.'

So then the biography begins, and the reminiscences of early days, the 'Old House' at Greenwich, the 'long lane full of sweet-briers and wild rose-bushes, which ran through the orchard,' the cedar-rows 'where sentimental Love-Lane extended,' the 'tall old willows and low white stones which studded that field and acre of our God, where so many loved ones slept — loved ones who had grown weary, and were lying there at rest;' the historical brook rising in Green Hill, which flowed through Greenwich and emptied into the Hudson, 'abounding in eels, mud-turtles, and garter-snakes, its banks illustrious for elder-berries and wild-cherries;' and Cedar-Creek, where you could 'skate for leagues through the thick, low evergreens; Cedar-Creek, the battle-field where was waged a relentless war with Bowery-Boys:' these, and a multitude of kindred things, are sketched with exceeding sweetness and graphic power of description. This part of the book cannot fail to bring back a vivid memory to the old inhabitant of Gotham, of the STUYVESANT meadows, where perhaps he skated in the days of his youth, and of places where country-seats were once built, and pastoral scenes were once enacted; but now the hills are levelled, and the sewers are constructed underground, and the gas-pipes are carried, and you see, where the briers and honey-suckles grew a few years since, nothing but 'streets of palaces, and walks of state.'

And the portraits of characters who figured in that comparative antiquity, will not less strike the reader; the father and the mother who graced the mansion; Mrs. BROZE, 'an old lady who smelled of peppermint,' and who had a wonderful *penchant* for that pungent confection; the 'brown-eyed, black-haired Sister FLORA, who strengthened me when I was alone, supported me when I suffered, won me back when I strayed, defended me when attacked, loved me through all my fortunes, and partly for whom I now write this book;' MARTHA, and Old Soc., who, though last, figures not least in the history of one whose character and bias appear to be partly derived from parentage, partly from associations, and largely from the reading of romantic story. This last element has much to do in the construction of the latter half of the volume, and causes it to stand in a very painful contrast with the first. When the Ocean is once crossed, it does not separate continents more widely than it does, by a change of views, that period of life which is between youth and confirmed manhood. In this, however, we shall not anticipate the reader, nor give any hint, but rather leave him to derive the same enjoyment from the perusal of the story which we have done. A tinge is given to the whole work by the strong imbibition which the author has evidently taken from German literature, in which he appears to be well read-up; but we prefer to recur rather to those healthful passages which have been drawn from Nature herself, than from those which accord with the romances of DE LA MORTE FOUCHE, or are even

derived from the spirit of the music of MENDELSSOHN, WEBER, BEETHOVEN, and Master MOZART. Here is one genuine and natural picture, out of many with which the book abounds :

‘AND then, at the end of the year, there came the greatest baby ever revealed to mankind, with the roundest and openest eyes, and the most hair on its head, of any neoligos upon record. Viewed merely as a baby to poke your finger at in order to make it crow, that baby was unsurpassed ; its manner of *nestling its head in the maternal bosom, and its powers of looking cautiously over one shoulder and ducking suddenly back again, were positively sublime.* Then the child’s supernatural intelligence ! It actually knew, as its mother asseverated, when it was hungry. I became alarmed, and bought it a skipping-rope, a hoop, and three different descriptions of go-carts, when it was but three weeks old, lest its intellectual development should prove too rapid for its physical health.’

And not inferior to this, is the account of TRUDCHEN, ‘poor, honest, unhandy, imperious TRUDCHEN.’ We have perhaps hinted enough to excite a desire to read this charming volume, the freshness of which will serve to wile away a few hours most gratefully at the winter fire-side. There is, running through all the writings of Mr. MACLEOD, and especially through his ‘Pynns-hurst,’ a vigor of thought, a neatness and handiwork in authorship, a delicacy of limning, a fervid and energetic style and fancy, which mark him as a scholar and a poet.

LIFE OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON, Historical Painter: from his Autobiography and Journals. Edited and compiled by TOM TAYLOR, Esq., of the Inner Temple. In two volumes: pp. 1064. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

SELDOM have we taken up, in modern days, two more attractive volumes than these. Their interest is various. In the first place, it is a sad thing to trace a sensitive man of genius through a life of wonderful vicissitude, through early struggles to ultimate triumph, final despair, and, at last, death by his own hand. And in tracing his course through these intervals, we are brought into immediate communication with scores of men, of literary, military, and artistic celebrity ; men who left their mark upon the age in which they flourished. The editor, who has performed his own part of the work with great good judgment and taste, has permitted him to write his life himself, so that it is not a biography, but an autobiography. It was the editor’s task ‘only to clean, varnish, and set in the best light the portrait of himself which the autobiographer left behind him ;’ occasionally, he hints, ‘wiping away chills or mildew, stopping a hole or repairing a crack ; removing impurities or bringing obscure parts into sight,’ but never re-painting or ‘improving.’ HAYDON, affirms Mr. TAYLOR, (‘of the Inner Temple, Esq.,’ according to the title-page,) ‘is presented in these volumes, if not ‘in his habit as he lived,’ at least as he thought, or wished, at any rate, the world to believe he lived. The portrait is, therefore, better than any other man could draw. The vainest human being knows himself better than the most clear-sighted observer knows him, and his own description of himself will always be the best we can obtain ; for even his mis-statements, exaggerations, and perversions, are characteristic, and like no other man’s.’ This is perfectly true ; and ‘by consequence,’ while you sympathize with his subject, when sorrow weighs him down, when he lies prostrated by the ‘slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,’ you do not altogether overlook, nor fail to condemn, the

repining spirit, the querulous, petulant upbraidings, which, were but too manifest, even in his better days. We would like the reader to contrast, in this regard, the life and character of our great landscape-artist, COLE, with that of HAYDON.

One word, before we proceed to such extracts as we can find room for, touching the study of his art; as practised by HAYDON. What a lesson to young artists is his laborious preparation! Taking casts from living subjects, attending dissections of men and animals, and making elaborate drawings, even to minute 'articulations,' of all that he saw, so that he might perfect himself in his noble art. Apropos of casts; here is a passage we have thumb-nailed, which struck us forcibly in the perusal; for it took us back to the time when we lay down in the coffin-like box in which Mr. FOWLER, the Phrenologist, takes his plaster-casts, and permitted our face and head to be covered with a species of warm hasty-pudding; and when we tried to laugh, as the operator was apparently trying to feed us with a spoonful of the compound, we found that the plaster had set, and the muscles would n't 'act!' That was a pleasant fix! But to our extract:

'PUSHED to enthusiasm by the beauty of this man's form, I cast him, drew him, and painted him till I had mastered every part. I had all his joints moulded in every stage, from their greatest possible flexion to their greatest possible extension. The man himself and the moulders took fire at my eagerness; and after having two whole figures moulded, he said he thought he could bear another to be done if I wished it; of course I wished it, so we set to again. In moulding from nature great care is required, because the various little movements of the skin produce perpetual cracks; and if the man's back is moulded first, by the time you come to his chest he labors to breathe greatly, so that you must then have the plaster rubbed up and down with great rapidity till it sets. We had been repeatedly baffled in our attempt at this stage, and I therefore thought of a plan to prevent the difficulty—to build a wall round him, so that plaster might be poured in, and set all around him equally and at once. This was agreed upon. The man was put into a position, extremely happy at the promise of success, as he was very proud of his figure. Seven bushels of plaster were mixed at once and poured in till it floated up to the neck. The moment it set, it pressed so equally upon him that his ribs had no room to expand for his lungs to play, and he gasped out, 'I—I—I die!' Terrified at his appearance, for he had actually dropped his head, I seized with the workmen the front part of the mould, and by one supernatural effort split it in three large pieces, and pulled the man out, who, almost gone, lay on the ground senseless and steaming with perspiration. By degrees we recovered him, and then looking at the hinder part of the mould, which had not been injured, I saw the most beautiful sight on earth. It had taken the impression of his figure with all the purity of a shell, and when it was joined to the three front-pieces, there appeared the most beautiful cast ever taken from nature; one which I will defy any one in the world to equal, unless he will risk, as I unthinkingly did, the killing of the man he is moulding. I was so alarmed when I reflected on what I had nearly done, that I moulded no more whole figures. The fellow himself was quite as eager as ever, though very weak for a day or two. The surgeons said he would have died in a second or two longer. I rewarded the man well for his sufferings, and before three days, he came, after having been up all night drinking, quite tipsy, and begged to know, with his eyes fixed, if I should want to kill him any more.'

The following, taken from an account of a visit which HAYDON paid to SHAKSPEARE'S birth-place at Stratford, is in a very pleasant and graphic descriptive vein:

'THE house-keeper of WASHINGTON IRVING'S time was married. I saw the same pictures as he saw, and am convinced the hall is nearly the same as when SHAKSPEARE was brought to it. I saw the old stair-case, and a collection of pictures, with a good one or two among them—one a genuine Teniers of his marriage—a fine Hondelooster; and heads of SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO and HOBIMA, all genuine.

'The LUCY family appeared to me shy. They may not be ambitious of showing themselves as the descendants of the 'lousy' LUCY: that satire sticks to them, and ever must, as long as the earth is undestroyed. They sent for my card, but nothing came of it. Perhaps they never heard of my name.

‘‘This is the hall,’’ said the amiable, good-humored house-keeper, ‘where Sir THOMAS tried SHAKSPEARE.’

‘This is evidently the way the family-pride alludes to the fact, and I dare say servants and all think SHAKSPEARE a profligate, dissolute fellow, who ought to have been transported.’

‘In the great hall-window were the LUCY arms—three luces. I left the ill-bred, inhospitable house, my respect for the LUCIES by no means much higher than SHAKSPEARE’S; but the park amply compensated me, for a nobler, more ancient, and more poetical forest I never saw.’

‘Fulbrook I could not stay to see; but if I live, I will spend a week at Stratford, and ransack every hole and stream, and no doubt shall find the very place where JACQUES soliloquised upon the wounded deer.’

‘Just as I came again among the venerable trees, it began to rain with a jubilee vigor, but the invulnerable foliage completely secured me. I sat down on the roots of an ancient lime, and mused on the house before me. A misshapen, moss-grown statue of DIANA, on a pedestal, as old as the house, was at the end of the large trees; and as I sat in thought, a beautiful speckled doe and her young one, after regarding me for a moment, sprang off with a light spring, as if their feet were feathered. Again they stopped, and again stared, and again they were off, and dashed behind some inclosure. Weary of the rain, I sallied forth, and after crossing the meadow, came into the road; but, disdaining the beaten track, I plunged into a by-path, which brought me to the river, of which I caught a long, placid, and willowed stretch, as lucid as a mirror, reflecting earth and sky in sleepy splendor. I mounted the bank again, and scrambling through a damp, soaking path, came out on the road, drenched.’

‘I could not help remarking how short a road is when in pursuit of any object, and how tedious after the object is gained.’

‘Wet to the knees, I passed, as I approached the old bridge, an humble sign of the Plough and Harrow. In I walked, and found an old dame blowing a wood-fire—the room and chimney of the same age as SHAKSPEARE. On a form with a back, sat a countryman smoking, and by the window a decent girl making a gown. On the table by the door was a bundle of pipes, inclosed in three rings, the two end-rings resting on two feet. A clock made by SHARP, (who bought SHAKSPEARE’S mulberry-tree,) a chest of drawers on three legs, the old furniture, and the whole room looking clean, humble, and honest. I ordered ale, which was excellent, and giving the smoker a pint, asked him if he ever heard of SHAKSPEARE.’

‘‘To be sure,’’ said he; ‘but he was not born in Henley street.’

‘‘Where was he born?’’

‘‘By the water-side, to be sure.’’

‘‘Why,’’ said I, ‘how do you know that?’

‘‘Why JOHN COOPER, in the alms-houses.’’

‘‘Who’s he?’’ said I.

‘‘What does he know about it?’’ said the old hostess.

‘‘Nonsense!’’ said the young girl.

‘My pot companion, giving a furious smoke at being thus floored at his first attempt to put forth a new theory of SHAKSPEARE’S birth-place, looked at me very grave, and prepared to overwhelm me at once. He puffed away, and after taking a sip, said:

‘‘Ah, Sir, there’s another wonderful fellow.’’

‘‘Who?’’ said I, imagining some genius of Stratford who might contest the palm.

‘‘Why,’’ said he, with more gravity than ever, ‘why, JOHN COOPER.’

‘‘JOHN COOPER!’’ said I; ‘why, what has he done?’

‘‘Why, Zur, I’ll tell ’ee;’’ and then laying his pipe down, and leaning on his elbow, and looking right into my eyes under his old weather-beaten, embrowned hat, ‘I’ll tell ’ee. He’s lived ninety years in this here town, man and boy, and has never had the tooth-ache, and never lost wan.’

‘He then took up his pipe, letting the smoke ooze from the sides of his mouth instead of puffing it out horizontally, till it ascended in curls of conscious victory to the ceiling of the apartment, while my companion leaned back his head and crossed his legs with an air of superior intelligence, as if this conversation must now conclude.’

In the ensuing passage from the autobiographic journal of the artist, while he was at Walmer Castle, taking the portrait of the Duke of WELLINGTON, the reader will find ‘His Grace’ in a somewhat new and pleasing character, the play-fellow of little children:

‘THE Duke talked of the want of fuel in Spain; of what the troops suffered, and how whole houses, so many to a division, were pulled down regularly and paid for to serve as fuel. He said every Englishman who has a home goes to bed at night. He found bivouacking was not suitable to the character of the English soldier. He got drunk,

and lay down under any hedge. Discipline was destroyed. But when he introduced tents, every soldier belonged to his tent, and, drunk or sober, he got to it before he went to sleep. I said:

‘‘Your Grace, the French always bivouac.’’

‘‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘because French, Spanish, and all other nations, lie any where. It is their habit. They have no homes.’

‘The Duke said the natural state of man was plunder. Society was based on the security of property alone. It was for that object men associated; and he thought we were coming to the natural state of society very fast.’

‘I studied his fine head intensely. ARBUTHNOT had begun to doze. I was like a lamp newly-trimmed, and could have listened all night. The Duke gave a tremendous yawn, and said:

‘‘It is time to go to bed.’’

‘Candles were rung for. He took two, and lighted them himself. The rest lighted their own. The Duke took one, and gave me (being the stranger) the other, and led the way. At an old view of Dover in the hall, he stopped and explained about the encroachments of the sea. I studied him again — we all held up our candles. Sir ASTLEY went to Mr. PITT’s bed-room, and said:

‘‘God bless your Grace.’’

‘They dropped off; His Grace, I, and the valet going on. I came to my room, and said:

‘‘God bless your Grace.’’

‘I saw him go into his. When I got to bed I could not sleep. Good God! I thought, here am I *lê-tê-tê* with the greatest man on earth, and the noblest — the conqueror of NAPOLEON — sitting with him, talking to him, sleeping near him! His mind is unimpaired; his conversation powerful, humorous, witty, argumentative, sound, moral. Would he throw his stories, fresh from nature, into his speeches, the effect would be prodigious. He would double their impression. I am deeply interested, and passionately affected. God bless his Grace, I repeat.

‘12TH. At ten we breakfasted — the Duke, Sir ASTLEY, Mr. BOOTH, and myself. He put me on his right.

‘‘Which will ye have, black tea or green?’’

‘‘Black, your Grace.’’

‘‘Bring black.’’

‘Black was brought, and I ate a hearty breakfast. In the midst, six dear, healthy, noisy children were brought to the windows.

‘‘Let them in,’ said the Duke; and in they came, and rushed over to him, saying:

‘‘How d’ye do, Duke? how d’ye do, Duke?’’

‘One boy, young GREY, roared:

‘‘I want some tea, Duke!’’

‘‘You shall have it, if you promise not to slop it over me, as you did yesterday.’’

‘Toast and tea were then in demand. Three got on one side and three on the other, and he hugged ’em all. Tea was poured out, and I saw little GREY try to slop it over the Duke’s frock-coat. Sir ASTLEY said:

‘‘You did not expect to see this.’’

‘They all then rushed out on the leads, by the cannon, and after breakfast I saw the Duke romping with the whole of them; and one of them gave his Grace a devil of a thump. I went round to my bed-room. The children came to the window, and a dear little black-eyed girl began romping. I put my head out and said:

‘‘I’ll catch you.’’

‘Just as I did this, the Duke, who did not see me, put his head out at the door close to my room, Number ten, which leads to the leads, and said:

‘‘I’ll catch ye! ha! ha! I’ve got ye!’’ at which they all ran away. He looked at them and laughed, and went in.

‘He then told me to choose my room and get my light in order, and after bunting, he would sit. I did so, and about two, he gave me an hour and a half. I hit his grand, upright, manly expression. He looked like an eagle of the gods who had put on human shape, and had got silvery with age and service. At first I was a little affected, but I hit his features, and all went off. Riding hard made him rosy and dozy. His color was fresh. All the portraits are too pale.

Very graphic is the sketch of HAYDON before the Insolvent Court. It is evident, says his editor, that he attitudinized a great deal too consciously on the occasion:

‘THERE is something in a court of justice deeply affecting. The grave, good look of the robed judges; the pertinacious, ferreting air of the counsel; the eager, listening faces of the spectators; the prisoner standing up like a soul in Purgatory. At last, up rose a grave, black-robed man, and said in a loud voice:

‘ ‘BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON! Does any one appear? BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON!
‘ No body came, and I mounted. My heart beat violently. I put my clinched hand on the platform where the judges sat, and hung the other over my hat. There was a dead silence; then I heard pens moving; then there was a great buzz. I feared to look about. At last I turned my head right facing the spectators. First, the whole row of counsellors were looking like ferrets, knitting their brows, and turning their legal faces up to me with a half-piercing, half-musing stare. I saw nothing behind but faces, front and profile, staring with all their soul. Startled a little, I turned, and caught both judges with their glasses off, darting their eyes with a sort of interest. I felt extremely agitated. My heart swelled. My chest hove up, and I gave a sigh from my very soul. I was honorably acquitted, bowed low, and retired.’

Here our extracts must end; but we cannot close the volumes without again commending them to the reader as replete with instruction and entertainment the most varied. The work is well put before the public, by the publishers.

MACLAURIN'S SYSTEM OF WRITING. In twelve Parts. Published by CHARLES B. NORTON, Number 71, Chambers-street, IRVING-HOUSE.

WHILE all other branches of education have kept pace with the progress of the age, the art of writing alone seems to have lagged behind: it is precisely where it was forty years ago, when CARSTAIRS promulgated his method in England. From that time to the present, system after system, method after method, have shot, like meteors, before the public gaze, and, after an evanescent popularity, sunk below the horizon, into perpetual darkness and oblivion. Indeed, our educational institutions, public and private, have been, and still are, flooded with writing-books of every imaginable character and pretension. They are, however, one and all, but the crude, ill-digested productions of unreflecting, inefficient persons; mere abortive attempts, necessarily so from the total absence of any leading principle, and merely ringing the changes on shades of difference scarcely perceptible; so much so, that the term ‘writing-master’ has become a synonym for intellectual weakness and imbecility, for brains of the size and organization of an ostrich's; in short, for a word which is its own most comprehensive definition — a *writing-master*! In view of these circumstances, it may well be imagined in what frame of mind we approached the examination of another system of writing. That examination, however, reluctantly undertaken, has succeeded in convincing us that the present is the best, and, indeed, the only system of writing that deserves that appellation. It is philosophical in its principles, and logical and rational in its deductions: it *must* accomplish, in every instance, the object it proposes to effect. The work embraces twelve books, which are regularly progressive in their character. In all the systems hitherto in use, the faculty of imitation is entirely relied upon, to enable the pupil to produce, as nearly as possible, a fac-simile of the copy before him. Now, it would be equally rational to set before the pupil a picture of RAPHAEL, furnish him paints and brushes, and bid him copy it. There are those who have a natural talent or faculty of imitation: such will become good writers under any system, or no system at all. But the great mass of scholars require some contrivance by which to make amends for the absence of the imitative faculty. The work in question professes to give, and we believe does give, the necessary assistance. All previous systems propose to enable the pupil to write *well*, first, and, at some indefinitely-subsequent period, to superadd the ability to write *fast*. The experience of the world, up

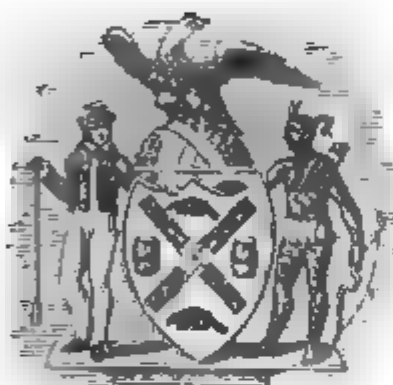
to the present moment, proves this method to be an entire failure. A lad who has learned at school to write *well, slowly*, will find himself utterly unable to increase the speed of his writing, and at the same time to retain its elegance. The moment he attempts to write faster than he is accustomed to, he writes an entirely different hand, having no connection with, or similarity to, his original slow hand. MACLAURIN's system combines the two elements, *rapidity of execution*, and *correctness of form*, from the very first lesson. The work consists of a series of models, enlarged to several times the ordinary size, which are to be over-run fifty or sixty times each. This practice is intended to produce the greatest possible freedom in the motion of the whole arm and hand. In a more advanced stage, the motion of the fingers is added, thereby combining the two distinct movements, viz.: that of the whole arm and hand, and that of the fingers alone. Indeed; this division of the work may be denominated a system of gymnastic exercises, intended to train the hand and arm, so that the hand may be carried, with unerring accuracy, to any part of the page, while the fingers are trained to do, with equal rapidity, the small part of producing the letters. All this is effected with the utmost rapidity, from the very first lesson, combining, at the same time, the most perfect correctness of form. The author assures us, that pupils, varying in age from eight to fifty years, by going over this course of practice, are enabled to write, easily and handsomely, at the rate of twenty folios per hour; a degree of rapidity which has never been attained by any other process, the ordinary rate for an accomplished penman being ten to twelve folios per hour.

Independently of its intrinsic merits, this system has received the sanction of some of the most distinguished teachers and educationalists in the country. Madame CEGARAY, whose celebrated school for young ladies has, for so many years, been one of the ornaments of our city; JAS. N. MACELLIGOTT, LL. D., one of our most successful and scientific teachers; Mr. BETRAM HARRISON, Principal of the BANCROFT Institute; Mr. CHAS. COUDERT, Principal, for the last thirty years, of the Lyceum bearing his name, together with others, equally favorably known to the community, have given the most flattering testimonials of the system, after witnessing its success in their respective establishments. This system is now in successful operation in more than fifty of the public and private schools of New-York and vicinity. In France, it has been submitted to the Minister of Public Instruction, and we have seen a report thereon, published in the official paper, the '*Journal Général de l'Instruction Publique*,' of October 22, 1853, in which the system is highly praised, and recommended for adoption.

We consider this the first step in the right direction, in reference to the *teaching* of writing, and cordially recommend the work to teachers and all those interested in the subject of education, as well as to all commercial men. In all that has been above said, we do not wish to detract from the merit or ability of any persons now engaged in the business of writing. Many of them we know to be elegant penmen; but it has not been sufficiently considered, that the ability to *write*, and the ability to *teach* writing, are entirely distinct qualifications. A man may be a splendid writer, and yet unable to teach others to write. MACLAURIN's system *teaches* writing, by a process equally applicable to those possessing a remarkable faculty of imitation, and to those devoid of any such faculty.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Anniversary Festival of Saint Nicholas.



RIGHT grateful are we to our umqwhile brother-steward, who, more fortunate than ourselves, was able to be present at the recent anniversary convention of the Sons of SAINT NICHOLAS, for the following succinct report of the 'sayings and doings' on that always delectable occasion: 'For the first time since the opening of the splendid structure which bears his venerated name, the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS assembled within its walls, to celebrate the Festival of their Patron Saint, on the day which history has assigned as his birth, the sixth of December. The occasion, therefore, being one of more than usual interest, a formal dedication, as it were, of the edifice to its illustrious Saint, drew together a very large concourse of the members. The Society convened at six o'clock, P. M., for the transaction of business, which closed with the installation of the officers elect. This ceremony was performed in a most graceful and interesting manner by the 'Committee of Instalments,' Messrs. J. DE PEYSTER OGDEN and AUGUSTUS SCHELL, when the following gentlemen, elected at the special meeting held November fourteenth, entered upon their duties as officers of the SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY for the ensuing year:

FREDERIC DE PEYSTER, PRESIDENT.

HAMILTON FISH,	First Vice-President.
JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D.,	Second Vice-President.
JAMES J. ROOSEVELT,	Third Vice-President.
JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD,	Fourth Vice-President.
WILLIAM H. JOHNSON,	Treasurer.
CHARLES R. SWORDS,	Secretary.
RICHARD E. MOUNT, JR.,	Assistant Secretary.

MANAGERS.

WILLIAM J. VAN WAGENEN,	ALEXANDER J. COTHEAL,
JACOB ANTHONY,	JOHN RIDLEY,
CORNELIUS OAKLEY,	ELIAS G. DRAKE,
JAMES W. BECKMAN,	NICHOLAS LOW,
SYLVESTER L. H. WARD,	JOHN J. CISCO,
D. HENRY HAIGHT,	JAMES H. KIP.

REV. THOMAS E. VERMILYE, D.D., }
 REV. WILLIAM M. JOHNSON, D.D., } CHAPLAINS.

BENJAMIN DRAKE, M.D., }
 ABRAM DUBOIS, M.D., } PHYSICIANS.

JOHN C. CHEESMAN, M.D., }
 RICHARD S. KISSAM, M.D. } CONSULTING PHYSICIANS.

S T E W A R D S .

GERRIT G. VAN WAGENEN,
 BENJAMIN H. FIELD,
 JOHN VAN BUREN,

WILLIAM DUMONT,
 ADRIAN B. HOLMES,
 PETER H. VANDERVOORT,

EDWARD SLOSSON.

‘Between seven and eight o’clock, the Society and its invited guests moved, to the inspiring sounds of a most excellent Band, to the new dining-hall of the Hotel. This splendid apartment, by far the most elegant in the city, with its superb chandeliers, elegantly-frescoed ceiling, and very tasteful arrangement of tables, presented a *coup-d’œil* of the most attractive character. The flags of Holland and the United States meeting in graceful folds over the immense mirrors and the Society’s picture of New-Amsterdam in its infancy, were the only additional decorations of the room. A *daïs* was elevated at the southern extremity of the hall, in the centre of which presided the newly-elected PRESIDENT, supported on either side by the invited guests of the Society. Four tables, profusely decorated, extended at right angles, and received the members. A temple, immediately in front of the PRESIDENT, surmounted by a beautifully-executed figure of the PATRON SAINT in full robes, crozier in hand, was deservedly very much admired, while many of the ornaments of the other tables well attested the skill and ingenuity of the ‘*artists*’ of the establishment. Grace was appropriately said, and thanks returned by the Chaplains of the Society. Nearly two hours were consumed in discussing the admirable bill of fare, when the appearance of the venerable cockéd-hat on the brow of the PRESIDENT, and the ever-watchful Cock that always is found at the festivities of the Society, keeping a sharp look-out to the north-east from his elevated pedestal, called the attention of the members to the intellectual feast that was to follow.

‘Mr. DE PEYSTER, arose amidst cordial greetings on every side, and after making his acknowledgments to the Society for the honor which they had conferred upon him by electing him as their PRESIDENT, and assuring them of his devotion to their best interests, continued :

‘‘He was not unmindful of the qualifications of those who had presided theretofore at their festive gatherings, nor of his immediate predecessor, in whose foot-steps he fain would follow. But how could he, unless this venerable *hat* retained some of the virtues attributed to the ‘winged cap’ of MERCURY? He said they all remembered how, on a certain occasion, a giant statesman of the Union — now, alas! no more! — was welcomed among them by that gentleman. In his eloquent allusions to this *Koh-i-noor* of New-England, all witnessed the coruscations of wit and radiant humor, which then, as at all times, showed our own HOFFMAN to be ‘a diamond of the first water.’ There sat,’ the PRESIDENT proceeded to say, ‘at our board last year, a former PRESIDENT, venerable in age and standing, who addressed them with the warmth of younger days. In SAMUEL JONES were united profound juridical learning and eminent professional skill. To the graces of the Christian he added the social qualities which embalm his memory. They ever welcomed his venerated form among them, for the deep interest he took in the Society, and for his companionable disposition. Like the ripened fruit of Autumn,

touched by its frosty finger, he had gently fallen to his mother earth, to rise, he trusted, in a happier world.'

'From this brief tribute to departed worth, he turned to the active duties comprehended in the design of their incorporation. The Society seemed to have lost sight of the important ends it had in view, beside their social fellowship. It was made incumbent on them to collect and preserve information respecting the early settlement and manners of our City, not in a *Pickwickian* sense, nor as delineated by the racy humor of their own IRVING, whose playful pen, on the gossamer tissues of *his* weaving, had represented the ancient KNICKERBOCKERS with scenic effect, in characters as fantastic as were some of the legends, (saving his Reverence,) of their PATRON SAINT himself!

'The beacon-lights, earliest erected at Jamestown and New-York, needed rekindling for wider illumination; or the patent magnifying reflectors in the 'Light' on Plymouth Rock would so dazzle by their glare as to make theirs loom up feebly in the distance! It was due to themselves and their Fatherland, not to let the memory of the past grow dim. While subject to the sway of Holland, the foundations of this City and State had been laid broad and deep, resting on the simple but solid virtues and sterling principles which characterized the government of that extraordinary people.

'The disregard,' the PRESIDENT said, 'of these unpretending virtues has led some of our City Fathers sadly into temptation. Grown bold by unchecked extravagance and public indifference, when they extended their open palms, it was not, like their predecessors, for an honest grasp, but to obtain the price of their self-estimated influence. Beyond these delinquencies,' he farther remarked, 'how pleasant it is to trace, in the dawn of our City, the operation of sound principles thus early inculcated. Unchecked emigration, good faith, and fair dealing, gave impulse to that career which New-York had steadily pursued, and which has showered upon her unexampled prosperity.

'What had produced this mighty result, in connection with her favored position? Was it the '*Saxon element*,' solely, of modern boast? Were the Anglo-Saxons more Saxon in blood than the original inhabitants of Holland? Both belonged to the same great hive, only the former swarmed at a distance from home, and made their honey in other men's possessions. The Hollander, clinging to his paternal estate by manly perseverance, had added to it a great domain, rescued from old Ocean. Both, in fact, belonged to the same *spatula-fingered* race—the peculiar mark of the pure Saxon wherever found.

'But the ARCHIMEDIAN lever, which was to move with resistless energy the public mind of this country, had for its fulcrum, not the singular merits solely of this great race, but those also of that other great race, the CELTIC, whose blended qualities will give to a future era in our history 'its form and pressure.'

'The PRESIDENT went on to say that in the successive multitudes seeking on our shores the means of improving their condition, this process of *amalgamation* was continually going on. By intermarriage, the Saxon and cognate Batavian or Hollander, (the original stocks,) mingling in blood with the CELT, will pour their united stream through the great arteries of this Republic, and animate its noble heart. It is this *homogeneous* character of the population which is to give to these United States their crowning '*solidarity*.'

'He exemplified his views by a characteristic anecdote, told to him (he remarked) by a distinguished authoress of our country, who observed that she never heard the word '*homogeneous*' without its recalling the following incident of her childhood. Her father had invited some friends to dine with him, and had set aside a decanter of choice wine for its fitting introduction after dinner. Before the company were ushered into the dining-room, she, unobserved, found her way there, to look at the arrangements of the table. At a glance she saw that the decanters on the table and that on the side-board were not equally full: so at once she went to work to make the desired level by pouring from one into the other until she had attained her object. This done, she stole away, unperceived, just as the company came into the room. The cloth being removed, and the social conversation resumed, the reserved decanter was introduced and passed round. An eminent statesman present, was asked what he thought of this wine. He

tasted it, eyed it in varied lights, re-tasted it, hesitated, and, after a pause, pronounced it to be, in his opinion, '*quite homogeneous!*'

'Such, the PRESIDENT went on to say, would be the future condition of our people. This process of filling up and levelling is progressing steadily. The result will produce a race PROMETHEAN in spirit, HERCULEAN in strength, impulsive in its energies, spreading from sea to sea; from the frozen regions of the North, to the sunny shores of the Rio-Grande.

'He concluded by saying that, in this march to national greatness, our Metropolitan City was destined to become the centre of commercial and fiscal operations. That it was Dutch by discovery and early possession; Dutch by ancient lineage and the love of home of her children's children; and that it was the duty of the sons of Saint NICHOLAS to preserve the truthfulness of the record which should convey to posterity the veritable details of her origin, settlement, and customs; and by adherence to her primitive faith and principles, to push forward the glorious reform, whereby she might in time become, not only one of the greatest, but one of the *best-governed* cities in the world!'

'Having concluded his remarks amidst the same hearty applause that had welcomed him on rising, the PRESIDENT addressed himself to the duties of the evening, and called upon the members to fill to the first regular toast:

1. 'SAINT NICHOLAS: The genial patron of cosmopolitan New-York. Music: '*Mynheer Van Donck.*''

The 'genial Patron' received a hearty acknowledgment of the love of his Sons in an enthusiastic and prolonged cheering:

2. 'THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Music: '*President's March.*''

3. 'THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. Music: '*Governor's March.*''

'Both of these toasts received such acknowledgments as Americans know how to give when honoring their public servants.

4. 'THE ARMY AND NAVY: The land attests the gallantry of the one; the ocean has been illumined by the achievements of the other. Music: '*Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle.*'

'This toast was responded to with spirit by Major SPRAGUE, of the Army, who returned his thanks for the compliment, and in a brief review of the character and virtues of the ancient inhabitants of the City, expressed his pleasure and gratification in being able to meet, as on the present occasion, with their lineal descendants. It was farther appropriately responded to by Captain HUDSON, of the Navy.

5. 'OUR CITY: Practising the precepts of her mother, Old Amsterdam, she has become the mart of nations — the exchange of the world. Music: '*Home, Sweet Home.*''

'His Honor MAYOR WESTERVELT, a member of the Society, responded as follows:

'MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: The position in which I have been placed by the suffrages of my fellow-citizens, will justify me in responding to the sentiment just proposed.

'I am happy to be present on this occasion, in an assemblage where are so many of the descendants of those whose energy, enterprise, and perseverance, laid the foundation of our City's greatness and prosperity — a greatness of which we may be justly proud — a prosperity in which we all rejoice.

'Gentlemen, it is scarcely to be realized that we are now the residents of the greatest commercial mart of the Western Hemisphere; with a population of *six hundred thousand souls*, which fifty years ago contained only about sixty thousand. In 1658, there was but one wharf in the City of New-York; and in 1749, the whole number of vessels belonging to the port registered only about six thousand tons.

“Gentlemen, is there an instance in the whole era of civilization of an advancement in arts and sciences, in manufactures and commerce, like that which our noble City presents for the admiration of the world? Doubtless there are those present who, with me, can cast retrospective glances over the events of the past thirty or forty years: and what a contrast does the present offer to the past! The enterprise, the energy, the skill, the science, the genius of our citizens, have left their lasting mark on every year. The broad Atlantic has been converted by the power of steam into a ferry, and the leviathans of the age traverse it almost with the regularity and punctuality of Time itself.

“The far, far West has been brought into close proximity by the iron links which have bound its agriculture to our commerce. Time and space are annihilated by the magic power of the trained lightning; and the genius of New-York enterprise stretches its giant arm from one extent of our wide-spread country to the other. The product of every nation and every clime are poured into its lap, and the flags of our ships float on every sea.

“Gentlemen, I trust we shall not be forgetful of those to whom so much is due. All honor to those enterprising merchants of Old Amsterdam, whose world-wide reputation, earned and acknowledged from age to age, have been transmitted untarnished to their descendants in the city of their adoption. All honor to the stolid, sturdy Hollanders, whose enterprise, as proverbial as their industry and honesty, has been nourished and cherished by their descendants, until, like a giant, it grasps the world in its embrace!

“But, Gentlemen, I will not occupy your time longer, for I know you expect to hear from eloquent lips now present, ‘thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.’ I shall close with thanking you for the honor you have done me in calling upon me to respond to the last sentiment.”

“The CHAIR then gave the next regular toast:

6. “THE FATHERLAND: Which taught our people the right to revolt, and gave them efficient aid in the establishment of National Independence. Music: ‘*De Wilhelmus van Nassauwen.*’”

“The senior Chaplain of the Society, Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, who had but recently returned from a visit to Holland, replied most appropriately, and (as he always does) most eloquently, too, to this toast. He expressed the great gratification that he had received in his visit to the *Fatherland*—a term the very mention of which to him was suggestive of the holiest thoughts and associations; described graphically some incidents of his travels; advocated briefly and earnestly ‘the right to revolt,’ and eulogized, in fitting terms, those who had taught us the lesson, and given us ‘efficient aid’ in our day of trouble. He recommended and urged warmly upon the Society the propriety of providing some suitable place in which to preserve the memorials of the past, in a manner similar to an institution that he had visited abroad, and expressed his hopes that the old Dutch Church—the oldest building in the city, with whose history was interwoven so much of the history of the City and State—might hereafter be selected by them for such a purpose. In conclusion, he paid a merited compliment to the Vice-President Historian, Mr. JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD, who had opened the way in his admirable history of the State.

7. “EENDRAGT MAAKT MAGT: the motto of the United Provinces of the Netherlands—bidding us ever remember that ‘Union is Might.’ Music: ‘*Wien Neerlandsch Bloed.*’”

8. “THE DAUGHTERS OF MANHATTAN. Music: ‘*Here’s a Health to all Good Lassies.*’”

“To whom, said the PRESIDENT, could he so appropriately look for a response to this toast as to one of the gallant brotherhood of bachelors, always ready to protect the sex; and to whom more appropriately than to the worthy ex-President, JAMES DE PEYSTER OGDEN?”

'Mr. OGDEN replied with great humor ; and while defending the cause of the brotherhood of which he is a distinguished and valuable member, showed a full appreciation of the charms of the sex, and left them nothing to regret in the choice of a champion.

9. 'OUR SISTER SOCIETIES: ever welcome to share the hospitality of our Patron Saint. Music: *'We're a Band of Brothers.'*

'The cheers that announced a hearty welcome to the sister Societies having subsided, the PRESIDENT introduced, as first in honor and dignity, the President of St. GEORGE'S. Doctor BEALES returned his thanks for the compliment in a brief speech, full of humor and well-pointed wit. He observed, he said, that the stewards had, in their wisdom, placed the Saints behind and after the ladies. His friend Saint PATRICK suggested to him that they would rather have found themselves placed before them : however, he supposed that the stewards had good reasons for what they had done. Alluding to his professional duties, and the love and pride he always felt in this great city, but which, (turning to his Honor the Mayor,) in his necessary perambulations through its streets, he found very, very dirty, he said reminded him of a very pretty woman with a very dirty face. You could not help admiring her beauty, while you would be very unwilling to kiss her. With several other humorous and playful allusions to the misgovernment of the City, and which told well upon his audience, he gave as a toast :

'KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITALITY: genial and cordial: its guests are ever ready to come again.'

'Mr. ADAM NORRIE, President of the Saint ANDREW'S Society, responded briefly, and gave as a toast :

'THE HARBOR OF NEW-YORK: The magnificent receptacle of her commerce, and a standing attestation to the sagacity of the early settlers.'

Mr. BELL, acting, as he said, in behalf of the President of the Friendly Sons of Saint PATRICK, who had but that morning arrived in the steam-ship from Europe, and had not yet got his 'land-legs' on, responded for that association, and gave as a toast : 'WASHINGTON IRVING.' It is needless to say that the name of their distinguished fellow-member was received with the utmost enthusiasm. Mr. CURTIS responded eloquently for the New-England Society, eulogizing the Dutch nation, its religious toleration and hospitality, as exemplified in its reception and kind treatment of those who fled from the persecutions of other countries, and more particularly of that pious band which landed on Plymouth Rock, and whose beacon-light was seen far and wide over the whole country. Mr. LUDEWIG responded in behalf of the President of the German Benevolent Society, Mr. ZIMMERMAN, and gave the subjoined toast :

'SANCTA LIBERTAS: may the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS long enjoy and spread her heavenly blessings.'

'Mr. J. C. ZIMMERMAN, Consul-General of the Netherlands, hailing, as he always did, the day with delight as giving him renewed proofs of the attachment of the members of the Society to the land of their forefathers, which attachment, he assured them, was duly appreciated in his native country, by the head of the nation and its most intelligent subjects, gave as a toast :

'THE MEMORY OF OUR PATRON SAINT — SAINT NICHOLAS: may his spirit always watch over you, and be the advocate of your continued prosperity.'

'After the several Presidents of the National Societies represented at the table, had responded to the toast welcoming them to the hospitalities of Saint NICHOLAS, Hon. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK rose and remarked that he claimed his right, as the senior surviving Ex-President, of briefly addressing the company; and he would do this *now*, to supply the absence of one other national voice, which he had hoped and expected to hear on this occasion:

'We have just before, he said, heard the voice of our beloved and honored Fatherland through one of its diplomatic representatives, in response to the last sentiment; we have listened to the voice of that race 'who speak the tongue that SHAKESPEARE spake,' and imparted it to us; of that kindred race whose accent recalls the idiom of BURNS and of SCOTT; and then, again, of that other land whose utterance gave its tones to the eloquence of BURKE, of CURRAN, and of our own EMMET. Then came the voice of learned Germany, high in speculation and invention, profound in science. There was yet one other voice of our several ancestral races wanting to fill up this choral response of nations. It was that of France — *La Belle France* — the mother of no inconsiderable portion of the ancient founders of our City and State, and whom I am proud to be entitled to represent on this occasion, (in the absence of any one specially delegated to this honor,) as in part inheriting that old blood. I speak now of the Huguenot exiles, who fled to our shores about the beginning of the last century and the close of the one preceding. These venerable exiles were remarkable for the union of the faith and perseverance of the Puritans, with much of the spirit, and tastes, and bearing of the Cavaliers. They were scattered by the blind intolerance of LOUIS XIV., throughout Europe; and wherever they rested, in Russia, Prussia, England, Ireland, they spread arts, manufactures, and science around them. In Holland, especially, which first received the largest proportion of them, the pulpits echoed with the eloquence of their pastors; the press groaned under the learned labors of their scholars; whilst manufacturing skill, high commerce and finance, opened to them sources of wealth, and founded those firms of commercial nobility which have lasted unshaken for nearly two centuries, through wars, revolutions, and all the reverses, and storms, and panics of trade. In this country, they were widely scattered from east to south, and their seed was blessed to the fourth and fifth generation. Thence came the QUINCYS and BOWDOINS of New-England, the DESSAUSURES, PRIOLEAUS, HUGERS, and LEGARES of Carolina. But it was in this City and its vicinity that they found their favorite location; and here their blood mingled with that of old Holland, so that there is scarce a family of the old Dutch stock which has not, through some such ancestor, its share of Huguenot descent. In the direct line, we trace it in many honored names, amongst which shines, with steady and unclouded light, the great name — *clarum venerabile* — of JOHN JAY. In all that has added greatness, or wealth, or dignity to our City or State; in all that has contributed to the happiness or the virtue of private life, may be traced the direct influence of that race. Those venerable fathers, as unvarying tradition tells us, whilst they suffered under the intolerance of the ancient rulers of France, never vented their wrongs in resentment to their country, which they still continued — '*Quand même*' — in their phrase — to love and honor. I ask you, in accordance with that feeling, to join in drinking:

' "FRANCE, LA BELLE FRANCE: whether the *Drapeau sans Tache* of the Bourbons, or the *Tricolor* banner of the Republic and NAPOLEON, floated over its soil, always the land of valor, genius, and glory.'

'The Hon. OGDEN HOFFMAN, the immediate predecessor of the PRESIDENT, being loudly called for, responded at length in a speech replete with wit and eloquence, and in those peculiar tones that have so often charmed and spell-bound his auditory. In a vein of playful wit he addressed himself to the PRESIDENT of the Society, admonishing him of the dignity of his position, the *awful authority* vested in that venerable cockéd-hat, and the necessity for a thorough and vigorous administration of the government at the head of which

he was now placed. He alluded to the great part which the Saint NICHOLAS Society had always taken in the affairs of the State, embracing, as it does, Governors, Senators, Judges, Mayors, Sub-Treasurers, Naval-officers, and other dignities with which the community had invested its members — a marked testimonial of the integrity, honor and capacity of those who boasted a descent from Dutch ancestry. He concluded by reading the following correspondence, received by him while President of the Society, but which circumstances had heretofore prevented his laying before them :

‘ ‘The Hague, July the 1st, 1853.

‘ ‘SIR: I have been especially directed to express to the Saint NICHOLAS Society, of the City of New-York, the thanks of the KING for the copy presented to His Majesty, of the official account of the Banquet given in May, 1852, by the Society to the officers of the Netherland's Frigate, *De Prins van Oranje*.

‘ ‘The KING has perused it with great interest, looking upon it as a new testimonial of the kind feelings entertained by the descendants of the old inhabitants of New-Amsterdam for Holland.

‘ ‘Begging you to transmit said thanks to the honorable Society, I have the honor to be,

With great regard,

‘ ‘Your most obedient servant,

‘ ‘F. TESTA,

‘ ‘Chargé d’Affaires of His Majesty, the King of the Netherlands,

‘ ‘to the United States of North America.

‘ ‘OGDEN HOFFMAN, Esq., President of the Saint NICHOLAS Society, New-York.’

‘ Mr. HOFFMAN then proposed the health of Baron TESTA, Chargé d’Affaires of His Majesty, the KING of the Netherlands, to the United States.

‘ Dr. FRANCIS, Second Vice-President, responded in obedience to a call from the chair, in his usual entertaining and desultory manner. Judge ROOSEVELT, Third Vice-President, being called upon, excused himself from responding, but having heard the name of Mr. VAN BUREN loudly called, contented himself with issuing, in his legal capacity, a ‘mandamus’ upon that gentleman to obey the call. Mr. JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD, Fourth Vice-President, responded as follows :

‘ ‘In rising to obey the Chair, he said that at this late hour of the evening, the best return that he could make for the courtesy of the company was to avoid trespassing upon their patience by a long speech. A thought had occurred to him, however, during the day, which he would venture to express. It had been often charged, and, he feared, too truly charged, that the people of New-York had heretofore been strangely regardless of their history, and of the honest fame of their ancestors. While our neighbors, north and south, take a just pride in perpetuating the memory of great events which have occurred within their borders, we have been singularly indifferent to our own antecedents. Yet, these are as honorable and as worthy of fame as those of any other people. Jamestown is venerated by the descendants of the Cavaliers, as the cradle of the ‘Ancient Dominion’ of Virginia; while a grateful posterity almost worships the Rock on which the Fathers of New-England landed at Plymouth. But the occupation of Manhattan, by the enterprising sons of Republican Holland, seven years *after* Jamestown was founded, and seven years *before* the first Pilgrim saw the shores of Cape Cod, has hitherto been too generally regarded as an event of comparatively trifling importance. He, (Mr. BRODHEAD,) however, was happy to believe that a better day was coming. A couple of months ago, he was present at Tarrytown, when Governor SEYMOUR dedicated the monument which the patriotic young men of Westchester had erected to commemorate the capture of Major ANDRE. On that interesting occasion he had been especially impressed by the eloquent manner in which the Governor alluded to what he happily termed the commencement of the ‘MONUMENTAL HISTORY OF NEW-YORK.’ That monumental history should go on.

‘ ‘This afternoon, while strolling on the Battery — that beautiful spot where the commerce of the world may be watched from shady walks — his thoughts went back some two hundred years and more. He called to mind the autumn of 1613; the arrival from Holland of ADRIAN BLOCK, and his adventurous Dutch comrades; the burning of their ship, ‘The Tiger,’ just as they were about to return to Fatherland; the erection of the first few cabins — the germ of New-York — at the extreme point of Manhattan Island; the long winter that the earliest Europeans spent here, cheered in their solitude, and fed in their distress, by the kindness of the aboriginal savages. He thought of the energy with which BLOCK and his companions set about building a new vessel of some sixteen tons; and how they launched her, and called her the ‘Restless,’ as if to foreshadow and typify the enterprising commerce which was destined to follow her from here, and whiten every sea; and how BLOCK sailed in the ‘Restless,’ through Hell-gate, and up the Fresh or Connecticut River, and gave his immortal name to Block-Island, and discovered that Long-Island was divided from the Continent by the Sound. And when he thought of all this — of the humble beginning and the mighty result — it seemed to him that, as New-Yorkers, we should no longer suffer the merited reproach of indifference to the early enterprise of our own first settlers, while the piety of our eastern friends is about to erect a fitting memorial to commemorate the more recent landing of their forefathers on the sands of New Plymouth.’

‘ Mr. BRODHEAD concluded by offering as a sentiment the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted with all the honors of a toast :

‘ ‘RESOLVED: That a monument should be erected on the Battery, to commemorate the first occupation of this City by the Dutch, in the year 1613, and the building of its first vessel, ‘The Restless,’ by ADRIAEN BLOCK; and that this Society will take proper steps to give effect to this resolution.’

‘ Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, in replying to a complimentary notice of the stewards — humorously alluding to the presence of a namesake, Mr. JOHN D. VAN BEUREN, who, he supposed, was the person figuring so largely in the public prints, and for whose misdoings here and elsewhere he had found himself amenable, though perfectly innocent, and all the time attending to his business at home — succeeded in arousing a war of wit and humor, which, on the part of both gentlemen, was carried on with a spirit and energy that afforded the most unbounded delight; the Parthian arrows being aimed with a precision that never failed to tell.

‘ During the evening, the PRESIDENT read the following elegant letter from the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, in reply to an invitation from the stewards to be present on the occasion :

‘ ‘Washington, 2 December, 1853.

‘ ‘GENTLEMEN: Your obliging note of the twenty-third of November reached me a day or two since. I am greatly indebted to the stewards for their kind invitation to attend the anniversary-festival of the Saint NICHOLAS Society, of New-York. I much regret that it is not in my power to be present on an occasion of so much interest, not merely to the members of the Society, but to all who appreciate as they ought that sterling element of our aggregate American character which is derived from the land of your forefathers.

‘ ‘That country stands in no need of holiday-compliments. In the very physical structure of considerable portions of it, it is one of the noblest creations of human energy and perseverance. It contests with Germany, on plausible grounds, the honor of the invention of printing; it is certainly entitled to that of the invention of painting in oils. It led the great contest of Teutonic freedom against the absolutism of the Latin races before either England or Sweden took the field. The Declaration of the Independence of the seven United Provinces, in 1581, was the model of the Declaration of 1776. The government of the Netherlands was the first that sent out a well-organized

and well-fought navy; it was, in fact, the first example, in the modern world, of a powerful though ill-compacted Republic. In ERASMUS, the Netherlands produced one of the earliest and most efficient restorers of the lost literature of the ancient world; and in GROTIUS, the great legislator of the International Code. They received and sheltered the fugitive founders of New-England; they colonized New-York; they gave to Great Britain the liberal and politic prince who rescued her from the tyranny of the STUARTS.

'The country that can show such titles to the admiration and gratitude of mankind, may be content with her place in history. Her descendants, in whatever region, will have no occasion to be ashamed of their origin.

'I remain, Gentlemen,

'With much respect,

'Faithfully yours,

'EDWARD EVERETT.

'Messrs. G. G. VAN WAGENEN,

JOHN VAN BUREN,

WILLIAM DUMONT,

BENJAMIN H. FIELD,

PETER H. VANDERVOORT,

ADRIAN B. HOLMES,

EDWARD SLOSSON,

} Stewards.'

'He then proposed the health of Mr. EVERETT, which was responded to in a manner that showed the high appreciation, entertained by the members, of the letter and its distinguished author. He next read the following toast, sent, he remarked, by that faithful and true Son of Saint NICHOLAS, Mr. LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, of the KNICKERBOCKER, who, being under the pleasant necessity of exercising a KNICKERBOCKER virtue, in extending hospitality to others, was compelled to absent himself from the feast:

'THE KNICKERBOCKER 'PLATFORM': Old Times, Old Friends, and Old Associations.
Air: 'When this Old Cup was New.'

'The health of the hospitable and energetic proprietors of the Hotel, Messrs. TREADWELL and ACKER, having been proposed, Mr. HOFFMAN responded in their behalf, and by their request, in appropriate and merited terms.

'The PRESIDENT took occasion, during the evening, to exhibit a glass jar of preserved pears, a present from Mrs. JANE M. MACNEVEN, 'gathered from an old Dutch tree on the farm of her brother, Mr. J. L. RIKER.' This appropriate token of the remembrance of a venerable KNICKERBOCKER lady, was an agreeable and interesting incident of the evening. The pleasures of this 'era of good feeling' were greatly enhanced by the presence of the celebrated troupe, 'BUCKLEY'S Serenaders,' who, from time to time, sung some very fine glees, accompanied by the piano. There was a misty halo of 'social glory' about the scene at this time, which, as the novelists say, can 'better be imagined than described.' Seated with their long pipes and cheerful glasses before them, each member and guest seemed the very embodiment of true enjoyment.

'At a very late, or rather early hour, (about two o'clock,) the PRESIDENT called to his chair Mr. Vice-President BRODHEAD, who, reorganizing his now-thinning ranks, commenced a new era of pleasure. Speeches and merriment prolonged the hours of festivity, until the words of the chorus,

'We won't go home till morning, till day-light doth appear,'

came very near receiving a practical demonstration.'

GOSIPPING LETTER FROM A SCHOOLMASTER IN MINNESOTA. — In the absence of any positive information upon the subject, we shall venture to attribute the following letter to the pen of the editor of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff*.' We had heard that that journal had been suspended for lack of adequate patronage, and that its 'talented' and versatile editor had 'moved out west.' Finding 'how hard it was to write good' for his paper, and how unpleasant the memory of having his nose pulled 'on political grounds,' he has undoubtedly 'gone and located' at the 'Old North Gulch,' where he is engaged at target-practice with the 'Young Ideas' of that neighborhood. His 'style,' remarkable as it always was, seems even improved in the present epistle:

'Waccolby Station, Minnesota: at the Old North Gulch, October 1st, 1853.

'DEAR SIR: In order that I may give you the earliest ideas of our Territory, I sit down to inform you of what is doing at present at the Old North Gulch. You may, perhaps, be at this time somewhat engrossed in your Crystal Palace, and Ethiopian minstrels, of which we have received extravagant plaudits in these parts: while not over one man in fifty, in your community, is probably examining the western papers in order to be informed of the doings at our Gulch. Minnesota Territory is gradually rising in the scale of the States, and if you do not hear oftener from us, it is not because we are unaware of the interest which may be excited among you with reference to our doings, but because we are engaged in manufactories. Your Magazine circulates to a considerable extent among us, and common-schools abound; which, I think, may lead your citizens to judge us as not behind the age. Whatever may be said of the rest of Minnesota, the people of the Gulch, could you see them, (more especially I now refer to those who live near the saw-mill, and by Mr. PITCHER's fulling-works,) are really up to the age, if not beyond it, in intelligence; and some of the operatives quite transcendental. I am a common-school teacher myself, and only testify to what I do know. Could the people of New-York come out here, they would see that which would astonish them. I refer not only to the trade on the canals, but to the general progress of the inhabitants. Lyceums are by no means of rare occurrence, while, in the winter season, lectures may be heard in our school-houses which would probably do credit to any Hope-Chapel in your thickly-populated community. In fact, our lectures have become so abundant, that we think of abolishing them altogether, and substituting Encyclopedias in their stead.

'At the Gulch, all is life. By noon, the stage comes in, and brings the newspapers from the East. This is an exciting time with us, as we are anxious to know what the Zar is going to do. Will the war go on between Turkey and Russia? — that is the great point. We of the Gulch think that the Ottoman is a Mahometan gentleman, while the Zar is a barbaric despot. Could our people conveniently turn out a regiment, we would do so with much pleasure, as an auxiliary corp; in which case, we would give some of those DEMBINSKYS a thrash. As it is, we can but wish well to the Ottoman Port. This, however, is conducting me, step by step, from matters which may be of more immediate interest to your citizens.

'A very delicate trial has been for a long time pending, and lately eliminated, in our midst, one of the parties of which was considered as one of our hitherto most respected and respectable citizens. Mr. GIMBLIN had long resided among us, an individual whom no man could shake a stick at with impunity; a kind father, a good husband, an affectionate brother, a voter at our polls, member of a fire-company, a payer of taxes, a subscriber to the Tract Society, master of the village-pound, a valetudinarian, and a church-member, all of which was so much *prima-facie* evidence in his favor.

'Of a sudden, it was hinted that he had become flagrantly dereliquent in a matter which concerned the peace and well-doing (pecuniary) of this community. It gave a shock which, as it was not anticipated, was correspondingly awful. He was a man whom

we were in the habit of meeting every day at our post-office, and on the corners of our principal streets, in the store, in the blacksmith's shop, and in the grocery, where, sitting upon the counter, we were in the habit of knocking our heels against the boards, smoking pipes, and discussing politics; in which Mr. GIMBLIN seemed to have more insight than any of us, finding most fault of all with our Postmaster-General, because he did not dispatch the mails to the Gulch so speedily as he had ought to do. Some property was suddenly missing. Mr. GIMBLIN was taken up on this suspicion, and it made a most tremendous noise, as you may rest assured. I do n't believe that there is one village this side of the Rocky mountains where this affair of GIMBLIN was not talked about, to which the wings of the electric-telegraph lent their aid. That the character of so prominent a man should be blasted, and that in the bud, seemed to be like the off-shots of fiction, rather than a mere, simple, disingenuous fact; and it was essentially discredited by nearly all individuals of a respectable cast who became cognizant of the same. For, what object, it was remarked, and that exceedingly judiciously, could he have, so to render himself amenable and obnoxious to the courts of justice, when it was supposed that he had large property at stake in the iron-mines, to say nothing of the offices which he held, and his responsibility as a father of a family? It looked like a figment in the very face of it: a nightmare, an incubus, and a substratum of mere folly, to which there could be appended not one single justifying circumstance. For my own part, I resolved to remain neutral in the matter until more positive material should be added to superincumbent weight, and give a semblance of the crime specified: (for, to be frank with you,) Mr. GIMBLIN was charged with stealing a watch, an ever-pointed pencil, and the half of a hog. As to the pencil, it was stated to have been found onto his person, but he could find justifying circumstance for the same.

'When the trial drew near, Mr. GIMBLIN sent a polite note to all his friends and acquaintances, both at the Gulch and elsewhere, not by any manner of means to omit being present at his trial, in order that they might be the witnesses and spectators of his substantial vindication from this infamous and flagitious charge. He asked it as a particular favor of his friends, to come as if they were coming to his wedding, and bring *their* friends; while, in the intervening junction of time, he smiled a still smile, placed his hand on his heart, and said he did not steal the spare-ribs or the watch, so help him God. He wrote to me, under date of the fifteenth:

'MY DEAR FRIEND: I am as cheerful as a wood-sawyer. Drop in and see me; and by no means — if you have to shut up your school and give the scholars a vacation — fail to attend my trial, and bring the first class in grammar with you. I want the rising generation to see how innocence can stand on its pedestal; for I never stole the hog, and as to the watch it was my grand-father's; while the pencil is too trifling a matter to discuss at this present.

'P. S. If you should see friend JONES, tell *him* to come.'

'In consequence of all this, we proceeded to the court-house on the appointed day: and now I am going to report to you the most singular part of the matter. Mr. GIMBLIN never looked better in his life. His face shone like a razor with a sort of satisfaction, and he looked all round, like an eagle on a pole. He shook hands with me, and he shook hands with Mr. EBENEZER ELLIOT, and he asked how all the children were, and he went up to the first class in MURRAY'S English grammar, which I had brought into the court-room to gratify him, and he smiled patronizingly onto them, and said to them: 'Boys, be virtuous, and you will be happy!' When the question was put to him, he plead 'not guilty,' with a voice like the thunder of a cataract, and he repeated it over two or three times, striking his chest and nodding his head, and asseverating, 'Not guilty! not guilty!' We all nodded back to him approvingly, and whispered to one another: 'Here is a case of gross conspiracy; Mr. GIMBLIN is safe!' and he nodded back to us, as much as to say: 'Wait a few moments: I *am* safe!'

'Well, the judge sot, and the jury sot, and the witnesses were brought on and examined; and though you may scarcely find it possible to credit what I may now state to you, I declare upon my word and honor, that the charge was fastened on him by the most abundant testimony, clear as day, bright as a beam of sun-light, and not the least mistake. He stole the watch, he stole the half-hog, and he stole the ever-pointed pencil — all three. We looked upon one another, and were dumbfounded, and could

scarcely credit our ears. We then looked upon Mr. GIMBLIN; and, his countenance lighting up suddenly, like a ray of light which had slanted down from the Alleghanies, gave us renewed hope that there might be some kink in the testimony, and some loop-hole through which, by some possible manner of means, an insulted innocence might squeeze itself. Standing firmly onto his legs, and surveying the learned counsel, casting a forgiving look on those who had testified against him, folding his arms on his breast, and hacking and coughing two or three times, in order to clear his throat — as he was at the time afflicted very severely with the influenza — he spoke (altogether extemporary) in a fluent voice, and addressed the Court thus:

‘May it please the Court: I came here, convicted of my innocence, and could not entertain a doubt upon a matter of so vital an interest; and I *do* feel, now, an indisposition to change my views; being far more willing to have a good opinion of this deponent. But, gentlemen, I am compelled to do it, constrained by the force of the testimony, which appears to be irrefragable, unequivocal, and much stronger than I deemed any way possible, to acknowledge that the guilt of this deponent has been very circumstantially and fully made out. I am afraid you will have to send me to jail. I guess that will be the shortest road of squaring up accounts; and after that, I shall be a wiser and better man. I have no doubt but what I shall be a wiser and a better man.’

‘With that, he made as handsome a bow as any gentleman could make, and smiled quite in good spirits. We are dumbfounded at the Gulch. Yours, Y. Z.’

‘UNCLE REUBEN:’ A ‘DOWN-EAST’ SKETCH. — We know not how it may be with others, but we *do* like to ‘scan’ such home-pictures as the following of ‘*Uncle Reuben*,’ a ‘down-east’ wag of the first water. No one can doubt that the sketch describes a real character, and that he was a ‘marked man’ in his day and generation:

‘I NEVER knew such a general favorite as ‘Uncle REUBEN’ was. He was not one of your universal ‘uncles’ — uncle to every body — but my own great-uncle — my grandmother’s brother. He is not a fictitious, but a *real* character, as many a man in the Old Colony has had abundant reason to believe. It was a great treat to have him come in to spend an evening, whether he talked of politics, or, as he used to express it, ‘small, like a woman.’ My mother never stopped her spinning-wheel for any man but him; and when he took off his hat, (a sure indication that he intended to spend the evening,) her face would gradually brighten into a DRUMMOND-light. While he tarried, she seemed to ache with delight, and for days after, she would continually break out laughing, and laugh till she cried. I was a chicken then, and wondered why she cried and laughed so; but I was comforted to find that every body did the like. Yet ‘Uncle REUBEN’ was hardly ever known to laugh, and but seldom to smile. The women and children all loved him — a sure indication of a good heart; and *he* loved every body.

‘There was Corporal STANDISH, that every body *else* hated, for he was always doing disagreeable things: slandering his neighbors, and even the parson; continually poking that ugly pug-nose of his where it had no business to be; and apparently for the express purpose of having it pulled. But ‘Uncle REUBEN’ was always kind to *him*, and Mr. STANDISH liked ‘Uncle REUBEN’ as well as he did any body, until one rainy Saturday evening, when the neighbors were all over to Mr. MORSE’s ‘shoemaker-shop’ talking politics. Mr. MORSE had just taken from off the fire a kettle of wax, and set it aside to cool. While it was still warm and shining, Mr. STANDISH came in. ‘Uncle REUBEN’ remarked, incidentally, that powder for the hair had all gone out of fashion. ‘The General Assembly have recommended not to use it, and at the last court none of the judges wore wigs. Hair-oil is all the rage, and ‘Government,’ in order to do the handsome thing for Gen. LAFAYETTE, have given him the exclusive right to make it.’ ‘Uncle REUBEN’ then read from a newspaper quite a long article to that effect, and although I tried to

find it in the same paper all the next day, I could not. It wound up by saying that 'Mr. RODOLPHUS MORSE, of M ———, was sole agent for said town.'

'Mr. STANDISH, spying the kettle, cried out: 'Ah, ha! what you got in that kittle, Mr. MORSE?'

'Only just trying this receipt,' replied MORSE.

'Now, Mr. MORSE,' said Uncle REUBEN, 'Corporal STANDISH is an old neighbor, and although he is not on the *best* terms with you all, perhaps it is as much *your* fault as *his*. What is the use of an eternal grumble? Now, I propose a truce: instead of the hair-oil you was going to give me, to fix *my* hair for to-morrow, let Mr. STANDISH have it, and shake hands all around. What do you say? Shall by-gones be by-gones?'

'Mr. MORSE held out his hand, and all in turn shook hands.

'Then,' said Uncle REUBEN, 'set right up here, Mr. STANDISH, and I'll fix it myself, just as General BRADFORD had *his* at the Republican Convention.'

'So Mr. STANDISH took the chair, and 'Uncle REUBEN' put on a thick coat of the wax, with a direction that he must not touch it, even with his hat, for two hours, lest it should take off the gloss. In about half an hour, the victim went home, feeling very grand; but, just before he went, he stepped up to a little piece of looking-glass, tacked up with nails to a post, and took a view of himself: the only expression he made was, '*I vowney!* what a gloss!' Although the evening was rainy, yet he touched not his head with his hat.

'After he was gone, that old shop broke out into a fit of hysterics; and, although they certainly *did* laugh, yet they all agreed, it 'was no laughing matter.'

'STANDISH was not seen out of his door-yard for a long while. 'Then had the neighbors rest throughout that region, and were not a little comforted.' Some said STANDISH and his wife had a quarrel, when he went home that night, because she said he was 'a fool;' but certain it was that there was great excitement, for a candle was burning until almost morning.

'When his hair had grown again, 'Uncle REUBEN' went to see him, and congratulated him upon his recovery from his fever, and behaved in so kind a manner, that the Corporal refused to believe that 'Uncle REUBEN' knew that he had not been sick, and that the wax was not hair-oil; 'for,' said he, 'how did *he* know what it was, till Mr. MORSE told him? — and, besides, if I *asked* him to put it on, what right have *I* to find fault? and why did I *let* him put it on, if I did not *want* it on? Come, now!'

'Then there was PAUL —, who shot pigeons on 'Uncle REUBEN's' pigeon-bush; and, although he might have prosecuted him for it, he never did, nor did he 'hold any hardness against him;' for 'Uncle REUBEN' *was* a kind man. He even went, one rainy morning, before PAUL was up, to borrow his gun, which PAUL refused to lend, but was very anxious to know what he wanted it for; and 'Uncle REUBEN' generously told him he wanted to shoot into a flock of wild geese that had lighted on the big maple, down in the swamp. PAUL was up in a minute, and although apparently 'Uncle REUBEN' was trying to borrow somebody's else gun, yet PAUL was off before him. He crept a long way on his hands and knees, through the mud and rain, so as not to frighten the geese.

'But in an hour he returned, without having seen the first feather, with his pantaloons wet and dirty, and his jacket badly torn. Mr. STANDISH twitted him about it, and said he was a 'ninkum' to believe that a goose, that can hardly stand on the ground, could, with his web-feet, hold on to a tree! The only reply was, '*I vowney, what a gloss!*'

'MACAULAY observes that 'a taste for severe *practical* jokes, in a man of mature years and strong understanding, when habitually indulged in, is almost invariably the sign of a bad heart.' But I feel bound to say, as a true biographer, that no man, living or dead, ever had a kinder heart than 'Uncle REUBEN,' nor more generosity and disinterestedness. He never played a practical joke unless it was deserved by the unlucky wight upon whom it fell. He was never known to be in a rage; and when he caught CALVIN E — firing his stack of hay, he was not even angry. CALVIN expected to answer his offence before a legal tribunal: but 'Uncle REUBEN' never called upon the

lawyer for assistance to punish those that sinned against him. Some months after, early one February morning, CALVIN was seen coming down the road, with a pair of ox-bows in one hand, a bunch of whip-handles in the other, and any number of birch-brooms dangling from his shoulders. These were the work of his winter-evenings, and with them he was bound to market. 'Uncle REUBEN' was at breakfast. When CALVIN had passed the house, 'Uncle REUBEN,' without his hat, rushed out, and shouted: 'Which way, Mr. E ——?'

'To Barrington,' was the reply.

'I thought as much,' said 'Uncle REUBEN.' 'Bless your soul! didn't you know the windmill-dam was broken up, and that there has been no passing this way these two days? You must either give up your journey, or go around through Centreville.' 'Uncle REUBEN' then went back to finish his breakfast, and had the pleasure of seeing CALVIN retrace his steps, and take the Centreville road.

'At eleven o'clock, CALVIN had passed Centreville, and entered the high-road between M —— and Barrington, when he met PAUL, and they stopped to 'take something' together.

'I've had a hard jaunt,' said CALVIN, 'and this does me good, for I was almost jaded out.'

'A three-mile heat tucker *you*, CALVIN?'

'No, indeed,' rejoined CALVIN; 'but I have had to travel around by Centreville, which 'is a hard road to travel, I believe.''

'Why, what on airth sent you way around there?'

'Why, the windmill-dam has given way, you know, and' ——

'Ha! ha! ha! Windmill-dam! Ha! ha! ha! Windmill-dam! Je-rew-salem! If REUBEN —— has n't pulled the wool over *your* eyes, then I'm no conjuror!' Just then, PAUL thought of the wild-geese chase he had been led, and, lest he should be turned upon, drove on at a furious rate, shouting, 'Windmill-dam! O Je-rew-salem!' till he was out of sight.

'Any man who cheated 'Uncle REUBEN' was sure to lose by it. If time elapsed before the debt was paid, good interest was certain to be collected.

'Uncle REUBEN' was a carpenter, and Mr. BURT bargained with him to frame his house at a given price. The frame was completed according to contract, but Mr. BURT refused to pay till the cellar-stairs were made. This was not in the contract, but 'Uncle REUBEN' made the stairs and took his money.

'A few days after, the people came from far and near to the raising. A 'raising,' in those days, was a great holiday. Genuine 'New-England,' and none of your poisonous vitriol rum of the present day, was the customary beverage. The head-carpenter must take the first drink, and the shout went up for 'Uncle REUBEN;' but he was no where to be found. 'Was not 'Uncle REUBEN' invited? Why is he not here? What is the meaning of all this?' Mr. BURT himself at last took the place of the head-carpenter, and they proceeded to lay hold of the timbers; but no tenon and mortice had the same number, and by way of clearing up the difficulty, they took another 'nipper.' The afternoon had wasted away, and the first timbers were not put together, or, at least, put together wrong. The liquor was all gone, and the company voted to adjourn until the next day, for more liquor. The day following, 'more liquor' was obtained, and it being noised abroad that REUBEN P —— framed the building, an unusually large company appeared, to see the fun.

'They then refused to move a timber until 'Uncle REUBEN' was sent for, or at least, until he gave them some instructions. A messenger was dispatched for him, but he refused on account of a rheumatism. He said he could hardly be induced to go out for a ten-dollar note; that the frame was perfect enough, but it was ten to one if they could put it together. The excitement was intense, and increased by the liquor. The company demanded Mr. P —— to be sent for, and a ten-dollar note by the messenger. Mr. BURT said he did not care for the ten dollars, but it was the manner in which it was obtained. *That* weighed upon him like a mountain! Mr. B —— then tried him with five dollars, but it was of no use. The ten dollars were forthcoming, and 'Uncle Reu-

BEN' was among his shouting friends in an instant. 'A leetle of King JAMES' eye-water, all around!' said 'Uncle REUBEN.'

'What is the matter with the frame?' said Mr. BURT.

'Nothing at all,' was the response. 'As I said before, the frame is perfect, but it is *ten* to *one* if you can put it together. Look at this tenon, numbered twelve; now, where does it go? Why, it goes into the mortise number two, of course. And where does *this* tenon, number one, go? Why, into number ten, of course; for, as I said in the first place, and always told you, it was *ten* to *one* if you could put it together.'

'Uncle REUBEN' had received double his pay for the stairs, and Mr. BURT received notice that he was elected a member of the 'Trade-Sale Company.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — '*The March of the Saxons*' comes to us from a friend whose contributions have more than once delighted the readers of these pages :

'You remember, don't you, that touching story told by Dr. RUSH, of the Swiss, who left his land and his language behind him, and sought a new home in the new world?

'Years went on, and at length the time came for the old man to die. He lay upon his couch. The lights grew dim, for 'they that look out at the windows were darkened.' Loved voices were hushed, for 'the daughters of music were brought low.' His hands were folded upon his breast; his lips moved; he spoke. His old wife bent over him, but the accents were strange. The exile was a child again. He was beneath the shadows of the eternal mountains once more. The rush of the torrent swelled upon his dying ear; the Alpine 'glow' brightened his dying eye. The song of his sister floated out through the open door, from 'the cot where he was born,' and he breathed his last prayer in the language of other days.

'The world is full of words. All too often, they fall lightly from the lip, but they nestle in the heart at last. The wardrobe of thought — they tremble with the emotion they cannot hide; they warm with the fervor they cannot chill.

'By the way, do you not bless yourself that you speak a dialect rich in such words as home, hope, heart, hearth, happiness, and heaven? That your 'lines have fallen to' you in ANGLO-SAXON 'places'?

'For, was it not an ANGLO-SAXON soul that, by the pillars of HERCULES, watched the western main, as the dumb waves rolled around the blue walls of heaven? An ANGLO-SAXON hand that struck off the first word of the inscription, and left it *plus ultra*, more beyond; and when the breeze blew free, grasped the tiller, and went down like the sun in the dim west? An ANGLO-SAXON eye, to whose dazzled sight the Andes' fiery flags were unrolled in welcome above a giant-world? An ANGLO-SAXON heart that throbbed triumphant on Plymouth's rocky threshold?

'And 'the Genesee country,' that used to be at the end of the world, that was on the very borders of people's dreams a century ago. The forest-coronals have trembled to ANGLO-SAXON strokes; and ANGLO-SAXON harvest-songs float melodiously through the valley of the Genesee.

'But he paused not yet. Beyond him murmured the waters of the beautiful Ohio; and on he went; and the tangled wilderness he made vocal with Saxon songs, and blessed with Saxon homes.

'On he went, till he stood entranced upon the crystal threshold of the prairies; a threshold wherein England, with its great heart of the world; with its Westminster, its memories, and all its wealth of glories and of graves, could be merged, like some rare gold coin of the olden time, and there still, in all its glorious proportions, would stand the West!

'On he went, over the prairies, damp with the imprint of the palm of OMNIPOTENCE, till a long, low line, something like a cloud, something like a furrow, loomed up in his

western horizon. And it *was* a furrow — that frosted furrow in God's fallow-field, the Rocky Range. Undaunted still, he paused at length, at the Southern Pass — that gateless Gaza of the farther West. Upon the everlasting lintels of the mountains, he traced the words he had borne with him from the pillars of Gibraltar, *more beyond*, wrapped his robe about him, and passed sublimely through and on, till the murmur of Pacific's gentle waves rose on his quickened ear.

'From frozen Onalaska, whence came, but now, 'the wolf's long howl,' rolled the music of SAXON accents, the tread of SAXON foot-steps, the strains of SAXON song.

'Far down from the Cordilleras and old volcanic graves, came up on the sweet south-wind, the shout of SAXON tongues, the carol of SAXON children, the clink of SAXON hammers. Onward still, until the wanderer sat down and bathed his weary feet in the calm waters of the milder-main.

'He looked up, and the porcelain towers of the Celestial Empire glittered in the setting sun! In his march around the world, the ANGLO-SAXON had wheeled back the globe a half revolution, but he launched a bark that lay there sunning upon the shore, and away with his Saxon greeting for 'the Island of the Sea!''

If any creature that treads the earth is vilified and abused, it is the JACK: every body that is stupid, ignorant, stubborn, vile, malicious, or what ever else that is repulsive, is invidiously compared to 'a jackass.' A correspondent, moved by pity, believes it high time that something eulogistic was said in favor of this victim of persecution, especially as he happens to own one which he regards as a favorite:

'My darling JACK, I must contend,
Has enviable ways:
He never makes a boisterous noise,
Excepting when he brays.

'So splendidly his virtues shine,
They lead me to adore him;
He never halts upon the road
When fodder is before him.

'If gentle meekness merits praise,
This grace to you appeals;
He's never yet been known to kick
The man that shunned his heels.

'His master's word should he refuse
To hear with all his strength,
'Tis plainly not because his ears
Have not sufficient length.

'In fine, if all his powers have not
Received their right direction,
His MAKER, be it not forgot,
Ne'er meant him for perfection.'

B. B.

Apropos of jack-asses: we never heard but *one* man praise their music. We did, however, once hear an English vocalist, who was surprised for the first time by the sonorous bray of a 'jack,' exclaim: 'Good 'evings! w'at a horgan he's got! — and w'at a *sostenuto*!' The mule is the same as a jackass, save that the latter is 'more so.' The 'organ' of the former lacks the 'compass' of the male animal. - - - 'TIME is money,' Dr. FRANKLIN says, and 'correct time' is all-important. If our town or transient readers would see something *worth* seeing, let them drop in at the new and magnificent clock-establishment, Number Three Hundred and Thirty-Eight, Broadway. Such a stock, such a

variety of styles, patterns, and prices, has never been seen in America before. You can range from seventy-five cents to two thousand dollars, and all complete of their kind; clocks for church-spires, railroad dépôts, banks, large halls, insurance-companies, watch-makers' regulators, etc., are all heard at once, with a noise like the constant patter of a summer-shower. These are sent to California, Europe, Australia, indeed, all over the habitable globe. This vast establishment, considered only as an architectural structure, is one of the 'lions' of the city. The large regulator in front of the store, will be *the* time-keeper for New-York, the same as the black-ball clock of the observatory at Greenwich. It will be regulated, every clear day, by the sun. - - - CHRISTMAS is upon us! The merry days have returned again: the days of sugar-plums, roast beef, and plum-pudding; when children are replete with drums, whistles, dolls, wooden-horses, and sweet-meats; and when they are so crazy with delight they don't seem to know any thing else but Christmas; as though the world was one long, wild, harum-scarum holiday, and life a grand circle of frolic, set around with tin-trumpets and rattles. Well! we believe in the little ones, and would exclaim to them, in the utmost good faith, 'Go it while you're young!' We *do* like to see a small army of little ones, gathered round the Christmas-tree, shouting and romping like so many tempestuous young bulls of Bashan: hear them squeal; see them tumbling about, inflicting frantic whacks on the unoffending floor; bumping furniture uncompromisingly, and to the ruin thereof. We have often thought that the biography of children would be something highly entertaining. We suppose they say and do more amusing things than all the men in the world ever dreamed of; and a narrative devoted to the faithful record of their lives would be a more useful and enter- ing publication than all that HUME, GIBBON, and kindred 'old fogies,' ever gave to the world. And so thinks a most welcome correspondent:

'In these latter days, when every body is vindicating every body else's wrongs, I would respectfully raise the banner of juvenility: let others espouse the women and their cause; give them the rights of which they have always been so unjustly deprived; let them have all they ask; let them vote, and make stump-speeches, chew tobacco, and drink whiskey; let them lie, swear, and steal, and get put in the calaboose for it, as we men do: these are the glorious rights and inestimable privileges for which our fathers fought, bled, and died; and women ought to have a slice. If others are philanthropic about man, 'so mote it be;' I have no objection: while others pursue their own inclinations, I claim a similar privilege, and am 'strong on children,' for I consider them a down-trodden, abused, snubbed race.

'People write the biography of men; why don't they do a like justice to the youngsters? Men, for instance, are proclaimed to be great financiers, whereas they're no fraction of an idea to children. Did you ever know of so many things bought with one lone quarter of a dollar as a seven-year-old will buy on Christmas morning? The quantity of sugar-plums and ginger-bread that such an investment will produce is perfectly incredible; quite sufficient to create a contagious disease in the neighborhood, and originate doctor's bills to the extent of a year's income. Any child of ordinary intelligence can make itself dangerously ill on the proceeds of three cents; and a six-pence is invariably fatal. We would rather set a reasonable number of urchins, with a six-pence a-piece, to furnish supplies for an invading-army, than all the Secretaries of War, wearing patches on their unmentionables.

'I had a brother — he's dead now, rest his soul! — that my father made a living profit off of, up to the time he was eight years old, such was the inordinate quantity of things he would purchase with the smallest outlay. He was purveyor-general to the

household about Christmas times; and I have known him to buy, with one poor half-dollar, two drums at a dollar a-piece; dolls for his five sisters; whips, tops, and marbles, without number, for his brothers; something comfortable for his parents; beside figs, oranges, candy, and a large piece of dog-meat; and then he would try to lay up a few coppers out of the change.

'Men pretend to be very shrewd and sharp at driving bargains: there is n't a child living, under ten years of age, that could n't cheat them out of their eyes. There used to be a little store up town, where the price of every thing appeared to be five cents: it didn't seem to make any difference what the article was; it was always worth just that precise sum: and I suppose if we had asked the old Italian the value in fee-simple of his house and lot, he would have put it to us at the universal half-dime; and yet, all the children of our neighborhood were continually buying things there, and none of us ever had more than two or three cents all told; for I well remember that we never held exclusive ownership over the sum of five cents at once, until we were reading CÆSAR: I know we used to think, at the time, that we were defrauding the old Italian out of millions and millions of money; and we often went up there expecting to see him break, though I do n't suppose that the whole amount of our purchases, in a series of years, came to a dollar.

'This week I was at this very store, and felt my youth renewed like the young eagle's, as I watched the negotiations going on between the shop-keeper and the little ones for toys: one rosy-cheeked, chubby little fellow, about four years old, came toddling in, and performed an escalade on a bag of coffee, which brought him within grabbing-distance of the counter, when he seized the first thing he could lay hold of, which proved to be a wooden NAPOLEON crossing the Alps, as he is represented in the primers, with his horse standing on one hind leg, and his tail, varying considerably from the perpendicular, backward.

'How much is this?' gasped the little one.

'Five cents,' said the store-man.

'Well, I'll take it,' was the response, as the little fellow deposited two cents on the counter; and take it he did, and scrambled down off of the coffee-sack and rolled away, just as though it was a satisfactorily-completed commercial transaction. Now, there's no resisting a financial operation of that description; and what can you do in such a case? The boy doubtless thought it was all right: the *price*, he imagined, was a mere nominal thing, not worthy of material consideration.

'A propensity for trading and financial negotiations, of every description, is one of the earliest traits exhibited in childhood. If a child comes into possession of a piece of money by gift, grant, inheritance, or otherwise, the first thing is to spend it: the object is not so much to get any thing in return; *that* is a mere secondary consideration. To get rid of the money is the great thing. All children manifest a most stoical indifference as to *what* they buy, so that the grand result is obtained—immunity from 'change;' a child, therefore, always buys the first thing it sees, no matter what it is; unless, indeed, a multiplicity of things is presented at once, and then its perplexity is amusing. Now, we suppose no one would think of buying a pickled cod-fish as a Christmas-present for a young lady, save a child six years'old, and yet I have known that event to take place.

'The purchases made on a Christmas day, by the smaller part of our population, are sometimes highly curious. To hear the deliberations, discussions, and proposals of the little ones, is more than funny. If they saw only one thing at once, they would find no difficulty in a speedy purchase; but when they get into a shop, which is a vast and illimitable expanse of toys, their embarrassment is entirely discomfiting: they always want to buy sixty different things, with not money enough for any one; and then the long-drawn agony is, *what* to get! I heard one little girl deliberate herself into a state of partial derangement, and at last, in despair of coming to a conclusion, tell the vender to 'send the store home!'

'The general result, however, is, to buy the most impracticable things for the most ridiculous purposes: they most frequently get for a sister a foot-ball, or pair of false

whiskers; they give their mother a pair of skates, and the baby a kite; the man JOHN is remembered with an ornamental statuette; and he is at a loss to know whether it is to be eaten with sugar, or wound up and set a-going; and as children, in the goodness of their little hearts, are especially mindful of dumb animals, the cat is dressed up in a new flannel waist-coat, and her feet put into boots of walnut-shells, whereat she goes straight into fits, while the chickens are constrained to eat soft molasses-candy.

'In all these, and a thousand similar things, what delight do children experience, and how does Christmas day bring them all, with their fun and frolic, before us! — for it is the day of children; His day, whose kingdom is of such; and its returning sun renews again the memories of childhood. The friends of youth again smile on us; voices that have long been hushed, float upon the air; foot-steps left upon the sand, the waters have long been wearing away; but the prints revive, and we wander by the shore where we gathered flowers long ago. Years have swept noiselessly by; and we start when we remember that it is so long since they lay down to sleep; and we reproach ourselves to think that their images had so nearly faded away. Children as we were, we had cried, had they told us while living, that in a few months after they had gone we would laugh and be as gay as ever; that others would soon take their places, and we should only recall the loved and lost, as the revolving year and renewing seasons brought to mind the changes in our own lives. But the memories of youth are not forgotten. In the Battle of Life, what wearied ones drop by the way-side! — how do they fall, and are borne down by the squadrons as they roll on in the fight! Yet the valiant soldier, wielding his blade in earnest purpose, stays not for a parting look at the comrade who sinks in the ranks at his side; but when the conflict pauses, when the victory is won, by the watch-fire at night, stout hearts that know not fear, melt in sorrow; and as the trophies lie at the feet of the conquerors, they cry:

“REMEMBRANCE saddening o'er each brow,
How had the brave who fell exulted now!”

Let us hear from our friend again. - - - A LEARNED and eloquent divine of a neighboring city, once visited New-Haven, on some public college-occasion, where he delivered an admirable address which he had been invited to prepare. Having finished it, the crowded meeting gradually dispersed, and he walked down the broad-aisle almost alone, not a little fatigued, and prodigiously in want of a dinner. But no one seemed to think of *that*; until a distinguished 'professor' approached him, and asked him if he would not accompany him home, and take — a cup of tea! This was bad enough; but a New-Hampshire correspondent somewhat 'improves' upon it: 'Our worthy Doctor of Divinity once invited the seminary students to tea — so they at least understood it. Accordingly, their best clothes were put on, and their usual tea-tables vacated. They at length reached the house, entered, and were seated in the parlor. The usual amount of original statements in regard to the weather followed, and things went smoothly on till the 'claims of Hungry' manifested themselves, by an ominous stoppage of the 'flow of soul.' Dr. W — at length broke silence: 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I have called you together to consult you as to the best means of *promoting piety in the Institution.*' Such faces! 'Sech wo!' At last, one of their number ventured to suggest, as the best means that occurred to him, the appointment of a 'season of fasting!' The gentleman who made this suggestion, in his own 'settled' life, was asked to read the notice of a lecture by Miss S —. He stretched out his hands, pronounced the benediction; then, catching up the piece of paper, said he had forgotten to read the following notice: 'At half-past six to-night, at the school-

house in the first district, *a hen will attempt to crow!*' He never had any more such notices. One more ecclesiastical anecdote. When Bishop S —— was settled at P ——, (Maine,) a lady was in his church at the communion-service, and saw the bread and wine covered with a cloth, on which was wrought 'I. H. S.' 'I. H. S.?' said she, 'what does the *I* stand for? I did n't know *that Mr. S —— had any name beside Horatio!*' - - - A PARTY of our friends stopped one day, a year or two ago, at 'BARKIS's Hotel,' somewhere 'out west,' and asked him to get them some dinner. 'BARKIS was willing,' and spread before them the following bill of fare; various, 'that the tastes of desultory man, studious of change, and pleased with novelty, might be indulged:'

Barkis' Hotel.			
BILL OF FARE.			
THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1851.			
ROASTED.			
Pig,	Pork,	Ham,	Hog.
BOILED			
Ham,	Eggs,	Ham and Eggs,	Ham.
BAKED.			
Beans,	Pork and Beans,	Bread,	Biscuit.
COLD DISHES.			
BOILED—Ham,		ROAST—Swine,	
“ Pork,		“ Pig,	
“ Pig,		“ Pork,	
“ Swine.		“ Ham.	
COOKED—Animals,		BAKED—Pig,	
“ Injun,		“ Ham,	
“ Pies,		“ Pork,	
“ Cake,		“ Swine,	
“ Biscuit,		“ Hog,	
“ Beans.		“ Beans,	
PASTRY. ETC.			
PIE—Mince,		CAKE—Fruit,	
“ Berry,		“ Sponge,	
“ Apple,		“ Cymbals.	
APPLES AND CHEESE.			
LIQUORS.			
Jamaica Rum,		Pale Brandy,	
Monongaheel,		Dark do.	
McGuckin Gin,		Whisky Bill.	

One of our friends tells us that he ate so heartily of some of the earlier dishes, that he had little appetite for the cold 'courses!' - - - 'Oh! that it had pleased PROVIDENCE to give us 'much moneys' in a long purse!' was our inward 'exclamation,' after a visit to *Doughty's Pictures of the Four Sea-*

sons,' at the ever-attractive establishment of Messrs. WILLIAMS, STEVENS AND WILLIAMS, in Broadway. Never has this fine artist done better justice to his reputation. What a 'rich and mellow fruitfulness' there is in his 'Autumn!' and his 'Winter' makes you actually shiver with cold! 'Summer' is a gorgeous picture; and our only objection to the two pictures of 'Spring' and 'Summer' is, that there seems to be hardly sufficient *difference* between them. But what of that? Both are beautiful, and both painted from Nature, at the seasons represented. - - - 'HERE they are again,' the LITTLE FOLK — and a hearty Christmas-welcome to them all! 'The more, the merrier!' If we cannot provide for them all at *one* time, we will endeavor to do it at another. By the bye, it has been well said by one who read the thoughts and open hearts of children as one reads a book, that 'grown persons are apt to put a lower estimate than is just on the understandings of children. They rate them by what they know, and children *know* very little. But their capacity of comprehension is great. Hence the continual wonder of those who are unaccustomed to them, at 'the old-fashioned ways' of some lone little one who has no play-fellows, and at the odd mixture of folly and wisdom in its sayings. A continual battle goes on in a child's mind, between what it knows and what it comprehends. Its answers are foolish from partial ignorance, and wise from extreme quickness of apprehension.' The great art of education is so to train this last faculty, as neither to depress nor over-exert it. But 'let the children come in,' now:

'A LADY one day observed her little boy of some six summers, who was playing in the garden, showing signs of anger: she said nothing, but he soon came in, and approaching her, said:

'Ma, do the phrenologists say we have a swearing-bump in our heads?'

'His mother told him she did not know of any; when the little fellow remarked that his head felt very queer, and he came near swearing: and he added:

'Grand-pa has got a large bump on his head, and he swears awfully sometimes!'

'A LITTLE girl had a beautiful head of hair, which hung in 'clustering curls' down in her neck. One hot summer day, she went up-stairs, and cut all the curls off. Coming down, she met her mother, who exclaimed, with surprise:

'Why, MARY! what have you been doing to your hair?'

'To which she responded, that 'she had cut it off and laid it away in her box, but that she intended to put it on again to-morrow, as Aunt NANCY did!'

'What do you learn at school?' said I to my little boy, four years of age.

'Reading and spelling, Papa, if you please.'

'And what do the other boys learn?'

'Oh! 'rithmetic, and 'gography, and *Velocipede*.'

'What? velocipede?'

'Yes, papa; but not about wooden horses, but about other things.'

'Now, what do you suppose he meant? — *Philosophy*!'

'Papa!' said the same little urchin to me, when he was but three years old, and had just begun to catch the phrases of older children — it was the pensive hour of twilight, and drawing near his bed-time — 'Papa, will you make a prayer for me, before I go to bed?'

'Yes, my darling, if you wish it; but why not let your mamma say your prayers for you, as she does on other nights?'

'O, papa, I don't want you to say those prayers: 'Our FATHER,' 'Now I lay me'; but pray yourself: *make* a prayer to God for me!'

'So I put up, with all my heart, a serious petition to his *Heavenly* FATHER, for my little son.

'He listened attentively, and, as it seemed, most seriously; but, just as I concluded, he exclaimed, with eyes sparkling with mirth:

'Good, papa! good! Now pray again — pray again! *Go it!*'

'WHEN I was in London,' writes an esteemed and popular correspondent, 'I became much interested in a little Quaker boy, a child of remarkable intellect, but of a peculiar, quaint simplicity, as delicious as indescribable. His queer, *deep* sayings used now to convulse me with laughter, now melt me to tears. One of the anecdotes told me by his father is brief enough to relate here, and may amuse you. When CHARLIE was about four years of age, his grand-mother died. She was a stately and elegant woman; the very type of an English Quaker-lady. CHARLIE had always been accustomed to see her in rich silks, golden browns or silvery greys, with kerchiefs of costly muslin, and the most *recherché* of lisse caps; and when he came to see her in her bed-dress, he eyed her with more curiosity than sorrow. The good old lady took his hand, and said, solemnly:

'Grand-mamma must bid little CHARLIE good-bye, for she is going away to Heaven, and will never see him any more in this world.'

'CHARLIE, in return, gave her a look of simple astonishment, and exclaimed:

'Why, Grand-mamma, thou art not going up to see God, in that night-cap, art thou?'

'WE remember an anecdote of one of the sweetest and most simple-hearted of all our little friends. Sitting on a foot-stool at her mother's side, she had been recounting her list of brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, and the like. 'Now,' said she, 'I have got all the relations but one; I should like a *foot-mother*. I haven't got any, have I, Mother!'

'It was the sad fate of this sweet child, in after years, to perish in that compound of calamity and infatuation which the law decides to be no crime — the burning of the HENRY CLAY. She passed from among us, radiant in youth and goodness, leaving four little children, one an infant, to prove the tender mercies of those that may come after.'

'It often happens in Vermont, that the very tops of our Green Mountains are dotted with little villages, affording a very pleasant retreat from the sultry heats of summer, and a secure refuge from all dog-day epidemics. But if in summer these mountains are pleasant, and not inaptly termed 'Green,' from November till May they are blue enough, and bleak enough. Here, storm after storm accumulates, bedded on older storms, until you might fancy NATURE wrapped in her last winding-sheet, did not the pointed crests of evergreen remain to tell that, though cold and stiff in its wintry shroud, the heart of the Green Hills yet throbs beneath.

'One peculiarity of these snows is their extreme lightness; being hardened by frost till they are as movable as the sun-dried sands of Libya. Here, then, the winds, howling as only hill-top winds can howl, delight to hold wild dalliance with these silent seas of ever-shifting snow. Valleys are unceremoniously exalted, and hills brought low; fences are covered, the roads turned out of their courses; or, again, your windows are darkened, or your doors barricaded by some huge drift; till '*shovelling out*' becomes a term of significant import, and is an operation only exceeded in difficulty by that of 'turning out,' if you venture abroad with a heavy team.

'It was in such an uncongenial clime, rendered less genial even, to the in-door world, by the December employment of butchering, that our pet NANNY presented herself to her father, with an aggrieved look, as if suffering from some recent injustice.

'Would n't you like to get away from these troubles,' said the father; 'would n't you like to go to Heaven, where there is no trouble?'

'Yes,' said NANNY; 'I would go in a minute, if TOMMY HENNEY would shovel me a path!'

'The thought seemed to us quite natural; for, in such a climate, we could hardly help thinking ourselves, the way to Heaven must need '*shovelling out*.'

'A LITTLE son, an only son have we:
God bless the lad, and keep him night and day,
And lead him softly o'er this stormy way.'

'SOME of his notions would seem to be original enough for farther mention between ourselves and your readers, confidentially. He is just old enough to appreciate boots, and imbibe elementary principles of theology at his mother's knee. One Saturday evening, not long since, the arrival of a long-promised pair of new boots, fresh from the shop, made him particularly happy that night, in his dreams, and next day, in his waking hours. On a Sabbath evening, he went up to the nursery, with his mother, to go to bed; and as he sat in his little chair, with one boot on, and the other in his hand, he saw her get her bonnet and shawl.

'Where are you going, Mamma?'

'I'm going to church.'

'What you go to church for?'

'To worship God.'

'Is God in the church?'

'Yes, God is every where, and sees every thing.'

'God see me?'

'Yes.'

'See my new boots?'

'SOME years ago, when the present Clerk of the House at Washington was domiciled in the Quaker City, his young son, a lad of some six years, happened to be at his father's office one morning, when the 'hatless prophet,' GEORGE MUNDY, made his appearance, and getting into conversation with the child, the latter asked him, in the course of their chat:

'Why do n't you wear a hat, Mr. MUNDY?'

'Oh!' answered the prophet, 'because there is no use in it: God's creatures are not so furnished: sheep, and other animals, do n't wear hats.'

'Quick as lightning, came the child's philosophic and clinching response:

'Are you a sheep, Mr. Mundy?'

'CALLING, the other day, on a couple of friends, after an interval of several years, I found them in the happy possession of an only daughter, a fairy little elf, of only two years and two months' sojourn in this breathing world, but sprightly and observing, with rather more of wide-awake brain than justly belonged to her petite frame, and a precise, deliberate, musical enunciation, that added greatly to the piquancy of her childish prattle. I took her on my lap on her knees, facing me, and had an entertaining chat of some minutes, when she suddenly looked me steadily in the face, and in a moment exclaimed: '*Mis-ter John-son! you got babies in your eyes!*' — a remark that took her parents as much by surprise as it did me; for I did not expect such a discovery to be made, nor TOM MOORE's poetry to be quoted, by a child of her age.'

'A YOUNG lad in one of the 'Dutch' districts of the Key-stone State, had progressed with his 'eddykation,' under the guidance of a Yankee school-master, as far as words of five letters. While under drill, one day, he came upon the word 'pipe.'

'What does that spell?' said the Dominie.

'Could n't tell.'

'Try it again.'

'P-i-p-e.' Still, he could n't pronounce it.

'What do people smoke with?' said the master.

'The boy made no answer, but, with a brightened countenance, commenced once more:

'P-i-p-e — cigar!'

'MR little cousin, between three and four, seated on the floor of the parlor, was very quiet by himself, while his mother was enjoying a call from an esteemed friend. The friend had the misfortune to be cross-eyed. When she retired, FRED stepped to his mother, and asked, with eyes distended:

'What ails her eyes?'

'They were always so.'

'How came they to be always so?'

' 'God made them so.'

'After a brown study, FRED said:

' 'Well, I don't see what God *made* 'em so for: what did he make them so *for*, mother?'

'I once asked my little Sabbath-school class:

' 'What became of Lot's wife?'

'One little boy of six years, quicker than the rest, sang out:

' 'She turned into a *bag of salt!*''

'My 'two-year-and-a-half' is considered 'some' in these parts, and never speaks without saying something. A short time since, his cousin from the country came to pay him a visit, the first he had received from him. Our cook has also a 'two-year-and-a-half'—so black that you can't see him after sun-down—who rejoices in the cognomen of 'Tom.' And DICK has an insuperable dislike for the aforesaid Tom. During the cousin's visit, we were endeavoring to explain to him the cousinly relation, and called his attention to the color of his eyes and hair, and his purely white complexion; to all of which he listened patiently, and for a moment hung down his head, as if endeavoring to comprehend what had been told him. Soon, however, he raised his bright blue eyes, beaming with great intelligence, and asked:

' 'Then ain't Tom cousin to the DEVIL?—they be's the same color!'

'Please tell your last-month correspondent to send on 'that hat!'

'A LITTLE girl, of three and a half years, not long since, in the middle of a moon-lit night, awoke her mother, who was sleeping with her, very carefully, and bade her look upon the floor, saying, at the same time, in the sweetest voice imaginable:

' 'See there, Ma, the moon is *smiling on the carpet!*'

'Some of ALEXANDER SMITH's moons are not prettier, or pleasanter.

'A dear little boy 'we wot of,' when about three years old, was very much impressed with the solemnity of a preacher, and his talk and prayers. He was one day found in the parlor, every chair in the room turned down upon its face, in regular order, with one in the middle, representing the preacher; and when asked the meaning of it, said he was '*making the chairs pray!*''

'OUR 'DEL.,' a fair-haired prattler of some two summers, on a recent visit to 'town,' saw, for the first time in her life, some young 'colored folks' at play. She expressed a wish to join them, and left us, but speedily returned, exclaiming:

' 'I won't play with the little girls, for they all got *dirty faces!*'

'AT the close of a lecture the other evening, as the lecturer was threading his way out of church, he received the following very flattering compliment from his own youngster, a hopeful 'four-year-old:'

' 'Say, Pa, was n't that a first-rate lecture?''

'THE following 'suckmstance,' as YELLOWPLUSH would say, occurred here a few days since. We have many turkeys and chickens about the premises. Several persons were sitting in the bar-room talking about the *Turks* and *Russians* fighting. A little boy, living near by, had been listening attentively. He ran home to his mother, exclaiming:

' 'Ma! Ma! the *Turkeys and Roosters* are fighting over to Mr. HYDE's!''

'A LITTLE girl, of three years, on being taken to church for the first time, was asked, on her return, what she had seen, and replied:

' 'I see Dod with a night-gown on!'

'The same little darling, desiring some tomatoes at table, which she had heard pronounced '*Tommy-toes*,' in sport, being puzzled to remember the name, said she wanted some '*Tommy-Footies*.''

'YOUR 'little folk' amuse us much. They raise smart 'wee things' in our own Forest City. The Caravan was coming through our streets last summer, while a little boy of four years, with his mother, stood upon the side-walk looking at the show. The little fellow looked up in his mother's face and said:

' 'Oh, Mother! mother! *the elephant has got boots on!*'

'Now I remember thinking, when a child, that the elephant wore very coarse cow-hide boots, and that leather-aprons were made out of his ears! These, and the marvel of a man in the brass-band, drawing a couple of bright rods out of a short horn, and then running them back into his throat again, were the most wonderful attractions of 'My First Menagerie!'

'THE feature introduced in your Magazine, giving infantile gossip, has afforded me much gratification and interest. The artless simplicity of childhood is there so graphically delineated, and is so productive of beneficial results, that I am constrained to give you a small item of 'childish prattle:'

'Little HARRY, a boy of some four years, like most children, possessed a sportive temperament, and was very desirous of being in the street. On a very cold and windy day in December, the little fellow was exceedingly anxious to go into the street 'to play.' I told him the weather was too cold, and that he would freeze. He looked me boldly in the face and said:

'It's not cold *here*, father!'

'I explained to him the effect a heated stove produced upon the temperature of a room; and after a few moments of deliberation, in which he seemed struggling with some unmanageable problem, he quietly looked up, with a smile on his lips, and asked:

'Father, *why do n't God place stoves in the streets, to keep them warm?*'

'A LITTLE girl, who had accompanied her mother to a place of worship where the officiating 'divine' was in the habit of 'talking forcibly' to the sinners, to an extent which unconverted 'out-siders' considered as sometimes almost bordering upon profanity, exclaimed, on her return:

'Mamma, I do n't like Mr. F——.'

'Why, my dear?' replied her mother, anxious to know the cause of such an expression of childish opinion.

'*Because he talks saucy to God!*'

'It struck me that there was a great deal of truthful meaning in that remark.'

'I HAVE a little 'three-year-old' girl, as amusing a creature as one need wish to see; a great mimic of every body, and especially of me, when in the act of shaving. At such times, my face all nicely lathered, she invariably comes up to me and exclaims:

'Kiss me! kiss me!'

'Sometimes I make the attempt, but the little imp hastens away with a boisterous laugh, which fairly makes the house ring. The other day, just after shaving my upper lip, leaving, as is my wont, the rest of my phiz in a 'state of nature,' I said to her, pointing to the wide margin of whiskers which adorns my face:

'MINNIE, what are these?'

'She looked at me for a few seconds without saying a single word, but at length, with the greatest seriousness, answered:

'Why, they are *shavings*, Papa!'

'I WAS one day at the house of a friend, and while we were sitting at the dinner-table, I observed one of his little boys looking thoughtfully at some letters on the bottom of his plate, which happened, at the time, to be up-side downward. In a moment, he raised up his head and exclaimed:

'Father, what makes some people always read this (pointing to the letters) on the bottom of their plates when they go to eat?'

'He had seen some of his father's neighbors 'saying grace' before eating, and supposed they were reading something on the bottom of their plates.

'One more: I happened in a school-room one day, while a class of very small boys and girls were reciting a lesson in arithmetic. It was about their first lesson.

'Five from five leaves how many?' asked the teacher, of a little girl of some 'six years of old.' After a moment's reflection, she answered:

'Five.'

'How do you make that out?' said the teacher.

'Holding her little hands out toward him, she said:

‘ ‘Here are five fingers on my right hand, and here are five on the other. Now, if I take the five fingers on my left hand away from the five on my right hand, won't five remain ?’

‘The teacher was, as we say in this region, ‘stumped,’ and was obliged to ‘knock under.’

‘LITTLE BEN, four years old, is the only child of Captain T —, a well-known Boston ship-master. The Captain recently arrived from India; and one evening, soon after his arrival, it happened that the Whigs of the town were celebrating the recent victory of their party in Massachusetts, in the usual way, with cannon, rockets, etc. Captain T — went down into the village ‘to see the fun,’ leaving little BEN at the window with his mother, watching the rockets. Soon after his father's departure, the boy became suddenly very serious, and said:

‘ ‘Mother, I am afraid.’

‘ ‘Afraid of what?’ inquired his mother.

‘ ‘Why,’ he replied, ‘I am afraid the guns will shoot my father; and I think the rockets will *burn my Heavenly Father*, they go up *so high!*’

‘THAT WAS rather a ‘fast’ specimen of juvenile ‘Young America,’ not yet inducted into trowsers, who said one day, recently, to his father:

‘ ‘Father, come and get me this apple.’

‘There being no immediate signs of compliance, the young ‘chip’ exclaimed:

‘ ‘Father, why don't you start! I always start when *you* tell me!’

‘KNOWING that you have an especial fondness for the originalities and comicalities of children, I send you this little incident for your ‘Table.’ It struck me as one of the most unique explanations of electrical phenomena I had ever heard. A little girl, the idol of a friend of ours, was sitting by the window, one evening, during a violent thunder-storm, apparently striving to grapple some proposition too strong for her childish mind. Presently, however, a smile of triumph lit up her features as she exclaimed:

‘ ‘Oh! I know what makes the lightning: it's God *lighting his lamps and throwing the matches down here!*’

‘Lighting the lamps of Heaven to ‘shine by night,’ and throwing the lightning-‘matches’ down through the ‘awful void!’

‘A BOY was going along the street carrying a pitcher of milk, when presently he stumbled, and smash went the pitcher, and away ran the milk. Another boy, across the way, saw the accident, and shouted:

‘ ‘Oh! won't you catch it when you go home! — your mother'll give it to you

‘ ‘No, she won't neither!’ screamed the other; ‘my mother always says, ‘Never cry for spilled milk!’

‘A LADY-friend of mine was, a few evenings ago, entertaining our little one with some fancy tale, a bright, jolly boy, of about four years old, with a special fondness for pictures and stories, and a ‘realizing sense,’ such as only children have. In passionate glee he listened to the end, when he suddenly broke forth:

‘ ‘Mother, was I born then?’

‘ ‘No, my dear.’

‘ ‘Well, I wish God had made me quicker, so I might have been there!’

‘Here, may it please the court, we ‘rest.’ - - - ‘*The Pictorial Times*,’ to be published by Mr. ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY, Number Seventeen, Spruce-street, will be a work of which even the country itself may be proud. We have seen some of the illustrations, which are superb; and in both its literary and artistical departments, it will have the benefit of much of the first talent in America. We shall have more to say of this exceedingly well-conceived enterprise hereafter. - - - It has been said, and by a ‘strong-minded woman,’ too, that ‘no humanity is repulsive.’ Perhaps not; but we should like to have

her see a 'colored person' whom we encountered the other day in Canal-street. He was deformed in person, with an ungainly limp and a sliding shuffle in his walk. His face was a miracle of ugliness. He was horridly pitted with the small-pox, and wore a pair of green goggles. A dirty piece of once-white cloth dangled, like a pocket-handkerchief, from a hole in his pantaloons, and his *very* old and tattered coat had but one sleeve. He was not 'an ornament to society'; and we must say, although 'human,' he *was* 'repulsive' to a degree not often witnessed. - - - HERE is a lively picture in verse of San Francisco, for which we are indebted to a new correspondent in that wonderful city. The measure will remind the reader of SAXE's '*Riding on a Rail*:'

S A N F R A N C I S C O .

'City full of people
In a business flurry;
Every body's motto,
'Hurry! hurry! hurry!'
Every nook and corner
Filled to overflowing;
Like a locomotive,
Every body going!

'Every body active;
Fogysm dead;
All are 'young Americans,'
Bound to 'go ahead!'
Dry or rainy season,
Cloudy day or sunny,
Citizens all driving
Bargains to make money!

'Englishmen and French,
Germans, Dutch, and Danish,
Chattering Chinese,
Portuguese and Spanish;
Men of every nation;
Birds of every feather;
Honest men and rogues
Hustled up together.

'Heavy wholesale merchant
Hurries on so fast,
Evidently thinks
Every hour his last;
Dapper little Frenchman
Makes a running bow;
Calculating Yankee
Cannot stop just now.

'Fashionable saloon,
Liquors and ice-cream,
Gentlemen engaged
Getting up the steam;
Customers in black
Looking very blue,
Evidently soon
Will 'collapse a flue!'

'San Francisco, October, 1853.'

'Member of the bar
In a 'case' of liquor,
Clearly makes it out
As his voice grows thicker;
Gentlemanly gambler,
Wealthy city-broker,
Taking 'brandy smashers'
And a game of poker.

'Steamers leave to-day
For Atlantic States;
Great excitement raises
By *reducing* rates;
Miners in red shirts
Shooting home like rockets,
'Slugs' and bags of 'dust'
Lining ragged pockets!

'On the opposition
Nicaragua Transit,
Passengers so crowded
Scarcely can a man sit;
Regular mail-steamer
With the great through-mail,
Via Panama,
Goes through without fail.

'Wharves choked up with mortals
Close as they can hustle,
Jamming one another
In a business bustle:
Friends shed parting tears;
Hack and drayman swear,
Thinking more of cab
Than of friends' well-fare.

'City of the West,
Built up in a minute,
Hurry and excitement
Moving all within it;
Like steam-locomotives
Citizens all going;
City in a hurry,
Filled to overflowing! J. SMITH.

WE beg to say again, and once for all, that we *cannot* return all manuscripts which we don't accept, nor have we time to answer letters concerning them. When we are preparing our 'Table,' and five compositors, hungry for 'copy,' are 'after us with sharp 'sticks,' it is too much to expect that we can 'drop

our knitting,' and indite epistles to THOMAS, RICHARD, and HENRY. We 'can-ah not-ah *do it-ah!*' - - - We have had the pleasure of examining a superb picture, representing a convention of the '*New-York Historical Society and its Guests*,' to whom the engraving is respectfully dedicated by the artists who prepared it. 'It contains *fifty portraits* of eminent lawyers, physicians, poets, statesmen, divines, etc., all (with two exceptions) taken from life, by J. GOLLMAN. The work has been advancing slowly and expensively for nearly three years, in the hands of the designer and engraver, and is now admirably completed. The size of the picture is twenty-two by thirty inches; the price twenty dollars for the proofs, and ten dollars for the copies. It will very soon be issued to the public. - - - The following pleasant epistle, from a western friend, involves pregnant satire as well as fun :

'ONE sometimes picks up a good thing from the clerical order, in which I have found about as much fun and waggery as we see among other people. Ministers, by many, are supposed to lead a very quiet, easy sort of life, somewhat akin to the 'good time' experienced by a 'gentleman of African extraction,' who used to display his grinning combination of ivory and ebony about the streets of Indianapolis.

'How old are you, SAM?' said a gentleman.

'Twenty-five, Massa,' was the reply: 'but ef you counts by de fun I's seen, jest call me seventy-five.'

'A friend says he has his annoyances, and tells of one on this wise: After an absence from home, he found so much accumulated on his hands, that when Saturday afternoon warned him of the labors of the following day, he was without any 'note of preparation' for the pulpit. He seated himself at his table, nervous and tired, opened his books, and tried to force his mind into the harness. Hardly settled, a voice was heard at his gate. Down went pen, concordance, and lexicon, and the parson walked out. His customer was a greasy-looking fellow, known in the community by the graceful name of 'BUTTERNUT'—a man who rarely darkened the doors of the minister's church. In fact, he belonged to a 'come-outer' organization that denounced E——'s Church as 'a brotherhood of thieves.' His errand was two-fold: first, to request the minister to publish an appointment for a come-out proclaimer, whose special errand was to abuse the Church; second, to obtain the use of the church-edifice, where E—— officiated, for a FEMALE PREACHER—a Rev. Miss WATT, who had reached the Indian-summer of life; was 'fat and forty,' and with a voice like 'rolled syllables of mid-night thunder.' (A trifling alteration would have made her a first-rate swine-driver.) BUTTERNUT, his 'mission' accomplished, went on his way; while E——, tired and provoked, went to bed. Sabbath came, and he renewed his efforts to 'prepare.' The text was selected; *firstly* was arranged; and *secondly* was under way, when a buggy appeared at the gate, and his visitor of the night before—'BUTTERNUT'—came to the door and remarked that a brother-minister was in the buggy, and wished to see him. Out went the parson, when a nondescript specimen of the *genus homo* sprang out, and began the relation of his 'experience.' He had, until three months ago, been a *hard case*, a very *hard case*; in fact, one of the *hardest kind*, (spoken with much complacency.) But he had fallen in with 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and the reading of it had 'convicted him desputly.' 'New light' was given him, and he was convinced he had a great work to do. He was, therefore, now travelling around 'examining the churches' and 'instructing them.' He 'sposed there would be a chance to speak here to-day; ef so, he would stop; ef not, he would go on.

'E—— modestly hinted *he* was under special obligations to preach on that day.

'No difference,' said the nondescript; 'do n't make a particle of odds, ef I can only hev the privilege of follerin'.'

'It was suggested that exhortations were not common on Sunday mornings.

'That's true, as a gineral rule; but this is a *special case*.'

'E—— was cornered, and demanded the traveller's credentials.

'License, do you mean?' asked Nondescript.

'Yes, Sir; I ask no man into my pulpit who has not clear papers.'

Non: 'Oh yes, that's right, ginerally; but you know this is a special case; and the *postle* he had n't no need of letters of commendation.'

E: 'You and St. PAUL are different persons, most decidedly; unless you have the documents, you can't be recognized.'

Non: 'But, Sir, you ought to know there *is* special cases. My call is n't from men. I should think you could tell by talking to a man whether he had the sperit in him.'

E: 'So I can *sometimes*, with the help of my nose. But I can waste no more time. Unless you have proper vouchers, you can travel.'

'At this rebuff, the burdened soul slowly and reluctantly employed his dirty hands in gathering up the lines, and, asking the way to Hamilton, drove off. As the rumbling of the wheels, and the clatter of 'BUTTERNUT's' boots died away in the distance, E — again entered his study, and vainly strove to gather up his scattered thoughts. They were effectually distributed in a most miscellaneous manner, and refused to subside into any thing like order, when the church-bell rang, and the sermon had to be served up, cooked or uncooked. E — went through, and in his afternoon siesta, amidst all the horrors of nightmare, dreamed that a man in an unclean shirt, and wearing a 'shocking bad hat,' was trying to drive a bald-faced horse and covered buggy right through the pulpit.'

'I LAUGHED somewhat, a few days ago, at the reply of a fellow who had long been familiar with 'building materials,' to a zealous temperance man who was exhorting him to quit drink.

'It's no use, CHARLEY; it's no use. I shall keep on drinkin' till me or whiskey is a corpse!'

He was the *first* 'corpse.' - - - WE 'acknowledge the corn.' Nothing raised at 'Old KNICK Place,' much as we 'crowed' concerning it, can for a moment compare with some '*Farley Corn*' sent us by an obliging friend and correspondent from the town of Salem, Roanoke county, Virginia. Such ponderous ears! — and after all, 'not fully up to the mark, the summer having been very dry!' Friends who 'behave themselves' shall have some of the '*FARLEY corn*' to plant. - - - AN annoying influenza deprived us of the pleasure of attending the *Bull of the 'Binger Guards'* at NIBLO's, on the evening of the twenty-second. A friend who was present, informs us that this fine company was honored by the presence of as many lovely women as the most ardent bachelor could desire to see; and the entire entertainment was most admirably managed. - - - Six pages of 'Gossip,' and four of 'Notices of New Publications,' are *unavoidably* driven over to our next issue. This delay, we may now assume, will not again occur. The first number of a new volume is always a crowded one.

Story of John Biggs.

THE first chapter of Mr. IRVING's New Story, '*JOHN BIGGS*,' commenced in our December number, has received marked attention from our editorial brethren in every direction. Our readers will find the Author of '*The Attorney*' and '*Harry Harson*' has lost none of the force and spirit displayed in those popular works. Four thousand copies of '*The Attorney*' have been sold, and the demand for the book still continues.

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shadows, and lighting up in bright relief each tree, each stump, and every blade of grass.

I landed, and all the passengers ran ; they were all in haste :

‘THEY stood not on the order of their going,
But went at once.’

Their fortunes might have hinged upon that last half minute. Before I left New-York, this had a sort of feverish effect upon me : I, too, felt a sort of nightmare-haste upon me. In the streets are busy crowds of men :

‘MEN, my brothers — men, the workers, ever reaping something new ;
That which they have done, but earnest of the things that they shall do.’

The first thing that struck me was a certain care-worn expression ; the second, that I had never seen so many well-dressed men ; and the third, that in that crowd I alone was idle.

The first impression of all great cities — I mean the ‘living marts of men,’ not the petrified relics of departed greatness — is to me strikingly similar — one general confusion. Like the calculating-machine, the mind must receive a certain number of turns before it shows a clear result.

When I did begin to comprehend the growing monster that threatens to ‘clip the world’ in its imperial arms, I felt more than ever at a loss to find a parallel in history. Ambitious as Rome, mercantile as Carthage, manufacturing as Tyre, seated like Venice amidst the waters, it grasps at once at all. What though its infant-fingers cannot sway with ease the sceptre ? Where it lays its hand it holds ; and as the grasp strengthens, use gives skill.

The faults of this people — if a stranger may venture to name them — are those of their situation and the nature of their growth ; not born, but accumulated ; a lot separate from the rest of mankind. A child amongst the nations, with the strength and energy of a giant, who shall wonder that the hot blood of youth runs fast and feverish ; and that, boy-like, in its race, it looks back upon, and triumphs over, the competitors it has passed ? The youth of nations is as the youth of man, capable of great things, and prone to follies. Who will take experience as a gift ? It is the one thing we all refuse until we have paid dearly for it. As with the man, so with the nation ; we all deem ourselves exceptions to general rules till inexorable Time bows us down, and wrings ‘*Peccavi*’ from us. Its virtues and its success are its own, wrung by the iron hand of resolute industry from the seas and mountains of its land. In all labor-saving machines they seem to me preëminently great. To say that the taste for arts is unformed, would be to repeat a truism : to say that the elements of such a taste are wanting, would be a slander.

The few great architectural monuments that are scattered over Europe and Asia, as the tide-marks of past generations, are but as the few mountains whose heads are coifed in white at mid-summer. How many buildings worthy of a place in history have been given to the world during the existence of this people ? How many that will endure as examples when another century shall have swept over the nations ? Destroy

London and Paris, and a few great skeletons, far apart in their dates, would remain, the rest be undistinguished rubbish. This nation has no past to draw her honors from ; or if she has, it is rooted in the glory and the shame of another hemisphere. She is now laying her firm foundations. What her superstructure may be, time alone can tell. Yet, surely, we may hope well of a people whose institutions for charitable purposes so nearly keep pace with her growing wants.

The kindness of friends introduced me into the noble asylums upon the Islands. They have been too often described by abler pens than mine, for me to venture upon more than my tribute of admiration to the zeal, intelligence, and success of the devoted men who have charge of them.

The schools, too, in the city-wards, though neither quite new nor original in their plan and conduct, have much that is exclusively their own to recommend them ; and no heart, not hardened or callous, could see, without an emotion of pleasure, the happy faces of those children beaming while they labored to learn ; or want for trust in the people whose wise providence forestalled the jails and dens of infamy by snatching from them the immature fruit ere yet the hand of defilement was upon them. Truly, charity bears its own reward.

It has always seemed to me unworthy trifling to carp at, and find fault with, the external habits of so miscellaneous a people. Doubtless we meet with much that we think disagreeable ; but were it even in good taste for a stranger to reprehend such things, when the country has in her own bosom men whose station and cultivation renders them her fittest and most inexorable censors, it would yet be well to call to mind that in no other country has the traveller been thrown into the same phase of society. Whereas the fashionable hotel of London contains a class distinct and different from others, the Saint Nicholas and Astor deal out their luxury and magnificence to all who are well dressed and can pay for it ; a class made up in this country of the most incongruous materials.

The gentleman — if my definition may pass — the man of pure heart and cultivated understanding, is of no nation. From Siberia to Cape Horn, all lands contain them. But here, conventionality claims rank of gentleman for all men. So be it ! We will not dispute upon names ; but, if we would be just, we must discriminate meanings. The stranger who falls into the hands of American gentlemen, as I understand the word, had best enjoy the advantage and be thankful : genial and warm-hearted, they are noble types of their race. For the ladies, what shall I say ? I esteem it my privilege to know a few of them. Should he fall among gentlemen of 'conventionality,' and mistake the metal, HEAVEN help him, say I.

As there is no abstract idea of grace or beauty, save in the complete adaptation of each part to the end designed, and the due subservience of the members to the head, so the true criterion of manners and customs must be their fitness for the people for whose use and benefit they are designed. If many things displease a stranger, he should reflect that he is not of the people ; and that the habits of life are, in very deed, the dress which the souls of men wear, to be thrown off when they no longer suit.

For example, I dislike the hotel-system because it jars with my tastes : and for no better reason, it interferes with my habits, and forbids what I deem essential to my comfort. But here, it is agreeable to the mass of the people, eminently adapted to their wants and requirements, and, as carried out, is a beautiful development of a plan obnoxious to me, but perfection to those who form their occupants. What if I prefer a home and comfort?—is that a reason that none should enjoy a palace and splendor?

There is one thing which I have found it hard to keep clear of: either affecting approval of what I disliked, or permitting the inference that I wished to find fault. It is difficult to convince men who desire to have their country well thought of, that there is a wide distinction between your private dislikes, and a want of due appreciation of real advantages and merits. The hardest question in the world to answer is, 'How do you like us?'

To conclude, it seems to me that if there is a cloud in the horizon of this country, it is the undue importance which is given to mere children. How shall men govern who have never learned to obey?

●

T H E D A Y S T H A T A R E G O N E .

How often the mem'ry of days that are gone
Illumines the track over life's toilsome way,
When Fancy's delusions have vanished and gone,
And Hope's fairy frost-work has melted away!

Like the sun-light that gilds the hill-tops afar,
When shadows of evening are gath'ring below,
Are those gleams of the past that light up the soul,
Of the days that are gone—gone, long, long ago!

The bright dreams of youth and of friendship return,
And visions come back with the freshness of yore;
While affection recalls, with a sigh and a tear,
The friends that have gone, to return never more.

Kind Mem'ry presides o'er the days that are past,
And with magical spell renews every scene;
The cares we have wept through are hidden from view,
And all the bright vista she mantles with green.

Like clouds that flit over a bright summer's sky,
The visions of hope often vanish away;
But the past is the same—it cannot deceive;
Its long-cherished mem'ries can never decay.

Oh! I would not exchange that bright dream of the Past,
For all that the future can promise me here;
'Tis a balm to my breast mid the trials of life,
Though often its memory is wet with a tear.

W H E A T - F I E L D S I N D Y I N G A U T U M N .

BY THOMAS B. VAN BENDER.

NOT altogether with a face of gloom
Does the old Year, when waning, day by day,
Limp toward his wintry tomb;
But rosy-tinted mists around him play,
And soft autumnal bloom.

E'en when each brightly-painted leaf decays,
And Indian Summer drops her vapory robe;
When garnered is the maize;
When now no longer like a blood-red globe
The sun in mellowest haze

Shows half his disc behind the mountains blue;
When dancing lines of motes no more are seen
With sun-set shimmering through;
Then, smiling o'er the land, rise spots of green,
Oasis-like, to view.

Yes, these are smiles on dying Autumn's face,
When he forgets his heaps of withered leaves,
And turning seer, doth trace,
Beyond the coming winter, golden sheaves,
Bright ripening apace.

What spots of vivid emerald cheer the eye!
One lies embosomed in a boundless wold;
One arches up the sky
Like the grave of a vast giant; hill-tops cold,
With blackening forests high,

Environ one, and shield it from the blast;
Another, as the sun sinks lower down,
And longer shades are cast,
Tints itself, artist-like, from base to crown,
Aye lovelier to the last.

Poised over it, one faintly reddening sphere
Of cloud is by the sky-line cut in twain.
Thus paints the fading Year,
Glossing with delicate half-tints the fresh grain
In coloring mellow-clear.

Thus in Life's closing Fall, when coffin-ropes
Uncoil to let me down to wintry tomb,
May freshening wheat-green slopes,
Self-shading, sun-gilt, charm away the gloom,
And kindle deathless hopes.

S T A G E - C O A C H E S .

'STAGE-COACH. [*Stage* and *Coach*.] A coach that runs by stages; or a coach that runs regularly every day, or on stated days, for the conveyance of passengers.'

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

READER, do you ever wonder what has become of all the stage-coaches? You recollect them; I know you do; but you have not given them a solemn thought for the last five years. Somehow, they slipped away from you so quietly and gradually, like a man in consumption, that you cannot now positively say when they drew their last breath. You recollect, away down in that village where you was born, and went to school, and played ball, and went in a-bathing ten times a day during the summer-solstice, there used to be a stage-coach — a daily coach; and you recollect, that every time it came thundering and rocking down the mountain-gorge, in a cloud of dust, how it overwhelmed your young imagination. You can hear, *now*, the long crack of the driver's whip — the heavy shuck of the wheels — and you see yourself running, don't you, with a whoop and a hurra to the tavern, just to see what kind of folks could afford to ride in such vehicles? — and when the nine passengers alighted, you recollect how you followed them around to get a good look at them, that you might inform your mother, when you went home, that you had *seen* and *touched* the passengers in the stage-coach.

You recollect all this, I know. But, if you do not, just sit down an hour alone; dig through the cares and troubles of manhood; heave aside the facts and figures, the bills payable and bills receivable, that lie like a mountain on your heart — the same heart, rather worse for wear, that you wore when a boy — and you will.

There were no two men who engrossed so much of my boyish thought, as Thorp and Sprague; for their stages ran through our village. There it stood, glaring at me, on the door-panel of every coach — '*Thorp and Sprague*.' I could never see Thorp *nor* Sprague; but their coaches were ever-present. They seemed to be ever withdrawn from public gaze. I could *hear*, too, about Mr. Thorp and Mr. Sprague; they actually lived somewhere. I recollect, I thought they were two very large, corpulent men; that no one had any right to run, or possibly could run, if they had, stages, but they; and that if either of them should, by chance, appear in the village, there would, of course, be a public reception tendered. When I grew older, I grew wiser. In fact, I became quite a stage-coach traveller.

And this suggests another thought. Where are the persons that used to travel in stage-coaches — when passengers paid fare from Buffalo to Albany? That *was* travelling; there were *passengers* then. There is no body to be found in a rail-road car, who has any right to call himself a passenger. No man has any individuality in such a place. He is so many pounds of flesh and blood, to be delivered at exactly such a time, at such a place. Every man's mind is fixed upon the place of his destination, and what he will do when he gets there. His points of

character never break out for the amusement or instruction of the crowd; it is impossible; against the philosophy of steam and speed. Just coolly think of a jolly load of rail-road passengers!—is it not absurd?

But there were passengers, then. When we loaded at Buffalo, we felt as if we were putting out to sea, amid storms and breakers. It was important to know who manned the ship. We were to become a family in spite of ourselves, and 'sink or swim' together. And in all this, we had no agency; we were sorted and packed by another. We were to be jostled and ground, until all the sharp corners of our dignity and formality were smoothed. We knew, beforehand, that every person aboard must either develop himself, or submit himself to be developed.

I just now see, in my imagination, one of those cargoes—myself among the number—made up of a judge, a fop, a countryman, two ladies, three dare-devils, and a preacher. The judge was dignity itself, for the first ten miles—a perfect Lord Coke; spoke in a heavy, sententious way, as though he were speaking to something out of the window; gave, now and then, a solemn and impressive cough, as if he drew the sound from his boots. The fop seemed overpowered with heat, and amused himself with a scented cambric, brushing particles of dust from his face; the countryman whistled to himself; and the preacher said nothing: but the stage took a cant, over we went, and there we were, piled in the mud that oozed through the window. We were all introduced to each other from that moment. The judge swore; that spoiled his dignity. The fop's clothes were ruined, and he immediately sank down into a piece of dejection and insipidity; the countryman became knitted to us, from his aid during the disaster; the preacher convinced us how providential it was, that things were no worse; and the ladies said they owed us a debt of gratitude, for rescuing them from the ruins, that should never be forgotten.

This upset broke the crust. You know, reader, that almost every man who travels, puts on a kind of crust, like a mantle. Some look oppressively profound in a stage-coach or car, whose wisdom is only ridiculous at home. Others disguise themselves in a shower of words, and talk on stilts, but topple over and come down as soon as they are detected. Others affect the languishing mood; others, the scholastic; as I said, travellers put on a crust.

This upset broke the crust, however. When the judge righted himself, and reviewed the disaster, he began at once to soften. The fop was as completely destroyed, as an exploded bottle of small-beer. A man who chooses to put his whole capital in his breeches, ought to be very careful how he exposes it or them; don't you think so? The countryman brightened up, and shone like a diamond. Friction did him good.

You begin to see the philosophy of stage-coaches, I dare say; because I wish it to be distinctly understood, that this is a philosophical article, with here and there a transcendental dash. We travelled together, and at night slept together; all in that stage-coach. Now, there is familiarity in such a scene. The judge snored like a trumpet, and more than once plunged headlong into a lady's lap. Do you suppose any

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person ever heard the judge snore in the village where he resided, except his wife, or supposed a judge could do such a thing; ever saw the judge's head in a lady's lap? Such an infirmity, if known, would have destroyed his decisions; because dignity on the bench decides almost as many cases as law. *We* in the stage-coach saw that the judge was mortal, after all; we took a peep into his 'inner life.' The ladies snored, too — Gracious! — and dashed their bonnets to pieces as they rolled around, and fairly knocked all the starch and manners out of each other; and when the sun arose, they were soft and subdued, like goodness in affliction.

The next day, the judge became as mellow as the Vicar of Wakefield. He unravelled his whole life; his trials in boyhood; his struggles in manhood; his courtship and marriage. The preacher and countryman followed with their autobiographies; tearing up from the past, tender passages that had lain dormant for years. The ladies furnished their histories; and I recollect now — it was thirty years ago — that when the evening light fell aslant the trees, we were slowly climbing a mountain-road, amid the cool dash of waterfalls and the distant whistle of quails, singing in full chorus, with rapt heart and soul, 'Auld Lang Syne:' the judge, all the while, piling in the bass as though he were performing his last.

Now, the point lies here: what else but a stage-coach could have drawn out the little weaknesses of the judge's life; could have made him sing — for he assured me that he had not sung before since he was a boy; could have put the young ladies so much at ease, as to induce them to communicate facts to strangers, that they had probably kept secret from their neighbors? What else? Bless the old stage-coaches! There is nothing like them left in the world.

Do you know, reader, that I have wondered about, and inquired after the persons who composed that load, a thousand times since? I have even felt an interest in the fop, upon the same principle that a person shakes hands with a loafer in a strange land, who would not speak to him at home — that is, association of ideas. True, I have become engrossed in the cares of life, and so have they; 'and what are they to me?' as the world says: but I cannot help it. Awake at midnight, I have seen that same old coach — the same faces, just as they were then — all winding up the mountain; and could distinctly hear 'Auld Lang Syne' ringing through my memory, amid that same dash of waterfalls and whistling of quails.

Reader, there was something rural about stage-coaches. They were for ever passing through lawns, threading streams, ascending slopes and ragged mountain-sides; and they looked as natural on the landscape, as the trees about them. The birds all knew them, and looked down upon them as they passed, with pleasure. Yes, there was poetry about them — poetry of the Wordsworthian school. There was a dignity, too, an ease, a repose of manner, a never-in-a-hurry kind of confidence, that suited well the habits of the age. They had their incidents about them, too. There were, for instance, the men who kept the stage-houses; some of them in cities, and some amid the Sleepy Hollows of the country. Just find me one of those men now, if you can. You recol-

lect, they were large, corpulent pieces of flesh ; carried faces of great benevolence ; wore heavy double-chins, and a very merry twinkle in the eye. They were prompt at the door, in person, when the stage rumbled up — didn't send a subaltern ; bowed out and shook hands with the passengers ; kissed the babies ; were anxious about, and sympathized with every body. And then, they gave you all the news of the day, and talked in a free-and-easy kind of way all the while, as if they knew you, and had known your father and grand-father before you.

These men were landlords. There are no landlords now. No body could be a landlord, in good old stage times, unless he weighed over two hundred ; and laziness and good-nature were absolutely indispensable. Now, we have a diminutive, waspish, weasel-faced class of beings, who only look at the business of tavern-keeping ; who wriggle and twist the coppers out of you, as coolly and maliciously as a Jew in Chatham street ; who calculate how great an imposition you will stand, before breaking out into an uproar ; who will not give you even ' what's in the bond ; ' who never smile, because they are under no obligation to ; who act as though they owned all the human flesh under their roofs — as if they had a perfect right to train men around, like a platoon of soldiers, according to their arbitrary will.

All this, reader, is entirely owing to the decease of stage-coaches. When stage-coaches died, the good old landlords gave up the ghost. Where they have gone, I do not pretend to say ; probably, with the lost jack-knives. There have been a great many of both, but they have silently slipped out of sight.

Another incident that belonged to stage-coaches, was the inn. You can see one of them now, reader, perched half-way up the mountain-side, its faded brown sign swinging lazily to and fro. There was a horse rampant on that sign ; a horse that had reared at the public for three quarters of a century. This house was the home of one of these self-same landlords. It had been in the family for three or four generations, and one child was born and bred by each successive landlord, to follow him. This was a stage-house. You knew just what you could have cooked there. The peculiar relish of the meats you could taste before you got in sight of it, because that was an art that went through the family with the descent of blood. You recollect the dish of speckled trout, the broiled chicken, and rye-bread. You even remember the three loungers that you always found sauntering round it : a good-for-nothing looking fellow, who was always attended by a fish-pole and a box of bait, and who supplied the tavern in that line ; the blacksmith, his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and smoking a pipe, and continually asking questions ; and the large bull-dog, that lay out in the dirt, lazily snapping at the flies.

If you do not recollect any such inns, nor any such landlords, in stage-coach times, I do. I got shipwrecked once, on a turnpike, in a mountainous part of New-England, and our stage-coach was entirely demolished among the boulders and breakers that lined the road. We finally drifted into one of these very inns, kept by one of these very landlords. There I remained a day. The old man was as gentle, and

mellow, and as full of soul, as one of Goldsmith's essays. He looked as simple and child-like as though he had fished and blown a flute all his life. He put himself and his household to our service, at once. He went away in the hills with us, where we sauntered with our guns and poles until night-fall. All this he seemed to regard as a kind of duty, imposed upon him by his character of landlord. He gave us his history, and informed us that he was at the battle of Bennington. He knew Molly Stark; lived next door to 'her and the old Gin'ral'; and said she was one of the most 'remarkable wim'n with 'arbs in times of sickness, he ever see'd.' (This took down the sublimity of the old lady's revolutionary memory some.) That he was born, and expected to die, in the old tavern. We concluded the day with a game-supper, quickened with cider-brandy; and felt as tall as the cliffs about us before we retired to bed.

Well, what has all this to do with stage-coaches? What to *do*? — a good deal. If you are one of those mathematical geniuses, reader, that cannot endure any thing that does not march along, step by step, with the precision of a problem in Euclid, you had better stop right here; for I say to you, frankly, that I do not intend to demonstrate a single thing in this article.

How is it, now? You don't see any of those men, any of those beautiful landscape-pictures that lie away off, nestled in the by-places of the world. Rail-roads cannot reach them. You hear one everlasting fiz-fiz; a heavy rumble; see two or three swamps, as many forests dancing a hornpipe around you, with a few cattle and sheep flying round after them, and — that's all. Bless the stage-coaches!

But I must not forget the stage-drivers. They certainly did belong to stage-coaches. Here was a whole class of men swept entirely out of existence when stage-coaches died. They are buried with the jack-knives, too. You know they never lived any where in particular, except on a stage-box, and the whole race of them seemed to belong to all the stage-companies in the Union. 'Where can I find Mr. ———?' 'Can't tell you, Sir, he is a stage-driver!' That settles the question. I am sorry to say, that they never did much for the morals of the age in which they flourished; but, as they are mostly gone — the genuine specimens, I mean — I ought not to speak ill of them. Did you ever have one of your mid-night dreams in a stage-coach snattered into pieces by a stage-driver's oath — an oath that cracked like a rifle? You have; I thought so. Do you recollect how his face looked — one side of it swelled out with half a paper of tobacco, like a wen, so that it appeared really painful? You do? Those are the characters I mean.

Taverns to them were just so many ports: they dined with the servant-girls, and slept with the horses; that is, when they did sleep. They were all famous singers, and they sang the old out-of-the-way tunes that had been banished from politer circles: 'Black-Eyed Susan,' 'Bay of Biscay,' 'The Mistletoe-Bough,' and a host of others, all the way down to melancholy ballads about executed criminals, and love-sick Betties. Their lives were made up of drinking, singing, swearing, and driving horses. They are gone: let them go.

What has become of all the stage-coaches? To confess the truth,

reader, I do not know. I went a mile out of my way, a short time since, to see a pile of them, where they were stacked up under an old shed. They looked very forlorn, just as every discarded thing does look. They had evidently seen great service. They assumed, in my imagination, a mass of thought ; a kind of wooden history. They had listened to so many stories, anecdotes, and songs — had made the acquaintance of so many people — had seen so much of the world — that I wondered why they did n't talk. I recollect, too, of seeing one, not long since, timidly skirting along the woods in an out-of-the-way place, as dejected and heart-broken as a solitary Indian in a city. They are not all gone, yet ; but the few that still linger, only make the picture more gloomy.

There was a moral about stage-coaches ; a something that forcibly reminded me of the journey of life : I have no doubt you have felt the same lesson, reader. Don't you remember, a great many years ago, that you entered, somewhere, a stage-coach ; that you had nine passengers in all ? There was a grey-headed old gentleman, with an ivory-topped cane and a bosom full of ruffles ; a mother, and two blue-eyed children ; a maiden or two, young and joyous as spring. You recollect that it was a May-morning, and all was freshness and life. The swallows were sweeping and chattering over your head ; there was a great stir and bustle to put you under proper headway. There were 'good-byes,' and 'farewells,' and shaking of hands, and messages ; and, with a blow of the horn, an 'all aboard,' a slapping-to of the door, and a crack of the whip, you were off. You travelled over hill and dale, on and on ; but alas ! the number grew less. First, one of the maidens was missing ; she had stopped by the way-side : then, the mother and children were no where to be seen ; their seats were vacant. The dew was hardly off the grass, and the voices of the children, so loud and joyous, were no longer heard. Then, the old man passed away ; and then another, and another, until you found yourself in silence, amid the twilight shadows of evening — alone ! — listening to the rumbling of the wheels, that were carrying you still on. Is there a moral here ? Bless the good old stage-coaches !

S O N G : T O B E S S I E .

MY BESSIE is the sweetest flower
 'That ever bloomed the garden's pride ;'
 Were she a *thorn*, no earthly power
 Could pluck or tear her from my side.

The thorn would prick my hidden sins,
 Restrain me when disposed to strife ;
 Sharp would it probe where vice begins
 T' estrange me from my darling wife.

'T would guard the rose whose perfume rare
 Sheds fragrance e'en on stormy sea ;
 Naught can with flower or thorn compare ;
 Joined on one stalk, they're heaven to me !

T H E V O I C E S O F T H E O C E A N .

THERE are voices in the streamlet,
Murm'ring through the flowery vale,
And the summer-woods reëcho
With the feathered minstrel's tale:
But the voices of the ocean
To the sailor are more dear
Than these strains of rural music
Unto the landsman's ear.

As his bark, with eagle's swiftness,
Speeds upon her trackless way,
Sweetly sound the rushing waters,
As she dashes through the spray!
Sweetly, too, among the cordage,
And along the bellying sail,
In a thousand pleasing murmurs,
Breathe the voices of the gale.

When the vivid lightning flashes
Through the gath'ring clouds on high,
And the awful voice of thunder
Peals along the vaulted sky;
When around in wild commotion
Rise the mountains of the deep,
And the winds in mournful dirges
Through the rattling cordage sweep:

E'en amid this strife of nature,
Dauntless o'er the deep he flies;
Calmly views the foaming billows
That in threat'ning fury rise:
And the roar above, around him,
To his bosom brings no fears;
For amid the raging billows
'Tis the voice of GOD he hears!

When to home and friends returning,
From afar he spreads his sail,
Oh! what joy his bosom filleth
As he counts the fav'ring gale!
Mem'ry waketh from her slumber
As he nears his native shore;
Forms familiar rise around him,
Happy faces smile once more.

Then, full sweetly o'er the billows,
Sounds of well-known voices come,
Wafted by the gentle zephyr,
From the altar of his home.
Oh! it is a heavenly chorus,
Thrilling ev'ry pulse with joy,
Changing care and grief to gladness;
Giving bliss without alloy.

ROBERT T. MACCOUN, M.D.

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
THE FUDGE FAMILY.

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOURTH.

IN WHICH THE WILL CHANGES HANDS

‘Nor ever can two rogues meet in parley, but one shall take a slip by reason of his own conceit: and ten to one, but it be the keener-witted of the two.’ OLD WRITER

MR. QUID having been a business-man, considers it necessary to use some precautions in approaching Mr. BLIMMER: Mr. BLIMMER being also a business-man, thinks it advisable to exercise some precaution in his interview with Mr. QUID. A business-education is, indeed, a capital way of sharpening the faculties, and making a man of spirit cautious and prudent. I should say that a Wall-street tuition of eighteen months would be one of the best sharpeners of the wits, of a young man of naturally dull parts, that could possibly be devised.

I never, indeed, allow myself to converse casually with a Wall-street man, without anticipating some loss by the transaction. His own observations are of that fragmentary, loose character, from which little definite information can be gained; whereas, he has a way of transmuting all your own small coin of talk into his stock in trade. Thus, if I say, ‘It’s a cool morning,’ he gives a value to the fact by reckoning its influence on coal-stocks, and safely presumes, other things being equal, upon a fractional advance in Delaware and Hudson. If I say, ‘There’s really no news stirring,’ he calculates, with a good deal of certainty, upon an upward tendency in New-Haven Railway — news being, for the most part, confined, during stagnant seasons, to reported accidents upon that vigorously-conducted line of travel.

In the same manner, a general remark, in regard to the healthy state of the money-market, is pretty uniformly followed by a fall in Dauphin — that stock bearing the same relation to moneyed value which the vacuum in a thermometer bears to quicksilver, to wit: negative.

MR. QUID, then, is cautious in his approaches. He bows respectfully as he enters Mr. BLIMMER’S office, bidding him a very cordial good-morning.

MR. BLIMMER removes his feet from the stove, and returns his salutation with interest.

MR. QUID says, introducing himself:

‘MR. QUID, MR. BLIMMER.’

‘Happy to see MR. QUID,’ says BLIMMER.

‘I am informed,’ continues QUID, measuredly, ‘that you were among those who escaped from the wreck of the Eclipse.’

‘Just so,’ replies BLIMMER.

‘A terrible event!’ And Mr. QUID blows his nose.

‘Very terrible!’ says BLIMMER, growing curious.

‘I am informed,’ continues Mr. QUID, ‘that a gentleman of your name, doubtless Mr. BLIMMER himself, has given notice of certain information which he had to communicate, of importance, respecting an old gentleman who perished ——’

Mr. BLIMMER here recalls some business which requires his attention, and calling his boy JERRY from the corner, dispatches him with a note (an old note, it seemed,) to Fulton-ferry, giving him one hour (and he looks at his watch) for the errand. Mr. QUID observes this.

Mr. BLIMMER begs pardon: but — as if he had lost the previous thread of conversation — repeats:

‘Sad affair, Mr. QUID, very sad.’

Mr. QUID repeats his suggestion: to which Mr. BLIMMER, being more collected, replies:

‘Ah, yes; there was a hint of that sort in the ——, was it not? Rather unnecessary, to be sure; but under such circumstances trifles are noticed. The old gentleman begged to be kindly remembered: a singular old gentleman, Sir; died easily, I believe; I did my best to help him ashore; but he was quite rheumatic.’

‘And the old gentleman’s name was ——.’

‘Ah, you knew him! it was —— bless me!’

‘BODGERS, perhaps?’

‘BOD-BODYON-BODGERS — I think it was: BODGERS.’

‘And there was no special message, which the old gentleman left, Mr. BLIMMER; no writing of any kind?’ pursued QUID, with a very strong accent on the word *writing*.

Mr. BLIMMER eyes Mr. QUID keenly, but swiftly. Both, indeed, were keen-looking men on occasions. This was one of those occasions.

‘Let me see,’ said BLIMMER, recalling himself; ‘I think there was; a paper of some sort; a little memorandum-like; possibly in my pocket now, (and Mr. BLIMMER rises.) You are a relative, perhaps, Mr. —— I ask your pardon.’

‘QUID, Sir, ADOLPHUS QUID.’

‘Ah, quite right; I remember now; cousin, perhaps, or relative?’

‘Not a relative, but interested, Mr. BLIMMER.’

‘Ah, interested. On the part of the —— FUDGES, perhaps? Respectable old gentleman is SOLOMON FUDGE; deserving man.’

‘Not at all,’ says Mr. QUID, speaking slowly and pointedly. ‘I am interested more directly, Mr. BLIMMER, on the part of the heirs to Mr. BODGERS’ elder brother, who died many years ago abroad, and whose descendants, as you will perceive, Mr. BLIMMER, are of much nearer kin than either the FLEMING or the FUDGE branch of the family.’

‘Ah, so, quite so, Mr. QUID,’ says BLIMMER, who appears to be anxiously rummaging the pockets of sundry coats which hang against the wall; and who does not seem to be very much embarrassed by the earnestness of Mr. QUID’s tone.

He does not find the memorandum just now; but he makes no doubt of being able to do so; indeed, if Mr. QUID will do him the favor to

call later in the day, he hopes to put him in possession of such papers as he holds.

Mr. QUID is disturbed ; but feigns tranquillity. Too great eagerness might be fatal. He is sorry to be of trouble to Mr. BLIMMER ; indeed, he shall hope *generously* to repay any endeavors on his part to arrange matters satisfactorily ; and he extends an encouraging and appreciative look over the numerous diagrams of Blimmersville, which decorate the office-walls. His son has expressed himself charmed with the locality ; they hope to ride over some pleasant day ; perhaps Mr. BLIMMER could do them the favor to accompany them. He will call in the afternoon 'at three.'

'At three,' says Mr. BLIMMER.

And they interchanged a very warm-sounding 'good-morning.'

There are a great many 'good-mornings' spoken which are only a mild form of swearing. I hope it was not so in this instance.

Mr. BLIMMER, the door being closed with a soft slam, threw himself into a posture of repose, and reflected rapidly. QUID is, of course, anxious (he thinks) to become possessed of such a document as lies in his hands ; he would naturally (he reflects) bid high for it. He would probably destroy it — naturally enough. But perhaps, after all, QUID's claims are good for nothing. What then ? PHŒBE FUDGE and the widow FLEMING are joint heirs. Old SOLOMON then might be disturbed by the production of such a document. A man in his position (Mr. BLIMMER does not know of the sight-drafts and WASH. FUDGE's duel) would hardly bid for accommodation. Mr. QUID seems his man. KITTY has lost his sympathy ; indeed, the whole FUDGE family are confounded in the tumult of his aggrieved feelings — naturally enough.

Following upon this stage of reflection, there comes to Mr. BLIMMER a period of action. He locks the door, the hour for JERRY's return not being up ; draws the curtains — dusky moreen ; he draws out from his safe Mr. BODGERS's Will, and on a clean sheet of foolscap, like as possible to the original, commences a copy ; writing in back-hand, but rapidly. He hesitates about signing the names : one naturally looks for a signature to such an instrument in a distinct hand ; beside which, it is awkward work signing names for other people, whether at the foot of notes, or, for that matter, upon the backs.

The boy would do the names better : but the boy must not suspect. Trust BLIMMER for that ; and the Blimmersville proprietor thereupon makes an expressive gesture with his hand, significant of a high estimation of his own shrewdness, but yet not of a kind to be looked for in the proprietor of a village.

Presently the corner-boy JERRY comes in. He is a short-haired, half-Irish boy ; one of that numerous race which is growing up in our city between lawyers' offices, the haunts of washer-women, and corner publication shops ; a race which, as it develops in knowledge of the world, and in familiarity with the habits and principles of the bar, will furnish eloquent speakers to the *caucuses* of the Bowery, and a grand intonation to the plaudits in Tammany Hall. And it is not unlikely that some among them will thereafter obtain a contract for paving a street, or for

digging a sluice-way, which will make them nabobs. Future years shall behold them in brown-stone houses upon (who knows?) Madison or Union-square, with native wives in claret carriages, and with tall sons who shall wear tight plaid pantaloons, and glorify themselves in the eyes of all bar-keepers and chamber-maids, by smoking three-cornered cigars on the steps of the New-York Hotel.

Now, however, the ancestor of such degenerate offspring is Irish JERRY, serving, for six shillings a week, the redoubtable BLIMMER.

'JERRY!' says BLIMMER.

'Sir!' says JERRY.

'How comes on your writing, JERRY?'

'Pr-retty fair, Sir.'

'Let me see,' says BLIMMER.

And the crop-haired boy brings forward some papers which he has been transcribing.

'More attention to your caps, JERRY; not plain enough. Bring a clean sheet; sit here; now then, try an A.'

'Pretty good. Your Ts are bad; try a T.'

'Not so crooked a top, JERRY;' and BLIMMER sets him a sample; a very TRUMAN-like sample.

'Try a B now, my boy.'

And the devoted BLIMMER continues instruction, until JERRY has nearly filled a sheet with stark-inad capitals; principally confined, however, to Bs and Ts, and such like difficult letters.

'Try a name now, my boy; let me see — write Boggs!'

And after this follows Trenton, and various practice, until the sheet is full. But a boy who improves so fast shall have paper enough, says BLIMMER; wherewith he lays before him a sheet on which he has himself been scribbling.

'Beat my hand, if you can, boy,' says BLIMMER, enthusiastically; 'write HARRY FLINT here in the corner.'

BLIMMER takes up the sheet and seems to admire it contemplatively.

'Did you ever write back-hand, my boy?'

'Don't know it, Sir,' says JERRY.

'Ha! ha! why, don't know it?' says BLIMMER, intensely amused; 'why, this is back-hand,' showing a bit of his own; 'and this,' showing an old letter; 'and this awkward-looking thing,' and BLIMMER slips under his eye the actual signature of old BODGERS, appended to the will.

'You could beat that, to be sure, JERRY. Let us see.'

And JERRY dashes it down in the corner of Mr. BLIMMER's copy; altogether unconscious what may hang on that fragment of blurred writing.

And after this, BLIMMER rewards JERRY with a new and clean sheet, and, directing the writing of BLIMMER and Blimmersville, and GEORGE WASHINGTON, and General JACKSON, appears to grow less and less interested in his scholar, and finally gives him up to a chance column in the Directory.

Mr. BLIMMER slips the copy in a drawer until the time for JERRY's

dinner arrives. Then, by himself, the careful gentleman folds and dries the copy, thrusting it a time or two in the ashes, to give the edges a worn look.

JERRY wonders, over his boiled beef and cabbage, what the old man can be so 'soft' upon him for; and why he wants just now such a stock of capitals, and such a writing of out-of-the-way names.

The village-proprietor, meantime, waiting the arrival of Mr. QUID, indulges in various reflections.

He is not altogether a bad man; the last man in the world, as he avows to himself, to forge a will, literally. But he wishes to watch matters, somewhat; he has availed himself of an innocent business-disguise for this end. He does n't feel at liberty to trust the genuine document in the hands of Mr. QUID. There might be a risk in it. Mr. QUID might venture to destroy it. In such event, the old will stands good. And should he publish it, (hardly to be supposed,) then the deception is no way harmful. At any rate, he satisfies himself (as we are all apt enough to do) with his own action, and receives Mr. QUID in a very cordial manner.

Mr. QUID is, upon this visit, accompanied by QUID junior, whom he introduces to Mr. BLIMMER as his son, and the undoubted heir, through right of his mother, to the BODGERS estate.

Mr. BLIMMER is delighted to make his acquaintance, and finds him a chair with a whole back.

Mr. QUID hopes that Mr. BLIMMER has been successful in his search.

'Perfectly;' but he fears, on looking over the memorandum, that it will not be altogether agreeable to Mr. QUID. On examination, he finds that the memorandum bears the form of a will, by which the deceased bequeathed his property, in a very extraordinary manner, (saving a few bequests) to Miss KITTY FLEMING.

Mr. QUID manifests less embarrassment than BLIMMER would have imagined, and observes, in a chirrupy manner, that the will is probably 'witnessed and signed?'

Mr. BLIMMER says, 'Certainly.'

Mr. QUID is evidently affected; so is ADOLPHUS.

'Is Mr. BLIMMER sure?' says the junior.

'Sure.'

Mr. QUID senior begs, thereupon, to ask, as a mere matter of curiosity, if Mr. BLIMMER has informed the FLEMING family, or, indeed, any party, of the existence of this will.

Mr. BLIMMER apologizes, in very warm terms, for his over-sight in not having yet done so; he anticipates great pleasure in bringing to the knowledge of —

Mr. QUID takes Mr. BLIMMER's hand in a warm manner; he begs that he would exercise *discretion*; 'a discretion which, under the circumstances, might ensure to Mr. BLIMMER immense advantage.'

Mr. BLIMMER seems to reciprocate the sentiment silently.

Mr. QUID would, of course, be glad to see the document in which he has so near a concern; so would his son.

'I dare say,' says Mr. BLIMMER; 'but, gentlemen, would it not be proper to lodge this paper at once in the hands of the surrogate, or at

least of some magistrate, in order to avoid unpleasant suspicions? You perceive, I dare say, gentlemen, how the matter stands.'

Young QUID has turned an admiring and very eager look upon the Blimmersville lots. Mr. QUID, senior, looks relenting and generous. BLIMMER resolutely slips a thumb in the button-hole of QUID's coat, and draws him into a corner. They talk in whispers. Mr. BLIMMER intimates that the making of QUID's fortune is in his hands. Mr. QUID admits that he is exceedingly desirous of gaining possession of a document of so much importance.

Mr. BLIMMER intimates that he has had some difficulty in the matter; it was an important trust; he should hesitate to relinquish it without receiving some guarantee in writing, or perhaps — money; that — in short, Mr. QUID must be fully aware of the state of the case.

Mr. QUID seemed to be. They appeared, indeed, to agree. What the terms of the bargain were, by which poor KITTY's inheritance was to be placed in the hands of the QUIDS, I cannot say. Perhaps it will appear as the story ripens into fulfillment; perhaps not. There hardly seems a chance that between these two business-men, any part of the old uncle's liberality will come near to KITTY FLEMING. The weak ones of the world are every day yielding to the strong; it is so in Lombard, Italy; and it is so in Wall-street.

The reader has, without doubt, anticipated the delivery of the copy of TRUMAN BODGERS's will into the hands of Mr. QUID; which would leave chances still pending between the insatiate lover Mr. BLIMMER, and the defenceless girl, my cousin KITTY. The reader, however, is for once mistaken; his novel-reading experience is at fault. Mr. BLIMMER did not consign away from his keeping the copy, but, by a stupid oversight, the veritable document!

Now, indeed, the reader of sensibility may shed tears.

Mr. BLIMMER did not discover his mistake until the QUIDS, father and son, in happy humor, had bidden him a cordial good-evening. I shall not attempt to describe the emotions of Mr. BLIMMER on discovering upon his table the rapid copy which he had himself executed in a masterly manner, and the somewhat staggering signatures of his accomplished clerk.

JERRY went home that night with a bump upon his head, which, as it resulted, in his view, from a rap wholly undeserved, provoked in him a very bitter train of thoughtfulness. An old proverb says, 'It is best to have the good-will, even of a dog.'

It was observed, by those curious in the history of Blimmersville lots (who were not numerous) that within a short time after the interview related, a large number of choice sites in the proposed village passed into the proprietorship of ADOLPHUS QUID, junior. I regret to be compelled to add, that the site for the proposed church was among these. It is to be feared, therefore, that the proposed village will remain for a still longer and, indeed, indefinite period, without church-privileges.

BRIDGET FUDGE, I should have remarked, has indignantly withdrawn her promise to embroider a cross for the cover of the proposed reading-desk of the church to be erected in BLIMMERSVILLE.

I fear JEMIMA has been doing injustice to BLIMMER

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH.

SHOWING NO HOPE IN HARRY

HOUSSAYE says of ANDRE GRETRY, in his pleasant book about poets : ' He loved those most whom he did not see ; it was hope, rather than the memory of love ; reverie, rather than passion.' It seems very natural.

THE Americans are in the habit of boasting their security against revolution. It is true enough that we have no wicked things to pull down, and no idols to set up ; but in place of this, there is going on, in a quiet fashion, a prodigious social revolution which undermines, year by year, the thrones of the JENKINSES, and the PINKERTONS, and the WHAT-NOTS, and paves a golden road to supremacy for the BROWNS, and the SMITHS, and the WHAT-D'YE-CALL-EMS.

Let the police of the mantua-makers and bill-brokers do what they will, and they cannot arrest that stupendous swell of golden and fashionable principles which swamps, one by one, the inhabitants of small houses, and the keepers of one-horse gigs, and establishes upon their dismembered ruins the successful jobbers of John-street, and the contractors for the Corporation.

Well may all ambitious spirits exclaim : ' Would that I were born a cousin to the Common Council, or an inventor of paving-stones ! '

We have not even the consolation of possessing, among the débris of revolutions, a party of the *ancien regime*. The wreck of the past sinks not only out of power, but out of all position. The city incense is consumed for only one set of nostrils. The foremost noses catch it all ; and the hindmost titillate the mucous membrane with cheap snuffs, and bide their time.

I am aware that I am figurative, and perhaps, like most figurative writers, obscure. I mean to say, however, in plain language, that the elegant will not be always elegant, the PINKERTONS always PINKERTONS, or the FUDGES always FUDGES. Four generations — as generations count in the New-York cycle (shorter than most) — are sufficient, in ordinary centuries, to effect the revolution at which I have hinted. If SOLOMON FUDGE, wife, daughter, and son shall have reached, during the present epoch, a mentionable place upon the social calendar ; if the Papa guards well the stocks, reality, or bonds which underlie the family structure ; if Madame offends not against religion, and continues to buy hats of LAWSON ; if Mademoiselle accomplishes her French, and gets always her gowns of GAVELLE ; if WASHINGTON is recognized as a nice young man, there is reason to believe that the suns of the next generation will ripen the remnants of my aunt's stock into one of the ' first families ' of New-York.

But, the zenith once reached, decline becomes inevitable ; and there is reason to fear that the grand-children may linger out a wretched existence on club-room door-steps, or in the society of *artistes* ; and as for their descendants, (supposing them honestly married,) they may very likely droop into professional employment, or some unknown and honest occupation.

But even here, the third or fourth in descent from the stout PHŒBE

will have a hard struggle to make their place good against the strong-witted fellows, who have been schooled by country-poverty, and strengthened by a country-heaven ; and who have come to the city, if they come at all, very resolute to make their way sure.

Many a time, in philosophic humor, I single out upon the walks of the town, some coarse-clad boy, with an awkward kind of wonder, and yet spirit in his eye, with a quick, firm step, and a bold daring in his carriage, who, I fancy, will, thirty years hence, have accumulated some great store of influence, if not of money, and command the key to those halls at which he gazes now so wonderingly. And in the same mood, I am apt to cast some pitiful horoscope for the weak-limbed children who are reared under city glass, and the corrupting notion that effeminacy creates refinement ; and as I see them staggering along, in the leading of French nurses, and under clouds of lace, their frail walk seems to me to epitomise the life through which they will stagger on, always beclouded ; and with never the gain of that self-supporting energy without which, under such institutions as ours, a man sinks below the level of a citizen.

I have said thus much, in a sermon-like way, as a preface to some farther account of those two representatives of young manhood, Mr. HARRY FLINT, now Attorney at Law in the city of San Francisco, and Mr. WASHINGTON FUDGE—elegant young gentleman, suspected of duellism and of intrigue in Paris. At the present epoch of their history, as it appears in these ‘observations,’ there is scarce a city-mother of them all, but would welcome to their arms (meaning their daughters’ arms) the elegant WASH. ; and there is hardly one but would blush to give our friend HARRY a corner-seat in their Sunday-pew.

Let those who will, mourn over the last ; I shall reserve my own tears for my exquisite cousin WASH.

San Francisco has proved the grave of a great many young and vigorous hopes ; chiefly, however, belonging to those who fancied that to be in the neighborhood of gold was to get it ; and that if they carried their pitchers to a good well, they would fill without a dipping. Such adventurers might have stayed their appetites by looking in at the windows of BALL, TOMPKINS, and BLACK ; and would have learned Spanish by attentively regarding the cover of BARETTI’S octavo Dictionary.

It is my opinion, that without work, and spirit, and nerve, a young, or an old man, is as well in a Dauphin ‘dip,’ as in a Sonora placer. But HARRY FLINT had them all ; clouded, very likely, with the ‘overcast’ of leave-taking, and vague, shadowy creations of that active boy-fancy, which in the past years of all of us, has kindled home-glories, not very far from the places that cherished us ; glories that fade. I will not venture to say, that in the lulls of the short ocean-crossing, there did not course over HARRY’S mind, doubts, and questionings, which almost took the edge away from his stronger purpose. But he put them down, even as the broad sun-shine and soft south-breezes put down the waves, which high and cold winds had blown up.

HARRY had, moreover, I dare say, his share of those gigantic thoughts which pile out of ocean’s level, to the eye of youth, and which seem to

lift, and spread in rays of light, like a golden sun-rise ; dashed, however, I do not doubt, with clouds, when the thought leaned over him, in times of musing, of the pretty country KITTY, who had chased butterflies with him in the summer days gone ; no more butterflies for the man : no more such summer gambollings ; no more of KITTY for ever.

And the mellowing of such thought may, very likely, have made him cling more lovingly to the old prayer-book in which a mother, that he once had, had written (with ink now grown pale) his name and her own. Dreamy religious hopes, and vague worldly griefs, or disappointments, touch each other very closely ; and make up between them a delicious kind of sentiment, without, I am sorry to say, much active force in any direction, and not abiding a single swift call of duty. They are like, if I may serve myself of a rhetorical figure, the pretty coils of mist which float from the river-tops of a summer's morning, seeming almost to be clouds, but drank up and consumed utterly when the sun has mounted.

Crowding griefs, like crowding joys, are great kindlers of the religious element, which, in the ordinary roads of life, where are neither dangers of pit-fall, nor any bows of promise, is but too apt to play the part of a stupid and drowsy sentinel. When, therefore, we are disposed to praise a man for any show of religious fervor, it is worth while to inquire whether his spirit has been stirred by past suffering, or quickened by present hope.

A man is judged by his temptations, as much as by his actions ; and forces which give rapid motion on descending ground, will grow tame enough upon a level, and vanish altogether where hills are to be mounted.

All which has very little to do with our friend HARRY, and his ventures in San Francisco ; I, therefore, march straight back to my subject.

HARRY knew how to work ; and did work ; he had, moreover, an open, honest face, which tempted trust in others ; and this is not without its effect, even among sharpers. He had, moreover, the less serviceable quality of trusting others too blindly — a youth-like fault, which is cured with using — most of all, in such intercourse as our growing State of California affords. A small token of this harmful quality of our friend HARRY's nature, must be joined to this history : I speak of nothing less than the loss of a snug bit of capital which he had borne across the seas with him, and which the offer of large returns tempted him to loan, upon that uncertain kind of security which, from no small observations of my own, I am satisfied, is apt to accompany the percentages which are reckoned by the month. As a general rule, that interest-money, which much exceeds the marketable rates of the world, is found to leak out of the capital which serves as security ; and in the metallic, as well as in the vegetable world, excess of flowering and fruit is found to exhaust the juices of the trunk.

But there was left to HARRY, for a time at least, the capital of a stout arm and a quick brain ; than which, in my opinion, no better capital can belong to a hopeful American, who has youth and health for his endorsers.

It will be remembered that he had left Newtown a few days before the final leave-taking of Mr. BODGERS; and the news of that old gentleman's sudden decease did not reach him until he had gained his new home upon the Pacific. I need not say it was a surprise to him, and had almost said, it was a relief; for I do believe that, had he still remained in the ancient village, he would have made one of the most cheerful mourners at the old gentleman's tomb.

Indeed, had his funds been in a less exhausted condition, I am inclined to think that he would, most unwisely and foolishly as it seems to me, have given up his new projects of life, re-crossed the two oceans, and paid his tribute of melancholy at the grave of Squire BODGERS. And if, in such event, he had witnessed the confiding way in which a certain KITTY FLEMING leaned upon the arm of an elegant and youthful Mr. QUID, I think his religious fervor would have left him utterly, and the third commandment, in a mild form, have been broken.

It was fortunate, then, that he had lost his capital. The letters which conveyed to him the news of the river-accident, gave no intelligence of the state of the affairs of the BODGERS estate; and it was only at a very much later date that he received from the gossiping aunt, who cherished kindly the fortunes of his little sister, a very rigmarole account of expectancies, on the part of FUDGES, QUIDS, and FLEMINGS. I shall take the liberty of subjoining a portion:

'You have heard,' she says, 'of the old Squire's death; no body knows yet to whom his property is going. Some said to Mrs. FUDGE, or to Mrs. FLEMING; but now there is talk of a city young fellow, who is connected, no body knows how, with an elder sister or brother of the Squire's, and so lays a claim to the whole of the property. They do say, too, that young Mr. QUID, which is the name of this person, is courting Mistress KITTY, who has grown, they say, very city-like, and it may be true. I do n't like the furbelowing she has got in the town; and there are as nice fish in the sea, HARRY, as ever were caught: which will be true when you come home.

'Squire BIVINS looks very wise about matters, as is of right he should, and shakes his head in the talk about KITTY, and Mrs. FLEMING, and QUID, and the rest, and seems to know more than he tells. They *do* say he made the Squire's will, and keeps it in his pigeon-hole. HARRY BIVINS says that KITTY won't be so rich as people think; and that she is no better than the country-folks in Newtown.

'The Squire's house is shut up, and people say is haunted with an old gentleman with an arm slung in a bandana handkerchief, as when he died, which I do not believe. BESSY is charmingly, the dear thing, and sends a kiss to you.'

And HARRY takes the kiss joyfully, and the chit-chat of the old lady very thankfully; and abandoning, or trying hard to abandon, all other memories of the leafy by-ways of Newtown, rustling in his night-ear often, girds himself to work like a man. But crosses, and vexations, and sicknesses lie across the way of almost all of us, as we push on to fortune; and soon the harsh, dry atmosphere of that Pacific coast, with its burden of dust, cut through the health-armor, that friend HARRY had long worn so bravely, and laid him, a very repining and despondent mortal, upon a sick-bed.

Sickness is awkward any where, with the fretting of nurses, and the long-delayed visits of doctors, and the consciousness that you, and all you have to work for, is at a stand-still, while the world, roaring in at your window, is pushing on fastly, and shaking you from its remembrance. But most of all is this true in a far-away place, where no

coming friends can cheat you of the outside lapse of things, and where time and work are all that keep you a-foot in the noisy whirl.

Poor HARRY, then, suffered bitterly; and his uneasy delirium took strange and ungracious phases, in which a little friend, of dainty summer-hat, appeared transformed into a fine lady driving in a claret-coach, and with strange-faced companion. The doctor looked doubtfully upon his case.

I could heartily wish, with every sympathetic reader, that he could now have the care of even the lean MEHITABEL, and be restored again to the 'corner-office,' and the hum-drum life of the deserted village. It might well be that the air would restore him again; it might well be, too, that he should have an important word to add to the discussions of administrators upon the BODGERS estate, around the dusty table of EBENEZER BIVINS.

And if Fate, which plays such odd pranks with all of us, had not just now tossed him away across the seas, and stretched him on a bed, from which there is faint hope of his rising again, HARRY might give important testimony. Indeed, had he never shown the absurd jealousy which misled him on a certain occasion; and had he taken a reasonable view of the old uncle's intent; and could he now acquaint the officiating administrator with his witnessing the will; and could he trace up the paper to the hands of the discomfited BLIMMER, and the JERRY-like copy of the instrument; and could he, thereafter, leave a bouquet at the door of Mrs. FLEMING; and follow up such advance with a moonlight walk in the company of Mistress KITTY, and thrust into her hands the rent-roll of the late Mr. BODGERS, and swear that, being an heiress, he will never think of her more; and shortly after repent, and swear that he will love her 'for ever and a day,' I might close my observations of the FUDGE family, with the present chapter, in a very effective manner. But historians cannot dispose of PROVIDENCE; and even biographers are compelled to show a reasonable regard for facts.

HARRY, as I said, is upon a sick-bed, from which there is a likelihood that he may never rise again. The will, which might place the BODGERS estate in the hands of my cousin KITTY, is in the keeping of the QUIDS—if, indeed, it be not destroyed. The discomfited BLIMMER is sold doubly to secrecy. KITTY is beset with snares, if she has not altogether lost the innocence of her country-nature. Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE is in a difficult position. My aunt Mrs. PHŒBE, delighting in an elegant round of acquaintances, sympathizes, for once, with the straitened condition of her husband. WILHELMINA is doubtful of the SALLE, and despairs of the SPINDLE. WASHINGTON—but I am confounded with the mass of my material and the intricacy of events. So far from finishing my story with the present chapter, I must open a new one, with the FUDGE and GUERLIN intrigue.

THE SCIOTO: A DISTICH.

'I GAZED upon the swift Scioto
And wondered where its waters go to!'

L O V E A N D M A R R I A G E .

A BACHELOR'S GROWL

WHEN lovers are wooing and cooing,
 Pursuing some woman for wife,
 Nought is thought of the storm that is brewing
 To bring cloudy weather for life:
 But those who have gathered the flowers
 From the foot-fall of CUPID that spring,
 Know there grow in *Hymeneal* bowers
 Thorns, nettles, and briars that sting.

He swears never wooer was truer;
 She vows she allows not a beau
 To be near, or appear as aught to her,
 Save as one that she slightly may know.
 But those who are by when they sigh,
 And such little perjuries make,
 Can't conceive how these lovers can lie—
 Under such heavy mists of mistake.

Their style of exclusive devotion
 Is all very well in its way;
 But this very unsociable notion
 They find, after marriage, 'don't pay.'
 'My darling,' will last for a while;
 For a while be at intervals kissed;
 But, though parted by many a mile,
 'Tis rarely that Madame is *Miss*-ed.

This 'paying addresses' possesses
 A charm, as each lover allows;
 But repeatedly paying for dresses
 Must follow *Hymeneal* vows.
 Though CUPID the office conceals
 That each hapless sufferer fills,
 Yet HYMEN, more honest, reveals
 His duty of 'paying up' bills.

The Paradise promised by CUPID,
 With cherubs as guardian-sprites,
 Is rendered remarkably stupid
 To those who must sleep there o' nights
 These cherubs must all of them eat,
 Though the fact is a lover beneath;
 And his 'Heaven below' is replete
 With wailing and cutting of teeth.

But a lover will never discover
 A fault in the one he would wed;
 From his dream never seems to recover
 Till his lamb to the altar is led.
 His idol then proves an ideal;
 Still worship he possibly can;
 Yet, though he may love what is real,
 You'll allow he's an altar-éd man.

E A R L Y E N G L I S H P O E T S .

BY JAMES W. WALL

S I R J O H N S U C K L I N G .

WE are fully aware of the difficulties to be surmounted, in preparing a biographical and critical sketch of this 'delight of the court, and darling of the muses,' as he was so often styled by his admirers. Most of the amatory poets who were contemporaries with Suckling have passed into comparative oblivion, even their very names being forgotten, save by the quiet scholar, who loves to linger over their literary beauties, and trace, in the efforts of their muse, the gradual progress of our language toward its present refinement. Selwyn, Walter, Bartlets, Carew, Matthews — how few, in our day, know that such poets ever had existence! And yet, to the student of early English literature, they form part of that literary galaxy of wits and poets, whose lively productions afforded instruction and amusement to the refined court of the first Charles; and from whom, many a greater poet since their day has borrowed some of his finest thoughts and most beautiful imagery. The age in which our poet flourished gave birth to a number of these amatory poets, possessing considerable merit; but the palm of superiority most undoubtedly belongs to Suckling, in the judgment of his contemporaries, and the literary award of after times clearly sustains the correctness of that judgment. When we take into consideration that the verses of Suckling consist mainly of the careless effusions of a gay courtier of the reign of the first Charles, they certainly possess remarkable merit. He did not elaborate like Sedley, or indulge in the metaphysical style so common to Waller; but certainly, none of his own school will compare with him. He possessed as much wit and poetry as either Carew, Rochester, or Dorset, while in the harmony of his verse, and the refined character of his thought, he stands superior to all.

In some respects, there is a striking similarity between Suckling and Beranger, the song-poet of France. The same harmony of versification, that surprising mastery of rhythm, the same vividness of imagery, the same devotion to the charms of the fairer portion of creation, equally distinguish both. We do not wish to disparage by the comparison. There are, undoubtedly, some points in which the French song-poet surpasses the English; but we very much doubt if Beranger ever produced any thing equal to those beautiful lines of Suckling, 'On a Wedding,' commencing:

'I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen,
Oh! things beyond compare!'

Among his contemporaries, Suckling was deservedly esteemed, and fairly beloved by his brother poets. With them, he was the sweetest

songster, the most refined gentleman, and the most dashing cavalier, of the age. The social circle was his theatre for display, and in the sessions of the poets and wits of his time, when those glorious spirits came together to enjoy sweet converse — ‘the feast of reason and the flow of soul’ — Suckling shone conspicuous.

What man is there of so little taste and imagination, upon whom the romance of the past has not, at some period of his life, left a glowing impression? There is, in the retrospect of every age, a kind of literary oâsis, a particular circle of gifted ones, to whose eloquence it would have been rapture to listen, in those joyous moments when, in the social circle, reserve was gone, and gay and joyous humor reigned in its place. To have tasted sack with Shakspeare, to have made a third with Jonson and Drummond; to have listened to the roystering mirth, the wit-combats between Shakspeare and glorious ‘old Ben’ at ‘the Mermaid,’ that resort of good fellows of the olden time; to have seen those things

‘Done at the Mermaid, heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came,
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest:’

this, indeed, would have been a feast for the gods.

It was in the midst of such brave spirits as these that Suckling shone in all his lustre; with wit to ‘set the table in a roar,’ with powers of conversation, adorned with a most brilliant and rare fancy, he was, indeed, the master spirit of revels like these. And although we cannot subscribe to the character he gives of himself, that

‘He loved not the muses so much as his sport,’

we can readily conceive how the social talents of our poet must have been appreciated and encouraged by the literary wits and gallant courtiers, whose presence made the court of Charles, at that time, the most polished and refined in Europe.

Of the early history of the subject of our narrative, very little is known. It is well ascertained, however, that he was descended from highly-respectable parentage. His mother was sister to Sir Lionel Cranfield, afterward created Earl of Middlesex and Lord Treasurer. His father, who had been returned in 1601, as member for the borough of Dunwich, was subsequently made Secretary of State, and Comptroller to the household of King James I. Under the unfortunate Charles Stuart he retained those dignified positions, and was by that monarch elevated to the high rank of Privy Councillor. It is reported, that the wit of the son was derived from his mother, as his father was but a dull fellow. We doubt, however, whether this is correct; for, in the parliamentary debates of this period, there are some speeches of Suckling, remarkable for their solidity, vigor, and terseness of language. His mother appears to have been a lady endowed with many virtues, and most tenderly beloved by her husband. In the church of St. Andrews, at Norwich, a splendid tomb, rich in statuary and allegorical sculpture, still commemorates her saint-like piety and many virtues, in the one comprehensive line:

‘Thou wert so good, so chaste, so wise, so true!’

After passing through the preparatory schools of the day, in 1623, Suckling was removed to Cambridge college, and matriculated at Trinity. He was then in his sixteenth year. While at Cambridge, he is reported to have distinguished himself by his facility in the acquirement of the dead languages; and, although the statement of one of his biographers, that 'he spoke Latin at five, and wrote it at nine,' may well be looked upon as fabulous, we have the united testimony of many of his biographers, that at Cambridge he was remarkably distinguished by the strength of his genius, and his capacity as a linguist.

On the twenty-seventh of March, 1609, his father died; an event which no doubt contributed in a great degree to the development of a fondness for gayety and dissipation; as the well-known gravity of the father's character would have aided essentially in diverting him from the many youthful indiscretions into which he afterward fell, from his early exposure to the allurements of a gay and splendid court. Shortly after his father's death, in accordance with the system of education then so common among the wealthy, Suckling went abroad, being then in his nineteenth year. During his absence from England, he visited France, Italy, Germany, and Spain. No doubt his talent for observation enabled him to study with correctness the picture of human nature spread out before him, under the varying influence of climate, manners, laws, and differing religious creeds; though the assertion of his panegyrists, that he made a collection of their virtues, without any tincture of their vices and follies, is unhappily contradicted by many extravagances and youthful indiscretions.

Germany, at the period of his visit, was an object of universal attention: upon her rested the eyes of Europe, attracted by the wonderful exploits and glorious victories of Gustavus Adolphus; and yet more strongly regarded by England, in consequence of the misfortunes of the Prince Palatine of the Rhine, who had married the only sister of the British monarch.

The marquis of Hamilton, commissioned by the English monarch, commanded, at this period, a body of six thousand men, aiding the King of Sweden in behalf of the Palatinate. Suckling joined the forces of the Marquis, being one of the forty gentlemen who served about his person. This body of English troops rendered very effective service to Gustavus, at the first defeat of Tilly, before Leipsic, a battle of considerable importance at the time, and most vigorously contested. Suckling was also present at the sieges of Crossen, Guben, and Magdeburg, obtaining considerable military eclat for his conduct, not only at these sieges, but in several actions fought during the inroads of Hamilton in the provinces of Lusatia and Silesia. The only letter extant, written by him during this period, we give, as affording an instance of the ease and vigor of style for which his epistolary correspondence was so celebrated:

'MY LORD: Your humble servant had the honor to receive from your hands a letter, and had the grace, upon the sight of it, to blush. I but then found my own negligence, and but now could have the opportunity to ask pardon for it. We have ever since been upon a march; and the places we are come to, have afforded rather blood, than ink; and of all things, sheets have been the hardest to come by, especially, those of paper. If these few lines shall have the happiness to kiss your hand, they can assure you, that

he who sent them knows none to whom he owes more obligation than to your lordship, and to whom he would more willingly pay it; and that it must be no less than necessity that can hinder him from often presenting it. Germany hath no whit altered me. I am still the humble servant of my Lord — that I was, and when I cease to be so, then I cease to be

‘JOHN SUCKLING’

On the conclusion of his campaigns, he returned to England, having obtained considerable reputation for courage, wit, and gentlemanly bearing. To a frankness of manners, and a graceful person, he, at this period, united an easiness of carriage, and an elegance of address, so remarkable as to draw forth the observation, ‘that he had the peculiar happiness of making every thing that he did become him.’ ‘He was so famous at court,’ says Sir William Davenant, ‘for his accomplishments, and ready, sparkling wit, that he was the bull that was baited, his repartees being most sparkling, when most set on and provoked.’

To understand the full value of the accomplishments thus awarded to our poet, it is necessary to take a retrospect of the particular period in which they were called into such vigorous action.

The love of liberty was then just springing into the bone and sinews of that lusty manhood which, in a few short years, found itself endowed with sufficient strength to overturn the throne, murder the king, banish the royal family, and, upon the ruins it made, rear the stern and gloomy Protectorate. A class of men were growing up in the state, who were nerving themselves, by close study and simplicity of life, for the momentous duties they were afterward to perform. On the side of the court, the rigid asceticism and iron-bound manners of these state-reformers were opposed by a spirit of devoted and extravagant loyalty, as magnificent in its display as the other was humbling and debasing. The severe habits of the popular party, combined with their democratic principles, rendered them the more odious to the dashing, spirited cavaliers, who sought to drown, in the gay and refined amusements of the court, and in the brilliant whirl of pleasure, the remembrance of their staid and gloomy habits. ‘The pleasures of the court, at this time,’ (says Lord Walpole, in his *Pleasures of Painting*,) ‘were carried on with gorgeous taste and magnificence.’ Ben Jonson was the Laureate; Inigo Jones the inventor of the decorations; Lanieri and Ferebosco composed the symphonies. The King, the Queen, and the young nobility danced in the interludes. Masques, plays, court-balls, were the amusements of every day and night. Day was turned into night, and night into day, in order to give time for their enjoyment.

The wealth and position of our poet enabled him, among the young and dashing cavaliers who kept such high revelry, to take a leading position in the direction of the court-amusements.

He was, at this period, in the language of Winstanley, ‘the darling of the court.’ At his house at Wilton, entertainments similar to the court-masques were given, in the arrangement of which, his poetical ingenuity and talent for invention were exhausted. One of these magnificent entertainments, given in London by Suckling, is thus noticed by the curious Aubrey, in one of his letters:

‘EVERY court-lady was present at this entertainment of Sir JOHN SUCKLING: all who could boast of youth and beauty, were present — his gallantry excluding those not so blessed: yet, so abundant were the fair faces in that day, that the rooms were overflow-

ing; as if nature was resolute in producing objects of adoration, as their admirers were numerous and devoted.

‘These ladies, Suckling entertained with every variety which wealth could collect, and taste prescribe. But the last course displayed his sprightly gallantry: it consisted, not of viands yet more delicate and choice, but of silk-stockings, garters, and gloves; presents, at that time, of no inconsiderable value.’

It was under the inspiration of such scenes, that Suckling wrote some of his sweetest verses in praise of female loveliness, and originated the most exquisite sonnets ever penned.

But with such amusements, unhappily, were combined pursuits of a more odious character. It is too often the fate of genius to unite great vices with high accomplishments; and a passion for gaming early seized upon our poet, against which he often struggled, but which obtained the mastery over him to such an extent, that he would frequently lie in bed the greatest part of the day, with a pack of cards before him, to obtain, by practice, a more perfect knowledge of their management. This was the master-vice of the poet’s earlier years: as he attained to greater maturity, and gave more constant employment to his vigorous intellect, he was enabled to conquer this passion, and soon numbered among his bosom-friends such distinguished statesmen and philosophers as Lord Falkland, Roger Boyle, and Lord Brogill; while Stanley, the learned editor of *Æschylus*, Davenant, Jonson, Shirley, Hall, and Hobbes, shared the delights of his conversation, and enjoyed his companionship.

An incident is related of Suckling, about this period, by one of his biographers, which, as an illustration of his virtuous inclinations, and the power of his pen in reclaiming a relative from the path of folly, is worth recording here:

Charles Suckling, the youngest son of the poet’s uncle, Charles Suckling of Woodstown, had, for some years, indulged a strange propensity, in paying marked attentions to very young women, whom he deserted as they became marriageable, when he transferred his love to fresh objects, more juvenile, who, in their turn, were discarded. To wean his relative from this weak and dishonorable conduct, he tried, at his uncle’s request, the effect of satire, an engine of formidable calibre in Sir John’s hands. In a letter upon the subject, addressed to his cousin, he ridicules him as ‘the founder of a new sect of fools in the commonwealth of lovers’; compares his conduct to that of the jackanapes in the fable, who let out his partridges one by one, for the pleasure of staring after what was irrevocable; and with admirable point reminds him, that while engaged in such senseless sport, the ‘*fugaces anni*’ of life were fleeting at a rapid rate. ‘I’ faith, it is the old story of the jackanapes and the partridges! Thou starest after a beauty till it is lost to thee, and then lettest out another, and starest after that until it is gone too; never considering that it is here, as in the Thames, and that while it runs up in the middle, it runs down on the sides; while thou contemplatest the coming-in tide and flow of beauty, that it ebbs with thee, and that youth goes out at the same time.’ It may be added, that the wit and raillery of Suckling’s remarks were well-directed, as they effectually cured the trifler of his fickleness of heart.

In 1607, Suckling wrote his first poetical production, styled ‘The

Sessions of the Poets,' and his first prose essay, his admirable tract on Socinianism, 'An Account of Religion by Reason'; a discourse which has been characterized as an effort, that for learning, closeness of reason, and elegance of style, may put to shame the writings of men of far greater pretensions. 'The Sessions of the Poets' is remarkable for its good-natured criticisms on some of the literary celebrities of the day. The Poets are assembled, at this session, to prefer their claims before Apollo, for the poetic bays which were to be awarded to the one best entitled :

'THE laurel that had been long reserved,
Was now to be given to him best deserved.'

After the assembling of the Poets, we have an allusion to Jonson, in the fifth verse, as follows :

'THE first that broke silence was good old BEN,
Prepared before with Canary-wine ;
And he told them plainly, he deserved the bays,
For his were called works, while others were but plays ;
Bid them remember how he had purged the stage
Of errors that had lasted many an age ;
And he hopes they did not think the 'Silent Woman,'
'The Fox,' and 'The Alchemist,' outdone by no man.'

The decision of the 'god of the Laurel' is given in the two verses next the last, and is intended as a satire upon the selection that was often made of a Laureate, on account of the weight of his coin, and not of his brains :

'AT length, who, but an alderman, did appear !
At which, WILL DAVENANT began to swear ;
But wiser APOLLO bade him draw nigher,
And, when he was mounted a little higher,
Openly declared, that the best sign
Of good store of wit's to have good store of coin :
And, without a syllable, more or less, said,
He put the laurel on the alderman's head.'

This poem is said to have created quite as great a sensation in its day, as did 'The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' in Byron's time. Some of the poets considered themselves insulted by the allusions made therein, and our poet exposed himself to a fire of pasquinades and satires that would have overwhelmed a less sensitive mind. In 1638, Suckling published his play of Aglaura. As the play was published with a

'Rivulet of text and a meadow of margin,'

the wits of the day compared it to 'a baby lodged in the great bed of Ware,' or 'to a small picture in a large frame.' This is said to have been the first play acted with regular scenery, such decorations having been previously confined to the masques.

But the rude sounds of civil disturbance soon roused our poet from his literary ease : the golden hours of literary success and felicity soon gave place to the turmoil of 'stern-visaged war.' The Scots were clamoring for liberty of conscience, shackled by the promulgation, with view to its enforcement, of the national liturgy. Charles, averse sanguinary measures, parleyed with the rebels ; thereby commencin

course which eventually caused him the loss of his throne and life. The great error he always committed, was in pursuing the dangerous policy of temporizing, opening negotiations, and arguing with the malcontents. It sprung from the native goodness of his heart, and his disinclination to shed the blood of his subjects. Prompt and active measures would have crushed the first effort of the rebels. The time at last arrived, when forbearance would have been criminal; and the King was compelled to draw together an army for the prevention of total disorder in his government. His exchequer was but poorly furnished, and considerable difficulty existed in sustaining a sufficient force in the field. It was at this crisis that Suckling exhibited a noble spirit of patriotism and devotion. He owed much to the royal favor, and his gratitude for past kindnesses exhibited itself in something more than mere words. He stood forward with alacrity to show his countrymen, at such a time, the duties of loyalty, in a manner that has never been surpassed, and rarely paralleled. He presented his majesty with one hundred horsemen, whom he clothed and maintained from his private resources. The uniform adopted for this body of men consisted of a white doublet, with scarlet coat, breeches, and hat; while a feather of the same color, attached to each man's bonnet, completed his attire. With this force, he joined the King on his march to the north. This expedition terminated, owing to the vacillating course of Charles, in a bloodless compromise. And that this would be the result of the expedition, Suckling predicted, in a letter written from the banks of the Trent, in which he says: 'The enemy is not yet much visible; it may be, it is the fault of the climate, which brings men as slowly forward as it does plants; but it gives us fears that the men of peace will draw all to a dumb-show, and so destroy the handsome opportunity which was now offered, for producing glorious matter to adorn future chronicles.'

The return of Suckling with his splendid troop, without striking a blow, gave rise to much ridicule against him from the popular party. One of the songs made on this occasion was long sung in the ranks of the insurgents, as follows:

'SIR JOHN he got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a;
With a hundred horsemen, all his own, he swore,
To guard him on every side-a.

'No errant knight ever went to fight
With half so gay a bravada;
Had you seen but his look, you 'd have sworn on a book,
He 'd have conquered a whole armada!

'The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight-a;
And, as he passed by, they said with a sigh,
'Sir JOHN, why will you go fight-a?'

'But he, like a cruel knight, spurred on;
His heart would not relent-a;
For, till he came there, what had he to fear,
Or why should he repent-a?

'None liked him so well as his own colonell,
Who took him for JOHN DE WERT-a;
But when there were shows of gunning and blow,
My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

‘To cure his fear, he was sent to the rear,
Some ten miles back, and more-a;
When Sir JOHN did play at trip and away,
And ne’er saw the enemy more-a.’

But these censures on our poet were unmerited; as it was not any want of courage on the part of Sir John and his *troupe* that caused the army to return without striking a blow. It arose from causes beyond his control. The treachery of Lord Holland, who commanded the cavalry, and who ordered the retreat at Dunse, was no fault of Sir John’s. The lampoon of Sir John Menis is therefore remarkable more for its humor than its justice. Had Suckling and his troop disgraced themselves, they would, without doubt, have been rendered amenable to martial law. But we find Suckling retaining his monarch’s favor after this affair, and continuing with the army. A negotiation was concluded with the Scots, when this campaign, which was commenced in expensive preparations, ended in bloodless treaties. After his return, Suckling was chosen to the Parliament of 1640, known as the Long Parliament. While a member of this body, he took quite an active part in its proceedings, and distinguished himself in the debates. He took the side of the royalists, and dealt some very sturdy blows on the heads of the leaders of the popular party. Space will not permit, or we might furnish extracts from some of his speeches on these occasions, remarkable for a high order of eloquence, great concentration, and vigor of thought.

Upon the arraignment and imprisonment of Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, Suckling became involved in a conspiracy, having for its object the release from prison of this unfortunate nobleman. The popular party being then in the ascendancy, Parliament immediately issued orders that farther inquiries should be made into the matter, and summoned Henry Percy, Colonel Goring, Henry Jermyn, and Sir John Suckling to attend, the next day, at three o’clock, to be examined as principals. They all absented themselves, and were charged, consequently, with high treason. Suckling and his friends thereupon fled to France, convinced that the monarch who could not protect Stafford, would be unable to shield his adherents.

The sun of our poet’s prosperity had now gone down in clouds; the popular party in the contest triumphed; his estates were confiscated, and there appeared no hope for him in the future. An exile in a strange land, the ills of poverty pressed hardly upon him, and despair seized upon his soul. His energies at length gave way beneath the load, and in despair, he committed suicide at Paris, by taking poison. This took place in the year 1641, when our poet was in his thirty-fourth year. His remains were buried in a cemetery attached to one of the Protestant churches of Paris.

As a writer, Sir John Suckling will command admiration so long as a taste for whatever is delicate and natural in poetry shall remain. His verse has been pronounced by Philips, ‘as having a pretty touch, savoring, however, more of the grape than the lamp.’ And this delicate criticism is, in the main, correct. His poetical productions bear no mark of labor; they are thrown off with the imagination at a white heat, full of sweetness and harmony. In his sonnets, he is unrivalled: they

possess that exquisite delicacy which, in certain kinds of poetry, is so much admired. In descriptions of feminine grace and beauty he is peculiarly happy; and no succeeding writers, notwithstanding the continued progress of elegant literature since his day, have ever surpassed him. Take, as a specimen of his powers in portraying the charms of woman, his description of the bride, in the *Wedding-Ballad*:

‘THE maid, (and thereby hangs a tale;
For such a maid, no WHETSON ale
Could ever yet produce;)
No grape that’s kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft, as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

‘Her feet, beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But oh! she dances such a way —
No sun, upon an Eastern day,
Is half so fine a sight!

‘Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy bears comparison;
(Who sees them is undone;)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a KATH’RINE pear;
(The side that’s next the sun.)

‘Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
(Some bee had stung it newly.)’

Or, take his description of Traucelia’s beauty, in his play of ‘*The Sad One*.’ How exquisite is the portrait:

‘SHE has an eye round as a globe,
And black as jet; so full of majesty and life,
That when it most denies, it most invites.
Her lips are gently swelled, like unto
Some blushing cherry, that hath newly tasted
The dews from heaven.’

Or, the description of Donazella, in the same play:

—— ‘A SPRIGHTLY girl, above fifteen,
Eyes full and quick, with breath
Sweet as double violets,
And wholesome as dying leaves of strawberries.
Thick silken eyebrows, high upon the forehead,
And cheeks, mingled with pale streaks of red,
Such as the blushing morning never wore.’

Or, Bellamino’s ardent ejaculations upon kissing Traucelia:

‘HEAVENS! what a breath is here!
The wanton air,
Chased by the hot scent of Arabic spices,
Is nothing nigh so sweet! the ambrosia
The gods themselves were drunk with,
Dwells on thy lips.’

Or, those sweet lines in ‘*Aglaura* :’

—— ‘Lips,
Perfumed by breath, sweet as the bean’s first blossom.’

But space would fail us, did we attempt the task of culling from all our poet’s chaste and beautiful descriptions of female loveliness and beauty. It was a subject on which Suckling ever seemed desirous to

dwelling, and which he never attempted without originating something fragrant and sparkling.

His songs are remarkable for their sweetness and delicacy; the structure of the stanzas is simple, and the versification, for the age, remarkably sweet and flowing. It was this species of writing in which our poet often indulged, and in which he excelled. Take, as an instance:

‘ I PRYTHEE, send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For, if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?’

‘ Yet, now I think on ’t, let it lie;
To find it were in vain;
For thou ’st a thief in either eye,
Would steal it back again!’

Or, that song inserted in one of his plays:

‘ HAST thou seen the down in the air,
When wanton blasts have tossed it?
Or the ship on the sea,
When ruder winds have crossed it?’

‘ Hast thou marked the crocodile’s weeping?’

There is great delicacy and sweetness in the song commencing:

‘ WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prythee, why so pale?’

Or, those lines on Love’s representation:

‘ LEAVING her hand upon my breast,
There, on Love’s bed, she lay to rest;
My panting heart rocked her asleep,
My heedful eyes the watch did keep.’

It is seldom we find Suckling attempting the metaphysical style so common with the poets of his time: but he never indulged in it, without great propriety of expression. He falls into this style in his stanza, taken from ‘ Love’s World:’

‘ THE sea’s my mind, which calm could be,
Were it from winds, my passions, free;
But ah, alas! no sea, I find,
Is troubled like a lover’s mind.
Within it, rocks and shallows be,
Despair, and fond credulity.’

We have a specimen of what Suckling himself denominates his ‘rollicking style,’ in ‘ His Love and Debt alike Troublesome:’

‘ THIS one request I make to HIM that sits the clouds above,
That I were freely out of debt, as I am out of love;
Then for to dance, to drink, and sing, I should be very willing;
I should not owe one lass a kiss, or ne’er a knave a shilling.’

As a dramatist, Suckling did not excel. His plays are destitute of originality, and are, moreover, deficient in that sweetness of versification, which elsewhere distinguishes his compositions. Whenever, in his dramas, he describes female loveliness, the poet’s ‘himself again;’ and he breaks loose from the trammels that evidently hamper him, into that easy and joyous style for which he is so remarkable, when describing female beauty.

His epistolary productions are remarkable for their vigor of thought and terseness of expression ; and, in their animated descriptions, have seldom, if ever, been surpassed. They are models of their kind, and might, with advantage, be imitated in our day.

Suckling's works have gone through many editions, but are rather scarce now. Here and there, a volume may be found in some public library, or in the collection of some lover of the curiosities of English literature, where, 'as fine garments in chests of cedar, the elder authors of our tongue are laid up for immortality.'

Burlington, November 25th.

C L O U D - L A N D A T S U N - S E T .

TOWARD the west the Sun has slanted ;
 The clouds, piled up in mighty masses,
 Seem like a citadel enchanted,
 Whose gates are opened as he passes.
 And glorious is that citadel !
 With dome, and spire, and pinnacle,
 And their lofty summits gilded well
 With gold from Heaven's crucible.
 The walls, so broad, and huge, and high,
 Their shadowy vastness upward rearing
 Across the circle of the sky,
 Moving and changing endlessly ;
 Now, fainting slowly from the view,
 Till almost blended with the blue ;
 Then, as by magic, reappearing,
 And forming into figures new,
 Or taking on the old once more,
 Ten times as beautiful as before !

And o'er the barriers, built of burnished gold,
 Beyond, what changeful splendors we behold !
 Long lanes of light, that open out between
 Great groves of gold, through all the openings seen ;
 And white-robed angels, through the gilded town,
 O'er silver-sanded streets sail softly down,
 Shaking the sun-shine from their azure wings,
 As travel-dust ; and now a cloud-car brings
 (Enrobed most royally and throned in state)
 The day's great Monarch to the golden gate.
 Widely it opes to meet him ; forth there streams
 A crowd of spirits, such as in our dreams
 We see, on clouds adown the distance drifting
 And, all together a great voice uplifting,
 There swells from out the West a songful sea.
 I cannot hear, but see the melody ;
 I feel a flush of music, and I catch
 A crimson glow of that rich harmony !

The vision fading from me as I watch,
 Its golden glories all in ruins lie,
 And sink to common clouds and sombre sky.

Cambridge, Mass.

EDWARD WILLETT.

S T A R - L I G H T .

A MAIDEN watched two silver stars,
That shone between her window-bars:
One, VENUS bright; one, warlike MARS.

Two twin-born spirits of the air;
And one was radiantly fair,
And sweet as slumber after prayer:

And one was lurid-red, like fire
Of some vast city, lit by dire
And deadly devastating ire.

They spoke two lessons to her heart:
Of beauty, all undecked by art,
And love that never would depart:

A life of joy, serene and still,
Uncoloured by a single ill,
Gliding away like moonlit rill:

And, in the future, dim and far,
(So frail and poor we mortals are)
Death glimmered, like the morning-star:

And, farther still, existence bright,
Illumined by immortal light,
Whose morn should never stoop to night.

So, in her inmost soul she said:
'Fair VENUS! guide a simple maid,
Whose vows, henceforth, to thee are paid.'

Up rose the moon, full-orbed and bright,
Encircled with a zone of white,
And paled the stars before her light:

All, save red MARS; and he, alone,
Undimmed before her glory shone,
Blending her brightness with his own.

'Serene, and resolute and still,
The star of the unconquered will,'
Triumphant, both in good and ill:

In, through the lattice-bars, he stole,
And whispered to the watcher's soul:
'Pleasure of life is not the whole:

'Be thine the heart that cheerly goes
To battle with a host of woes,
And triumphs over all its foes.

'Be thine the stern, undaunted breast,
From Fate's unyielding grasp to wrest
The highest honors and the best.

'Reverses never overthrow;
Who conquers by a single blow
Has never dared a noble foe.

'Up, and once more the right maintain!
For life is but a battle-plain,
And Heaven the conquering warrior's gain.'

Sleep sealed the weary maiden's eyes;
Sweet Sleep, who walked, in angel-guise,
Alone, with man, from Paradise.

Yet still, atween the window-bars,
With softened glory glanced the stars;
But aye she dreamed alone of MARS:

And, henceforth, rest was only pain:
Life was, to her, a battle-plain,
And heaven the conquering warrior's gain.

J. L. B.

December 29, 1853.

T R A N S C R I P T S

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF

BY FREDERICK L. VULTE.

S P O T T I N G A G E N T L E M A N

'SAY, Mr. Sheriff,' inquired 'OLD THISON' of me, 'be you good at figgers?'

'Good at figures?' I asked, responsively; 'what do you mean by that question?' and I looked at the old man with astonishment.

He seemed lost at the apparent harshness observable in my manner of addressing him; and apprehensive that I was offended, he asked my forgiveness, and declared 'he did n't mean no offence.'

'Oh! as for that, TISE,' I replied, 'I am satisfied you meant nothing wrong. But why do you ask if I am good at figures?'

'Because,' and he primped up his mouth, and swelled out his cheeks, looking, for all the world, like an antiquated Cupid, (as he is,) and with a cunning and gay twinkle of his eyes, drawing his hands from out of his side-pockets, and covering one with the other, so as to make a hollow of them, he raised them up, gently at first, and then quickly, gayly swaying them to and fro before my eyes and ears; a jingling, chinking sound was heard, 'Because if you be, how much is twice five?'

'Twice five is ten.'

'Dat's it, and dere dey be;' and he ceased the movement of his hands at the instant he showed me two half-eagles, which he held between the fore-finger and thumb of each hand. 'They are a pair of spectacles, ain't they, Mr. Sheriff?' and he continued holding them as

before ; ‘ and I airned them with a pair of spectacles ; and gold ones they be, and gold ones they was. Yes ! yes ! twice five is ten,’ said he, chuckling ; ‘ and half-eagles do n’t roost on every tree, if whole ones does fly above my head. Y’ ain’t ’fended, be you ? ’

‘ HEAVEN bless you, TISE, no ! But how about this affair ? I can’t comprehend you ; what means this about the half-eagles and spectacles ? ’

‘ Well, you see, Mr. Sheriff,’ replied he, ‘ I was a-goin’ down town yesterday, and got as far as Wall-street by old Trinity, when I see Mr. Wilton, the lawyer ; and he bowed very purlitely to me ; and he come up to me and says :

‘ ‘ Good morning, Mr. THISON.’

‘ And I says :

‘ ‘ Pooty well, I thank you.’

‘ And then he says again :

‘ ‘ Mr. THISON, I ’m werry glad to see you : I want you to serve a paper for me on a man who lives not far from here, but who I ’ve been trying to serve for the last year ; all of my clerks, from the errand-boy to the confidential man, have tried it ; even I myself have tried it ; I have also employed men and boys, who are familiar with that business ; have lodged it in the sheriff’s office ; and I believe the paper has been in the hands of every one engaged in the office. I have also given it to a score or more of constables ; all, all of them have failed to serve it ; and I almost now, in looking at it, scarcely recognize it as a thing of the present age, it looks so greasy and dirty. Have you a mind to try it ? ’

‘ ‘ Try it,’ said I ; and I looked at him in wonder ; ‘ try it ? I never failed in nothing I go at right earnestly. Try it ?—guess I will. Who is the party, Mr. WILTON ? ’ said I.

‘ ‘ The plaintiff is a woman.’

‘ ‘ A woman ! and you know, Mr. Sheriff, how willin’ I am to *serve* the women.’

‘ ‘ Yes ! but, TISE, Mr. WILTON did n’t want you to *serve* a woman.’

‘ ‘ Now, why will you bother me, Mr. Sheriff ? Why won’t you let me tell my story without stopping me ? ’

‘ ‘ Well, well, go on ! I only interrupted you when I supposed you were off the track.’

‘ ‘ I was n’t off de track ; I was going on at a good rate. Let me see ; let me see ; where was I ?—yes, I was always willing to oblige the women.’

‘ Well, Mr. Wilton says to me, says he :

‘ ‘ Do you think, Mr. THISON, you can serve the man ? The suit grows up this way : Kitty Doolittle, my client, was house-keeper for Mr. Greenhope, an old gentleman, a retired grocer and widower, who, becoming old, was subject to rheumatics, or gout, or some other similar ailment ; and Kitty was in his service for two or three years at small wages ; and all went on very nicely when, one day, the cook, an Irish girl, told Kitty, my client, to go ! that she did n’t want her any more about the house ; that she had married Mr. Greenhope, and had become, by the law of the land, the mistress of the house herself ; that

Mr. Greenhope told Kitty it was as the cook said ; he had married her , and begged Kitty to come again, and he would settle with her. Well, Kitty left the house at once ; and, after a few days, went to see Mr. Greenhope to get a settlement with him, but she was denied admittance. She went again, and again, and always was refused admission into the house ; and she never could see the old gentleman ; his wife would not permit her to come in and see him. At length, after repeated efforts to see him, she came to me, and told me of her affairs. I wrote to him, and no answer was sent to me. I finally determined to sue him ; and you know of the difficulties I am laboring under to procure a service of the process upon him. His wife, who is fearful of an influence detrimental to her interests, which might be exercised in the making of his last will and testament, prevents the admission of any one into the house, and keeps the old man a prisoner, in fact. There, you have the whole story ; and my client, Kitty, although I might commence proceedings against him under attachment as a 'concealed debtor,' will not allow me to do so, as she says it would give too much publicity to the matter ; and beside, it would be exposing the old gentleman to too much pain, in case he should see his name in print as a concealed debtor. And yet again, Kitty knows that the moment Mr. Greenhope is made aware of the claim, he will pay her to the last fraction. But the difficulty, Mr. THISON, is to see him ; and yet I believe, although so many have tried it, if any one can accomplish a service, you are the gentleman.'

'Well, I could n't help, Mr. Sheriff, when he said I was the gentleman, taking my hat off ; and I gin him the lowest bow I could make.

'Well, what do you say, Mr. THISON,' said he ; 'will you try it ?'

'Try it ? to be sure I will,' said I.

'He do n't live far from here ; only around the corner ; and if you succeed in serving him, I will give you ten dollars.'

'Ten dollars !' said I.

'Massy me ! that's a round sum for a small job like that, I thought. But you did 't catch me expressing my thoughts to him, less he might haul in, and offer me less.

'Yes ! ten dollars. You've got to be cautious and cunning,' said he, 'and look out that Mrs. Greenhope do n't come the chain on you. Let me hear from you, THISON, to-day or to-morrow. Good-bye.'

'And he left me. 'Come de chain on me !' what did he mean, said I ; and I was dumb-founded ; I was in a fog ; and I could n't tell what he did mean ; but I found out afterward, when I tried the service ; and I'll tell you, bime by, about de chain.

'See, Mr. Sheriff, I never failed to serve a paper in my life but once, and I'll tell you of that another time. But I'll tell you once I had a 'declaration' agin' a man by the name of Burrows, who bothered me a good deal ; he shyed me every where and every place ; he had his dodgers always 'bout him ; and I never seed him without he rid a horse, a black horse. When I went to the door of his house to see him, I'm blamed if he did n't go through to the stable in de rear of his house, and git on, and ride pass me in de front of his place, so I could see him. And when I went de next day, thinking dat I would git him sure at the

stable, blamed if he did n't come right past me on dat old black horse ag'in ; he got on at the front of the house this time ; he was too wide awake for me ; I tried this a good many times ; fust at de front door, at de basement, at de stable, in de rear, and at every p'int I thought I could make something at. But I was deceived ; he was always burrowing jist like a rabbit, out of one hole into another. I could n't catch him ; I seed him, though, a good many times on that black horse of his'n ; he knowed me jist as well as I knowed him ; and sometimes I thought it was werry aggerwatin' in him ; he used to stop wid his horse by de corner of de streets, (I think he must a knowed I was about ;) and den, when I kim up, thinking I had it all right, and was jist a going to——blamed if he did n't pull off his hat, and 'wish me a werry good mornin' ;' and off went de old black horse at a good trot.'

'Well, I stood at dat corner, and I began for to think ; and I said to myself, 'TISE ! old gentleman, this won't do ; dat air feller must be come up to, if he does ride a horse. Now what shall I do ? what shall I do ? I can't keep pace wid this nag ; and bless me, if I think I can wid his rider ; 't won't do to be nonplushed this way.' And I was thinking some time, and wondering what I should do next ; and I looked up, and den I seen him ag'in, still on dat black nag ; he passed me, and he said 'he wished me a werry pleasant time of it.' I could n't help it, but I cussed some, I tell you ; and I shuck my finger at him ; and I hollered out to him that I'd git him yet afore de Devil would, and he must make a note of that.

'Now you see, Mr. Sheriff, that last part was the aggerwatinist of all, to wish me a werry pleasant time ; and I wowed then, as my dander was riz, ef I could get him by any means, I would ; my feelin's was hurt ; and I thought if he burrowed, I would burrow too. Well, I was determined, after that, to catch him ; and I went to work air-nestly ; I went to his house, to his stable, at day-break, at sun-set. He had gone out ; he had gone in ; I was never in time ; I was before him ; I was after him ; he was in his castle, and I was denied admittance, as all of his servants, waiters, and all, knowed me.

'Bimeby, a thought struck me : if it could only be, thought I.'

'What was it, TISE ?' By this time, becoming fairly interested, I could not resist the inclination to check the old man in his very particular and close narration of every incident, and yet I wanted him to close it up speedily, so garrulous had he become. 'What was it, TISE ?'

'Well, I begin to think,' continued he, 'after going a gccd many times 'bout de house where de man lived, dat if I could on'y catch a boy, or a man, or a woman, or any body, who went for to carry something reg'lar to the house, I might succeed. I seed a butcher-boy, a good many times, go to de door in de basement ; and I tried to get him once to let me carry in the meat and marketing, so as to git in the house ; but he talked shy at me, and put his thumb and fingers to his nose ; and as he moved them backards and forards, he said :

' 'Gammon ain't what *we* deals in ; nothin' but de best of beef comes from *our* stall.'

'And he shyed at me ag'in. Well, I went ag'in at night ; and after staying 'bout an hour or so, I seed a woman, a great big tall woman,

going up de stoop with a big clothes-basket. 'Hallo!' said I to myself, 'here's my chance.' And I waited for her to come out; and when she did come, I follered her a little way; and when I got out of the way of bein' seen, I walked up to her, and asked her if she did washing. She said yes. And I got from her the name and number of de street where she lived, and told her I might call on her one of dese days. And den I asked her if she washed for de gentleman in de house where she come out of; and she told me she did; dat she was in a great hurry, and could n't stay talking with me just then; she had some other places to call at; and that she would have to stop ag'in when she came back at the gentleman's for the dirty clothes; and she said 'good bye' to me, and left me.

'After she had left me, Mr. Sheriff, I knowed I had to work sharp and quick, if I intended to carry out my plan, bekase the washer-woman would be back afore long; so that, without waitin' a minute, I run into a second-hand clothing-shop, in an avenue clus by, and I bought a woman's hat; and then I run to a grocery-store and got a big basket; and I put some things in the basket and kivered it up with a red handkercher; and I put on the bonnet, and with my old black cloak on, I think I made somewhat of a figger; and I was then all ready to commence operations.

'So I hobbled up the stoop; and I ringed the bell; and I stooped a little, so as not to appear too big for the washer-woman, though she was a large woman; and I cursheyed to the gal who opened the door and let me in; and widout my sayin' a word nor nothin', she told me to git along up stairs as quick as I could; she did n't know me from de woman; an' I went up stairs; and I did n't know what to do; and I was wonderin' what I should do; and when I got to the landing above, and was thinkin' what next, I'm blamed if my customer hisself did n't come out of a room; and seein' me, he called me Nancy; and he begin for to complain about his linen bein' not so well done: and then I ris up strut, bekase my work was near done; and dropped my basket; and I pulled out my paper and shook myself, and then I handed it to him. But bless you, Mr. Sheriff, you oughter seen him then. I thought he'd a eat me up, he was so put out; and he said sumthin' about an old man who ought to be ashamed of hisself, going round dressin' hisself up as a female, imposin' on people. But I was so happy I did n't say nothin' to him, on'y dat de dignity of de office mus' be kep' up, and we could n't afford to let sich rabbits as he was, burrow as much he pleases, out-wit old foxes; and den I left him, wishin' him, as he did me once, 'a werry pleasant time.'

'Now don't you think, Mr. Sheriff, that was werry good for me? was n't it well done?'

'Very good, Tise! Better than good,' said I. 'It was superlative; nothing could be better. But how did you feel when you were going up stairs without any plan or excuse in your head? should you be discovered, and your disguise penetrated, what would you have done then, ch? Come, tell me, Tise!'

'Public justice! hem!! I don't know nothing better nor public justice.' And the old man kept repeating public justice, rabbits, foxes,

burrowings, cunning, dignity, washer-woman, bonnet, foxes, baskets, giggling and laughing the while, and between the exclamations smoothing, and rubbing, and playing, and feeling his cheeks and mouth, evidently coaxing himself into the luxury of fancying himself the chief of spot-terers, the best at the game of burrowing.

‘Now, TISE, as you’ve got through this little interruption of the incident of the half-eagles and spectacles, let me hear about the service of the paper you had against old Mr. Greenhope; and let it be very short, for I want you to accompany me on an expedition of a very difficult character, which is now in process of preparation by the attorney, in which all your natural and acquired faculties of archness and perception will be called into requisition. You will be ready to go with me, won’t you?’

‘Go! bless you, yes! any time, and all times; you know, Mr. Sheriff, I never refuse you. But what is this business? what is de writ?’

‘*Ne exeat!*’ I replied, solemnly.

‘No exeout!’ echoed he, sententiously and gloomily.

‘Now about the spectacles, TISE.’

‘Yes. ’bout de spectacles. Well, Mr. Sheriff, I took de writ from Mr. Wilton; and I on’y had a little way to go, jist behind de big stores on de corner of Broadway and Rector-street; and I went along, and I come up to de house where Mr. Greenhope lived; and I got on de stoop; and I heerd de blinds in de windows of the second-story of his house go flipper-flopper, as if some body was looking out to see who it was as had come on de stoop; and I looked up, and it was an old man; he was looking troo de blinds at me, right above my head; and I spect he got partickler anxious; and all at onst I feel something strike my hat and bounce off, and den it fell on de pavement; and I picked it up, and it was a pair of goold spectacles; and den I felt good; and I run up on de stoop ag’in; and I pulled de bell good and strong, for den I knowed I had it all right, and that the old man was mine.’

‘That was a capital hit, TISE.’

‘Well, it was, Mr. Sheriff; that is, it was a hit on my *caput*, as de lawyers say, and that means a capital hit.’ And the old fellow screamed out, a ha! ha! ha! at his capital hit.

‘Well, den, de door was opened on’y a little, ’bout six inches, or so; and I heerd a clankin’ of chains; and I’m blessed if dere was n’t a chain fastened on de inside of de door-post and de inside of de door; and den I knowed about de chain-game; and de door could n’t be opened any further; and a woman stuck her face troo de openin’; and she looked awful savage at me; and she wanted to know my business; and then I put on the innocentest look I could, and told her I was passing by de house, and de old gentleman up stairs dropt his spectacles out of de window, and dat it was fortunate I was so near to pick them up; and if she would on’y allow me to hand de specs to de old gentleman hisself, I would be so happy.’

‘You old ——,’ interrupted I, at which he started; and I hesitated. No! I could not apply any opprobrious or censorious epithet to my old assistant; and I lapsed down into a complimentary allusion to his po-

liteness. 'You are the soul and body of politeness. Of course the lady let you in at once?'

'Not zactly right away; she looked at me pooty tight, and werry partickler; and den she asked me to gin her the specs, and she would take them to Mr. Greenhope.'

'But you didn't do it?'

'No! no! she might keep me and other folks out by the chain, but I knowed that I had that in me that would loosen de chain. Why, you know, Mr. Sheriff, I allers look like an innocent child; no body would think any wrong of me; and then I asked her ag'in if she would allow me de pleasure of presenting the specs to Mr. Greenhope hisself.

'Well, she opened de door at last, with a good deal of reluctance, and down come de chain, and in I went; and when I got in, I seed de ole gentleman standin' on de first landin' of de stairs, on de fust flight; and I went up and told him it was werry lucky dat I happened to pick dem up; and I give him the spectacles, and he thanked me a good deal; and then I took the paper out of my pocket and handed it to him; and I told him ag'in that it was werry lucky I found his specs, as he could n't see to read de paper widout 'em, 'onless,' and I said onless werry loud; 'this here lady,' and his wife, the woman of the chain-game, come up then, 'could read it for him.'

'What did she say to that hit you gave her, TISE?' said I.

'Oh! nothin' out of de way werry hash; she said I was an old sinner, and de like; and she did n't suspect my innercent looks, and so on; yet she looked more'n she said.'

'That was a lucky incident, TISE, of your finding the spectacles; it procured your admission into the house,' said I to him.

'Yes! yes!! it was lucky,' replied he, drawlingly; 'but dat did n't do it.'

'Well, what was it, then?' I asked.

'My purliteness,' said he, gravely, and making a very graceful bow, with his hand placed across his breast. 'Yes! yes! my purliteness done de business;' and he smirked archly. 'She couldn't resist me; I knew I was captiwatin' then, werry captiwatin'.'

'Yes, TISE,' said I, 'I know you were on a captivating expedition just then.'

And then old TISE rumbled out a vigorous ha! ha! ha! he! he! he! hi! hi! hi! and ending with a slight reference that, in that respect, I was frequently in the same boat with him.

'And dat's de way 'bout the spectacles and the half-eagles; but gracious me, Mr. Sheriff, was n't dat a lucky hit?'

'Yes, it was; and I suppose Mr. Wilton thought it was very surprising, did n't he?'

'To be sure he did; and more'n 'at, he told me it was n't more'n three or four hours after he give the paper to me, his client had got all her money; and I got two half-eagles for that job, and plenty compliments, too.'

'And you deserved all you got, my old friend; and I am always rejoiced to see and hear that aptness, such as yours, is well rewarded. But now, TISE, as I have my own business to attend to, and that which, at

present, engrosses all my thoughts, let us forget, for the time, your achievements, and proceed on our voyage of observation with my writ of '*ne exeat*;' and mayhap you may figure more extensively than ever. But if you fail to observe my directions to the letter in this matter, doubtless the whole thing will end in a manner not very agreeable to me, I assure you.' And for the purpose of reëssuring the old man, I said, 'I expected nothing but a favorable turn, so far as such things could be termed favorable; 'What's my meat is another's poison;' ' and recounted to him that I had a writ of '*ne exeat republica*' against John Stopford, who, it was intimated, had received from Government an appointment of Consul for one of the Carribbean islands, and who was then busily engaged in preparing for his departure; but that the writ, if it struck him, would prevent that 'consummation devoutly to be wished,' an entire exemption or freedom from arrest, by being beyond the reach of his creditors.

'Stopford,' said THISON, meditating; 'pears to me I heerd of him afore. Stopford — who is he, Mr. Sheriff? ain't he one of the twin-brothers? I think I got it.'

'Yes, my old friend, he is one of the twin-brothers, and therein consists the difficulty; you know they resemble each other so closely that one is not distinguishable from the other: their dress, their actions, their manners, speech, in fact, their *toute ensemble* — and I am at a loss how to proceed; I might, and I might not arrest John; and then in case I arrested the wrong one, how can I be assured that I have not got the right one, the veritable John? Full of difficulties, can't you perceive?'

'Oh yes, I perceive: I kin see as clear as though my eyes was fifty year younger than they am: I can manage dat part of it, on'y you leave it to me. But dere's something 'bout it I can't see so very clear. 'Spose, Mr. Sheriff, you find dem both together when you go after John? den I'm blamed if we ain't gone, for you won't know John from William, nor the t'other from John; an' if you should ask for John, nary one of 'em would answer, bekase they both would know, if you asked for either, dat John was wanted. Now we must work together, and this is my plan: I'll scoot roun' and play shy, keeping, of course, my eyes wide open to see if I kin find them; I won't say nothing, nor do nothing, but keep a good look-out. I know where they drop in; and if I should find any one of 'em alone, you must be at some partickler place clus by, where I kin find you easy, so as to git him nice and sure. How do you like it? — ain't it a good plan?'

I assented at once to the plan of operations laid out by so experienced a hand; and I bade him, without delay, proceed to carry his plan into effect, giving him notice at what place I would be found; and at the same time I enjoined him to a strict performance, on his part, of the detail of attack and final capture.

We parted; and scarce an hour had passed — the time passing wearily and heavily with me, for I must admit my mind was so intent in this affair, lest my assistant should fail, that time and circumstances wore on most heavily, lazily, languidly: I was, nevertheless, watching eagerly for a signal from THISON, and busily observing the hand of old Time on the dial of the clock of St. Paul's as he moved on steadily, surely,

slowly, and as it would only appear to move to one watching for the end ; yet the end did come, and with it OLD TISE, (not old Time,) who appeared all a-glow with success on his brow, written with as sure a hand as Nature could impress ; and the old man said, in a slow, solemn manner :

‘ Come ! come ! — all right ! — come ! ’

I accompanied him ; and as we went, TISE informed me of what had transpired since I last parted with him.

‘ I started,’ said he, ‘ fust to a drinkin’-shop, where the brothers is generally ’bout from ’leven to twelve o’clock ; but they was n’t there ; then I went to the corner of Wall and Nassau-street, and shyed about, thinkin’ I might meet ’em there ; then ag’in I went — run — down to the Exchange ; and they was n’t there, nuther ; and then I felt as though I would n’t see ’em at all ; and I felt ugly, bekase I thought I should n’t see ’em at all ; and then thinkin’ ’bout the confectioner’s shop in Broadway, just below Cedar-street, where so many gentlemen go to get their ’leven o’clocker, may be dey might be there ; I posted dat way ; and afore I got there, bless you, Mr. Sheriff, I seed ’em comin’.’

‘ Both of them ? ’ said I, interrupting him.

‘ Yes, Mr. Sheriff, both ; and den says I to myself, dat ’s onlucky ; but howsomever, I said nothing, and let ’em pass ; and den, ag’in, I did n’t know nothin’ ; and I follered ’em, but I was n’t clus by, on’y I was there ; and dey went fust to one place and den to another place ; and I kep my eyes on ’em all de time ; and one of ’em left ; and I den begin for to feel good ; and den I wanted to see you, Mr. Sheriff, for I did n’t know which one to go after ; but says I to myself, I can ’t foller both, and ary one of ’em will do ; so I kep on de track of one ; and I went after him ; and I follered on ; and he stopped ; and den he went on ag’in ; and den he stopped once more ; and he talked a little while with some one he met ; and he pushed on ; and bimeby he went in a house where there is lots of offices ; and I follered him werry near then, but he did n’t know nothin’ ’bout it ; and he went in the back office on de fust floor, and I guess he ’s in there now.’

By this time, we had reached the place where I had hoped TISE had caged the bird ; and so thinking, we opened the door, and, true enough, one of the twins was there, but which one, and whether he was the one I wanted, I could not tell. But TISE, on whom I relied in this vexatious emergency, solved the problem at once by going up to him, and announcing, in his peculiar manner, that ‘ he had a writ for his arrest.’

‘ My arrest ! arrest me ! what for ? ’ said he, in amazement. ‘ You must be mistaken, Sir ! ’

‘ Ain’t mistaken, Sir,’ replied THISON. ‘ Your name is William Stopford ; and I guess I got a writ ag’in you — ain’t mistaken, Sir.’

‘ But you are mistaken, Sir. You say you have a writ against William Stopford ? ’

‘ Yes, Sir ! ’ and he mumbled out ‘ sir,’ that I thought I never should hear the end of it. ‘ Yes, Sir ! ag’in William Stopford.’

‘ Well, then, my ancient Theban,’ replied Stopford, with a great deal of assurance, ‘ If you have got a writ against William Stopford, all I

have to say is, that I am not he ; and you will have to go a little farther to find him, for I am not William Stopford ; so you see you *are* mistaken.'

'Well, I might be, but I guess I ain't,' retorted TISE ; 'let's see : ' and he drew the writ from his pocket, quietly put on his spectacles, looked at the writ with all the seriousness usual in his composition when about a work of this character ; looked at me, and then at Stopford ; and then he seemed pleased, and gayly observed to Stopford 'that 't was n't often he was mistaken, but he was in this case.' And then addressing me, he said :

'Mr. Sheriff, I'm blamed if I ain't mistaken. I thought all the time I had a writ ag'in William Stopford ; but it's John I want, and not William. Why, how in nature could I be so mistaken ? Yes, yes ; I want John, and not William. Bless my soul ! bless my soul ! I believe I'm gittin' old !'

'Let me see your writ !' cried Stopford, in horror ; 'let me see it ! perhaps' — and there was a very weak hope in that 'perhaps' — 'you may be mistaken again.'

'I can't be mistaken twice,' replied THISON, 'where there be on'y two people consarned ; once is enough ; but it's excusable in me now ; I'm gittin' old.' And he handed the writ to him.

Stopford looked at it : read it ; re-read ; examined it thoroughly ; and then, being satisfied that it was all right in fact, but wrong to him, intimated to THISON 'that he would at once furnish the required security as soon as his brother, whom he momentarily expected, came in.'

At this announcement, I feared that all the difficulties I had conjured up in my mind, and which, of necessity, by the brothers being brought together, must exist, so closely did they resemble, 'the one so like the other as could not be distinguished but by names,' that I should most likely then meet with my greatest extreme in keeping them distinguished ; and in this great extremity I called upon my assistant to advise me.

'Never you mind, Mr. Sheriff,' said he, with the off-hand manner usual to him when perplexities, doubts, and troubles, had all been mastered by him ; 'leave that to me ; I'm all right ; I'll keep posted ; now I tell you, never you mind : I've got him right, and I'll have him righter bimeby.'

'But, TISE,' observed I, 'you know they are dressed alike in every particular, even their white pants, shoes, and coat, and hat ; ay, the hat with the crape-band on each. TISE' — and I spoke to him with some alarm ; 'should they desire, when the other brother comes, to retire in a room to confer together privately, when they come out again, you cannot tell which is your prisoner. Have you thought of that, and of the uncertainty of finding your man ?'

'Yes, I have ; but I'll fix it ; you kin 'pend on me,' he answered ; and I was somewhat relieved when the old man announced to me, in so determined a manner, that he would 'fix it,' and I might 'depend on him.'

Stopford — John, I mean — came toward me, and observed 'that his brother was expected every minute, and he hoped that I would extend a

little courtesy to him by waiting ; and he doubted not that the business would be arranged speedily and satisfactorily to me in the way of sureties. But, Sheriff, your old friend here, Mr. THISON, does n't make such mistakes as in my case frequently, does he ? '— and I thought there was a bitter sneer in his manner.

'Mr. Stopford,' I replied, 'such mistakes are sometimes very necessary, as in this matter, for example : but, coming directly to your question, he does very frequently make such mistakes, and takes, too, under them : he very rarely misses his man and his object ; he has a keen perception, also, as you have already witnessed.'

At this point of our conversation, the other brother, William, came in, and, seeing THISON and myself, concluded there was 'something out,' and addressed John with the question :

'Who is the plaintiff, and what amount of bail is required ?'

'Will you allow me, Mr. Sheriff,' said John to me, 'to have a few minutes' private conversation with my brother ? We will retire in this room adjoining for a few minutes.'

The question thus frankly put, was about being answered in the negative by me, as that was a state of things I desired most to avoid, because of my inability to distinguish my prisoner : and I was about answering it in as delicate a denial as I could give, when I observed THISON making all sorts of motions with his head and hands ; and he, fearing, doubtless, that I was going to grant the request, interposed his objections until the bail-bond was signed ; and he begged me, in a whisper, to make out the bond, and he would let me 'know, bimeby, the reason why he insisted on this being executed at once.'

At THISON's suggestion, though I could not tell what was passing in the old man's mind, I sat down, and prepared the bond ; that concluded, I intimated to my prisoner, that all was ready, and he had better sign at once, particularly, as it was a darling object of my assistant, and I rarely crossed him in any thing.

'Yes, Sir !' said he, seating himself alongside of the table at which I sat ; and I handed to him my pen, and he wrote his name, in a bold, dashing hand.

'Perhaps,' he continued, 'my ancient Theban, here, would like to witness the bond. How is it, would you ?'

'I'm goin' to do dat,' said THISON ; 'and he moved toward me, and I vacated my chair, and gave it to him.

'Thank 'ee, Mr. Sheriff ; much obliged. I'm gittin' old. Oh ! oh ! that rheumatiz, how it bothers me !' and TISE took the pen, and dipped it in the ink-stand, and he tried to write his name : he could n't ; something was the matter with the pen ; no, it was the ink ; it was too thick. He tried it again ; a hair had 'got on de pint.' He picked it off : he guessed it was right now, and he dipped it in the ink again ; he could n't write with sich a pen — and he dipped it in the ink again ; and then he tried to write again ; and then he thought he had too much ink in his pen ; and he held the bond pressed with the left hand, as it lay on the table, and seemed intensely interested in reading its contents, and the pen still in his right hand. He tried again, and he

found he had his pen too highly charged, so giving it a double motion downwards, and a repeater, and still another —

‘Why, why! what the devil are you about?’ cried John Stopford; ‘what do you mean, eh? what the devil are you about?’

TISE, thus interrupted in so abrupt a manner, affected entire innocence of what was charged upon him.

‘You blasted old heathen! look at my white pantaloons! See what you have done! You have shaken all the ink out of your pen on my pantaloons! What do you mean, eh? You blasted old heathen!’

‘Did n’t mean to do it. I ask your pardon, Sir. You see, Sir, I was n’t thinking of any thing but the bond; and I hope you’ll excuse me!’

And I looked, and beheld the blackness of darkness on the white trowsers; and great was the area of the dark spot the old gentleman had cast on John Stopford’s pantaloons.

‘Sheriff,’ observed Stopford, ‘I will procure bail immediately. I do n’t like this black business. I have sent my brother, and he will be here with good and sufficient bail in a few minutes. I am exceedingly anxious to get rid of the company of that old friend of yours as soon as I can: blast him! — ink-spot!’

THISON, although I could scarcely keep my gravity — I was satisfied, had done this thing intentionally — put on the best face he possibly could, and took the denunciations of Stopford very coolly; and, coming up to me, he whispered: ‘Did n’t I tell you, Mr. Sheriff, I’d make him richter bimeby? and I *spotted* him fust-rate. Now, let de twins git mixed up, so dat an old man can’t tell ’em apart! ‘Old Teban! old Heathen!’ eh? I’ll let him know he ain’t going to come any of his games of hit and miss with me. No! no! no! he’s spotted for all day, any how; and dat’s what I call spottin’ a gentleman! He! he! he!’ and he smothered his laugh, lest Stopford should hear him.

The sureties soon after appeared; and, having executed the bond, I took my departure with ‘OLD TISE,’ and we left the twins to the enjoyment of that sort of feeling consequent upon an attempt to foil an officer of the law, ‘by getting themselves mixed up,’ as TISE said; and to the contemplation of his system of spotting a gentleman.

M Y S W E E T L I T T L E H I N N I E .

‘My sweet little hinnie,
My bonnie wee doo,
What sets me a dreamin’
An’ thinkin’ o’ you?’

‘The sly pawkie archer
Has wounded my heart,
And nane but you, MARY,
Can pluck out the dart.’

‘Gif that be sae, JOHNIE,
I’ll pluck out the dart;
An’ I’ll gie up mysel’
To heal up your heart.

‘I’ll be your leal wifie,
E’en sud I repent;
So aff to my minnie
An’ get her consent.’

‘I’ll off, my wee dautie;
Ac kiss ere I gang;
The lift it is starry;
The road is na lang

‘I’ll soon be back, lassie;
Love’s wings quickly flee;
Then, then I shall never
Part, MARY, frae thee!

JAMES LINGEN

L A Y S O F Q U A K E R D O M .

V I S I T O F M A R Y F I S H E R T O T H E S U L T A N M O H A M M E D I V .

A T A D R I A N O P L E , 1 6 5 8 .

I.

It was Summer. Vapors golden
 Crowning all the regal hills,
 Hung like snowy veils of vestals
 Swaying o'er the singing rills,
 And along the Orient glowing
 Drew their rosy curtaining
 Backward from the sun, advancing
 To his Empire like a King.
 On the hill-side lay the cattle
 Stretching in the golden glow,
 As it passed to wake the sleepers
 In the quiet vale below.
 Measured as the march of armies,
 Filed the shadows o'er the grain
 Bent beneath the spectral columns;
 Trooping in an endless train.
 Stately stood the trees, displaying
 Pearls upon their leafy stems;
 At the zephyrs' soft imploring,
 Flinging down their diadems
 To the humble grass beneath them
 In an ample wealth of gems.
 All the air was filled with fragrance,
 Breathing through the voice of song;
 Forth from hill, and stream, and woodland
 Rolled the morning hymn along.

II.

In the country, calm and holy,
 When the Summer-days were come,
 With his household sat the Quaker
 In their old paternal home;
 Where the earth his fathers nourished
 Long upon her bounteous breast,
 When their simple lives were ended
 Held them in unbroken rest;
 Where primeval trees the homestead
 In their vast embraces fold;
 And within their solid fibres
 Annals of the ages hold;
 Ever to the life around them
 By the leafy minstrels told.
 Bending now, in stately gossip,
 With the wandering Summer-breeze:

Now in nobler strains relating
 Stories of the centuries;
 Now, like orators, declaiming,
 Swaying into awful form;
 Toss their arms and lift their voices
 O'er the tumult of the storm;
 All the day their lore repeating
 In the heedless ear of strife;
 All the night the calm stars listen
 To their minstrelsy of life.

III.

To the lindens o'er the threshold,
 On a glorious Summer-day,
 Came the merry children bounding
 Fresh and blooming from their play;
 Grouping round to hear their father
 Tell another Quaker Lay;
 Tell them how brave MARY FISHER
 To the Sultan bore her word;
 How the noble Turk received her
 And her *Message from the Lord*.
 Low-voiced, from subdued emotion,
 Ballad-like, the tale began;
 Sweetly in the Summer stillness
 Thus the simple story ran:

IV.

The Sultan MAHMOUD lay encamped
 Within his guarded hold;
 Full fifty thousand men of war
 Were with their leader bold.
 Full fifty thousands cimatars
 Flashed in the waning light,
 And the brave Moslem' only mourned
 Their weapons were so bright.
 Flung out above the royal camp
 'MOHAMMED'S flag revealed
 The shining crescent's silver rim
 Within its sacred field.
 Stretched in the opening of his tent
 The mighty Chief reclined;
 High purposes and vast designs
 Revolving in his mind.
 The shadow of the lofty thought
 Fell slowly o'er his face,
 And softened, in its noble lines,
 The fierceness of his race.

¹ THE sacred flag of MOHAMMED is only displayed when the Sultan takes the field, or in cases of great national emergency.

On costly tapestries of the East
 His royal person laid;
 And gleamed amid the Tyrian dyes
 His keen Damascus blade.
 The ample turban round his brow
 Leaned on his swarthy hand;
 While his unconscious fingers plucked
 The jewels from the band.
 His eye was resting on the flag
 As in its shade he lay,
 Pondering on *Islam's* vast renown
 And wide-extended sway.

v.

For then the Crescent's shining arch
 Flamed in the tropic sun,
 And flashed where, up far Arctic nights,
 The northern streamers run.
 From distant Asia's peopled plains
 And mountain-steppes, afar,
 Vast hordes of fierce believers came
 To *Islam's* holy war.²
 And the Great Vizier KIRPULI
 Was marching to his liege,
 Triumphant with the trophies won
 At Candia's bloody siege.³
 The armies of the Faithful held
 Their undisputed way,
 And the mute nations paled before
 The Moslem's dread array.⁴

vi

The Sultan dreamed of boundless power,
 To wield his conquering sword,
 And make the unbelievers own
The Prophet of the Lord;
 To fling the banner of his Faith
 O'er *Islam's* ancient reign,
 Above the valleys of Castile,
 The mountain-heights of Spain.
 In the great Temple of the Cross⁵
 Marshal his Moslem force,
 And make its sacred fane at Rome⁶
 A stable for his horse!⁷
 The symbol of his perfect power,
 On *Islam's* flag unfurled,

Behold the crescent, round, and rise,
 Full-orbed, upon the world!

vii.

As thus he lay, an Aga⁸ came,
 With many a low salam:
 'What wouldst thou now?' the Sultan
 said,
 In accent deep and calm;
⁹Shadow of GOD: without the camp
 A Christian waits, abhorred,
 Who bringeth from her English home
 'A *Message from the Lord*.'
 They drove her thrice beyond the lines;
 Boldly again she came,
 Demanding audience calm and high,
 In ALLAH's holy name.
 'A woman, saidst thou?' MAHMOUD rose,
 Still leaning on his hand:
 'A woman, seeking *Islam's* shrine
 From her own Christian land?'
 'Most mighty Sultan, one who would
 Your royal harem grace:
 Rich in the sweetness of her sex,
 The beauty of her race;
 But not to Mecca's holy shrine
 Her pilgrim foot-steps came:
 To preach the glory of the Cross
 In her own PROPHET's name;
¹⁰Not at the evening *Namas* bowed
 Her unbelieving head.'
 'And came she to the camp alone?'
 'Alone!' the Aga said.
 Thus saith the infidel: 'Arrived
¹¹At Smyrna by the sea;
 Captive they sent her from the strand;
 At Venice set her free.
 From thence on foot, two hundred leagues,
 Alone by night and day,
 Her journey through a war-like land
 A weary distance lay.
 (Our boldest ¹²Spahis could not ride
 Safely along that way.)

² & ³ KIRPULI, the Grand Vizier of MOHAMMED IV., was a man of great ability, to whom the Sultan entrusted the siege of Candia, with a command that no one of that army should appear *alive* in his presence until Candia should be taken. The siege had lasted twenty-two years, and cost the Turks one hundred thousand soldiers, besides about an equal number of men not registered in the army. Christendom regarded the defence of Candia as the great struggle between the Cross and the Crescent, and men and munitions of war came from all the Christian nations. It surrendered to KIRPULI in about two years.

⁴ —
⁵ ST. PETER's at Rome.

⁶ & ⁷ MAHOMMED IV. declared his determination to make the altar at Rome a stable for his horse.

⁸ Aga is a general officer.

⁹ Persian title of the Sultan.

¹⁰ *Namas*, is prayer. The evening *Namas* was instituted in commemoration of JESUS CHRIST, whom the Turks recognize as a historical personage; not to bow to *that* was to reject JESUS also.

¹¹ She went to Smyrna.

¹² *Spahis* — cava'ry. Yellow flag is the Asiatic cava'ry, to whom the Sultan gives precedence by placing them on his right hand: European *Spahis* on the left.

Her PROPHET gave her meat and drink,
 And nerved each sinking limb;
 In clouds by day, by night in fire,
 He bade her follow him
 To Adrianople's royal camp,
 (So saith her doubtful word,)
 To bring the ¹³Refuge of the world
'A Message from the Lord.'

VIII.

The Sultan mused a while, and spoke:

¹⁴Caimakin, God is God;
 What wouldst *thou* with this infidel?'

'Chastise her with the rod!'

Up to his feet the Sultan sprung;
 His glance was stern and high;
 The Aga and Caimakin paled
 Before his flashing eye.

'Now by my Father's soul,' he said,
 'My own right royal arm
 Would from thy shoulders strike thy head,
 Shouldst thou that Christian harm.
 The Prophet's self had not inspired
 A sterner, loftier faith
 To lift a woman's soul above
 Danger, and toil, and death.
 She *shall* have audience. To our staff
 Our royal mandate bear;
 We shall await them in our tent,
 After the morning prayer.
 See thou that noble Christian, then,
 Straight to our audience led;
 And for her safety and repose
 Thou'lt answer with thy head.'

IX.

Morning, beyond the eastern hills
 Her glorious march begun;
 And Adrianople's holy mosques
 Stood glittering in the sun.
 The loud ¹⁵Muezzins' pious call
 Fell from the minaret;
 Reverent the fierce believers all
 That sacred summons met.
 The standard of the Prophet swung
 Slowly upon the air,
 While its defenders in the camp
 Devoutly knelt in prayer.

X

Alone, amid that turbaned host,
 By larger truth made free,

The Christian, at the call, withheld,
 The homage of her knee.
 Fierce bigots, with their eyes of fire,
 Saw her refuse to kneel;
 And swarthy hands, unclasped from
 prayer,
 Convulsive clutched the steel.
 Apart she sate, serene and still,
 Within the open tent;
 To that devout delusion round
 Respectful pity lent.
Her spirit through the Sacred Courts
 Its own high path-way trod,
 In the still temple of the soul
 Communing with her God.

XI.

As thus she sate, the Aga came,
 By the Caimakin sent,
 To bid her, in the Sultan's name,
 Attend him in his tent.
 The fiery warriors, on her way,
 Gathered in silent wrath,
 And, motionless as forms of bronze,
 Ranged them along her path.
 Swarthy and grim on either side
 The breathing statues stood;
 Two lines of sabres, half unsheathed,
 Seemed thirsting for her blood.
 With folded hands and steady step,
 And eye in quiet, bent
 Upon the savage throng, she passed
 Into the royal tent.

XII.

The Sultan, on a raised Divan,
 Sat in his splendid state;
 Grouped in a crescent round the tent
 His staff and escort wait;
 Warriors of grave and noble mien
 Ranged as they ranked in fame,
 Who to that audience with the Giaour
 Slow and reluctant came.
 Rich draperies of Damascus hung
 In many an ample fold;
 (Old triumphs on their emerald ground
 Were wrought in gems and gold,)
 That backward from the Sultan's seat
 Were looped on either hand;
 The *Mufti* and *Caimakin* stood
 Beside each jewelled band.
 The Koran on a frame of pearl
 Its sacred page displayed;
 The Greek Dragoman, waiting near,
 Profound obeisance made.

¹³ TITLE of the Sultan.

¹⁴ Caimakin, is the substitute for the Grand Vizier in his absence.

¹⁵ Muezzin, who calls to prayers from the minaret of the mosques.

XIII.

Amid the dazzling splendor round,
 In sweet and solemn mood,
 The Quaker, in her humble garb,
 Serene and simple stood,
 Despite the Aga's frequent sign
 To make her low salaâm;
 Respectful, but unmoved remained,
 Silent, and firm, and calm.

XIV.

'*Christian*,' at length the Sultan said,
 'We wait to hear thy word:
 Declare it, neither less nor more,
 Thy '*Message from the Lord*.''

So still she stood, again he said:

'Speak what thou hast to say;
 If these rude warriors waken dread,
 My staff alone shall stay.
 Speak freely, we have hearts to feel,
 And ears prepared to hear;
 And be thy message good or ill,
 Speak — thou hast none to fear.'

'I seek,' she said, 'the Life within,
 Where strength and wisdom lie,
 To give my utterance weight, and power,
 And unction, from on high.'

Gravely the listening Moslem heard,
 And patient and sedate;
 Waiting the Christian's farther word
 The turbaned warriors sate.

XV.

Below, the encampment seemed to lay,
 That morning, hushed and still;
 The distant chargers' friendly neigh
 Came faintly up the hill,
 With sound of steel that peaceful rung
 From restless Spahis nigh,
 As some impatient horseman flung
 His burnished armor by.
 The ancient Hebrus rolled along
 By the old cypress groves,
 From whose deep shade the turtle's song
 Proclaimed its peaceful loves.
 The sun-light fell in waves of gold
 In all that bounteous clime.
 Where melody and fragrance hold
 Perpetual Summer-time.
 As Nature to that scene of strife
 Her holiest influence lent,
 Subdued, the fierce surrounding life
 Throbbled through the silent tent.

XVI.

A light upon the Christian's face
 From her rapt spirit broke:

And slowly, with unconscious grace
 And solemn power, she spoke:

XVII.

'Bold follower of thy Prophet, hear
 The *Message of the Lord*;
 Ye men of carnal war, give ear
 Unto his living word.
 The HOLY SPIRIT bade me leave
 My home and native land,
 Bearing GOD's message in my heart,
 My life within my hand;
 Led me in fire through dreary nights,
 In clouds through burning days;
 O'er pathless deeps and mountain-heights,
 And by untravelled ways;
 To bid your Sultan in his youth
 Seek an immortal crown,
 And build in GOD's eternal truth
 Your glory and renown:
 To wield the great and growing power,
 Vouchsafed you from above,
 To help establish in the earth
 Justice, and Truth, and Love;
 To leave your heathen ways, and live
 The husband and the wife,
 Around the sacred hearth of home
 A higher, holier life.
 GOD made the union of the twain
 When first the race began;
 For ever shall His act remain
 The marriage-law of man.
 GOD bids *thee*, great and mighty King,
 Thy wars and fightings cease,
 And thy victorious armies bring
 To the pursuits of peace;
 A greater than *thy* Prophet speaks;
 Hear thou His living word:
 'Make of thy spear a pruning-hook,
 A plough-share of thy sword.
 Thou mak'st a wilderness to howl
 Where peopled cities stood,
 And marchest through the affrighted earth
 In surging seas of blood.
 Before thee, horror and despair,
 Ruin and death behind;
 Famine and pestilence are there,
 Thou scourge of human kind!'

XVIII.

Clear and distinct her utterance fell
 Upon the stillness round;
 The turbaned warriors half uprose
 To catch the startling sound;
 As the Dragoman passed her words
 Into their native tongue,
 To strike the bold blasphemer down
 A score of warriors sprung.
 A ring of quivering sabres gleamed
 Grasped in each swarthy hand

But the bold bigots quailed before
The Sultan's high command.
A moment, o'er the Christian's head
The flashing weapons hung;
Then each within its sheath of steel
Keen and reluctant rung.

xix.

Unmoved and calm the Quaker stood,
But DEATH, as *he* drew nigh,
Heightened the radiance of her face,
The lustre of her eye;
Deepened her clear and thrilling tone,
That o'er the turbaned throng,
Obedient to the Sultan's sign,
Unfaltering, rolled along.

xx.

'Tis written, and for ever makes
Part of GOD's holy Word,
'Whoso the sword of warfare takes
Shall perish by the sword.'
Your cities stand upon the dust
Of nations passed away,
Who perished wholly; for their trust
In carnal weapons lay.
Israel, an alien, o'er the earth
Wanders without a home;
Lo! where are Persia, Syria now,
Egypt, and Greece, and Rome?
For ever lost to Time and Life!
Thus GOD fulfills His Word;
Whoso shall take the sword in strife
Shall perish by the sword.
Islam shall not escape the wo
Of those who build by wrong;
Strong as thou art, great Sultan, know
That GOD is great and strong;
For principalities, nor powers,
Nor heights, nor depths untrod;
Things past, nor present, nor to come,
Limit the power of GOD.
Turn thou to peace! or GOD shall wring
The sceptre from thy hand,
And the great wo of nations bring
Upon thy favored land.
Then shall your Crescent's light go down
In darkness and in blood;
Forgot, your glory and renown,
Where once your temples stood.'

xxi.

She ceased; and though above the throng
A solemn silence fell,
Deep in the hangings of the tent
Her utterance seemed to dwell.

Pale as a prophetess she stood;
Her eyes were filled with light;
Mutely the wondering warriors gazed,
The Presence was so bright.
The aged *Mufti* stroked his beard,
Pondering on what he saw:
'An infidel! so filled with power
Without His holy law!'

xxii.

'*Christian*,' the Sultan said, 'we see
The Great GOD gives thee words.
Dwell in our land; we welcome thee;
Thy Message is the Lord's.'

'Great Sultan, may thy people own
The *Word of Truth* I brought;
In peace I leave you, and *alone*,
Even as your camp I sought.'

'Escort to ¹⁶ *Stamboul* thou shalt have,
Escort, the best of mine;
I would not, for an hundred lives,
That harm should come to thine.'

'Ho! Kizlar-Aga, bid thy staff ¹⁷
Send me a thousand horse!
The Spahis of our yellow flag,
The boldest of their force;
And bid them hither; *Morah*, bring
My noble Arab mare;
Brave Christian, *Morah* will be proud
Courage like thine to bear.'

xxiii.

Moved by his generous words, she said:

'I thank thee, noble Turk;
I do not need thy men of war
To do *my* MASTER'S work;
His arm is underneath me still;
He is my staff and guide;
Legions of angels, at His will,
Shall gather to my side.
Now peace be with you from above;
Peace in your councils dwell;
For in our common FATHER'S love
I bid you all — farewell!'

She turned, and, meekly and sedate,
Passed slowly from the tent,
While the great Sultan, where he sate,
In salutation bent.
Thoughtful, unconscious that his hand
Rested upon his sword,
He sate, revolving in his mind
The Christian's fearless word:

¹⁶ STAMBOUL, is Constantinople.

¹⁷ KIZLAR-AGA, commander of the horse.

Lifting his eye, the Crescent's light —
 Kindling above him then —
 Flashed inward through its quiet depths,
 And fired his soul again.

XXIV.

Who seek to know, the record tells
 That Quaker, travelling far,
 Went peaceful to her English home;
 The Sultan went to war:
 And at Vienna's fearful siege,
 On many a dreadful field,
 Before the soldiers of the Cross
 Beheld his armies yield;
 And, as without, relentless foes
 Humbled his power and pride;
 Within, as stormy factions rose,
 Beset on every side,
 By Adrianople's mosques, resigned
 His sceptre and his sword;
 And dying, pondered in his mind
 That *Message from the Lord*.

XXV.

Two hundred years! The Sultan rests
 Upon his tomb of state;
 While *Islam's* Empire rocks around
 Upon the brink of fate.
 Beyond the Balkan mountains high
 Its ancient foemen throng;
 Their drum-note echoes, rolling by,
 Lo! '*God is great and strong!*'
 Around her lessening lines, and near
 The nation's clashing swords,
 Repeat in Islam's startled ear:
 'That Message was the LORD'S!'

XXVI.

Two hundred years! The Quaker sleeps
 Within her nameless grave;
 But a whole kindred people keeps
 Her memory pure and brave.
 The while, her '*Faith of Peace and Love,*'
 That feebly then began,
 Grows with the world's great life to be
 The common Faith of man.*

* MARY FISHER, on her return from New-England, where she met with severe treatment, set out on her mission to MOHAMMED IV., then encamped with his army without Adrianople. She reached Smyrna by sea, but the English Consul sent her back to Venice, no doubt believing her to be crazy, as most people are charitably supposed to be who are in advance of their times. From Venice she made her way by land, on foot, to Adrianople, more than *six hundred miles*, through a country filled with soldiers and out-laws of every description; delivered her message to the Sultan, who assembled his Staff, and received her in state, acknowledged her 'mission,' and the truth of what she said, and requested her to stay in his dominions. Upon her declining to do so, he offered her escort to Constantinople, saying the country was full of danger, and he would not, on any account, harm should come to her in his kingdom. She declined his escort, and reached Constantinople and England in safety.

Some idea of the peril and privation of this journey may be had from MARY MONTAGUE's Letters, who, as the wife of the English Ambassador, went to Adrianople nearly fifty years *after* MARY FISHER's visit, and erroneously states that *she* was the first Christian woman who had made the dangerous journey since the Greek Emperors, and POPE bewailed her as one environed by the greatest peril; whereas, the heroic Quakeress, defended by no guard, under the auspices of no Government — save that which is above all kingdoms — made the journey half a century before; and it may indicate how contemptuous must have been the feeling at that time toward the Quakers, seeing that this act of true heroism was not known to MARY MONTAGUE, even under the circumstances of a similar journey from the same country and city, and that no contemporaneous history records it, or any tradition preserves it, save the 'Memorials of the Meeting,' if there was any, to which the simple Quaker returned her credentials, if she had any, saying she 'had performed the service to the peace and satisfaction of her own mind.'

The Turkish power reached its height in the reign of MOHAMMED IV., at the successful termination of the siege of Candia, and began its decline in the same reign at the Turkish siege of Vienna, when SOBIESKI, King of Poland, came to the aid of Austria, and defeated the Turks with great slaughter. MOHAMMED IV. was subsequently deposed, and died in the Seraglio, after five years' seclusion. He was a great and splendid monarch, who reigned nearly fifty years, in the early part of which he extended his dominions and consolidated his power, reducing the janizaries of his kingdom, so long the dread of the ruler and the terror of the people. His speech on the occasion of his compulsory abdication, is a rare specimen of eloquence.

THE GYPSIES OF ART.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MURGER'S 'SCENES DE LA BOHEME.'

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

CHAPTER NINE.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

FOR five or six years Marcel had worked at the famous painting which (he said) represented *the Passage of the Red Sea*; and for five or six years, this master-piece of color had been obstinately refused by the jury. In fact, by dint of going and returning so many times from the artist's study to the Museum, and from the Museum to his study, the picture knew the road to the Louvre well enough to have gone thither of itself, if it had been put on wheels. Marcel, who had repainted the canvas ten times over, from top to bottom, attributed to personal hostility on the part of the jury the ostracism which annually repulsed him from the Square Saloon; nevertheless, he was not totally discouraged by the obstinate rejection which greeted him at every exhibition. He was comfortably established in the persuasion that his picture was, on a somewhat smaller scale, the pendant required by the *Marriage of Cana*, that gigantic master-piece whose astonishing brilliancy the dust of three centuries has not been able to tarnish. Accordingly, every year at the epoch of the exhibition, Marcel sent his great work to the jury of examiners; only, to deceive them, he would change some details of his picture, and the title of it, without disturbing the general composition.

Thus, it came before the jury once, under the name of *The Passage of the Rubicon*; but Pharaoh, badly disguised under the mantle of Cæsar, was recognized and rejected with all the honors due him. Next year, Marcel threw a coat of white over the foreground, to imitate snow, planted a fir-tree in one corner, and, dressing an Egyptian like a grenadier of the Imperial Guard, christened his picture, *Passage of the Beresina*. But the jury had wiped its glasses that day, and was not duped by this new stratagem. It recognized the pertinacious picture by a thundering big pie-bald horse that was prancing on top of a wave of the Red Sea. The skin of this horse served Marcel for all his experiments in coloring; he used to call it, familiarly, his *synoptic table of fine tones*, because it reproduced the most varied combinations of color, with the different plays of light and shade. Once again, however, the jury could not find black balls enough to refuse the *Passage of the Beresina*.

'Very well,' said Marcel, 'I thought so! Next year, I shall send it under the title of the *Passage of the Panoramas*.'

'They're going to be jollily caught — caught!'

sang Schaunard to a new air of his own composition; a terrible air,

like a gamut of thunder-claps, the accompaniment whereof was a terror to all pianos within hearing.

‘How can they refuse it, without all the vermillion of my Red Sea mounting to their cheeks, and covering them with the blush of shame?’ ejaculated the artist, as he gazed on his picture. ‘When I think that there is five hundred francs’ worth of color there, and at least a million of genius, without counting my lovely youth, now as bald as my old hat! But they shan’t get the better of me! Till my dying day, I will send them my picture. It shall be engraved on their memories.’

‘The surest way of ever having it engraved,’ said Colline, in a plaintive tone, and then added to himself, ‘Very neat, that; I shall repeat it in society!’

Marcel continued his imprecations, which Schaunard continued to put to music.

‘Ah, they won’t admit me! The government pays them, lodges them, and gives them decorations, on purpose to refuse me once a year; every first of March! I see their idea! I see it clearly! They want to make me burn my pencils. They hope that when my Red Sea is refused, I will throw myself out of the window of despair. But they little know the heart of man, if they think to take me thus. I will not wait for the opening of the Saloon. From to-day, my work shall be a picture of Damocles, eternally suspended over their existence. I will send it once a week to each of them, at his home in the bosom of his family; in the very heart of his private life. It shall trouble their domestic joys; they shall find their roasts burnt, their wines sour, and their wives bitter! They will grow mad rapidly, and go to the Institute in strait-waistcoats. Ha! ha! the thought consoles me.’

Some days after, when Marcel had already forgotten his terrible plans of vengeance against his persecutors, he received a visit from Father *Medicis*. So the club called a Jew, named Salomon, who at that time was well known to all the vagabond-dom of art and literature, and had continual transactions with them. Father *Medicis* traded in all sorts of trumpery. He sold complete sets of furniture from *twelve* francs up to five thousand; he bought every thing, and knew how to dispose of it again, at a profit. Proudhon’s bank of exchange was nothing in comparison with the system practised by *Medicis*, who possessed the genius of traffic to a degree at which the ablest of his religion had never before arrived. His shop was a fairy region where you found any thing you wished for. Every product of nature, every creation of art; whatever issues from the bowels of the earth or the head of man, was an object of commerce for him. His business included every thing; literally, every thing that exists; he even trafficked in *the ideal*. He bought *ideas* to sell or speculate in them. Known to all *litterateurs* and all artists, intimate with the palette and familiar with the desk, he was the very Asmodeus of the arts. He would sell you cigars for a column of your newspaper, slippers for a sonnet, fresh fish for paradoxes; he would talk, *for so much an hour*, with the people who furnished fashionable gossip to the journals. He would procure you places in the Chambers, and invitations to parties. He lodged wandering artistlings by the day, week, or month, taking for pay, copies of the

pictures in the Louvre. The green-room had no mysteries for him. He would get your pieces into the theatre, or yourself into the boudoir of an actress. He had a copy of the *Almanac of Twenty-five thousand Directions* in his head, and knew the names, residences, and secrets of all celebrities, even those who were not celebrated.

A few pages, copied from his *waste-book*, will give a better idea of the universality of his operations than the most copious explanation could.

'Sold to Mr. L —, antiquary, the compass which ARCHIMEDES used at the siege of Syracuse. Seventy-five francs.

'Bought of Mr. V —, editor, the entire works, uncut, of Mr. X —, Member of the Academy. Ten francs.

'Sold to the same, a criticism of the complete works of Mr. X —, of the Academy. Thirty francs.

'Sold to Mr. X —, of the Academy, a laudatory review (twelve columns) of his complete works. Two hundred and fifty francs.

'Bought of Mr. R —, literary man, a critical article on the complete works of Mr. X —. Ten francs. *Plus* half a ton of coal and four pounds of coffee.

'Sold to Mr. G —, a porcelain vase which had belonged to Madame DEBARRY. Eighteen francs.

'Bought of little D —, her hair. Fifteen francs.

'Bought of Mr. B —, a lot of articles on Society, and the last three misatkes in spelling made by the Prefect of the Seine. Six francs, *plus* a pair of Naples shoes.

'Sold to Mademoiselle O —, a flaxen head of hair. One hundred and twenty francs.

'Bought of Mr. M —, historical painter, a series of humorous designs. Twenty-five francs.

'Sold Mr. FERDINAND the time when Mme. La Baronne de T — goes to mass. Twenty francs.

'Bought of Mr. J —, painter, the portrait of Mr. ISIDORE as APOLLO. Six francs.

'Sold Mlle. R — a pair of lobsters and six pair of gloves. Thirty-six francs. Received three francs.

'For the same, procured a credit of six months with Mme. Z —, dress-maker. (Price not settled.)

'Procured for Mme. Z —, dress-maker, the custom of Mlle. R —. Three yards of velvet, and three yards of lace.

'Bought of Mr. R —, literary man, a claim of one hundred and twenty francs against the — newspaper. Three francs, *plus* two pounds of tobacco.

'Sold Mr. FERDINAND two love-letters. Twelve francs.

'Sold Mr. ISIDORE his portrait as APOLLO. Thirty francs.

'Bought of Mr. M —, one hundred and fifty pounds of his work, entitled, *Sub-Marine Revolutions*.

'Lent Mme. la Comtesse de G — a service of china. Twenty francs.

'Bought of Mr. G —, journalist, fifty-two lines in his article of city gossip. One hundred francs, *plus* a set of chimney-ornaments.

'Sold to Messrs. O — and Company fifty-two lines in the city gossip of the —. Three hundred francs, *plus* two sets of chimney-ornaments.

'Bought of Mr. G. C., a memoir on the flax and linen trade. Fifty francs, and a rare edition of Josephus.

'Sold Mlle S. G — a complete set of new furniture. Five thousand francs.

'For the same, paid an apothecary's bill. Seventy-five francs.

'do. do. a milkman's do. Three francs.'

These quotations show what an extensive range the operations of the Jew took. It may be added, that although some articles of his commerce were decidedly illicit, he had never got himself into any trouble.

The Jew comprehended, on his entrance, that he had come at a favorable moment. In fact, the four friends were at that moment in council, under the auspices of a ferocious appetite, discussing the grave question of meat and drink. It was a Sunday at the end of the month — sinister day!

The arrival of Medicis was therefore hailed by a joyous chorus, for

they knew that he was too saving of his time to spend it in visits of polite ceremony; his presence announced business.

'Good evening, Gentlemen!' quoth he.

'Colline!' said Rodolphe, who was *studying the horizontal line* at full length on his bed, 'do the hospitable. Give our guest a chair: a guest is sacred.'

Colline took an arm-chair about as soft as iron, and shoved it toward the Jew, saying:

'Suppose, for once, you were Cinna, (you *are* a great sinner, you know,) and take this seat.'

'Oh! oh! oh!' shouted the others, looking at the floor to see if it would not open and swallow up the philosopher. Meanwhile, the Jew let himself fall into the arm-chair, and was just going to cry out at its hardness, when he remembered that it was one which he himself had sold Colline for a deputy's speech. As the Jew sat down, his pockets reëchoed with a silvery sound; melodious symphony, which threw the four friends into a reverie of delight.

'The accompaniment seems pretty,' said Rodolphe aside to Marcel; 'now for the air!'

'Mr. Marcel,' said Medicis, 'I have merely come to make your fortune; that is to say, I offer you a superb occasion for making your entry into the artistic world. Art, you know, Mr. Marcel, is a barren route, of which glory is the oâsis.'

'Father Medicis,' cried Marcel, on the tenter-hooks of impatience, 'in the name of your revered patron, St. Fifty-per-cent., be brief!'

'Here it is,' continued Medicis; 'a rich amateur, who is collecting a gallery destined to make the tour of Europe, has charged me to procure for him a series of remarkable works. I come to offer you admission into this museum — in a word, to buy your *'Passage of the Red Sea.'*

'Money down?' asked Marcel.

'Specie,' replied the Jew, making the orchestra of his pockets strike up.

'Do you take the specious offer?' asked Colline.

'Wretch!' shouted Rodolphe, 'don't you see that he is talking of *tin*? Is there nothing sacred for you, atheist that you are?'

Colline mounted on a table and assumed the attitude of Harpocrates.

'Push on, Medicis!' said Marcel, exhibiting his picture: 'I wish to leave you the honor of fixing the price of this work, which is above all price.'

The Jew placed on the table a hundred and fifty francs in new coin.

'Well, what more?' said Marcel; 'that's only the prologue.'

'Mr. Marcel,' replied the Jew, 'you know that my first offer is my last. I shall add nothing. Reflect: a hundred and fifty francs: that is a sum, it is!'

'A very small sum,' said the artist; 'there is that much worth of cobalt in my Pharaoh's robe. Make it a round sum, at any rate! Square it off; say two hundred!'

'I won't add a sous!' said Medicis; 'but I stand dinner for the company; wine to any extent.'

'Going! going! going!' shouted Colline, with three blows of his fist on the table, 'no one speaks? — gone!'

‘Well, it’s a bargain!’ said Marcel.

‘I will send for the picture to-morrow,’ said the Jew; ‘and now, gentlemen, to dinner!’

Medicis treated the four friends in a really magnificent way, and gave them their first edition of a number of dishes. They departed from the gorgeous banquet as drunk as a vintage-day. Marcel’s intoxication was near having the most deplorable consequences. In passing by his tailor’s, at two in the morning, he absolutely wanted to wake up his creditor, and pay him the hundred and fifty francs on account. A ray of reason which flashed across the mind of Colline, stopped the artist on the border of this precipice.

A week after, Marcel discovered in what gallery his picture had been placed. While passing through the *Faubourg St. Honoré*, he stopped in the midst of a group which seemed to regard with curiosity a sign that was putting up over a shop-door. This sign was neither more nor less than Marcel’s picture, which Medicis had sold to a grocer; only, the *Passage of the Red Sea* had undergone one more alteration, and received one more new name. It had received the addition of a steam-boat, and was called *the Harbor of Marseilles*. The curious by-standers were bestowing on it a flattering ovation. Marcel returned home in ecstasy at his triumph, muttering to himself, *Vox Populi vox Dei*.

D E C E M B E R .

LAST night, the wind came wailing round my dwelling,
Out from autumnal forests brown and sere;
With moan, and groan, and shrilly tone, upwelling,
Thrilling my soul with fancies cold and drear;
Loud through my latticed window swelling, telling
The failing glories of the dying year;
The failing hopes and purpose of the year.

What high resolves and longings, warm and earnest,
And what fixed hopes, and plans for coming cheer,
Began to span the future; e’en the sternest,
Pointing to joys that soon should enter here.
Ah! what a fall! stern lesson, thou, man, learnest!
Sad diapason of the failing year!
Dead hopes, departed pleasures of the year!

So, to my soul, I heard the night-wind singing;
So, through my soul swept fancies cold and drear;
With moan, and groan, and choking tone, upbringing
Forgotten vows, lost loves, and heart-strings bleat;
Shafts of remorse, and sorrow’s winging, wringing
Tears, on my pillow, for the wasted year —
Rain, from the heavens, for the wasted year!

E’en as the dead leaves, falling in the forest,
E’en as the frosted flowers strew Summer’s bier —
Heart-sore, no more shall pour, when need is sorest,
The dews that Spring so freely lavished here.
Tree of my life’s dead hopes! the leaves thou worst,
How thick they strew the autumn of the year!
How sad they swell the requiem of the year!

L. J. BATES.

M O D E R N S O R C E R E R S .

It has been mentioned, on the authority, I believe, of the newspaper, in the columns of which we periodically find records of heaven-dropped frogs, that a tadpole of inquiring mind, having just arrived at that stage of transition into froghood, when his tail dropped off, became miraculously gifted with speech, and, addressing himself, in private communion with his injured feelings, uttered the pithy interrogatory, 'What next?'

The reiteration of this hopeless inquiry is about the farthest thing from my present intentions. Tadpoles though we are, wonders come so thick upon us from day to day, that we hardly have time to cherish into full-blow our astonishment at *this*, when on comes *that*, and nips in the bud our beginning wonderment for *t'other*: and, so far from the few pages into which I hope to compress my present remarks, being set forth as a field in which any flowers of philosophy may be culled, I warn the reader, at the beginning, that my space will be much liker, in the main, to a dry-dock, into which I feel myself impelled to proceed, for the purpose of letting off an unlimited quantity of superfluous steam.

Accustomed as I have been, from my small boyhood upward, to consider 'all the world a stage,' it is with feelings akin to admiration, that I reflect upon the present improved state of the machinery of the 'mezzonine floor' of that stupendous establishment. I will here state, for the information of such of my readers as have been nurtured in a superstitious seclusion from the temple of the acted drama, that the 'mezzonine,' vulgarly '*mazarine*' floor, of a theatre, is the lower-deck or chamber, immediately beneath the stage, the chamber of horrors, in fact, from which Bill Griggs, artistically got up with a luminous death's head on the top of his natural numskull, and a bloody winding-sheet over his cotton-velvet wrap-rascal and corduroy shorts, is gradually developed through a trap, to horrify the upper world, as the ghost of the murdered Scroggins. Well, the world being a stage, it follows, as a matter of course, that the chaotic region, known as the 'bowels of the earth,' must be fitted up with a regulation 'mezzonine.' The drama of life is merged in melodrama: the stage darkened; the traps are catapulting forth their apparitions; the foot-lights burning blue; the serpents of the orchestra metamorphosed into real live pythons; pit, boxes, and gallery are standing upon the benches, and with out-stretched necks, distended eyes, and imbecile relaxation of mouth, are waiting for the developments of the next act. Superstition is the scene-painter, mysticism the manager, but who is the prompter? Spirit of Swedenborg! — if, happily, thou may'st be translated from the Swedish into a four-legged, walnut, domestic, decently-clothed table, like that at which I now write — surely art thou become, literally, a 'household word:' and being such, I here, straining for the requisite faith, beseech thee to lift up thy off-hind walnut-leg, gently, and at such a mild angle as not to capsize my ink-stand; and, watching with thy to-me-invisible eyes, as I touch the alphabet, to spell out for me, in thy ragged-school-boy, round-about, rhapsodical revealings, an answer to the above important

query. By the light of a lamp, (a spirit-lamp, of course, and haunted by a shade,) I wait for you. 'Come o'er the sea at the silent hour.' The house is still. it is not yet midnight: I am wide awake, as keen for the supernatural as if my faculties had been recently whotted on one of Mechi's Magic Strops. I pause for a reply. I wish I may get it.

The suspicion of sorcery, in all ages, until this present one of the Golden Goose, has been visited upon the attainted with the utmost rigor of the laws of Lynch and others; burning at the stake, breaking upon the wheel, imprisonment for life, at the least. In the palmy days, when the merriment of our ancestral halls was augmented, as the old song informs us, by the wagging of assembled beards, a telegraph-operator would have stood no chance. He would have been carved and grilled, spatch-cocked, as it were, by the public executioner; and subsequently, his remains would have been carefully levigated in a mortar, and distributed, as in mockery, to the four cardinal points. At present, he is a flat fact: a substantial, unromantic, tangible, two-legged lightning-conductor. There is no witchcraft about him now. He is simply a small magnet in the laboratory of natural philosophy, to which every thing in our day seems to be possible; except, indeed, as some fiend in human form remarked, the production of ashes from gun-powder. And so, the natural having become flat, we must needs have recourse to mysticism: and society finds it necessary to maintain its sorcerers and sorceresses, professional and amateur. A new want has arisen, resulting in a vampire appetite for dead men, combined with a supernatural capaciousness of swallow. 'What's in a name!' Why, this much. that the sorcerer, or witch, or wizard, or worse, of former days, has 'b'iled down to a pint' in the seething caldron of time: and, retaining in his refinement the very essence of the proscribed devil-raiser, pervades the world with patchouli instead of brimstone, perfuming our drawing-rooms with the odor of the sanctity of the professed 'medium.' The three young sorceresses, beneath the throbbing branches of whose delicate hands I but lately saw an innocent-looking rose-wood-table become animate with a manifestation of being — pumped full of spirits, if I may be permitted to apply so profane an illustration — were greeted with trembling whispers of applause by the circling guests, as each anxious inquiry upon subjects of such popular interest as the number of teeth at present tenanted the interior of Mrs. Hobbs's mother's head, was responded to by Rosewood, with eloquent stamp. There was something awful in the exactitude with which each isolated nipper was numerically knocked off, and sublime in the simple faith with which the company accepted Mrs. Hobbs's mother's assurances of the correctness of the sum total, without, in any instance, availing themselves of her proffered invitation to a personal inspection. These three young sorceresses are still at large; nor have I heard that any legal proceedings are likely to be instituted against them. And long may they continue to bewitch the tables, and those who sit at them; of the latter of which misdemeanors I firmly believe them to be guilty, many times a month. Of their sorcery, however, I hold no account: for, having been granted an appeal to Rosewood, immediately after the successful response on the subject of Mrs. Hobbs's mother's dental relics, and having humbly ex-

pressed a desire to be informed as to the precise number of lines contained in the third sonnet of the poems of John Keats, Rosewood mendaciously rapped forth the number of six, which was subsequently, (leave for correction having been granted by me,) extended to nine, and finally reached the limit of twenty, without once hitting upon the necessary and normal quantity of fourteen. The magic, then, of these young soothsayers, was of the same mild quality as that of the professional lady-medium of great renown, but small acquaintance with polite literature, who, at the earnest solicitation of a miscreant, representing himself as a relation of the departed, did impiously invoke and conjure up from nothing, the spirit of one Lemuel Gulliver, which dwelleth nowhere — Gulliver, the companion of our childhood: but who never was born, and, of course, never died.

Of a less diluted brewage, however, is the necromancy indulged in by divers divines and jurisconsults, whose 'experiences' on the subject of spirit-communications have recently been given to the world. The Reverend Mr. Godfrey, for instance, Rector of Wortley, England, professes to have been eminently successful in sustaining table-talk with a defunct parishioner of his, who represents himself as being condemned for unknown spaces to haunt and inspire the reverend gentleman's mahogany. 'The *bad* spirits alone,' says this lost sheep of the fold of Wortley, 'are thus condemned to haunt the places of their earthly pilgrimage;' some being locally transmigrated into stocks and stones, while others gibber and leer at us through the eyes of epileptic idiots and convulsed lunatics. If this spirit *was* a spirit, and spoke the truth, shall men express surprise if, in the course of our promised progress of communion with the spirit-world, (for the initiated tell us it is only just beginning,) an over-heated dumb-stove become endowed with speech, and, shouting through its pipe, as through a speaking-trumpet, petrify the hearts of a palpitating household with the terrible monosyllable, 'Fire!' Shall I be shocked at finding that my peculiar clothes-horse has become animated with the royal spirit of the King Nebuchadnezzar, and, abandoning with recklessness its hitherto useful and respectable career, been detected out at grass in the neighboring meadows? Who shall be responsible for the reputations of his fire-irons? — the poker, tongs, and shovel — whose ironical gravity of demeanor has established for them a hitherto untarnished respectability? Possibly, renowned individuals, who have been re-produced in posthumous marble, at the expense of a grateful country, may think it worth while occasionally to 'possess' and animate their chiselled effigies. No shock, indeed, would it be to my feelings, but rather a gratification, if such an art-creation as Baily's famous 'Eve at the Fountain' were to rise from her graceful recumbence, and shaking down for a garment her 'rippled tresses,' like the Lady Godiva, trip daintily through the garden in search of apples — or of Adam. But how trying to refined sensibilities to come suddenly upon a marble general, lunching upon the road-side 'metal' of a macadamized highway, in company with a granite statesman! — a veritable 'Festin de Pierre,' foreshadowed by the immortal Molière! — whose terrible 'Statue of the Commander,' with his marbleized-ironical nod, haunts me ever as I recall the reading. There be modern statues, how-

ever, of dukes and of presidents, rampantly riding 'a-cock-horse,' that will be warranted safe from all such somnambulistish vagaries, inasmuch as no spirits, from regions above or from regions below, would be found to possess them at any price. Far from us be the evil spirits elicited from the deceased parishioner by the alphabetical spells of the Rector of Wortley! Modern sorcerers! — iconoclasts of the cherished images dear to us from infancy! — where shall the limits be when ye abolish the boundary between spirit and matter? Like the 'apprentice-sorcerer' of Göthe, ye may indeed bring up the evil power to your call, but find yourself unable to dismiss it. The evil spirit that moves your table may tamper with your weapons, playfully draw your razor across your unsuspecting throat, or transfer the contents of your revolver into your troubled dream-case, at the dead hour of the night: and people rush in, and morning brings the coroner and his myrmidons, and noon a verdict of 'Died by his own hand' — a verdict founded upon the *prima facie* evidence that has sufficed for ages. The Rector of Wortley is welcome to his revelations; and I hope he finds himself desirably situated in his increased domestic circle: but it might have been more judicious in him to have withheld from publication the statement of the defunct parishioner, to the effect that his great trouble in the other world arose from his having deserted the Episcopalian for the Wesleyan Church, unmindful of the warnings of his former pastor. It is instructive to remark how invariably the 'mediums' manage to elicit revealed testimony in favor of the particular sects or creeds to which they happen to belong, respectively. The latest report I have seen is that of a French Roman Catholic, whose spiritual communicant dated his revelations from 'Purgatory,' and stated that 'a mass would do him good.' Now, earnest though such persons may be in their faith in inspired furniture, they thus furnish their opponents with a weapon which they will not be slow in turning against them: and the mildest form of oburgation which they may expect from the sceptical will have for its burden the imputation of pious fraud. Certain it is, that persons of known respectability, and of good education, have gone deeply into the modern sorcery; that they believe in it, and that they take pains to promulgate their belief. But it is equally certain, that infallibility is no attribute even of the highest compound of respectability and education. Over-wrought enthusiasm — mind warped with intensity of application to a particular subject — incapacity for analyzation — the vanity of seeming to possess the power of communication with the invisible world — all, or any of these, might supersede education, force of character, honesty. Accident has often deceived the hardest-headed sceptic. Years before spirits rapped, and in those simple days when the only record we had of self-moving furniture was embodied in the discreditable nursery-rhyme, which sets forth how 'the dish ran after the spoon,' a hay-stack moved at midnight from its position by a lonely grange in a quiet English valley, and pursued nearly to the death a respectable country physician who was wending his solitary way homewards from a professional call. The doctor dashed the spurs deep into the ribs of his astonished roadster, as he beheld in the misty moonlight his gigantic pursuer hot upon his track. Haystack kept in a line with

him, as he pushed his palfrey at full gallop over the flinty wheel-ruts of the deserted lane. Now it appeared closing upon him, the ghost of Timothy and Clover, a monstrous mass of many tons' measurement, ready to diverge from its parallel track, and overwhelm him with its immensity. Down the lane they clattered, the horse and his rider; ever pursued, *passibus æquis*, by the supernatural, silent stack, which cleared the fences on the line of country, as if imbued with the spirit of all the steeple-chasers that might be foddered on it for a month. At length the pace was too much for horse-nature, and the steed gave in. Human nature, too, was about to collapse. The doctor reeled in his saddle. Instantly expecting the haystack, he mechanically raised his hand to wipe the perspiration from his reeking brow, when, lo! the mysterious pursuer disappeared as if by magic. The secret was out. A stray curl of the doctor's wig had drooped from his temple at the moment of passing the haystack; and the eye, fascinated by the imperceptible substitution of one object for another, confounded the impression of the sedentary haystack with that of the moving tuft. The doctor was a man of strong common-sense, given neither to wine nor witchcraft; and yet, had he fainted from fatigue and excitement, without accidentally implicating his wig in the affair, who knows but he might have become a convert to the supernatural, and anticipated the table-turners in a pamphlet setting forth his experiences of an inspired haystack — a 'moving accident by flood and field?'

If I had no graver objection to our sorcerers, I would object to them for their want of poetry. There is no melody about that detestable dead denizen of Wortley, who, under the unromantic patronymic of Brown or Smith, returned from his particular limbo to utter contradictory platitudes through the infantile A B C of an earthly medium. There is neither rhyme nor reason in any of the printed statements set forth by the sorcerers; nor has a couplet as yet been wafted to us from ghost-land that would be considered worthy of a place in the 'pocket's corner' of the newest country newspaper farthest west. Their mechanism is destitute of originality. Even their pretended vision of the departure of the soul from the body is but a revival of the ancient doctrine of Palingenesis, extended to suit circumstances. A pale, floating exhalation, say they, has been seen by the eye of the initiated, proceeding from the body at the moment of death — a sort of spiritual facsimile, preserving the form of the case from which it has just parted. Compare this with the records of old Gallarel, a chemist of note some two centuries ago, who tells us of a Polish *savant*, also a chemist of great renown, who achieved much celebrity by his illustrations of the Palingenesis — the *delirium tremens* of the day in which he flourished, as the spirit-manifestation is that of ours. In vegetables, particularly, according to Gallarel, the professor was great; and the treat of the evening at one of his *conversations* was the production of a bottle, not containing medicinal Geneva, or any other evasive anti-liquor-law stimulant, but simply charged with the ashes of some beautiful flower — a rose, for instance. By the application of a process, known to this celebrated druggist alone, a light cloud would be seen to arise from the mouth of the uncorked phial, which, to the delight and wonder of the

spectators, would gradually develope itself into the semblance of a rose of great perfection and freshness. Equally successful, I have no doubt, would the talented necromancer have been, in the treatment of a potted lobster, or of a jugged hare. Another of the remarkable men of that day — *he* must have been a 'Wizard of the North' — brought frost to his aid. Having, in the course of some experiments, as Gaffarel tells us, extracted the salts from some burnt nettles, and placed the lye in a situation exposed to the cold night air, he was startled next morning at finding the plant re-produced in ice — a perfect fac-simile of the original nettle, as if spun out of sugar or of glass. So delighted was he at the spectacle, that he sent off, express, for a friend to assist him in enjoying his nettles before a thaw came; and his enthusiasm even found vent in verse; for he burst forth with an average spiritual-manifestation couplet, of which the substance is:

'FROM this we gather, that when the body dieth,
Still in its ashes the shadowy form lieth.'

If you *will* go in for supernatural philosophy, let your psychology be of the German school: for the Germans 'do their spiriting gently;' suggesting the presence of the departed, without the unpoetical material process patronized by the rappers. Hear UHLAND upon the subject. Many years ago, I know not when, I fell in with, I cannot tell where, the following version of his poem of 'THE FERRY.' Quoting, as I do, from memory, and being slightly hampered by other and inferior translations of the same poem, which I have seen more recently, I can give but imperfectly the version I love, as it glows to me through the golden haze of the past:

'MANY a year is in its grave
Since I've crossed this restless wave:
And the evening, bright as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

'Then in this frail boat beside,
Sat two comrades, old and tried:
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

'One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought:
But the younger, brighter form,
Passed in battle and in storm.

'And in life, when I look back,
On my dim, uncertain track,
Miss I then the comrades true,
Snatched by death from mortal view?

'No! — the links that Friendship twined,
Were of spirit, soul-refined:
Soul-like were those days of yore:
Let us walk in soul once more!

'Take, O boatman! thrice thy fee!
Take! — I give it willingly:
In thy boat, unseen by thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me!'

Far more congenial to me is such a mingling of spirits, than any thing as yet propounded by the modern sorcerers. There is a legend, gravely stated by an old French writer, as being of record in the ar-

chives of Brittany, which accords more with their delirium-tremendous doctrines. A gentleman of mark, Tibergeau his patronymic, was travelling in Britanny, accompanied by a friend. One stormy night, they put up at a lonely way-side inn, where, according to the sociable custom of the day, properly eschewed by modern wide-awakes, they were accommodated in a double-bedded room, to which they retired, having first partaken of the refreshments necessary for their revival after a fatiguing journey. They had not slept long, however, when Tibergeau was awakened by a noise in the chamber, and, upon drawing aside the bed-curtains, he beheld, with astonishment, four gorgeously got-up serving-men, setting forth a splendid banquet upon a great table. The side-board was particularly resplendent, being garnished with plate of untold value, including many surprising drinking-vessels of gold. The table was soon covered with all the delicacies of the season; the hottest kind of curries, and all sorts of capsicum peppers, flanked with devilled drum-sticks and kidneys, forming, apparently, the staple of the repast. Tibergeau, tickled with the cheerful exhalation, tried to wake up his friend, but he had to do with one who 'paid attention to his sleeping,' and all his efforts were in vain. Presently came the guests, a goodly company, and seated themselves around the table. Whether from diabolical sympathies or otherwise, they seemed to take very kindly to the be-devilled luxuries, course after course disappearing as fast as the flunkies could serve them up. At last, came the dessert, and then a personage, distinguished above the others by his stature and dignified presence, filled from a slender wine-flask a golden goblet to the brim, and turning toward the bed with easy familiarity, said: 'Tibergeau, old boy! here's to you: you'll pledge me, won't you?' It would be superfluous to state that Tibergeau felt rather shaky at being thus personally addressed by a suspicious character, in a luminous jerkin, and trunk-hose of antiquated cut: but his terror was unspeakably aggravated when one of the attendants approached him with a golden goblet brim-full of wine, and an invitation to pledge the challenger. There was no help for it, however, and so he nodded tremulously at the revellers, and drank; and as the wine was of most rare and excellent vintage, he drained the bumper to the very last drop. A soothing sensation followed upon the draught. Tibergeau slept, and that soundly, for the remainder of the night, and it was broad day-light when he awoke, with a golden goblet clutched convulsively in his right hand, as in a vice. He told the story to his friend, who had been slabbering over him in an imbecile manner ever since day-break, trying to coax the goblet from his grasp. The friend told the landlord, and both landlord and 'friend' went in for 'snacks,' insisting that the goblet in which Tibergeau had pledged the goblin, should now be pledged 'for the good of the house,' and the proceeds properly distributed amongst the three. See how avarice overleaps itself! Tibergeau brought the affair into court, and when the judges had weighed the evidence, they decreed that as the fête had clearly been given in honor of him alone -- a fact proved by the circumstance of the visionary revellers having thrown his friend into a state of coma -- the golden vessel should be adjudged to him. And so it was; and I have no doubt but that if a strict search were to be instituted

among those named Tibergeau, in the by-ways of Brittany, some such goblet would be found among them, as an heir-loom, with the tinsel gone, probably, and the pinchbeck predominant.

And if any spirit has spirit enough to go into the matter with me, on the broad principle established in the experience of honest old Tibergeau, and to such an extent, that on waking up one of these frosty mornings, I discern upon my table a real, bodily, presentation piece of plate — a cigar-case, for instance, (for I am not proud,) executed in dead silver, of course, and graven with a suitable inscription in black-letter, then shall I be ready to acknowledge the presence among us of real, table-haunting, poll-taxable, actionable ghosts; and then shall I willingly sit at the same table with the dead parishioner of Wortley, and row in the same boat with the Modern Sorcerers.

D A R K N E S S .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

DARKNESS creepeth, cold and cheerless,
O'er the vales and mountains high;
But the stars, all bright and tearless,
Look down through it from the sky.

• Darkness hangeth o'er to-morrow,
Veiling all the onward way;
Through the coming night of sorrow,
Bright Hope pierceth, and 't is day.

Darkness cometh sad and slowly,
O'er the faces we love best;
Then a radiance, soft and holy,
Falls upon them in their rest.

Darkness, clouds of gloom and sadness,
O'er the present sweepeth fast;
But long-hidden lights of gladness
Flash out brightly in the past.

Darkness hangeth still and breathless,
Round the spirit near its flight;
Soon it passes strong and deathless;
Breaks upon its path the light.

Let me love the darkness breaking
With a calm and holy ray;
All the better spirit waking,
Through it dawns a milder day.

T H E V I S I O N O F T H E N I G H T .

'In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on man,
'Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake
'Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up'

Joa.

SPIRIT of dread! whence comest thou,
And what the message thou dost bring?
Why dost thou stoop to hide thy brow,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing?
Speak! for with fear I will not bow,
But ask thee many a thing.

Even as I gaze, a wondrous change
Flits over thy upturned face,
A halo bright, a beauty strange,
Invests thee with an angel's grace.
Thy outstretched arms are full of love;
With faith thy upward gaze is bright;
And from the opening heaven above,
Streams down a flood of golden light
Upon thy standing-place.

I gaze in rapture; but a shade
Falls on thy radiant brow;
And quickly, as thou wert afraid,
I see thee, trembling, bow.
Strange shadows every where arise,
And baleful fires light thine eyes —
I feel thy stifling breath:
Oh, put not on such fearful guise!
Thou art more terrible than Death.

Another change: half bright, half dark —
Now beaming like a radiant star,
Now looming on my shrinking sight,
A shadowy monster of the night —
Now near me — now afar:
It is a well-remembered form,
To which I turn with love and fear;
A comrade through both calm and storm,
Often forgot, yet ever near —
Beside me till I reach the goal:
I cannot part from thee, O SOUL!

Spirit, or whatsoe'er thou art,
That journeyest with me on my way,
Speak! and, if thou canst, impart
Some knowledge when our course shall stay.
Where shall we stop? — in silent earth,
Insensate as surrounding clay?
Or wilt *thou* have another birth,
And travel on thy road alway?
Or must we never part?

A shadow gathers on thy face ;
Thy lips in solemn silence close :
But yet thou peer'st, as if in space
A vision slowly rose :
But, if the silent tomb it be,
Or aught beyond — I cannot see.

J. H. A. B.

Cleveland, Ohio.

S K E T C H E S O F T R A V E L .

BY WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

D R Y B U R G H A B B E Y .

THE silver Tweed, the bonnie Tweed, sweeps gracefully around the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey. It thus forms a beautiful setting to the old moss and ivy-covered remains which it encircles. But the sparkling waters and the gentle murmur of the Tweed no more delight the eye and charm the ear of the great poet and novelist of Scotland. The magician's wand was broken, and his harp unstrung, and he had laid him down to sleep his last sleep, in a spot which in life he loved so well. This immediate neighborhood was the home of his boyhood ; where he recited to his youthful and wondering companions long tales of his own invention, and where it may be supposed there was opened up through the dim vista of future years but a faint outline of his own distinguished career as an author. Crossing the river by the usual ford, and which seemed to give new life to the horse furnished me by my friend near Hundalee, a short circuitous ride brought me to the entrance of the Abbey. I stood over the grave of Sir Walter Scott. The foundation of Dryburgh Abbey was laid more than seven hundred years ago, during the reign of David I., and very shortly after the commencement of the Abbeys of Kelso and Melrose. The Abbey of Jedburgh was also enlarged during this reign ; so that the fine ruins of Kelso, Jedburgh, Dryburgh, and Melrose, all go back to the reign of the pious David, the first of that name among the Scottish kings. But for centuries, Dryburgh has been in ruins ; and large yew trees have grown up, and now cast their dark shade over these remains of an age long gone by. In the mutations of fortune and of time, the Abbey came into the ownership of the Halliburtons, of Mertown, the maternal ancestors of the father of Sir Walter Scott. In 1786, and when Sir Walter was still a lad of fifteen, it was purchased from the Halliburtons, and subsequently came back to the ownership of the Earl of Buchan, to whose ancestors it had belonged more than two centuries ago. It was to this sale by the Halliburtons that Sir Walter afterward feelingly alluded. And thus we have nothing left of Dryburgh, although my father's maternal inheritance, but the right of stretching our bones where mine

may perhaps be laid ere any eye but my own glances over these pages. He died September twenty-first, 1832.

‘It was,’ says Lockhart, ‘a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.’

On the twenty-sixth of the same month, he was laid beside his wife, in St. Mary’s aisle, the most beautiful part of the ruins. There that eldest son, who had closed and kissed his eyes, was afterward laid beside him. There is something beautifully touching in this laying down of friends to rest together. The feeling which prompts it is natural to the human heart. The aged Oneida Indian, who had almost reached his hundred years, finding death approaching, desired to be carried and laid in the grave at the feet of his Christian teacher, who had long preceded him; ‘for,’ said he, ‘I want to go up with him at the great resurrection.’

It was mid-summer when I stood near these graves. A plain marble monument covers them. The summer breeze stirred gently the dark, thick leaves of the overhanging trees. The birds which nestled in the branches seemed to sing in subdued tones. I was alone, and busy memory called up in rapid succession the incidents, the trials, and the triumphs of a life so full of interest. It was not without emotion that I turned away from this ‘hoary Abbey of Dryburgh, surrounded with yew trees as ancient as itself.’

The touching address of him who slept there, to his own minstrel harp, was on my lips :

‘HARP of the North, farewell ! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending ;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark ;
The deer half seen are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm ! the fountain lending
And the wild breeze thy wilder minstrelsy.
Thy numbers sweet with nature’s vespers blending
With distant echo from the fold and lea
And herd-boy’s evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

‘Yet once again, farewell, thou minstrel harp !
Yet once again forgive my feeble sway ;
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life’s long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone ;
That I o’erlive such woes, Enchantress, is thine own.

‘Hark ! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some spirit of the air has waked thy string ;
’Tis now a seraph bold with touch of fire ;
’Tis now the brush of Fairy’s frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring,
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell ;
And now the mountain-breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell ;
And now, ’tis silent all ! Enchantress, fare thee well !’

T H E S P A N I S H A L A R M - B E L L .

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

DURING the invasion of Spain by the French armies, in 1809, all classes of people flew to arms at the sounding of the Somaten. The Somatenes are the levy-en masse, which, by an ancient law of Catalonia, are bound to turn out and defend their parishes, whenever the Somaten is heard from the belfries

I.

O'ER terraced slope and woody steep;
O'er cliffs where foamy torrents leap;
On mountain roads, so lone and drear
That only the stout muleteer
May scale their heights or thread their glade,
Or smuggler ply his dangerous trade;
Across the vineyards of Navarre
And Biscay's valleys, wondrous fair,
Where in their chestnut forests green
Their lives pass peaceful and serene;
Far o'er the realm from mount to sea,
Rings out the tocsin of the free!

II.

Murat has deluged Madrid's street
With gory hoof and sanguine feet;
Her stately squares, her humblest lane,
His platoons redden with the slain!

III.

From that grand city peals the spire
Cross-crown'd and glittering like fire;
From each cathedral-dome sublime,
The crashing bells swing out their chime.
Rings out the summons full and bold,
From fortalice and castle old;
From village chapels far away,
Embosomed amid woodlands gay,
Rings out the 'larum, not the peal,
That bids the worshipper to kneel
Where, swings the censer, while the priest
Devoutly shares the sacred feast:
No! 'tis a sound more fierce and grand
That swelleth over Spanish land;
And thus in earthquake-tones it calls
To all Castilian huts and halls.

IV.

Arm for the battle! arm for strife;
Arm with the musket and the knife;
Arm, sailor, at the breezy port;
Arm, soldier, in the mountain fort;
Arm, noble, in your gilded room;
Seize casque and weapon, blade and plume;
Vine-dressers, leave the half-pruned vine,
To lavish ruddier drops than wine;
In the brown glebe leave plough and steer;
The harvest of the dead draws near.

V.

Asturian and Gallician boor,
 From fastness of your mountains pour;
 The shepherd of La Mancha's plain,
 From old Castile the jocund swain;
 The Andalusian, soft yet stern,
 Whose veins with Moorish ardor burn;
 Let the Valencian all forget
 His citron grove and castanet;
 Let all, a vengeful multitude,
 Rush to the harvest-field of blood!

VI.

With lusty sinews swing the bell!
 To the invading French a knell!
 Poor Spain deplores, all gashed and gored,
 Her king despoiled of crown and sword;
 Her princes and her nobles spurned,
 Her cities sacked, her villas burned!
 The foe in bivouac pitch their tent
 Beneath Spain's purpled firmament.
 By Ebro's bank and Douro's stream,
 And where the tides of Tagus gleam,
 Their circles of resplendent steel
 Round your beleaguered cities wheel—
 An iron girdle keen and red,
 Ensanguined by your noble dead.

VII.

They smite your gates with scornful blade;
 They storm them in fierce escalade;
 They plant their guns your ramparts near,
 And 'gainst them scaling-ladders rear;
 They breach the strong-holds where of yore
 The gallant Cid beat back the Moor;
 Their siege-trains from each embrasure
 A storm of hurtling missiles pour;
 Fascines and gabions they prepare,
 Their bomb-shells light the midnight air;
 Their cannon, with the iron hail
 With carnage paint each myrtle vale!

VIII.

Ring wide the tocsin! tower and rock,
 Till reel your belfries with the shock.
 King JOSEPH, the usurper, comes,
 With prancing pomp and rattling drums;
 But bells that greet him seem to toll
 For ghastly corpse than living soul!

IX.

Ring out the 'larum! for the foe
 At Baylen hath been humbled low;
 Valencia's, Saragossa's wall
 The Frenchman's shattered ranks appal;
 And soon the noble realm of Spain
 Enfranchised shall exult amain.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JANUARY QUARTER. pp. 264. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THIS strikes us, on a hasty perusal, as a very excellent and various number of our old established Quarterly. Its articles, which are ten in number, with the usual briefer 'Critical Notices,' are upon the following themes: BUNSEN'S 'HIPPOLYTUS and his AGE;' WAYLAND'S 'Life of Dr. JUDSON;' 'GIRONIERE and the Phillippine Islands;' 'MILL on the Theory of Causation;' 'The Life and Death of LOUIS XVII.;;' 'GROTE'S History of Greece;' 'Memoirs of FRANCIS HORNER;' 'A Frontier Missionary and Loyalist;' 'Early French Poetry;' and HAMILTON'S 'Memoirs of ROBERT RANTOUL, Jr.' The review of WAYLAND'S Life of JUDSON is a very interesting *résumé* of the volumes, and embodies a succinct account of the life and character of that devoted missionary. It is a fact, of which until now we were ignorant, that Dr. JUDSON, previous to his conversion, was attached for a time to a theatrical company. But he entered, very soon after joining a Christian church, upon the high duties of his arduous, self-denying and perilous mission. His labors, his patient waiting for results, his imprisonment, his suffering, and the untiring, holy devotion of his wife, impart to the article, as to the volumes of which it is the subject, a rare although often painful interest. We quote the following tribute from the present Mrs. JUDSON to her predecessor in the affections of her devoted husband:

'SOMETIMES, for weeks together, they had no food but rice, savored with nagapeo — a certain preparation of fish, not always palatable to foreigners. But once, when a term of unusual quiet gave her time for the softer and more homely class of loving thoughts, Mrs. JUDSON made a great effort to surprise her husband with something that should remind him of home. She planned and labored, until, by the aid of buffalo beef and plantains, she actually concocted a mince pie. Unfortunately, as she thought, she could not go in person to the prison that day; and the dinner was brought by smiling MOUNG ING, who seemed aware that some mystery must be wrapped up in that peculiar preparation of meat and fruit, although he had never seen the well-spread boards of Plymouth and Bradford. But the pretty little artifice only added another pang to a heart whose susceptibilities were as quick and deep as, in the sight of the world, they were silent. When his wife had visited him in prison, and borne taunts and insults with and for him, they could be brave together; when she had stood up like an enchantress, winning the hearts of high and low, making savage jailers, and scarcely less savage nobles, weep; or moved, protected by her own dignity and sublimity of purpose, like a queen along the streets, his heart had throbbed with proud admiration; and he

was almost able to thank God for the trials which had made a character so intrinsically noble shine forth with such peculiar brightness. But in this simple, home-like act, this little, unpretending effusion of a loving heart, there was something so touching, so unlike the part she had just been acting, and yet so illustrative of what she really was, that he bowed his head upon his knees, and the tears flowed down to the chains about his ankles.'

We quote a passage from Dr. JUDSON's earlier narrative, describing a visit which he paid to the imperial city of Ava, to hold an interview with the emperor. It is exceedingly graphic :

'THE scene to which we were now introduced really surpassed our expectation. The spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, the height of the dome, the whole completely covered with gold, presented a most grand and imposing spectacle. Very few were present, and those evidently great officers of state. Our situation prevented us from seeing the farther avenue of the hall; but the end where we sat opened into the parade which the emperor was about to inspect. We remained about five minutes, when every one put himself into the most respectful attitude, and Moung Yo whispered that his majesty had entered. We looked through the hall as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of this modern AHASUERUS. He came forward unattended — in solitary grandeur — exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an Eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive; and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that chiefly riveted our attention. He strided on. Every head excepting ours was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near, we caught his attention. He stopped, partly turned toward us:

'Who are these?'

'The teachers, great King,' I replied.

'What, you speak Burman — the priests that I heard of last night?' 'When did you arrive?' 'Are you teachers of religion?' 'Are you like the Portuguese priest?' 'Are you married?' 'Why do you dress so?'

'These, and some other similar questions, we answered, when he appeared to be pleased with us, and sat down on an elevated seat, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, and his eyes intently fixed on us. Moung ZAH now began to read the petition.

'The emperor heard the petition, and stretched out his hand. Moung ZAH crawled forward and presented it. His Majesty began at the top, and deliberately read it through. In the mean time, I gave Moung ZAH an abridged copy of the tract, in which every offensive sentence was corrected, and the whole put into the handsomest style and dress possible. After the emperor had perused the petition, he handed it back without saying a word, and took the tract. Our hearts now rose to God for a display of His grace. 'O, have mercy on Burmah! Have mercy on her king!' But alas! the time was not yet come. He held the tract long enough to read the first two sentences, which assert that there is one eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality, and that beside Him there is no God; and then, with an air of indifference, perhaps disdain, he dashed it down to the ground. Moung ZAH stooped forward, picked it up, and handed it to us. Moung Yo made a slight attempt to save us by unfolding one of the volumes, which composed our present, and displaying its beauty; but his Majesty took no notice. Our fate was decided. After a few moments, Moung ZAH interpreted his Royal Master's will in the following terms: 'Why do you ask for such permission? Have not the Portuguese, the English, the Mussulmans, and people of all other religions, full liberty to practice and worship according to their own customs? In regard to the objects of your petition, his Majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his Majesty has no use for them: take them away.'

'He then rose from his seat, strided on to the end of the hall, and there, after having dashed to the ground the first intelligence that he had ever received of the eternal God, his MAKER, his PRESERVER, his JUDGE, he threw himself down on a cushion, and lay listening to the music, and gazing at the parade spread out before him.'

While we had a friend and correspondent at the Phillippine Islands, (now, alas! no more,) we should have been at once attracted to the review of M. GIRONIERE's work; but we left it, with its successor, MILL on 'Causation,' to peruse, with pleasure, the paper on the life and death of Louis the Seventeenth, one of the most comprehensive and admirably-written articles in the number. GROTE's 'History of Greece' we have reserved for future perusal; but the 'Memoirs of FRANCIS HORNER,' an interesting and instructive paper, was not

so easily skipped, after being once commenced. The article upon 'Early French Poetry,' we took, from certain internal indications, to be from the fruitful and classic pen of Professor LONGFELLOW. Among the 'Critical Notices,' is an exposure of a gross literary fraud by a London publisher, in the issue of WORCESTER'S Dictionary in London; and an article entitled 'GRINNELL Land,' or 'ALBERT Land,' in which justice is done to the American explorers, and undue credit wrested from the English voyagers. The 'North American' has returned to its usual neat and tasteful typographical appearance.

POEMS AND PARODIES. BY PIERRE CAREY. In one volume: pp. 200. Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS, Washington-street.

THE SISTERS CAREY, ALICE, the elder, and PIERRE, the author of the volume before us, have acquired for themselves a reputation which reflects high honor upon the literature of the west, whether they be regarded as poets or prose-writers. 'Clover nook,' by the former writer, is a work of most decided merit, and its style is simple and unpretending, to a remarkable degree; while many of the poems of the same writer have stamped themselves permanently upon the public mind. Some of them possess a pathos as natural as it is rare and touching; certain of her autumnal pieces, especially, seeming almost to sob with feeling. Judging from the few poems by the writer of the present volume, which we had encountered in the public journals, we had been led to conclude that she lacked the intellectual strength of her sister, yet possessed something more of lightness and grace. But there is great depth of feeling manifested in many of the effusions before us, and the rhythm is almost invariably harmonious. We force space for the lines on '*Our Baby*,' which are exceedingly felicitous:

'When the morning, half in shadow,
Ran along the hill and meadow,
And with milk-white fingers parted
Crimson roses, golden-hearted;
Opening over ruins hoary
Every purple morning-glow,
And out-shaking from the bushes
Singing larks and pleasant thrushes;
That's the time our little baby,
Striven from Paradise, it may be,
Cried, "where does like heaven above her;
Oh! would I had not chose but love her!"
Not enough of earth for sinning,
Always gentle, always winning,
Never tiring, ever improving,
Ever lovely, ever loving,
Starry eyes and sun-set tresses,
White arms, made for light caresses;
Lips that know no word of doubting,
Often kissing, never pouting,
Beam of eyes and completeness,
Over to the childish sweetness;
That's the way our little baby,
Fate to prove for earth, it may be,
Said to us, who, while about her,

Deemed we could not do without her,
When the morning, half in shadow,
Ran along the hill and meadow,
And with milk-white fingers parted
Crimson roses, golden-hearted;
Opening over ruins hoary
Every purple morning-glow,
And out-shaking from the bushes
Singing larks and pleasant thrushes;
That's the time our little baby,
Pining here for heaven, it may be,
Turning from our bitter weeping,
Closed her eyes as when in sleeping,
And her white hands on her bosom
Folded like a Summer-blossom.
Now the litter she doth lie on,
Strewed with roses, bear to Zion;
Go, as past a pleasant meadow
Through the valley of the shadow;
Take her softly, holy angels,
Past the ranks of God's evangels,
Past the saints and martyrs holy,
To the Earth-born, meek and lowly;
We would have our precious blossom
Softly laid in Jesus' bosom.'

Some of the parodies are as good in their way as any parodies can be; but this is a style of literature which we very little affect. That upon LONGFELLOW,

which has been very generally quoted, may be considered the best, although the following, from '*Granny's-House*,' is cleverly done :

'COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 't is early morn ;
 Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the dinner-horn.
 'T is the place, and all about it, as of old, the rat and mouse
 Very loudly squeak and nibble, running over Granny's house ;
 Granny's house, with all its cupboards, and its rooms as neat as wax,
 And its chairs of wood unpainted, where the old cats rubbed their backs.
 Many a night from yonder garret-window, ere I went to rest,
 Did I see the cows and horses come in slowly from the west ;
 Many a night I saw the chickens, flying upward through the trees,
 Roosting on the sleety branches, when I thought their feet would freeze ;
 Here about the garden wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
 With the beans, and sweet potatoes, and the melons which were prime ;
 When the pumpkin-vines behind me with their precious fruit reposed,
 When I clung about the pear-tree, for the promise that it closed,
 When I dipt into the dinner far as human eye could see,
 Saw the vision of the pie, and all the dessert that would be.'

Very neat and tasteful in its externals is this little volume of poems ; but then who ever saw a work from the press of its publishers that was *not* neat and tasteful ?

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ACTRESS: or Eight Years on the Stage. By ANNA CORA MOWATT.
 In one volume: pp. 448. Boston: TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.

A VERY lively, clever book ; full of matter, 'as an egg of meat,' and written just in that off-hand, frank manner which will be sure to make it a favorite with nearly all classes of readers. It is full of variety, too, and of information concerning 'behind-the-scenes' of a public stage, for which all who visit the théâtres, from the oldest to the youngest, have an ardent *penchant*. The early longing for the stage ; the struggles of a *débutante* ; the horrors of 'stage-fright ;' the triumph, the success—all these are well depicted ; nor are the *désagremens* of the dramatic career slurred over, or kept out of sight. Commending the work to a wide and generous acceptance, we select the only one of many pencilled passages for which we can find space. It describes the writer's *début* at the Park Theatre, as PAULINE, in 'The Lady of Lyons :'

'I WAS just dressed when there came a slight tap upon the door, accompanied by the words :

' 'PAULINE, you are called.'

'I opened the door. The call-boy stood without—the inseparable long strip of paper between his fingers. I inquired whom he wanted.

' 'You, ma'am ; you are called.'

' 'What a singular piece of familiarity !' I thought to myself. 'It is I whom he is addressing as PAULINE.' I did not suspect that it was customary to call the performers by the names of the characters assumed.

' 'Called for what ?' I inquired, in a manner that was intended to impress the daring offender with a sense of the respect due to me.

' 'For *what* ?' he retorted, prolonging the *what* with an indescribably humorous emphasis, and thrusting his tongue against his cheek, 'why, for the stage, to be sure ! That's the *what* !'

' 'Oh !' was all I could say ; and the little urchin ran down stairs smothering his laughter. Its echo, however, reached me from the green-room, where, after making his 'call,' he had probably related my unsophisticated inquiry.

'At that moment, Mr. MOWATT came to conduct me to the stage. Mrs. VERNON, who played my mother, was already seated at a small table in Madame DESCHAPELLES' drawing-room. I took my place on a sofa opposite to her, holding in my hand a magnificent bouquet, CLAUDE's supposed offering to PAULINE.

'After a few whispered words of encouragement, Mr. MOWATT left me, to witness the performance from the front of the house. Some body spread my PAULINE scarf on the chair beside me. Some body else arranged the folds of my train symmetrically. Some body's fingers gathered into their place a few stray curls. The stage-manager gave the order of 'Clear the stage, ladies and gentlemen;' and I heard sound the little bell for the raising of the curtain.

'Until that moment, I do not think a pulse in my frame had quickened its beating. But then I was seized with a stifling sensation, as though I were choking. I could only gasp out, 'Not yet — I cannot!'

'Of course, there was general confusion. Managers, actors, prompter, all rushed on the stage; some offered water, some scent-bottles, some fanned me. Every body seemed prepared to witness a fainting-fit, or an attack of hysterics, or some thing equally ridiculous. I was arguing with myself against the absurdity of this ungovernable emotion; this humiliating exhibition; and making a desperate endeavor to regain my self-possession, when Mr. SKERRETT thrust his comic face over some body's shoulder. He looked at me with an expression of quizzical exultation, and exclaimed:

'Did n't I tell you so? Where's all the courage, eh?'

'The words recalled my boast of the morning; or rather, they recalled the recollections upon which that boast was founded. My composure returned as rapidly as it had departed. I laughed at my own weakness.

'Are you getting better?' kindly inquired the stage-manager.

'Let the curtain rise!' was the satisfactory answer.

'Mr. BARRY clapped his hands — a signal for the stage to be vacated — the crowd at once disappeared. Madame DESCHAPELLES and PAULINE sat alone, as before. The tinkling bell of warning rang, and the curtain slowly ascended, disclosing first the foot-lights, then the ocean of heads beyond them in the pit, then the brilliant array of ladies in the boxes, tier after tier, and finally the thronged galleries. I found those foot-lights an invaluable aid to the necessary illusion. They formed a dazzling barrier, that separated the spectator from the ideal world in which the actor dwelt. Their glare prevented the eye from being distracted by objects without the precincts of that luminous semi-circle. They were a friendly protection, a warm comfort, an idealizing auxiliary.

'The *débutante* was greeted warmly. This was but a matter-of-course compliment paid by a New-York audience to the daughter of a well-known citizen.

'Bow! bow!' whispered a voice from behind the scenes. And I obediently bent my head.

'Bow to your right!' said the voice between the intervals of applause. I bowed to the right.

'Bow to the left!' I bowed to the left.

'Bow again!' I bowed again and again while the noisy welcome lasted.

'The play commenced, and, with the first words I uttered, I concentrated my thoughts, and tried to forget that I had any existence save that of the scornful Lady of Lyons. When we arose from our seats and approached the foot-lights, Mrs. VERNON gave my hand a reassuring pressure. It was a kindness scarcely needed. I had lost all sensation of alarm. The play progressed as smoothly as it commenced. In the third act, where PAULINE first discovers the treachery of CLAUDE, the powers of the actress begin to be tested. Every point told, and was rewarded with an inspiring burst of applause. The audience had determined to blow into a flame the faintest spark of merit.

'In the fourth act, I became greatly exhausted with the unusual excitement and exertion. There seemed a probability that I would not have physical strength enough to enable me to finish the performance. Mrs. VERNON has often laughingly reminded me how she shook and pinched me when I was lying, to all appearance, tenderly clasped in her arms. She maintains that, by these means, she constantly roused me to consciousness. I am her debtor for the friendly pinches and opportune shakes.

'In the fifth act, PAULINE's emotions are all of calm and abject grief — the faint, hopeless strugglings of a broken heart. My very weariness aided the personation. The pallor of excessive fatigue, the worn-out look, tottering walk, and feeble voice, suited PAULINE's deep despair. The audience attributed to an actor's consummate skill that which was merely a painful and accidental reality.

'The play ended; the curtain fell. It would be impossible to describe my sensations of relief as I watched that welcome screen of coarse, green baize slowly unrolling itself, and dropping between the audience and stage. Then came the call before the curtain — the crossing the stage in front of the foot-lights. Mr. C — led me out. The whole house rose, even the ladies — a compliment seldom paid. I think it *rained* flowers; for bouquets, wreaths of silver, and wreaths of laurel fell in showers around us. Cheer followed cheer as they were gathered up and laid in my arms. The hats of the gentlemen and handkerchiefs of ladies waved on every side. I courtesied my thanks, and the welcome green curtain once more shut out the brilliant assemblage. Then came the deeper, truer sense of thankfulness. The trial was over; the *débutante* had stood the test; she had not mistaken the career which had been clearly pointed out as the one for which she was destined.'

Not the least interesting portion of the volume is the description of the actress' career in Great Britain; but of this 'cannot we now report.' The book is very neatly executed, and is really 'embellished' with a handsome picture of the handsome author.

PASSION-FLOWERS. In one volume, twelve-mo: pp. 157. Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

SOON after reading, in the columns of the '*Tribune*,' the elaborate and eulogistic notice of this work, by the very able literary critic of that journal, we received the volume itself from the publishers, and have read it through; and we are prepared to repeat and endorse the high praise awarded to the work. Although not the wont of this Magazine, we shall in the present instance content ourselves with saying 'ditto to Mr. BURKE,' lamenting only, that the close connection kept up by the gifted author, in her highest efforts, prevents any other than extended extracts, for which we have no room: 'We meet in this volume with no expressions of morbid, BYRONIC grief, assumed for the sake of poetical effect; the stamp of 'sad sincerity' is impressed on every line; nothing but the profound experience of a rarely-endowed nature could give such an air of reality to such impassioned wails of suffering — which, it is easy to perceive, are uttered less from any premeditated artistic design, than from the spontaneous necessity of self-revelation. All the various moods, indeed, that are embodied in these poems, whether more or less grave — for none are gladsome — show the flowering forth of a spiritual history too passionate and intense for concealment, and for which no fitting medium can be found but the most energetic language of verse. The work abounds in no specimens of dainty fancies, highly-wrought, artificial embellishments, or even smooth and facile versification. The writer seems too utterly in earnest to waste a thought on fine, elaborate finish. Often the diction is harsh and abrupt — sometimes discordant — almost always, bare as a granite rock. Occupied with the gigantic realities of thought and suffering, the poet has no heart for weaving tuneful melodies, and even abstains from the use of the natural ornaments of verse, to a degree that has scarcely a parallel among modern writers. The cheerful play of fancy is overshadowed by the luxuriant growths of a sombre and terrible imagination. Of little account for the purposes of this volume are all the sweet influences of nature: the joyous sun-shine of the outward world cannot attract the writer from the contemplation of the secret 'chambers of imagery,' where are recorded the woes of a bitter and desperate experience of life. In this absence of objective light and warmth, the language of the volume has a stern vigor, which betokens an intellect of masculine self-concentration and force. Were it not for frequent passages which claim to reveal a feminine history, we should not have suspected these poems to be the production of a woman. They form an entirely unique class in the whole range of female literature.'

'THE life-philosophy which these poems set forth, in a great variety of applications, is the stoical wisdom of renunciation. Never was the discrepancy between the infinite longings of the soul and the scanty resources of nature illustrated in such 'mournful numbers.' 'Hope nothing from life,' is the melancholy lesson which our Sibyl proclaims perpetually, in an almost DANTEAN austerity of phrase. . . . Blended with the key-note of sorrow and self-sacrifice, there are occasional strains of divine tender-

ness, and, at infrequent intervals, the pensive melody of the poetess is diversified with the ringing sounds of audacious satire. Woe to the victims who are made to writhe under the trenchant sarcasm of her fiery rebuke! Several of the most elaborate pieces are suggested by the recollections of Rome. While the sad contradictions of the Eternal City touch the writer with profound sympathy, she gathered refreshment and strength from its motherly influence, which she does not fail to commemorate in her most pleasing verses. The piece entitled 'Wherefore,' on the fate of Kossuth, is marked by great originality of conception, and an energy of expression almost terrible. 'Whit-Sunday in the Church,' with a reminiscence of EMERSON'S 'Problem,' is an impassioned outcry for the restoration of primitive Christianity. 'Mind *versus* Mill-stream' is a parable, which gives its own explanation, without the moral, that might as well have been left to the intuition of the reader. A daring flight is attempted in 'Thoughts at the Grave of ELOISE and ABELARD,' aiming at the passional significance of the great domestic tragedy of the Middle Age. In the 'Tribute to a Faithful Servant,' a gush of natural feeling gives an exquisite pathos to the whole composition. But we must not stop to particularize among these poems, each of which has the marks of unmistakable genuineness—a product wrung with tears and prayer from the deepest soul of the writer. Scarce a volume can be named so free from imitativeness, showing so little of the influence of other minds, so wholly an original revelation of a peculiar and most suggestive experience. Whatever its merits or defects, they are wholly the author's own. We do not anticipate its sudden accession to a wide popularity. It is too intense, too subjective, too profoundly earnest and sad, to win the applause of the multitude. But no amateur of human passion will hesitate to recognize in it the workings of a great and noble soul, whose self-truthfulness gives a fresh glory to rare gifts.'

HISTORY OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Three volumes in One. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY, Park-Place.

THIS work, by the man of all others in the United States the best qualified to write it, is here continued down to 1853, from the author's own manuscripts, and other authentic sources. The first edition of the Naval History appeared in 1839, in two octavo volumes, which were immediately republished in London, Paris, and Brussels. Beside the subsequent reprints here of this edition, an abridgment was prepared by the author in 1841, omitting the documents, and more elaborate reasoning. In 1846, he revised the unabridged work, correcting, condensing, re-writing in part, and adding considerable new matter. This copy, embracing the history to 1815, with all his latest emendations, is the one followed in the edition before us. That it is an entirely reliable, honest history, there can be no doubt. The author observes in his preface, that 'it would be much easier to write a book on the subject of the navy, that should meet the longings of national vanity, than to write one which shall meet the requirements of truth. Exaggerations,' he adds, 'whether of fact or manner, have been regarded as out of place in the history. The navy of this country does not stand in need of such assistants, to command the esteem or the admiration of the world. From the hour when it was first called into existence, during the arduous struggles of a most important revolution, down to the present moment, its services have been material and brilliant; and he is but an equivocal friend, who shall attempt to conceal its real exploits behind the veil of flattery. Such expedients may serve a purpose, and answer for a time; but in the end, truth will be certain to assert and to recover its ascendancy. The history is embellished with good portraits of our prominent naval commanders, including that of PAUL JONES.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Down the River, January, 1858.

'EIGHTEEN hundred and fifty-four, I should say. It is hard to bid farewell to our old friend, the departed year, though we have lately welcomed his successor with the ringing of bells, and the customary congratulations and merriment. After the constant signature of his number in so many letters and documents, for three hundred and odd days, the force of habit still induces us to evoke his ghost out of the 'vasty deep' of time gone by. The change of seasons, if pleasantly passed, is at first with difficulty reconciled; and so it is with change of place. We are like cats in strange garrets at every melancholy remove. So, I find, since, in writing to my familiar friends, I am forced to date my letters, '*Down the River.*' I am so rustic in my manners, and so accustomed to the sight of fields and meadows, the river, and the high mountains, and to talk of corn, hay, oats, cows and horses, pigs and chickens, that the contrast is somewhat violent from the natural to the artificial, and from the substantial to that which seems like a pantomime or passing show. Perhaps, it might be added, from lights and shadows sweetly blended, to the mingling of a garish splendor with the dark phases of wretchedness. Both the eye and ear recognize a very strange dissimilitude. With what different tokens, for instance, is the day ushered in, to those who dwell in the precincts of a crowded city. When you open your eyes after the first slumber, and, like an abandoned slug-gard, roll heavily over to snooze again, instead of the clear, shrill crowing of the chanticler, which is full of cheerfulness, and that soothing murmur which is like a humming-top asleep, you hear the clattering sounds of hoofs upon a pavement, the thumping of carts, and the guttural scream of the milk-man at the door. This is the way that the day breaks, and in a little time commences an unceasing roar, like the surf in a storm. And what else is there, to remind the rude rustic like myself of that which is natural, or smacks of the country? You see the very skies in patches, as one who looks from the bottom of a deep well; over the streets, streets, and over the lanes, lanes, and over the parks, parks — but on every hand, limiting, though illimitable, walls. It is very true, that in the well-stored markets there is great display of plump vegetables; but the turnips have been washed white beneath a dashing jet of the Croton, and

the mould which clung to their fibres has been removed. So you will observe pampered hyacinths and stock-jellies looking out of the polished windows on the crowds, and the crowds gazing back, with a wistful eye, on the hyacinths and stock-jellies. So, there are 'bouquet-men' without number, whose baskets of green turf, arranged somewhat stiffly in concentric circle with camelia-japonicas, in all their cold and waxen purity, are set down on the tessellated pavements of vestibules. And now and then you will catch the fragrance of a tuft of blue violets, raised under glass, whose probable fate will remind you of those celebrated by GIFFORD, which ventured to peep abroad upon a chill May-day:

'SWEET flowers! that from your early beds
Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And trust your unprotected heads
To cold AQUARIUS' watery skies:

'Retire, retire! these tepid airs
Suit not the genial brood of May!
Yon sun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray!

'A few other tokens bring back a reminiscence of rural things. You will be jostled, and perhaps lifted from your legs, by pigs in the avenues, who roam abroad in defiance of municipal regulations, suffering from cold, and hunger, and privation, one destitute of a tail, and another of an ear, the sport of dogs; or, on some high fragment of out-jutting wall, over which the conflagration has passed, the solemn goat looks down upon the ruins, fancying that his hoof is on his native cliffs. No doubt, it is a luxury to find a climbing-spot like this, when wearied out in chasing the tormenting school-boys, who fling their satchels against his head, while he is quietly standing beneath a cart or wagon. The sleek and well-groomed horses who draw the carriages of the wealthy, and the pet dogs who sometimes take an airing within, are the only animals which fare well in the city.

'On Sunday, after morning-service, I walked round the square, and went to dine with that respectable old foggy whom I mentioned in my last letter. The day was snapping-cold; and, as we entered into the old-fashioned room, and saw the fire so cheerful in the grate, and the hearth swept, and the snow-white cloth laid upon the table, and the great arm-chairs waiting to be occupied before the blaze, and the very faces of those sober portraits on the wall beaming with a quiet satisfaction, and heard the clock tick in the corner, a tranquil feeling stole over me while becoming gradually warm, well suited to the day of rest. Leaning silently on the mantel-piece, and looking down into an open crater which had just been produced by driving the point of the poker into a mass of Liverpool coal, out of which a volcanic flame spouted, I could not help thinking what sufferings were endured by others at that very moment. Alas! how many are at their Christmas-dinners, where the table groans with plentifulness, and no element of happiness or hilarity seems wanting, while ships labor in a trough of the sea, and hundreds of brave souls go down in the billows. No doubt, those cast in the very crisis of their peril and agony, think of the secure roof and snug fire-side. On the other hand, no enjoyment is partaken worthily which does not suggest at least a silent prayer and aspiration for those who need succor.

'I will call this respectable merchant Mr. PEMBERTON. He is an admirable

piece of clock-work, set about seventy years ago, and, with slight repairs, has kept time with the utmost accuracy ever since, regulating the movements of the whole house, and, thank God! keeps a-going still. All who look in his face, get the time of day; and that is more than you can say of every time-piece. There is nothing false about him; he is true as any chronometer which was ever made, and his *works*, if you could examine them, would speak for themselves; as they are admirable, though kept out of view. To drop all figures, he is what I have already represented him, a hale, hearty, healthful specimen of a methodic New-York merchant. He has never been in the Common Council, nor filled any public office, although a better man could not be found. He prefers the dignity of private life; but, rain or shine, he will be seen walking to the polls upon election-day, straight as a post, jostling his way through the crowd, and, with a firm hand, and resolution on his countenance, depositing a vote never challenged, for the right men. It is only within a few years, since the city has become degenerate, and profligacy abounds, and the young have forgotten the respect due to their betters, and plunged into vice, that such a one is called, in the slang of a vulgar vocabulary, an *old foggy*.

'After the exceedingly fat turkey served up on that occasion had been carved, and a sufficient time allowed for the cravings of a decorous appetite, I entered into a conversation with Mr. PEMBERTON to see whether he had any appreciation of rural affairs. One end which I had in view was to test the force of habit, and to see whether he could be jostled from an affection which had been steadily forming for so many years. 'Mr. PEMBERTON,' I said, 'this city cannot be so pleasant for a residence as it was twenty years ago.'

'Infinitely more so,' he replied, in a mild tone which assuaged the contradiction. 'It is in all respects better provided with the means of improvement, and the facilities of living. It is not the same place. It is the work of magic.'

'Undoubtedly. It has become a queen city. You have more commerce, finer ships, more splendid buildings, more convenient tenements, better public schools and systems of education, more luxuries and appliances; but I mean to say that the noise and confusion of it has become so great that it seems not so suitable to a quiet family.'

'That is because your ears have not become accustomed to it. It is all habit—all habit. Let me help you to another piece of the fowl. I have lived in this house fifty years, and have never been disturbed. It is true, there is bustle, life, activity. One likes to see them; one never gets too old to enjoy them.'

'But it strikes me that it is an unsuitable place to bring up a family, because extravagance is on the increase, and manners have become corrupted.'

'Excuse me,' said Mr. PEMBERTON, 'but I find human nature to be the same here to-day as it was yesterday, or when I first came here. Not the least difference. There are more people, and of course more vice. At the same time there is more enterprise in like proportion, more integrity. I have lost a good many of my old friends, but honor is not dead. Pass the wine, Sir.'

'But,' said I, trying to approach him in a spot which I thought would be pregnable, 'You must admit that there was a class of plain and substantial livers in days gone by which has almost become extinct. All are affected by the prevailing passion for gilding and empty show.'

‘Are you not mistaken, my dear friend?’ he replied in a very assuaging manner. ‘There are as many as ever who disregard these things; but you don’t see them because they keep out of view. Look at me. What you see in this house was here fifty years ago, and we are satisfied.’

‘You, Sir, are a remarkable instance.’

‘There is nothing remarkable about me. I should be sorry if there were. If I have integrity, it would be lamentable if I stood alone in that. If I am a plain man, there are still plenty of plain men. Fill your glass.’

‘You are an old foggy,’ said I—to myself—obeying his invitation, and bowing my head to him. The fact was, that the city itself was an ancient friend of Mr. PEMBERTON, and he would not hear a word said in its disparagement. His opinion in this respect was impregnable, but as he did not defend it with dogmatism, I left the fort in his possession.

‘Mr. PEMBERTON,’ said I, ‘when were you last at Rockaway?’

‘Forty years ago,’ he replied, ‘it will be on the tenth of next July.’

‘The fact is, that you could not mention the country to him without suggesting the idea of fever-and-ague, which was in his eyes more to be dreaded than cholera, yellow-fever, or the plague. For any one of these visitations he would never think of budging from the city, but he would not go beyond the suburbs; for green fields did not suggest to him the idea of flowing milk and fresh butter, but the pale and chattering form of this impersonation of evil. He once got it in his early youth by a residence at Hungry Harbor, and nothing ever so excited his animosity or got the mastery of his habits. If he had made up his mind to see no one in business hours except on business, this uninvited guest, in spite of all, would be on hand, and shake him by the shoulders. If he had made an appointment at the bank at such a time, the chills intercepted him in his walk, and compelled him to be absent from his post. He had a summary way of getting rid of those whose company was not desired, but this guest baffled him, and hung upon his skirts for years. Hence, when he emerged again into robust health he never forgot or forgave, and to this day he knows nothing of Fort Hamilton, Staten Island, Long Island, Bloomingdale, Yorkville, Manhattanville, Yonkers, and Dobbs’ Ferry, but he will shrug his shoulders at the very mention with a doleful reminiscence of the fever-and-ague. To him the sea-shore did not suggest coolness, nor the mountain fresh air, but as one who looks at jelly shakes, he shuddered all over, and again recurred to the fever-and-ague. It was in vain then that I pictured to him the charming fields which shelve away to the shores of the Long Island Sound, the rich lands of Dutchess County, and the banks of Hudson River; in vain essayed to place in an agreeable light the advantages of a retirement in the evening of one’s days, the delights of farming, the cultivation of crops, the rearing of poultry, and to represent the murmuring of rills, the bleating of sheep, the humming of bees, and the lowing of cattle: he was fascinated rather with the haunts of business, and with the sweet security of streets. Like JOHNSON, who was contented with his one visit to the Hebrides, and his transient journeying to the frog-eaters, and after that returned to his old haunts for the rest of his life, so did the citizen of Gotham store up in remembrance his tour to Hungry Harbor, and only went with his family for a week or two, as I have remarked, each year during the disagreeable dog-days to drink of chalybeate-waters.

‘ Mr. PEMBERTON,’ I said, ‘ you should go to Fishkill on the North River.’

‘ I passed through the place,’ he replied, ‘ thirty years ago while travelling on the post-road to Albany. I have forgotten how it looked.’

‘ Such are a few of the words which passed at the entertainment which I have thought worthy to record in further illustration of a character already slightly sketched — a genuine New-Yorker. Would that this class of men were so large as Mr. PEMBERTON, in his abundant charity and love for his native city, was disposed to make it. But in spite of his assertion to the contrary, I am disposed to think that it is somewhat dwindled from the days of PETER STUYVESANT, and that secure and honest principles of doing business have been transgressed by the reign of extravagance, by the unexampled growth of the country, and by the eager anxiety, and, alas! too abundant facility of becoming suddenly rich. Mr. PEMBERTON has two sons, who have inherited their father’s virtues; — the same vigorous sense, the same unpretending, gentle manners, the same healthful and uncorrupted feelings, and to whom he will transmit the good name of a commercial house which for a century has not been tarnished.

‘ As the shades of evening descended fast, and large flakes of snow were now falling, I ventured to see whether my credit was good for the loan of an umbrella.

‘ ‘ Certainly,’ said my friend, ‘ with much pleasure. Here is one of silk which I permit nobody to use but myself. I bought it in 1810 of Mr. BARTRAM who kept a store in Nassau-street. Take any one out of this bundle.’

‘ Selecting the shabbiest and most weather-beaten of them all, as I had a treacherous memory, I tied my tippet around my neck, and shook hands, accepting an invitation to dine on the following Sunday with this old fogey.’

ORATORY ‘ FOR THE REDEMPTION OF CREDIT.’ — It is now nearly thirty-five years since a man, ‘ in convention convened,’ at Ithaca, in the county of TOMPKINS, in this State, arose and addressed the Chair as follows. His theme was, ‘ *The Injustice of Sales by Execution for the Redemption of Credit,*’ and his effusion was ‘ printed for the benefit of the author ’:

‘ I WOULD rise to introduce a few observations, in relation to my own views of the all-important circumstances of community, productive of the honorable convention which it is my duty to address. A view of the relation in which I stand to community, a sense of duty to myself, to my country, and to posterity, in connection with the alarming circumstances of community, and the primary causes thereof, are calculated to excite emotions of regret, that my faculties and utterance bear no proportion to the superior magnitude of statistical considerations, productive of our convention. The magnitude of the object will irresistibly excite additional alacrity in the exertions of every friend to humanity; for the unanimity of the people, in their vigilance or lethargy, must ultimately decide the fate of posterity. And, although many of us are rapidly approaching the tomb with accelerated velocity, with every diurnal rotation; yet our coalition with the existing formality of political measures, is eminently calculated to afford a suspicion, that we shall still survive the liberties of our country: for it is sufficiently evident that, without a united exertion to arrest the progress of seduction as a climacteric weapon in the hands of tyrants, the manacles of despotism will be, ere long, riveted, never more to be shaken off by the people; and we, the descendants of our revolutionary fathers of liberty, may still live to solemnize the funeral dirge of our country’s boast, and to weep over the bust of departed greatness, which we are no longer worthy to emulate. . . . May the shouts of celestial millions, from chariots of heavenly liberty, sound the tocsin of alarm for the fate of our palladium of safety, in the ears of a slumbering nation; and arrest the opiate wand from the maleficent demon of seduction, with which the ponderous eye-lids of a slumbering nation have

been actually touched; till an ecumenical resuscitation, like a resurrection from the dead, shall assemble in convention every town and county in the State, to assert their rights, and disavow the impositions of an unhallowed despotism, preying upon the vitals of heavenly donations, through the magnanimous virtues of our revolutionary fathers of liberty!

The orator goes on to say, that if his 'utterance could quadrate in majesty with the sublimity of his conceptions, his voice should echo upon every slumbering soul, like the majestic thunder of the last trump: and, with the velocity of lightning, an ecumenical resuscitation should pervade our remotest shores!' 'Style,' we think, has changed for the better 'in community' since the year of grace 1819!

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — From a most pleasant gossiping letter, from a distinguished legal friend in Vermont, we venture to segregate the following entertaining passages:

'I HAVE just returned from a visit to Westminster, one of the oldest towns in the State. In fact, it was chartered by Massachusetts earlier than the date of any existing charter in the State, being 1732, while it was supposed to fall within the limits of that colony. But the orders in council having determined otherwise, the town was re-chartered by Governor WENTWORTH, of New-Hampshire, and is now held under that charter. The town was allotted and settled long before the Revolution, and was the seat of the colonial courts as early as 1772, the ruins of the court-house still being visible. There was a considerable population residing there as early as 1770, when their first Puritan place of worship was erected, which is still standing in most perfect preservation, although worship has been discontinued within its hallowed walls for long years, by reason of the dissensions incident to all such associations not confined by any superior or outward pressure.

'It was sad to pace its solemn aisles, and witness its venerable pulpit, and huge sounding-board, depending upon nothing, and so imminent upon the speaker's head as almost to peril his safety; all quiet and perfect, as only left the last Sunday. But left for ever! In the church-yard, or burial-ground, at a short remove from this venerable structure, repose the dead of a century. Whigs and Tories, Church-men and Puritans, Round-heads and Cavaliers, English naval-officers, rebels and refugees, side by side in that quiet sleep which knows no waking, till the final morning of the general resurrection. There reposes, in his solitary family-vault, the body of the Honorable STEPHEN ROE BRADLEY, the first Senator from Vermont, and one of the first, if not the very first, who held the office of President *pro tem.* of the United States Senate. He is acknowledged, by all who have seen him, to have been a man of a most commanding personal presence. He was, too, a man of great adroitness and energy in controlling the public sentiment of the sparse settlements in what was called 'New-Hampshire Grants,' during the Revolution, and what is now the State of Vermont. He was the author of numerous pamphlets, which in their day did great service to the popular cause.

'He was a man of imposing dignity of manners, and some formality. A characteristic anecdote is told of him and General ENOS, who were not always upon the most respectful terms toward each other. At the time of General BRADLEY's first election to the United States Senate, the forms of precedents had not become very much settled. The file commonly afforded no precedent, and one must be forged for the occasion. After General BRADLEY's election was declared, Governor CHITTENDEN, who was a plain man, appealed to the General as to the proper form in which to certify his credentials. The new incumbent very readily replied, that 'The sovereign and independent State of Vermont, by the grace of God, made choice of STEPHEN ROE BRADLEY to represent them,' etc. The Governor, not being aware of any want of cordiality of General ENOS

in regard to the election of the General, appealed to General ENOS, who was present, as to the propriety of the form of credential suggested by General BRADLEY. General ENOS very promptly replied, that he could suggest no other emendation, except to erase 'By the grace of God,' and insert, '*Without* the fear of God, and being moved and seduced by the instigation of the DEVIL!' The amendment was not adopted, I believe. General BRADLEY represented the State in the United States Senate for a long time with signal ability, and great credit to himself and the State.

'A son of General BRADLEY, the Honorable WILLIAM C. BRADLEY, LL.D., now occupies the family mansion, and the paternal office where the distinguished JERRY MASON, of New-Hampshire and Boston, spent the term of his novitiate. Mr. WILLIAM C. BRADLEY is a gentleman of eminent learning and most princely hospitality. He was born in 1782, that year so abundant in eminent men, from which WEBSTER, and VAN BUREN, and CASS, and BENTON, and a host of others, date. He entered Congress in 1814, when Mr. WEBSTER first entered, and although of different politics, they were intimate through life.

'Mr. WEBSTER, but a few months before his death, said to one of his friends, who was going to Vermont, that he hoped he would call upon Mr. BRADLEY, as he esteemed him the most discerning, the soundest-minded man in the State. Those who know Mr. BRADLEY would perhaps very generally subscribe to the opinion. But he has always sought exemption from public office, except three terms in Congress, and confined himself strictly to his profession. But then he is a giant; one of the descendants of the giant-race of men who laid the foundations of the Government. He inherits all his father's strength, and has super-added vast stores of learning. His library is itself a wonder for one in his retired position. It has thousands of volumes of the choicest and rarest books in all the departments of science and learning; in the ancient classics; in the modern languages of Europe; in theology, from EUSEBIUS's history to the Eclipse of Faith; in medicine and in the law, his collection embraces almost all the English reports from the Year-Books to the present day. His memory itself is a treasure-house of learning and wisdom from all ages and all countries. It is painful to converse with such an one, and to reflect how soon such vast lights shall go out, in the silence of the grave. Man dieth, but the awful purposes of God still advance. I had intended, a long time ago, to treasure up some of Mr. B ——'s choice remembrances of the early members of the profession in the State; but I have no time to detail them here, and must conclude by giving a brief note of the death of FRENCH, the first victim of the Revolution in Vermont.

'WILLIAM FRENCH was shot at Westminster on the thirteenth day of March, 1775. He was one of a party of the adherents to the Continental Congress who had taken possession of the court-house with the professed purpose of hindering the colonial court from proceeding with its business on the next day. Being ordered to disperse in the course of the afternoon, and not obeying the sheriff's proclamation, a party of the Tories, in the course of the night, fired upon them, and killed FRENCH, and wounded many others. The adherents to the cause of Congress, immediately after his burial, caused a rude stone, of talcose slate, to be erected at the head of his grave, with a very marked and original inscription upon it, which is still legible. It is as follows, *verbatim et literatim*:

• • IN Memory of WILLIAM FRENCH
Son to Mr. NATHANIEL FRENCH, Who
Was shot at Westminster March ye 13th
1775, by the hands of Cruel Ministereal
Tools of GEORGE ye 3d in the Corthouse at
a 11 a clock at Night in the 22d year of
his Age.

• Here WILLIAM FRENCH, his Body lies,
For Murder his blood for Vengance Cries:
King GEORGE the Third his Tory Crew
Tha with a bawl his head shot threw
For Liberty and his Countrys Good
he Lost his Life his Dearest blood'

'Here is a Spartan spirit, and almost a Scandinavian rudeness of letters.'

'MR. K. N. PEPPER, Esq.,' has sent us a '*Noad*' to the Comet, in blank-verse, a deviation from the shackles of poetical rule, which marks the man of 'genus.' But the thought, the *thought*, is the thing. Observe the variety and 'reach' of the poet's fancy :

A Noad to the Comeck.

NOTE INTO THE SUMER BY MR. K. N. PEPPER, ESQ.

'AL hale grate loominarry — twicet al hale!
Grand fizzicle vizziter, your welcome.
In rejions ov spais whair al is silens
& their 4 no gnois is herd it is difficult
To traivel & not waik up sumthink:
But the grate Comeck (meaning you ov coars)
Hes dun it so fur moar than 50 yeres
To the satisfackshun ov all pressent.
With untyrink pirseverens se him sale
Onto a rowt as no 1 ever thout of goin.
When hese frose the har al of ov his hed
& by loosink so meny milds ov tale
That he cant tel wether hese goin forids or bacards
Then he shutes down to the son for to warm up
& put on a litle bam of Columby or warpean.
Setch hard werk it is for him wuns to stop
That he hes lost the nac threw want ov practis.
O Comeck! goin round & round the son,
Why not sum time or uther wynd him up,
& taiking the rains ov guvermeant into your teth
up & giv the soaler cistim a nairing.
Cum blo your wissel, the planits is on a train;
Emigrans into the frunt — ov collusion no dainger
Gupitter 'll do fur a balens-wele
Satern ull ring wen thays sumthink ahed
Mars fite al irishmen as wont pay the fair
& venous so swete ile ride with her miself.
(wat a nidee now fur a singul man!)
Wele noatify the smal starz onto the rowt
To bewair of the Comeck wen the bel rings.
Wele saw up the milky weigh fur fir-woad
& use the orory Boryals fur a signle lite
Witch wood caws a stonishmeant to spring from the i.
But act your Plesure — we doant want to dicktate
onli we shoold be hapy to cum the perpoased araingment.

'Miss Terious Comeck! wens do you shuit?
Ware wos you wen you 1st thout ov flyink?
Wat put it into your hed to cum this wa,
Sirprysink ov the naityvs? — is the stait
ov your fynancys setch that you cant suport moar tale —
Then thinc wot a nauter sufers as cant suport eny.

O Comeck praps its loansum traivelink so
But you doant no the mizzery of a feelink hart:
Yourn al hed and tail, so ov coars cant fele.
i sumtimes wish i hadent no boddy two
fur then i mite be hapy — but x kews
Mi pirsonle narativ — i cant always Banish
The thout ov Wo.

o mity loominarey!

Immens Miss terry! sa now wos it troc
You had sum thoughts ov soink up the Erth?
You ant noomerus enuf fur that perseding —
o Know Mr. Comeck, youm two smal.
You mite hac of a mountin or too praps
By snubink your tale onto a pirry mid
But the Moril part of Comunity

Woodent se eny libirtys tooc with muther Erth —
 o know Mr. Comeck as was sed be 4.
 1st egsirsize, & git sum mete onto your ribs
 & like SAMSON let your har gro long.
 We no your talent into the saling line
 We acnollig youm sum onto fire-werks:
 But doant be foolish becaus you no how.
 You cant serkumnavoy grait Erth like you doe the son
 Without giting ov your horns noct of.
 The son is indullgent & not a tal snapish
 & hes so mutch biznes atendink to al the planits
 That giving ov fits to Comecks is soopirfloous.
 But its a litle diferent hear. so bewair
 & taik the folowink advice frum a frend:
 We shal alwais be very glad to se you
 Wen acting ov your part into the grate serus
 & not giting out ov the ring & throing dert.
 But the idee ov fiting on sitch a scail
 We cawl perpostrious into the egstream —
 After al i doant thinc your intenshuns wos cereus:
 The grate Comeck is two magnannymus
 To hav setch a nidee. i hoap your felinks
 Hessent ben hirt; if so ples 2 taik notis
 Your admyrer is rash almoast to cankir
 & lashed hisself cuickly intwo angry waivs
 Wen he was be 4 cuite cam and slepy like.
 & al fur nothink, as we air hapy to se.
 So be not likewais rash Miss Terious Comeck,
 But folow into the trac ov your ilustris predisers.
 Your frens into this sexion air noomeris
 And tha x peckt the ilustris Comeck to doo his dooty,
 Witch is to sale around & sa nothink to noboddy
 Not hiting the planits & sterink clere ov the stars.
 (p. s.) ples tri & let out a litle moar tale.'

'It is n't every man,' said a genial friend of ours, who 'dropped in' upon us at the sanctum, the other night, 'no matter how pious he may be, who is calculated to shine as a minister of the gospel. Last summer, I was at a little town in Indiana, on a Sunday; and as I was passing a small church, I heard the congregation singing an old-fashioned, plaintive psalm-tune, and I could not help going in. After the two concluding verses had been sung, the 'minister' got up. I never saw such a looking clergyman in my life, before. He had a kind of green, 'bulgy' eye, a retreating forehead and chin, and his hair was as red as a brick. It was sheared to the skull in ridges made at a clip, like a short-haired cocoa-nut, except the fore-top, which was brushed straight up to a point, forming what is termed a 'cow-lick': it looked, as it rose from his low forehead, like a small conflagration. He opened the Bible with a pair of great, coarse red hands, and pronounced his text in a voice like the tearing of a strong rag: 'Return like a dog to his vomit,' (which he pronounced 'wom-mit,') 'and like the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire!' *There* was good taste for you! I looked scrutiuizingly around, took up my hat, vacated my seat, reached the central 'vomitory' of the sanctuary, and 'cut my lucky,' with a sense of supreme relief.' - - - We have a word or two to say of *Mr. William H. Disbrow's Riding-School*, Number Twenty, Fourth-Avenue, near ASTOR and LAFAYETTE Places, which is open day and evening for equestrian tuition and exercise-riding. We have known Mr. DISBROW for many years, during all which time he has been establishing himself as a complete master of his profession, and conferring physical grace and health upon thousands of the

élite of the metropolis. His hours are convenient ; his terms reasonable ; his tuition admirably given ; and his rules and regulations unexceptionable, and always enforced. We commend Mr. DISBROW's school as one which has no superior, 'here or elsewhere.' - - - A MISSOURI friend, who need not be at all afraid of writing to us too often, sends us the following 'perfectly authentic' anecdote. It has awakened many a loud laugh in the sanctum :

'AN old soaker, who lives in Weston, Missouri, took it into his head one day that it was necessary for his future welfare to be 'born ag'in,' and forthwith repaired to the Rev. Mr. B —, the respected pastor of the Baptist denomination of the town aforesaid, to obtain light. He was received with urbanity, and forthwith the following dialogue ensued :

'OLD S. : 'It's your doctrine, Boss, that a feller to be saved must suffer *immershun*, in't it?'

'MR. B. : 'Yes, Mr. S., it is a fundamental doctrine of our Church that a man, to be regenerated, *must* repent of his sins, and be *immersed*.'

'OLD S. : 'Well, Boss, after repentin' of his sins, and been '*slid under*,' if he flashes in the pan, *then* what?'

'MR. B. : 'Although back-sliding is much to be deplored, still, if he sincerely repents of his sin, and is again immersed, the Church will receive him again.'

'OLD S. : 'Well, s'pose he *ag'in* kicks out of the traces after the second time, (for you know what critters there are in this world, Boss,) *then* what's to pay?'

'MR. B. : 'Notwithstanding all *this*, if he will seriously repent, and solemnly promise to amend his future life, the Church will again receive him into its bosom, after being immersed.'

'OLD S., (after a few moments of deep thought,) proposes the closing interrogatory : 'Well, Boss, wouldn't it be a blasted good idea to *keep sich fellers in souk all the time*?'

'My informant did not say whether old S — joined the Church or not, but I incline to the opinion that he *did n't*.'

We cannot help quoting, 'in this connection,' the subjoined somewhat kindred anecdote of the late ISAAC T. HOPPER, the Quaker :

'UPON a certain occasion, a man called upon him with a due-bill for twenty dollars against an estate he had been appointed to settle. Friend HOPPER put it away, saying he would attend to it as soon as he had leisure. The man called again a short time after, and stated that he had need of six dollars, and was willing to give a receipt for the whole if that sum were advanced. This proposition excited suspicion, and the administrator decided in his own mind that he would pay nothing till he had examined the papers of the deceased. Searching carefully among these, he found a receipt for the money, mentioning the identical items, date and circumstances of the transaction, and stating that a due-bill had been given and lost, and was to be restored by the creditor when found.

'When the man called again, ISAAC said to him, in a quiet way :

' 'Friend JONES, I understand thou hast become pious lately.'

'He replied, in a solemn tone :

' 'Yes, thanks to the LORD JESUS, I have found out the way of salvation.'

' 'And thou hast been dipped, I hear,' continued the Quaker. 'Dost thou know JAMES HUNTER?'

'Mr. JONES answered in the affirmative.

' 'Well, he was also dipped some time ago,' rejoined Friend HOPPER, 'but the neighbors say they did n't get the crown of his head under water. The DEVIL crept into the unbaptized part, and has been busy with him ever since. I am afraid they did n't get *thee* quite under water. I think thou had'st better be dipped again.'

'As he spoke, he held up the receipt for twenty dollars. The countenance of the professedly pious man became scarlet, and he disappeared instantly.'

A FRIEND of ours, who when he writes, *edifies*, relates the following: 'Travelling, the other day, in the cars of the Boston and Worcester railroad, there sat before me two respectable-looking individuals, whose conversation I could not but over-hear, and a 'section' of which was as follows: 'Well, JONAS has got himself into a bad fix *this* time: the proof is clear against him, and there is no doubt he'll be convicted of the burglary.' The friend responded: 'Why, he is out on bail; why don't he *slope*? They say he is worth five or six thousand dollars: let him indemnify his bail, and 'cut.' ' 'Yes, but then, JONAS is desperate fond of money, and he won't give up any of *that*, any how. No: I think he had better go to State's-prison, and serve the sentence out. It would n't do him any harm.' 'I don't think so,' said the other; 'JONAS is a man of high-toned feeling, and that would *cut him to the quick!*' 'We should think it *would* have that effect!' - - - 'SOMETIMES,' writes our esteemed friend and correspondent, RICHARD HAYWARDE, 'we find little enigmatical poems like the one enclosed, that not only delight the reader by their exquisite versification, but also possess a latent charm, only to be developed by the skill of the reader. I think I am not in error when I add '*Philip, my King,*' to this class:

' 'Look at me, with thy large brown eyes,
 PHILIP, my king!
 For round thee the purple shadow lies
 Of babyhood's regal dignities.
 Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
 With love's invisible sceptre laden;
 I am thine ESTHER, to command,
 Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
 PHILIP, my king!

' 'Oh! the day when thou goest a-wooing,
 PHILIP, my king!
 When those beautiful lips are suing,
 And some gentle hearts -bars undoing,
 Thou dost enter love-crowned, and there
 Sittest all glorified! — Rule kindly,
 Tenderly over thy kingdom fair,
 For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
 PHILIP, my king!

' 'I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
 PHILIP, my king!
 Av, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
 That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
 As to one god-throned amidst his peers.
 My soul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
 Let me behold thee in coming years!
 Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
 PHILIP, my king!

' 'A wreath, not of gold, but palm, one day,
 PHILIP, my king!
 Thou, too, must tread, as we tread, a way
 Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray:
 Rebels within thee, and foes without
 Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious
 Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout
 As thou sittest at the feet of God, victorious,
 'PHILIP, the king!'

'At the first glance, it would seem as if 'PHILIP' were, in reality, a sovereign prince, or at least an infant of the blood-royal. But I am inclined to believe

that his only kingdom lies within the boundaries of his mother's breast. Let us see if this be not so :

' 'Roxen thro' the purple shadow lies
Of *babylon's* regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With *love's* invisible sceptre laden.'

Then again :

' 'Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair.'

'What kingdom? Surely that over which every child rules with despotic sway, and which the mother, looking forward in the future, sees re-represented in her whom she calls her 'queen-handmaiden.' Therefore she says :

— ' 'Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we *love* richly,
Thine, my king!'

'I think this enigmatical portion may be solved easily now :

' 'REBELS *within thee*, and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown — But go on, glorious
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sittest at the feet of God, victorious,
'PULVE, the king!'

'Let me call your attention to an exquisite bit of art. I allude to the *omission* of a syllable in one of the lines :

' 'Sittest all glorified' — Rule kindly.'

'I think the intermediate pause necessary to be observed here, in place of the missing word, enhances the tenderness of the sentiment wonderfully. I take this gem of poesy from our country-paper. Who wrote it? If you discover the author's name, make a note of it. It was published many years ago in *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*. . . . We commend the following 'Chapter from Blackstone' on 'Real Estate,' to all our legal friends, and 'real-estate' buyers; and we rather surmise that our *other* readers will find its perusal a pleasant matter. I've seen had some papers of a similar kind, a few years ago, but, if we may be permitted to say so, none better than this :

'BLACKSTONE divides Realty into three grand divisions: Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments.

'Land is a very comprehensive term, including every thing of a permanent, substantial nature; 'tenement' signifies any thing that may be held, and therefore, if a man should catch a fox by the tail, the fox is a tenement as long as he could hold him, but if he should get away, in the eye of the law he'd probably be nothing but a 'thing in action;' rather lively action, too, perhaps, especially if the dogs were after him.

'Hereditaments' are of two kinds, corporeal and incorporeal; corporeal, are those visible, tangible, and of a nature that may be seen and felt, or as GLANVILLE has it, they are such 'as affect the senses' — therefore, if a horse should throw a man who should light on his head and be stunned, that accident to the horse, is a 'corporeal hereditament' — incorporeal hereditaments issue out of the land — rents and profits come under this head, and so, we suppose, would fishing-worms; though the point is that 'lessors of the land of Judea' along with SATURDAY, would not come within the definition, but if a man should rent his coat-tail on a nail, and 'create a rent,' the nail being annexed to the coat-tail, and being too far out would probably be 'in tail male,' and the man would be 'referred to the Court below' to have his coat mended, as the DEUTERONOMY sows tares. Under the name of Land is comprehended every thing upon the surface of the earth, and under it; and water passes under the name of land, though we don't see how a heavy rain, in any point of view, could be considered as land, and a practical difficulty would arise in conveying a square acre of ground covered by water, and bounds, though, since BLACKSTONE wrote, conveyance by water is a very common occurrence.

'Trees and growing crops belong to the land; and pumpkins, being 'attached to the Realty,' 'go to the heir' till they're pulled up, and then, they generally 'go to' the pigs; so, wheat and barley 'go with the land,' and so does the rye, unless it is made into whiskey, and then it goes best with a little water: so of the 'standing corn'; though we do n't suppose, that if the proprietor was drunk for three weeks before he sold his place, it would be such a standing 'corn' as that he would 'go to the first purchaser,' unless indeed he went to take a little something.

'A man has a 'fee' in land, when it is given to 'him and his heirs for ever'; but if he happens to have no heirs, it goes to the King, who stands graciously ready to nab any valuable corner-lots, when the proper population does n't turn up.

'Our BRACTON' says, that the word 'fee' is derived from the Saxon word feud or fight, because all the tenants used to be continually fighting for their landlords; and, in contemplation of law, were supposed to be perpetually standing outside the gate, armed and equipped, and ready for a breeze at the shortest notice; these were called 'retainers,' hence, our term of Retainer; so that if JOHN DOE retains A. B., counsellor-at-law, to defend him, at the suit of RICHARD ROE, the said A. B. is supposed to march about town with a band of music and a battle-axe, ready to tounge, maul, and maltreat the said JOHN DOE, to wit, at the county aforesaid — and probably takes depositions in uniform.

'Estate for life' is a less estate than a fee, and may be 'created by deed'; but you cannot create an estate by deed for more than three lives, unless, perhaps, one of 'em should be a cat's, and then, it would probably extend to ten or eleven.

'Curtesy' is an estate for life, by the 'act of the law'; though curtesies are sometimes the acts of the girls. Curtesy is where a man marries a woman, 'seized of an estate of inheritance'; and if the small-pox or seven-years' itch were hereditary in the wife's family, and one of 'em should seize her, this would be a 'seisin by inheritance,' and the husband would 'take it for life'; but first, he must have children born alive, otherwise the law says to him, 'You ain't in!'

'Tenant-for-life is entitled to emblements,' or 'away-going crops'; and if a man should plant a patch of peas and potatoes, and then move off, in the eye of the law the peas and potatoes are supposed to follow him; and, if you looked sharp, you'd doubtless see them climbing over the fence after him, and calling out to be dug; the same is true of trees and shrubs, and this was what terrified MACBETH so, when he saw 'Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane'; for when he saw the 'emblements' moving, he was lawyer enough to know that there was a change going on of landed proprietors, that boded him no good.

'The tenant-for-life also 'takes' all the catnip and boneset on his place, because they belong to the soil; but the law would not compel him to 'take them,' unless he wanted to, and if they were made into tea, SPELLMAN thinks he could put in a little milk and sugar. A tenant-for-life is entitled to cut wood, and if the landlord should interfere and raise a muss, he would be compelled to cut stick; but, though a tenant for life is entitled to cut wood, yet if his son should whittle the fence, or mutilate the parlor-chairs, or throw down the book-case, and go to chopping it up with an axe, and the landlord should come in, and they should have a regular pitched battle over the fallen furniture, it would clearly be 'an action on the case,' and the landlord would recover.

'When a man owns the soil, he owns it clear up to the sky, and down to the 'other place'; but I can't build my house so as to overhang my neighbor's, and if he has a window built so long that the memory of man does n't run any where else, you can't stop that window up; for it is an 'ancient light'; and therefore, if you should go and look in at that window, you would be guilty of 'obstructing ancient lights,' and he could take your head off even with the window-sill, but no farther, using no more force than was necessary: and if an old man should die of consumption, that would be an 'obstruction of ancient lights'; but the law would not undertake to provide a remedy, not being an undertaker in such circumstances. How far the principle of ancient lights extends, is, perhaps, a doubtful question, as most legal questions are: if you agree to let your neighbor keep his window open, and he so keeps it open for any length of time, it does not become an 'ancient light,' and you may shut the shutters on him, any time; but if he opens it against your will, though you should go and shake your fist at him every day for twenty-one years, or thereabouts, it becomes an 'ancient light' in spite of you, and he could blow wads at you out of it, every morning before breakfast, if he wanted to, and you'd have no remedy.

'All real estate may be bought and sold; for this purpose, we have real-estate agents, who generally take the property as part of their commissions; and when property is conveyed in this way, the buyer is said to be 'in by purchase,' that is, if he pays for it; but there is another way of coming by property, by which a man, in legal phrase, is said to be 'in by descent'; but we do n't suppose that, if a man should tumble out of a third-story window, into a basket of eels, he'd be 'in by descent' in such a manner as that he could 'hold the property' long.

'Every man's land is called his 'close,' and is supposed to be surrounded by an ideal, invisible boundary or wall, which exists only in the 'eye of the law,' the law being generally wall-eyed and befogged; though no body can see it, yet, if any person oversteps this boundary, he is guilty of a trespass; and it's no excuse for him to say he could n't see it, for the Law says to him, 'It's all in my eye,' and this is a 'trespass *quare clausum fregit*;' and if a man should be chasing a rabbit

and the rabbit should run over this line, every action of the rabbit thereafter would be void, as no one can take advantage of their own wrong, and the law would not permit him to move a step further, and the man so foolishly catch him, so, if a man wore a wig, and should sweep at a tree, and put his wig in his pantaloons' pocket—and a thief should come and steal his wig out of his breeches, that would be a trespass '*quare claustrum fregit*,' 'for that he broke his case, and stole his share.'

'So, as every man's house is his castle, it is a first and maxim of the English law, that every man's house is his castle, which, says Magna Charta, 'the King cannot enter'; therefore, if the King went out to see his market-gardener simply for the purpose of walking about, and looking at the pigs and poultry the market-gardener could open the front door in his face and set the dogs on him and the King couldn't lift the latch. For, says the lawyer, 'Where the King is concerned there are no laches,' and so, under the old law, the King was absolutely forbidden to enter any house in the kingdom, so that his social intercourse was extremely limited, and hence the saying, '*Non enim tempus occurrat illi regi*, or the King does n't have any sort of a time.' and, as every man's house is his castle, he has an undoubted right to fortify it, and may put cannon in his dooryard, and perhaps in his front parlor, but the bomb, not being attached to the Realty, would not go with the land. But, if they went off, the house would probably go with them; and so, a man would have an undoubted right to maintain a regiment of cavalry for the protection of his castle, but the theory of the English law is such, that the King, with all his power, can't take the castle of his meanest subject, so that if the King should turn out his whole military force, horse, foot, and dragons, and try to take a man's house, that man could just walk out in the street, and wadep the whole of 'em.

'Such are some of those great principles, on which is founded our whole system of jurisprudence; and it is a beautiful fiction of the law, and one tending greatly to the increase of knowledge, that every one is supposed to know the law—and therefore, if a Chinese should come to this country, he would at once be an able lawyer; and so, if any one should say of his honor, Judge HENRICKS, 'He don't know any more law than a Chinaman,' it would be the highest compliment that could be paid to his legal abilities.'

'While residing, a few years ago, in the Monumental City,' writes 'N. S. S.' in a pleasant gossiping letter, 'I used sometimes to go on Sunday, to a small church near my residence, to hear a somewhat famous negro preacher. The church had been built by a few benevolent gentlemen, as a place of worship for their slaves. The preacher, himself a slave, was an old negro, famed throughout the city as a perfectly original specimen of imagination and humor; and more especially, for his very unique construction of various portions of the divine Word. He frequently numbered among his hearers the *élite* of the city, drawn thither in the hope of hearing 'some new thing'; and truth to say, they were seldom disappointed. To give some idea of his style—necessarily imperfect to an outsider, for his gesticulation was peculiar and forcible—I will narrate two *morceaux*. In describing CHRIST's entrance into Jerusalem, he said: 'Well, my bruddren, when de people in 'Rusalum heard de LORD was coming, dey 'bandoned der ockerpashon, and cut for de subub; crowding tru de gate, I 'se no doubt, like a flock o' sheep: and some broke off de branches off de trees, and t'rowed 'em down, and some t'rowed down straw and hay, and de rest took off der clothes—not all ob dem, I 'spect—and tru 'em down in de road. But 't was no use, my breddren; wid all dey could do, dey *could n't stop dat ore colt*; he kim along, and went right in de gate, easy as nuffin!' On another occasion, when striving his utmost to bring about a revival, he elevated his humble flock several pegs in importance. He said: 'Now, if any ob you niggers tink dat 'cause you 're black, and poor, and miserable, you 'se of no great consikence in de LORD's eyes, you 'ze vastly 'staken, I 'spect, as I could prove by many pints ob de divine word; but one will be 'ficient for your dall comprehensions. De LORD says, in one place: 'God will not let even a sparrer fall to de ground widout His notice'; and in 'nudder place He says: 'Are not two

sparrers sold for a farden'?' A farden', I would inform you, is s'posed to be 'bout as much as a cent. Well, den : now, if de LORD takes so much care of a sparrer, worth only half a cent, of how much more 'portance, my dear brudren, in His eyes, are you five and six hundred dollar 'niggers!' It strikes us that we once published this last anecdote, sent us by a Baltimore correspondent, but we are not quite certain. - - - THERE is not the smallest town in the United States, it is reasonable to assume, where the recent *Destruction of the Establishment of the Brothers Harper by Fire* is not known, and all the circumstances connected with it ; their great loss, the universal public sympathy, and crowded offers of assistance ; with their characteristic energy in entering anew upon their vast field of action. Our friend and correspondent, Mrs. SIGOURNEY, has thrown *her* tribute at the great publishers' feet, in the ensuing appropriate and graceful lines :

Conflagration

OF THE

WALTON HOUSE AND THE HARPERS' ESTABLISHMENT.

New-York, Saturday, December 10th, 1853.

'OLD Mansion ! that didst rear thy head,
At first, 'mid waving trees ;
Green vales, and waters round thee spread,
Where now, the city dense and high,
Scarce leaves a section of the sky
The rural heart to please.
Even in that dim, colonial day
When simple habits held their sway,
Thy lofty halls with wealth were gay ;
And there BOSS WALTON* feasted high
The flower of England's chivalry,
When from Canadian strife they pressed,
The flush of victory on their crest.
But now no more with pride elate
Thy board shall bend 'neath massy plate,
For startling flames, with dire embrace,
Have sternly swept thee from thy place ;
And blackened stones and ashes show
The fearful certainty of wo.

'But the same fires that wrapped thee round
Have strewed another on the ground,
Which from the world could claim,
Though no armorial bearings gave
Their lustre to its architrave,
A more enduring fame.

* An epithet bestowed on the master of this stately mansion, by whom it was erected about a century since, when that portion of New-York, now so densely thronged, was mingled with marsh and forest. Mr. WALTON's wealth and liberal style of living gave him distinction in those times of primitive simplicity. The baronial elegance of his entertainment to the officers of the English army, after their conflict with the French in Canada, being reported on their return home, excited the cupidity of the Second GEORGE and his venal parliament, to impose a heavier tax on the colonies. As a reply to their remonstrance that they were exhausted, both in blood and treasure, by efforts to aid in the recent war of the mother-land, this costly banquet was adduced in proof of their actual wealth, and the demand enforced.

So, the pomp of the WALTON hospitality was repaid by unexpected evil to the country, as WOLSEY's ostentatious display of the splendors of York-House to bluff King HAL accelerated his own fall. Thus, also, of old, the Monarch of JUDAH, who exposed to the view of his Assyrian guests all the treasures of his realm, found this frankness or vanity an element in its captivity. Perhaps in the ear of the eloquent prophet who reproved him, it was as the key-tone of that mournful melody : 'By the rivers of Babylon, there we sate down ; yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.'

For where the child in fire-side nook
 Rejoiceth with its pictured book,
 Or student o'er his problem bends,
 Or bard on fancy's wing ascends,
 Or Christian cons the holy page
 That girds him for his pilgrimage ;
 Even though the lonely traveller strays
 From tropic clime to arctic zone,
 There hath the HARPERS' name been known,
 And spoken in the varying tone
 Of authors' thanks or readers' praise.

' Yet shall the BROTHERS' four-fold band
 Again, and with a giant's hands,
 These ruined walls restore ;
 And there the press, with labor fraught,
 Shall give eternity to thought,
 And sons of toil delighted tread,
 And nobly earn their children's bread,
 Beneath its roof once more.
 Yes, from the dust, with phoenix eye,
 Yon renovated dome shall spring,
 (For truth and knowledge cannot die,)
 And mind shall spread a deathless wing
 Above the flaming sky.'

THE air 'bites shrewdly' to-night, without the sanctum, and afar off the keen, cold north-west wind howls in its anger ; but here we sit, reading the '*Evening Mirror*, picking out dainty bits in its selections, scanning its lively and spirited editorials, and its 'curtailed abbreviations' of the news of the metropolis, and from all quarters of the compass, and *let* old BOREAS blow his blast so bold ;' not without the frequent thought, howbeit, 'Where will the 'poor naked wretches' in their 'looped and windowed raggedness,' who not only hear but *feel* it, lay their 'houseless heads' to-night?' - - - A BROTHER-EDITOR, writing from Columbia, Texas, favors us with the following local gossip : 'By the way, a short incident or two for your meditation. Occasionally, in travelling, I have encountered peculiar customers. I remember, after a long morning's ride, arriving at a house and asking if I could get dinner : after some hesitation, I was told to walk in. Preparations for dinner were soon made ; and after all was ready, the table laid, and the edibles placed thereon, the master of the house, a bachelor of some forty winters, arose, with solemn dignity, and proceeding to the corner of the room, extracted a key from his pocket and applied it to the lock of a massive chest. The bolt yielded, the lid was raised, and the dinner-service of plate was taken out. What do you suppose it consisted of? Actually, by invoice, taken as soon as I left, of one table-spoon, five tea-spoons of German silver, and one ancient sugar-bowl of earthen ware. This was the family-plate, which was guarded with all the care necessary to preserve a service of gold ! — A PLANTER describing the rich alluvial soil of this country to a stranger, declared that, among other qualities, it was *perus* and *peluvial*. He had given his son a *gratuos* gift of five hundred acres of the land, but it had proved a *noosness* (nuisance) to him, and given him habits of laziness ! — I WAS in company with a lady, not long since, who had the reputation of being very literary. The conversation turned upon poetry and the poets ; and allusion was made to COWPER. She had not read his novels, but was familiar with COOPER, and was delighted with his Dutch charac-

ters!—THERE was a party at a neighboring planter's, a while ago, which I attended. Sitting with a company upon the gallery, a gentleman, fresh from Yankeedom, noticed some domestic animals that appeared to have been reared by hand. Speaking of them, he called them 'cossets.' The female portion of the company at once assumed that peculiar look which country ladies will put on when a blunder is made. Explanation was afterward sought, and it appeared that the similiarity of sound between *cosset* and *corset* had put these very delicate ladies to the blush! - - - THE Buffalo '*Daily Courier*' has been greatly enlarged, to afford space for reading-matter, which has gradually been encroached upon by the increasing favors of advertisers. Buffalo is a city of well-conducted and prosperous daily journals, 'and this is of them.' When our friend SEAVER left Batavia for Buffalo, we predicted his success; and the result justifies our prophecy. - - - RIGHT well do we remember the long broad street in Detroit, so graphically described in the subjoined sketch; nor is it a difficult matter to conceive how it must look filled with joyous revelry in all sorts of winter-conveyances:

'MICHIGAN at Christmas! What a glorious time! How pleasant it makes one feel to think about it. To think of the parties, the sleigh-rides, the visits, the presents to be given and received, and the ten thousand other pleasant things attendant on CHRIST's blessed birth-day. In all parts of the world, where it is a holiday at all, Christmas is a grand one. *All* are eloquent in its praise. Who ever knew an Englishman who was not continually harping on its sports and pleasures; its dinners and its claret; its Yule and its Snap-Dragon; its Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY-dance and its hoar-frost. Its writers grow eloquent on the subject, and claim that better sermons, better feeling, better fun, and a good many other better things, are to be found in England at that time, than in any other part of the world. Such a benign influence does this great holiday exert upon the temper of JOHN BULL, that his usual growl subsides into an amiable grumble; and some travellers have positively asserted that sometimes he even condescends to be sociable under it. Be that as it may, it is certain, that in merry old England, Christmas is the most loved holiday in the year. But in Michigan, the coming of Christmas, second only to the Fourth of July, is hailed with delight by both old and young; and I can scarcely believe that an impartial person, in his right mind, could be found who would not say that Michigan lads and Michigan lassies have more 'real sport' than the sons and daughters of Britain.

'To the children, the space of time between Thanksgiving day (another great holiday) and Christmas, is the hardest time in the whole year to get over. Hardly have they digested the roast turkey, (a strict accompaniment of the former,) when they begin to count upon their fingers how many days still intervene before the latter shall arrive. This counting of the days is practised about seven times the first week, fourteen times the second, twenty-one times the third, and so on till the wished-for time arrives, when they immediately begin counting up for SAINT VALENTINE's day, WASHINGTON's birth-day, and the Fourth of July. This continual exercise is thought by some to be one reason why the Yankee boys go so far ahead of the English youth in that greatest of all sciences, the science of 'Rithmetic. 'I wonder what will be in my stocking?' is a query often and anxiously propounded by every juvenile. Lessons are neglected in school, in the vain endeavor to answer it satisfactorily. Hours innumerable are spent when they ought to be asleep, in wondering whether their candy will come in the shape of an apple or a cat, pear or monkey; or if in neither of these, what shape it *will* come in. Whether their toys will be rolling-horses or barking-dogs, jumping-monkeys or singing-birds, or whether by some extraordinary run of good luck, they may not get them all, and a wooden-gun in the bargain. Whether their books will be MOTHER HUBBARD and JACK the Giant Killer, or JACK the Giant Killer and Mother Goose; whether they will have painted pictures or none at all, the former always having a de

cided preference. Air-castles uncountable are built by that greatest of all earthly architects, Imagination.

'On Christmas morning their castles tumble to the ground, but their sorrow is no greater than if they had broken a candy-peach. They console themselves with the thought that while their castles were good for nothing but to think about and look at, the contents of their stockings, though perhaps not so handsome to the view, could be eaten, played with, read, or otherwise disposed of, and in the enjoyment of the present they forget the dreamings of the past. They have lived a thousand, ay, ten thousand Christmases in living one, and are perfectly satisfied with their lot for the time being, but commence building and dreaming again before their candy is gone. As the child if it be a boy grows from childhood into youth, and from youth into manhood, visions of hard fought fields, where the snow balls fly thick and fast, where *all* are wounded, but none killed; of many a well-played game on the ice, with a few involuntary cold baths, too cool, indeed, for comfort, take the place of the stocking mania. To the girl come dreams of *pleasant* not fashionable, parties; of grand sleigh-rides, (in none of your two feet by six, new-fashioned catters, but) in good old-fashioned box-sleighs, calculated to hold a dozen comfortably; of merry games of Blind Man's Buff and Puss in the Corner, of presents, not from SANTA CLAUS, but from brother JONAS, father, mother, and perhaps some body else; and of other things too numerous to mention.

'What, I say, what has England to compare with the unsung sports of a Michigan Christmas? Can its fashionable parties equal, in point of comfort and enjoyment, the family-gatherings in the spacious and snug old farm-houses, where every person comes as early as he pleases, says what he chooses, and dresses to suit himself, without the danger of being called a 'werry bodd character?' Their light dinners - light in quality only, which they are obliged to put under two or three bottles of wine and a wonderful quantity of brandy-punch, to keep them down - do not, I'll warrant you, taste any better, no, nor half so good, as the nice roast-turkey and cider apple-sauce of the Michigan farmer. Who would give an hour, spent on the ice at such games as 'Poli-a-way,' 'Goal,' or 'Tag,' for a week at 'Yule-Log' and 'Snap-Dragon'? A good round of snow-balling is worth a dozen of 'Sir ROGER DE COVERLEYs.' The sight of the dazzling-white sheet spread over house-tops and ground, and of the trees and bushes bending under a weight of snow, when you rise in the morning, is worth all the hoar-frosts one could see in a twelve-month; and a good sleigh-ride on a cold, clear evening is worth all the rest put together.

'This last amusement is appreciated by the inhabitants of those States which are so fortunate as to have *snow* and not rain in the winter. At the first fall of snow, of sufficient depth for sleighing, which in Michigan usually happens about Christmas, every body who owns a horse and sleigh, or who is rich enough to hire one, enjoys himself in the best possible manner by taking a sleigh-ride. At such times the principal streets of the villages and cities present a fine appearance, JEFFERSON-Avenue, in Detroit, particularly so. It is one of the finest streets in the United States. It is one hundred and twenty feet broad, three miles long, and paved throughout its whole extent, and for the greater part of the way runs on the ridge of a hill. Imagine to yourself such a street, filled throughout its whole length and breadth with sleighs of every description - the sturdy old farmer, with his long box-sleigh and team of fat horses, one usually a bay and the other a gray, who has brought his family and a load of turkeys to town; the old Frenchman, with his home-made hickory-cutter, looking not unlike a low crooked creaking wren-runner, who owns a farm which his forefathers have owned before him for many generations, whose ostensible business is farming, but whose principal crop is hay, which requires no trouble but the mowing, and who lives upon the sale of his hay, the straw-hats his wife makes, and the products of his gun and fish-net; with his shaggy little pony, whose short legs move so fast that you would be apt to think he was making quick time, were there no larger horses near him; the provident and economical Dutchman, who has saved money enough to buy a small tract of woodland, with his wood-rack and 'try hickory woot,' which was cut two months before from a beech-grove; the horse-jockey, with his trotter harnessed to his old cutter,

which looks as if it would part company with its runners before long; the close Englishman, who carries his hay to market while his competitors, the Frenchmen, are enjoying themselves, thus getting a quicker sale and a better price; a marshal, whose duty it is to prevent persons from driving faster than six miles an hour, with his pacer passing you so quick that you do but catch a glimpse of a huge pair of whiskers and a tremendous cane, when he is gone; a constable, who looks as if he was trying to arrest the marshal; a sheriff, who strives to be near enough the constable to see that he does his duty; a justice of the peace after the sheriff, and a sober judge pursuing them all; followed by an editor, two or three aldermen, and perhaps the mayor; the young buck, anxious to follow such distinguished leaders, running into a horse-post, thereby releasing the horse from all connection with himself and cutter; the sober old citizen in one sleigh, with most of his children and his wife in another, with a steady and exceedingly gentle old horse, driven by his oldest son; the old horse not being sharp-shod, slips down and breaks the thills; whereupon the lady jumps out and catches hold of the back of the cutter, to prevent 'Doll' from running away, should she feel so inclined when she gets up; the public sleighs, filled with families of not over-rich mechanics, and the sleek livery-stable horses attached to fancy-cutters, and driven by men. Imagine all this, and much more, and you will have an imperfect idea of JEFFERSON-Avenue in sleighing-time at night.'

There *must* have been 'real sport' about that time on JEFFERSON-Avenue. Would we had been there! - - - The following from an esteemed friend in a western city, will interest many readers: 'You know how to sympathize with the sorrowing, and I am one who needs sympathy. The last two months of 1853 have been mournful months to me. November brought the death of my noble brother, who was murdered while in the discharge of his duty; while the world around him was still glowing in the hues of his own loving spirit, before the glory and the dream had vanished. I feel like WALLENSTEIN, overwhelmed by the loss of MAX PICCOLOMINI. By the way, did you ever look at the original of WALLENSTEIN's lamentation? I think COLERIDGE has not done SCHILLER justice in his translation. It is a favorite passage with me, and I have made the following translation:

'I SHALL recover from this stroke, I know:
What does not man live down? From the highest,
As from the commonest, he weans himself:
For he is conquered by the mighty hours.
But yet I feel what I have lost in him.
Now all the bloom is vanished from my life,
And cold and colorless it lies before me.
For he stood by me like my early youth,
Making the Real glorious as a dream;
Over the plain and common things of life
Spreading the golden splendors of the morn;
And in the glow of his warm, loving spirit,
Rose from the ground, e'en to my own amazement,
The flat, unmeaning forms of Every-day.
Whate'er success awaits my future toils,
The beautiful is gone — *that* comes no more!

'If you will look at COLERIDGE's translation of WALLENSTEIN's death, (Act V. Scene Third,) you will see that he has omitted a considerable portion. I cannot see why he omitted

'UND kalt und farblos seh ich 's vor mir liegen,'
(*'And cold and colorless it lies before me;'*)

for I think it a very beautiful and expressive line. But the worst thing in COLERIDGE's translation is the close. WALLENSTEIN means to say that though

success may attend his efforts, the *beautiful* is gone for ever. COLERIDGE leaves out the idea of *success*, and beside, weakens the sense by not translating the emphatic *das*, (that :)

‘WHATEVER fortunes wait my future toils,
The beautiful is vanished, and returns not.’

We hold with our friend. - - - ‘PASSING over the Buffalo and New-York Central Rail-road from Portage to Buffalo, early one morning last summer, I noticed a queer-built, oddly-dressed, and altogether comical-looking fellow, talking to the conductor. So earnest was his conversation, and so pointed his gestures, that I could not restrain my inclination to listen. The subject of conference was a rectangular box, occupying the centre of the car, much resembling in size, shape, color, and general appearance, a refrigerator. Knowing that it was a portion of some new-fangled but unsuccessful scheme for ventilating rail-road cars, I had named it ‘*The Refrigerator*,’ from its almost exact similarity to that useful article. Thinking to draw out my verdant fellow-passenger, I said to the conductor, ‘What is the matter with your refrigerator?’ ‘Oh!’ he replied, glancing quietly at the green-horn, ‘it do n’t work now; it’s lost its vacuum.’ The countryman opened his eyes and surveyed the dubious object with intense interest; and then innocently replied: ‘Lost its *vacuum*, eh? Well, Mister, why do n’t you buy a *new one*, and put in it?’ Thus far our correspondent; but he omits to tell us whether the new ‘vacuum’ was purchased and reestablished or not. This is an important omission. It might throw light upon the still unsolved problem, cited by ‘OLLAPOD,’ to wit: whether ‘a chimera, ruminating in a vacuum, can devour second intentions!’ Here is work for metaphysicians! - - - ONE of the most useful, scientific, and easily-managed ‘improvements’ in the city, is ‘*Kidder’s Patent Gas-Regulator*.’ It is affixed to the ordinary gas-metre with very little trouble, and regulates the pressure in such a manner as *invariably* to secure the best light with the least consumption of gas. Its certain and efficient action is testified to by the highest chemical authorities of the metropolis; while all who have used it, proprietors of all the largest hotels, STEWARTS’, in Broadway, and nameless numbers more, have given their ‘hands and seals’ to the fact, that *beside* affording the very best light, it lessens their gas-bills more than twenty-five per cent. We can ‘bear testimony’ to the same effect, having had one of the ‘regulators’ for some time in use, and thoroughly tested its excellent qualities and infallible action. The office of the Company is at Number Two Hundred and Sixty-Two, Broadway. Mr. S. T. CLARKE is the secretary, and in a moment explains the invention. - - - THEY have orators out in Illinois, if we may trust the description of a certain military one, furnished us by a correspondent in that State: ‘It was dog-days, and a great hue-and-cry had been raised about mad dogs; although no person could be found who had *seen* one, the excitement still grew by the rumors it was fed on. A meeting of the citizens was called for the purpose of devising plans for the extermination, not only of mad dogs, but, to make safety doubly safe, of dogs in general. The ‘Brigadier’ was appointed chairman. After stating the object of the meeting, in a not very parliamentary manner, instead of taking his seat, and allowing others to make some suggestions, he launched forth into a speech of some half

hour's length, of which the following burst of forensic splendor is a 'sample':
 'Fellur Citizens: the time has come when the o'ercharged feelin's of aggrawated human natur are no longer to be stood. Mad dogs are midst us. Their shriekin' yelp and fomy track can be heerd and seen on our peraries. Death follers in their wake; shall we set here, like cowards, while our lives and our neighbors' lives are in danger from their dredful borashus hidrofobic caninety? No; it mustn't be! E'en now my buzum is torn with the conflictin' feelin's of rath and wengeance: a funeral-pyre of wild-cats is burnin' in me! I have horses and cattle; I have sheep and pigs; and I have a wife and children; and (rising higher as the importance of the subject deepened in his estimation) I have money out at interest, *all in danger of bein' bit by these cussed mail dogs!*' - - - HERE is a new 'style' of verse, which we commend to all those students of rhythm (and we infer that there are many such) who are trying to 'learn how to write poetry.' It is from a 'pome' entitled '*The Factory-Girl*' :

'PLEASANT 't is to see,
 In the factory,
 With spirits light and free,
 Busy as a bee,
 The girl most beautiful:
 Features, fair and bright,
 Smiling soft and white;
 From morn's early light
 To the shades of night,
 Most kind and dutiful.

'What though some may say,
 'Scanty seems her pay?'
 Yet, without delay,
 Little, every day,
 Earned, and laid away,
Soon amounts to a
 Considerable!
 Work, as if by stealth,
 Paves the way to wealth,
 And to rosy health,
 And well-filled table.

'Spending not a penny
 Of her hard-earned money
 Foolishly, for any
 Worthless thing, as many
 Oft do most needlessly;
 Feelings well-refined;
 Round her youthful mind
 Virtue's wreath entwined,
 Being e'er inclined
 Useful books to find

To improve her mind;
 Being not behind
 Any woman kind,
 In taste, most heedlessly.

'Such a brilliant brightness,
 Such a lovely lightness,
 Such a snowy whiteness,
 Such a firm uprightness,
 Such a frugal tightness,
 Such a nimble sprightness,
 Such a kind politeness —
 Oh, how delectable!
 Such a flying fleetness,
 Such a needful neatness,
 Such a true discreteness,
 Such a charming sweetness,
 Such a rare completeness —
 Oh, how respectable!

'Many a lovely girl,
 Destined to unfurl
 Charming beauty's curl,
 Where the waters hurl,
 And the spindles twirl,
May see fortune whirl
 With great agility:
 Making her a wife,
 Free from want and strife,
 Living a happy life,
 With rich blessings rife —
 In great gentility.'

What a 'flying fleetness!' - - - WE went to the National Theatre the other evening, to behold the '*Rural Habitation of Uncle Thomas*,' vulgarly known as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin;' and we would n't go to see it again for a 'large sum of gold.' The 'gude wife' and 'Young KNICK' wept their eyes out, and the 'Old' gentleman of that name did the same thing, almost. 'And what at?' may be asked. We answer, the touching and most beautiful, natural representation — call it not *acting* — of little EVA. But, one thing we *must* say; and that is, that it is positive *cruelty* to an audience to 'enact' the death-bed scene, where little EVA departs to her home in Heaven. Such things, to any one who

has been bereft of children, must seem, we had almost said, revolting. A lady in black, in the parquette, fell into a violent fit of *hysteria*, the night we were present; and no marvel. - - - A town-correspondent says he 'feels it his *duty*' to send us the subjoined: 'An old woman, living near S — H —, Long-Island, had a school-master for a son. When his occupation called him away from home, he found it necessary to have all his clothes marked: 'Now,' the old lady said, 'it took her two daughters all their time to mark her son's clothes; so she procured a bottle of *'durable ink;'* and,' said she, 'in less than half an hour them gals had my son's *entrails* on all his clothes!' — THERE was another old woman in the town of A —, who had the misfortune to be half crazy. Once upon a time, being in church, she took upon herself the duty of the minister and commenced preaching; whereupon two of the deacons carried her out; and she, very much elated, said: 'My MASTER had but one *ass* to carry him, but I have *two*!' — DURING the year 1819, while the yellow-fever was raging with such violence in this city, a gentleman travelling from New-York, stopped at a country-town, where the inhabitants were mostly Dutch. During his stay, he was asked if the report was true, that two or three hundred died every day in the city? He gave a negative answer, and said there had been only fifty or sixty cases in all. 'Well,' said the Dutchman, 'how many generally come *in a case*?' - - - THE '*Fountain City Herald*' has a correspondent who is endeavoring to rival 'Mr. PEPPER':

<p>'Away up to the little Schoolhouse not far far away, There i heard a preacher praying And these sweet words did say fly to the mountain lot for life and do not make a halt away he went with his loving wife but she looked back and is a pillar of salt all the world is mery and cheery every where I roam the DEVIL is dead there is nothing to fear ye and that is good news at home</p>	<p>its an awfull sight his old foot to see or to hear his old chins rattle i heard it and I tell it to thee he is long ago dead in battle but since he has gone to come back no more to doubt i am little in clind that be fore he had went he left some of his kindred behind if so all the world is sad and dreary every where i roam if old nick has sons and they are near ye why that is bad news at home.'</p>
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The 'cause why' the 'pome was wrote' is thus stated:

'I was lisning to a preacher a few nights
ago preach on the truths of Spiritualism
his texts was fly for your life
the cheaf subject of his preaching
was on the distruction of soddom
and gomorrow and of lots wife
and this piece I prepared from
it for the fountain city herald.'

This is a 'preface' at the *end* of the 'pome.' - - - We are decidedly opposed to a rail-road in Broadway, and believe a very large majority of our citizens are of the same opinion. On the Avenues they are a great public benefit and convenience, as the thousands can testify who have taken the Sixth-avenue cars to visit the Crystal Palace the past fall. We believe all the city rail-roads are well managed; and surely the charge of five cents for a ride of three or four miles is as low as it should be. We can speak from personal observation of the excellent management of the Sixth-avenue road. The conductors are

always polite and obliging, and the drivers experienced and careful. We need not wish the enterprising officers and stock-holders success, for they have it abundantly; but we hope that in this city of constant change, this, as well as the rail-roads on the other Avenues, may be considered 'permanent institutions.' They will be appreciated more and more as their extension is required by the wants of the public. - - - ONE of the marked 'features' of Broadway is the truly magnificent *Book-Establishment of the Messrs. Appleton*, occupying the large free-stone structure, formerly the New-York Society Library edifice. By a steady course of honorable and high-minded dealing, good judgment in selecting, and great enterprise in circulating their publications, the Messrs. APPLETON have secured a place in the very front rank of American book-sellers. The following, from the '*Courier and Inquirer*' daily journal, will afford a measurable idea of the character of their establishment:

'THE opening of the new publishing and book-selling establishment of the Messrs. APPLETON on Broadway, in the building formerly occupied by the Society Library, is deserving of something more than passing notice, not only as an enterprise so closely connected with the refinements and pleasures of the public, but as a fact of some importance in the progress of the resources of the city. The shops in New-York are both causes and effects of its prosperity; and when luxury and good taste are associated with industry and bare money's worth, as in the case of the marble palace of the STEWARTS, and in the new accommodations of the APPLETONS, it is a gain to all parties. The purchaser will buy his books as cheaply or (with the extension of the business) *cheaper* than ever, and will have his property beside in the convenience and elegance about him. This is true enough of every fine shop; but most of all, of a book-store which is converted at once from a mere ware-room into a costly free public library. The book-shelves of the APPLETONS we consider no unhappy continuation of the old library which preceded them. Certainly, nowhere will be found greater facilities for the knowledge of all of the most important departments of literature in the new, and especially the more valuable, works of the day. The den in which an English publisher hides himself, or the order-room from which his publications are sold, offer no such advantages to the purchaser. You will find no such brilliant establishments for books, among the famous houses for wares of all other kinds, in Oxford-street, Regent-street, or the Boulevards.

'The building now occupied by the APPLETONS was originally built for the purposes of the Society Library, at the cost of about ninety thousand dollars, in 1835, and was held for that purpose till the last year, when it was purchased with the lot for a sum exceeding one hundred thousand dollars. The alterations to adapt it to its present uses, a work of no little judgment, have been carried out after the architectural plans of Mr. W. E. WORTHEN, and consist chiefly of the addition of a new basement and an attic story, with the remodelling of the great central body of the building by new floors. These alterations, involving a large expenditure, have been accompanied by other changes and additions, tending to the convenience and security of the premises. The whole building is heated by steam-pipes, supplied from a boiler in a vault under Catharine-lane. This boiler also affords power for the supply of water to the upper stories, for the convenience of the occupants and the security of the building.

'In order not to obstruct the entrance or side-walk on Broadway, a separate building has been constructed on Catharine-lane, as a hoist-way for goods to which the steam-power may be applied.

'There are other side-entrances on Leonard-street, which forms the northern boundary of the building, for the receipt and delivery of goods in the book-establishment. The second story is divided into three large rooms, suited to mercantile purposes. The third and fourth stories, comprising fourteen rooms, are adapted for engravers, architects, engineers, etc. The upper story is designed exclusively for artists, having a north light

in each of the eight rooms. The Messrs. APPLETON occupy the entire first floor and basement, each sixty feet by one hundred, with the front-vaults and under-cellars.

'Artistic effect has been studied in the interior decorations of the first floor: the ceiling is supported by fourteen Corinthian columns, in imitation of Sienna marble. The ceiling and walls are painted in fresco, from designs executed by NOWLAND AND KEARNEY. The book-cases and shelving are of plain oak, in length two hundred and seventy feet. The basement, comprising the wholesale department, is fitted up with alcoves containing more than five hundred lineal feet of shelving, and a capacity of ten thousand cubic feet.

'The ware-housing of the books in sheets, and the materials, are kept by the Messrs APPLETON in various portions of the city—an arrangement the wisdom of which the recent deplorable loss of the Messrs. HARPER makes manifest. Messrs. APPLETON's own publications, of which the choice library-edition of the *Spectator* may be taken as an index, represent a fair proportion of the best authors, both old and new, while their imported stock covers the whole range of the most available library-literature, 'Nature's great stereotypes,' the BACONS, SWIFTS, MILTONS, MACAULAYS, and their fellows. Of *editions de luxe* their shelves and counters are full: books which in every style and every subject combine intrinsic worth with elegance. It will repay our readers to examine for themselves this splendid establishment.'

This is indeed a 'book-store.' - - - If Miss 'F. C.,' the young lady of B——, New-Jersey, to whom the ensuing lines are addressed by an admiring swain, does n't like them, after perusing and *thinking* over them a little, let her white hand inclose them to us in an envelope, and we will 'hush them up,' and apologize for our correspondent into the bargain:

'In olden time, when war was rife,
And freemen fought the Hessian crew,
The color thickest in the strife,
Was blue—the brave old Jersey blue,
The Jersey blue, the Jersey blue;
In war, beware the Jersey blue!

'But not alone on tented field
Do arrows pierce my gizzard through;
Though triple brass should form my shield,
I fall before the Jersey blue.
The Jersey blue, the Jersey blue;
The *eye* that wounds in Jersey blue!

May it 'wound to heal!' - - - A GENTLEMAN in Ohio, given to speculation in the structures of legs and feathers commonly known as Shanghai chickens, was much annoyed by the rats. Determined to endure it no longer, he constructed a large box-trap, which he baited with a liberal supply of grease, corn, and other articles for which rats are supposed to have a *penchant*. The next morning, the boys ran in to him in a state of excitement, announcing the fact of a tremendous 'bobbery' being kicked up in the trap, which, of course, proceeded from a captured rat. In a few moments, the box was carefully lifted, and suddenly plunged into the water-butt, where it was kept submerged until long after the commotion had subsided. Then, the trap was triumphantly lifted, disclosing to the astonished bird-fancier the swollen body of—*his favorite fifteen-dollar Shanghai rooster!* *Apropos* of Shanghais: take notice, that there was organized, in September last, the '*New-York State Society for the Improvement of Domestic Poultry,*' the first annual exhibition of which is to be held on the seventh, eighth, and ninth days of February instant, at VAN VECHTEN Hall, Albany. 'Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo!'—'Cut-cut-cut-cut-dar-cut!' Won't *there* be a crowing and a cackling! We have received an invitation to forward

specimens from *our* 'stock of choice poultry!' Haven't got 'narry poultry,' male or female; but if the Society chooses to *send* us some, we will endeavor to 'improve' upon them, for the *next* annual exhibition. A handsome cock and hen will do to begin with. - - - CONCERNING a gentleman of considerable wealth and influence, now living in the Wabash country, the following is related, which may be interesting in these '*fast*' times:' Many years ago, before he had yet attained to station in the monetary world, he had a great taste for 'fiddling,' and exercised it, it is said, to the advantage of his purse sometimes at the dancing-parties in the neighborhood. During a revival, one winter, in one of the churches of the town where he lived, he, among others, became greatly 'concerned.' His favorite amusement being well known, he was advised that, in the event of his becoming a member, he would have to lay aside his violin. Convinced of the sinfulness of the uses to which he had often applied that instrument, he was still loth to give it up entirely. He therefore tried to effect a compromise between religious duty and worldly inclination by inquiring of the proper church-authorities if he might not be allowed to play a few *slow* tunes!' What a ridiculous compromise, and how much *more* ridiculous the 'rules' that required it! - - - THE following epitaphs are carved upon tomb-stones in the neighborhood of Sudbury, Vermont:

'A MOTHER's care so numerous are,
A man doth never know:
Three children dear she has left in the care
Of him in whom she trusted on.'

'Oh, cruel gun! why was it *him*
That you must shoot so dead?
Why could you not have missed your shot,
And fired above his head?'

WE do the public a service by stating, that MR. R. T. YOUNG, book-seller, Number One Hundred and Forty, Fulton-street, manufactures an improved adhesive MUSIC AND LETTER FILE, which is the most convenient and useful thing of the kind we have seen. Letters can be attached by simply moistening the edges, and as permanently secured as if bound in a volume. In this way they can always be referred to without the least delay. - - - HERE is a specimen of *amor patriæ*: A friend living in London during 1851, had frequently noticed at his fish-monger's sundry signs of 'American Ice,' 'Norway Ice,' and 'English Ice.' One day he asked, 'Which ice do you esteem the best? the American, I suppose?' 'No, Sir, not at all,' replied the fish-monger; 'the English is the best, and next the Norway; the fact is, American ice is nothing but *water congealed*!' That's *our* kind! - - - 'Q.,' who sends us the following, need not stay 'in the corner': 'During the war of 1812, an old gentleman who was always on the alert to obtain the latest news from the army, made his usual inquiry of a wag. 'The latest news from the army,' replied the wag, 'is, that they are *in statu quo*.' 'Ah?—how far's that from Montreal?' asked the old gentleman. B——, a very smart business-man, on being informed that an off-shoot of 'O. F. M.' had inquired if he moved in the 'first circles,' said: 'Tell him, yes, when they don't pay their debts!' - - - WE deeply grieve to hear, at the moment of sending the present number to the press, of the death, at Savannah, Georgia, of an old and warmly-esteemed friend and correspond-

ent, Hon. ROBERT M. CHARLTON. We shall avail ourselves of another occasion to do justice to his genius as a writer, and his noble and kindly character a man. His loss is irreparable. - - - THE story, in our December number, of the deacon who sent an order for 'to sam bux,' reminds a correspondent of a similar order from a country dentist to his correspondent in town. It read something like this: 'Please send by the bearer 2 4 teeth;' *i. e.*, two *fore* or front teeth. Phonographic, wasn't it?' - - - In northern Illinois are two brothers, who officiate, as occasions offer, in the church as exhorters, or something of the kind, and flatter themselves on the peculiar spirit in which they at times enter upon their humble calling. On one occasion, the elder brother, in descanting at some length upon the characteristics of each, gave the following forcible illustration of *his* 'spiritual superiority': 'Brother GEORGE,' said he, 'can exhort and sing, but he can't *pray*. I can pray his shirt off!'

Children's Side-Table.

'LIKE many others, I am a constant reader of your Child's Gossip, and have got great good thereby; and, as I was making a call, a few days since, my friend told me an anecdote of her little girl, a rose-bud of four summers. Her mother had early taught her to 'say her prayers' every night before she went to sleep, telling her that if she did so, 'God would always take good care of her.'

'The other day, while romping about the yard, by a little mishap, she received a hard fall. She came running into the house, her little blue eyes flashing, and said to her mother:

'Mamma, I won't pray to God again, for He don't *half* take care of me!'

'She was not inclined to allow any breach of contract, even though it was made by power of attorney.'

'LITTLE EMMA having done something displeasing to her 'mamma,' was asked if she expected to go to Heaven, if she acted in such a way. The little one seemed much surprised, but presently exclaimed:

'Mother, can't we all go up to Heaven on the 'dumb-waiter'?''

'I SEND the following item of 'Baby-Literature,' for insertion in your next 'Table': WILLIE, a two-year-old young 'man,' brother to a friend of mine, was suddenly moved to tell a story; and the story which he told, in his own language, was as follows:

'WILLIE looked out of the window, and saw a 'gate whale.' WILLIE looked down the whale's mouth, and saw JONAH. WILLIE put a stick down, and pulled he out. JONAH said, 'T'ank you, WILLIE;' and the whale stuck up his tail, an' laughed!'

'A BLACKSMITH's little boy, some three years old, was often in the shop among the workmen, one of whom delighted in teasing him. One day, he lingered long in the house near his mother; until, noticing his seriousness, she asked:

'What does my LYMAN want? what is he waiting for?'

'Why, Ma, I want to know who made me?'

'When his mother had explained that question, so puzzling to all 'little folk,' telling him that God made him, and the world, and all things, his smile returned, and he ran off to the shop as usual. As he came near the anvil, his tormentor exclaimed:

'Now, boy, I'll cut your leg off!'

'His mother's lesson fresh on his mind, he did not shrink, this time, but shouted back again:

'I don't care! I can go to God's shop, and get it mended!'

'In the time of 'Tip. and Ty.,' politics ran, like 'the measles,' or any other infectious disease, through 'whole families, and all 'took sides,' from prattling two-year-olds, to octogenarian grandmothers. CHARLEY, like his father, was a 'strong Whig;' and,

although very fond of his grand-father, with whom they lived, resisted all inducements to agree with him in politics. He was particularly happy when allowed to sleep with the old people, and it was only granted as a special favor. One night, they heard him pattering into their bed-room, but said nothing, and he soon called out:

‘Gran’pa! don’t you hear little feet a-coming?’

‘Go back! you’re a Whig. We can’t have any *Whigs* here,’ was the reply.

CHARLEY stood a moment: the struggle was evidently a hard one, but the temptation was too strong; a circumstance known, perhaps, to many older than he, he gave up his principles to secure a personal end.

The next day, at dinner, his grandpa mentioned his ‘conversion’:

‘You was a ‘Loco’ last night, at any rate!’

‘Oh, it was *dark*, then!’ responded the child; as ready with an excuse as any other politician.

‘We have, in the family of which I am an inmate, a darling little fellow of three summers, who often puzzles the ‘older heads.’ We had had a fall of snow through the day, which passed away during the night: little GEORGIE was gazing intently out of the window, the next morning, when he suddenly broke silence with: ‘Ma, it’s gone!’

‘What’s gone, GEORGIE?’

‘The snow, Ma!’

‘What’s become of the snow, GEORGIE?’

‘It’s gone — gone to God’s house: God knows how to *make* snow.’

At another time he was promised by a beggar-woman ‘that when she came again, she would bring him a little rosy-cheeked girl.’ He, with all a child’s animation, in relating it to me, said:

‘Oh! a lady was here to-day, and said she would bring me a little *flower*-cheeked girl!’

HERE is something which we Hoosiers consider quite ‘tall’ for a little girl of three years. Her Sunday-school teacher had told her that we were all made of dust: arrived at home, she looked up in her mother’s face with an anxious, inquiring glance, and said.

‘Ma, has Dod got any more dust left?’

‘Why, my daughter? what makes you ask such a question?’

‘‘Cause if he has, I want HIM to make me a little brother!’’

THE following incident was told me by a neighbor, in relation to her little girl of four summers, which I think is worthy a place among the sayings of the ‘little ones’ in your Table. EMMA had been fretful and somewhat unruly during the day, and, as a punishment, had been sent to bed earlier than usual, with an injunction to say her prayers, as is her usual custom before retiring at night. Soon after she entered her room, her friends heard her at her devotions, in which she asked for sundry blessings on her parents, and closed as follows:

‘O LORD! make me a good little girl, and do try and not let me be so spunky: if *You’ll* try, *I’ll* try!’

I HAVE a little brother, whose ‘sayings’ have afforded much merriment in his own family. I send you a few of them:

One day, some of the family were talking of various religious denominations, and, among others, of Quakers. He listened attentively a few moments, and then asked, earnestly:

‘Ma, is Dod a Quaker?’

He is very fond of the country, and has a corresponding dislike to the city. He once asked if Heaven was like town? for if it was, he ‘did not want to go there!’

When the murderer, SPRING, was executed, we were all talking of it. His little face appeared full of thought, which finally expressed itself in the question:

‘Would they hang *me*, if I was to kill myself?’

When his father died, seeing his mother overcome with grief, he nestled up to her side, and, placing his little arms about her neck, whispered:

‘Dy will be done on eart’ as it is in Heben!’

'I HAVE a little curly-headed nephew, who often accompanies me in my morning-rides. Once, when passing my homestead, I remarked that there was where his aunt NELLY used to live, when she was a little girl.

'And where did little cousin NELLY live, then?' he innocently asked.

'I took little FRANKY to the sea-beach, to see the bathers. On one of them advancing and speaking to him, he remarked, quite soberly:

'Mr. H —, you look like a great, big CUPID!'

'JOHNNY, one bright evening, was standing by the window, gazing at the moon and stars; and, after looking for some time very intently, he turned and said to his mother, who was sitting beside him:

'Mamma! what are those bright little things in the sky? — are they the *moon's* little babies?'

'In my days of boyhood,' (writes 'N. L.,' of Cincinnati,) 'I read, with great pleasure the first effort of SAMUEL JOHNSON, at rhyming. As near as my memory serves me it read as follows. He was said to have been ten years of age:

'BENEATH this stone, here lies the toad
That SAMUEL JOHNSON trod on;
If it had lived, 't would have been good luck,
For then there'd have been an odd one.'

'How does this compare with the following lines, written by a boy *not* ten years of age, as a parody on the 'Last Rose of Summer?'

THE LAST PIG OF WINTER

'T is the last little roaster, he's squeaking his last;
His curled-tail companions are eaten and past:
No pig of his kindred, no grunter is nigh,
To give squeak for squeak, or return cry for cry.

'I'll not leave thee, thou good-roast, to spoil in the pen:
Since the piggies are sleeping, go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I'll scatter thy bones o'er the plate,
Where thy greasy companions have met a like fate.'

'P. S. I have delayed sending this letter, till the little boy should be in town, to get him to write the third verse. He was in yesterday, and I told him if he would write a third verse, equal to the first two, I would give him a ten-dollar gold-piece, and leave his claim to the ten dollars to SANTA CLAUS: that he should hang up his stocking, and I would put the ten-dollar gold-piece in my pocket, for SANTA CLAUS to take from it and put in his stocking, if he was entitled to it. It was in his stocking this morning. Was the decision a just one?

'Thus, too, may I perish, when pigs are no more!
Their gravy I cherish, their meat I adore.
When small pigs are parted, and meats all decay,
Oh! who would inhabit this world for a day?'

'He retired for a few minutes, returned, and repeated the above lines, which I wrote down. He has not yet been taught to write.'

'WE have a darling boy of three and a half years old, who is the light of our eyes, and the joy of our hearts—a perfect beam of sun-shine; always animated, always bright; a dear prattler, who draws toward him, by a magnetic influence, all who see him. He lost, a year ago, a little baby-brother. Espying, one day, in his mother's drawer, a box, he recognized it at once as having belonged to his brother. 'Oh, Mamma!' said he, 'there is HERBERT's little box, and when I die, I will take it up to heaven with me for him!'

'Another day, not long since, he was cutting papers by my side. He looked up very thoughtfully, and asked:

'Mother, can God come down here for a moment?'

'I could not answer so as to make him comprehend the mystery of God's existence, so I merely replied:

'GEORGY can always be seen by God, wherever he is.'

‘ ‘Well, mamma, HE can't come down here, for HE has got nothing to walk upon!’

‘He saw another baby-brother brought to our good rector for baptism. For the first time, he saw him robed in his black gown, as this holy rite was performed in the house. The minister, when he left us, put on his great, old-fashioned coat, which reached to his feet. Running up to him with all the confidence of childhood, and taking hold of the coat, he said:

‘ ‘Say! is this your *preach-coat*?’ ’

‘THERE has been a death of a little girl in the neighborhood, which caused much mourning and mystery to EMMA and MARY, and their mother undertook to explain to them the beauties of Heaven, and how happy the child was. They asked if she was an angel, and had wings? Their mother said, ‘Yes, she hoped so.’ MARY immediately asked, ‘*What*, wings just like our *rooster*, Mother?’ So the tears have ceased since as their ‘crower’ is the beauty of their poultry-yard.’

‘MANY years ago, before the days of steam-boats and rail-cars, my aunt, with her little daughter, came to visit my mother, then living on the coast, in a small sea-port town of Maine, in one of the small trading-packets so plenty at that time; and on board was a young cabin-boy, by name METHUSALEM, who was very kind to the little MARY ANN, whiling away many an hour for her with his pranks and fun. On a Sunday, soon after their arrival, my aunt, as was her wont, was catechising the little girl:

‘ ‘MARY ANN,’ said the mother, ‘who was the oldest man?’

‘MARY ANN hung her head, and thought, and thought; but no answer was forthcoming.

‘ ‘METHUSALEM, my dear.’

‘ ‘Oh, no, Ma!’ exclaimed the young catechumen, with great energy; ‘you know he was the youngest man aboard!’ ’

‘A FEW evenings ago, I was surrounded with several of my youngest children: the subject of conversation was the approaching Christmas, with the presents to be then received, one wishing to have this thing, and one to have that, etc. I said, ‘Very well—all right: but who will give Papa any thing?—there is no body that will make *him* a present.’

‘A few seconds of very ‘expressive silence’ supervened; it was broken by a little plump, ringleted cherub, of four years, who, with earnest voice, exclaimed:

‘ ‘Now, what do you *want*, Papa?’

‘I replied, I wanted to be better. As quick as thought, she said:

‘ ‘You are good enough, Papa.’

‘ ‘Oh, no!’ I rejoined, ‘by no means.’ Her quick response was:

‘ ‘But, Papa, you are good enough for me!’

‘As a parent, I crave no richer Christmas gift than this response; it touched my ‘heart of hearts.’ ’

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

‘ ‘THAT is God's shadow, Mother, is it not,
Though God Himself, you say, we cannot see?’
So asked a boy, beside his parent's knee,
While through the windows of their humble cot
Its blinding glare the sudden lightning shot.
‘Not so, my child! dark things, alone,’ said she,
‘When shone upon, a shadow cast; and HE
Is brightest of all brightness: hast forgot
How thou wast taught that even archangels, when
They come before the EVERLASTING ONE,
His awful glories dare not look upon?’
The boy seemed thoughtful; but soon spoke again,
And said: ‘Mamma, it is the shadow, then,
Of an archangel by God's burning throne!’ ’

—
WE have been compelled to postpone, until our next, a score or more of characteristic and beautiful anecdotes, and witty, innocent prattle of ‘Little Folk’ all over the Union. But ‘be good children,’ boys and girls, and you shall be ‘heard from’ soon.

Brief Notices of New Publications.

'*Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe.*' Isn't that a good title? The book is by 'GRACE GREENWOOD,' now Mrs. LIPPINCOTT, of Philadelphia, (editress of '*The Little Pilgrim*,' that charming and beautifully-executed paper for children, recently commended in these pages, and which is gaining so rapidly upon the public favor.) We have read the volume *through* — every word of it; and although going over oft-scanned fields, our fair author gives us new tints to the glasses through which we look. Her descriptive talent is remarkable. She does n't paint with what artists term a 'rich brush,' but her *outlines* are as clear and expressive as DARLEY'S. The natural scenery, and the works of various art, which came under her observation, and especially the eminent literary and other personages whom she encountered, are described to the life. But we reserve farther comment upon the work for another occasion.

THE LADY'S ALMANAC, for 1854, from the press of JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY, Boston, is a very beautiful miniature-book, plentifully illustrated with attractive engravings, including, beside flower-emblems for the months, portraits, with brief biographies, of our latest and most popular lady-writers. We perceive that a WOMAN represents TIME, with her hour-glass and scythe, on the cover of this little gem of a book. This is as it should be, and ought always to have been. With this change, one can speak of the 'womb of TIME' with propriety.

YOUR old-fashioned romance-reader, who likes to sup full of distress, and to be kept on the tenter-hooks of expectation; who would have his favorite heroine in trouble to the last, and his hero knocked and buffeted about 'from title-page to colophon,' will find in '*Vasconselos*,' recently published by REDFIELD, a novel to his mind. That it has power, and that it contains scenes of much interest, cannot be denied; but that, as a whole, it is not to our taste, we candidly confess: and yet we 'have seen it praised; ay, and that highly, too.'

'HEALTH-TRIP TO THE TROPICS,' from SCRIBNER'S press, is a collection, in a good-sized volume, of the graphic and felicitous letters written by Mr. N. P. WILLIS, while on a tour to the West-India islands, Louisiana, etc. They possess all the best characteristics of his style, and enable his readers to 'see with his eyes, and hear with his ears.' Moreover, his own experience in health-seeking, which he narrates with *rememberable* effect, will be of great service to invalids bent upon a similar mission.

'DRESS AS A FINE ART.' We need but mention the title of this work, to secure for it the attention of 'the ladies.' It is by Mrs. MERRIFIELD, an English lady, and appeared originally in the 'London Art Journal,' in a series of articles, which achieved a wide popularity. There is a separate chapter devoted to 'Head-Dresses,' and another to 'Children's Dresses.' It is very profusely illustrated with outline drawings of ancient and modern 'lay-figures'; and embraces many sound remarks upon the preservation of the health of females. JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY, Boston.

Mr. CHARLES B. NORTON, under the IRVING-House, Chambers-street, is doing good service to the reading and literary public. POOLE'S '*Index to Periodical Literature*,' a large and laborious work, in which the contents of fifteen hundred volumes are brought into the narrowest possible space, is one of his recent issues. Another publication, of great value as a work of record and reference, is his '*Literary Register*,' for 1844, containing ample accounts of foreign and domestic libraries, proceedings of library-conventions, library-statistics, educational registers, American publications and publishers for 1853, etc., etc. Mr. NORTON also publishes, on the first and fifteenth of every month, '*Norton's Literary Gazette and Publisher's Circular*,' a well-printed journal of sixteen quarto pages, edited with great industry and good judgment, embracing information in relation to all current and prospective literature, at home and abroad, with the advertisements and announcements of publishers, etc.

'THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS,' the large and most liberally-illustrated quarto serial, issued by PUTNAM AND COMPANY, is a work which does honor no less to the publishers' enterprise than to American art. It will soon be completed and bound in vc

lumes; and then we shall set before our readers in deserved detail, the beauty and value of the work.

THOSE American readers—and it appears they are many—who welcomed ‘The Preacher and the King,’ from the French of L. BUNGENER, will not be slow in securing a perusal of ‘*The Priest and the Huguenot, or Persecution in the Age of Louis XV.*,’ by the same author, and issued by the same publishers, Messrs. GOULD AND LINCOLN, Boston. The author, a minister of the Reformed Church of Geneva, informs the translator that his works have been conceived upon the plan of exhibiting, in a series, the principal religious aspects of France, from the age of Louis XIV., to the close of the last century. The third of the series, now ready for publication, will be ‘VOLTAIRE, and his Times,’ and the last, ‘JULIAN, or the End of a Century.’

LET us hope that much good may ensue, both to ministers and their congregations, from a work translated from the French of A. VINET, D.D., by Rev. THOMAS H. SKINNER, D.D., the American editor. It is entitled ‘*Homiletics, or the Theory of Preaching*,’ and is published by the new and enterprising house of IVISON AND PHINNEY, Fulton-street. Both the author and translator have felt the necessity of modifying preaching, so as to suit it to the character of the age; and the present work, it is believed by the latter, ‘will be regarded universally as in the first rank of scholarship, learning, intellectual affluence and power, grace and beauty, and order and perfection of execution.’

‘*De Veres’ Comparative Philology*,’ published by PUTNAM, states briefly, in a popular manner, and with a view to give rather suggestive than complete information, what comparative Philology is, and what it has done. It is a carefully-reasoned and philosophically-illustrated work, and must prove a valuable aid to the philological student.

A HANDSOME volume, containing ‘*Letters and Miscellanies in Prose, Rhyme, and Blank Verse*,’ by LOUISE ELEMJAY, (‘L. M. J.’) has been sent us by the publishers, Messrs. MOORE, ANDERSON, WILSTACH AND KEYS, Cincinnati. In the absence of an adequate opportunity to judge, we can only infer its merit from the public demand for it. The present is the second edition. The authoress is a lady of the South.

THROUGH the kindness of the American publishers, BANGS, BROTHERS, in Park-Row, we are in receipt of several new and valuable publications, from the popular press of BOHN, London, of whose cheap and valuable libraries we have heretofore spoken, at different times in these pages. A valuable work from the London press of INGRAM, COOKE AND COMPANY, entitled ‘*English Forests and Forest-Trees*,’ opens our present list of foreign books. It is historical, legendary, and descriptive, and is embellished with numerous illustrations. We should think it would supply an important desideratum to the American landscape-gardener, and be a useful adjunct to gentlemen of taste and wealth, who would ornament their grounds in the most picturesque and diversified manner. Moreover, it is filled with very pleasant and various reading, independent of its incidental artistical information.

‘*Norway and its Scenery*,’ from the press of BOHN, is an extremely interesting as well as valuable book. It comprises the ‘*Journal of a Tour*’ by EDWARD PRICE, Esq., with many additions, and constitutes beside a hand-book for tourists, with hints to anglers and sportsmen. It is edited and compiled by THOMAS FORESTER, Esq., A.M., author of ‘*Norway in 1848-9*,’ etc. The minute description given of that wild, wonderful, and sublime northern region is replete with deep interest. We could wish that the engravings, which are sufficiently numerous, had been in better keeping with the fine paper and luxurious typography of the book.

THE last two volumes of DE QUINCEY’s Works, published in an excellent form by Messrs. TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS, Boston, contain his ‘*Essays on Philosophical Writers and other Men of Letters*,’ embracing Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, MACKINTOSH, KANT, in his miscellaneous essays, HERDER, RICHTER, with his ‘*Analects*,’ LESSING, BENTLEY, and PARR. All these reviews have acquired a wide and well-deserved repute.

WE have ‘posted up’ a few of our books, and ‘brought up our leeway’ a little, in the foregoing record; but some twenty works, among them several already popular productions, and four or five by personal friends and correspondents, must ‘bide their time’ until another issue. When we have ‘caught up’ with the publishers, we shall endeavor to ‘keep up’ with them.

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SWITZERLAND: ON THE ROAD.

BY ROBERT M. RICHARDSON.

BURIED in sleep a thousand fathoms deep, or in semi-lucent reveries deeper still, I had rolled on in the Eilwagon for leagues, when we were all aroused by the rattling wheels which announced our entry in the streets of BRUGG. Sweet opal of a town by day! but now opaque and inscrutable to my vainly-widening eyes. The lanterns flit noiselessly by, suspended from invisible hands. There is a rattling of chains as the ready-harnessed horses are brought forth and hitched to our lumbering land-ark.

So this is BRUGG already; we got in at Zurich. LORD, how I must have slept *ad interim*! And oh! how like the sensation of the robe of Nessus it is to wake in an Eilwagon after these alternating hours of rest and unrest, with uncomfortable clothes clinging greedily to your unanointed skin; your unwashed eye-lids struggling open to transmit a cloudy ray of consciousness to your unrefreshed soul! But whoop! there goes the howling horn of the yellow-breasted postillion. 'To my truckle-bed,' as Mercutio says. What man hath once done, that can he do again.

Vive la Diligence! in all countries and under all nomenclature. It is by the *diligence* you *travel*; by rail-road you merely *arrive*. But in beholding these monstrous oblong cars as they peregrinate over the pave and astound pedestrians with their thunder, every one, were he the sturdiest of conservatives, must be convinced that institutions do progress, and at no mean rate, even in the slowest of countries.

What an institution it is! How admirable in its appointments! How accurate and excellent its administration; its system of powers, of checks, of balances!

First, there is the *conductor*; so called in the language of *messagerie*, because he conducts nothing at all; a kind of *roi faneant*, to whom pertain the responsibility and badges of empire, while the reins of government are relinquished to the custody of a vizier. Indeed, regarding the *diligence* as his proper realm, the grave charge of *absenteeism*

is frequently to be laid at the conductor's door ; for having, as already stated, absolutely nothing to conduct, he passes a great portion of his administration in aerial exercises, or in the pursuit of fair frailty and tobacco-pipes on the road. In all the practices of *vaulting* ambition, it must be allowed that the squirrel and kangaroo are both clumsy animals, compared with this chief magistrate of a *diligence*. He runs upon the wheels as Naphthali over the unbending corn : now in at a window : now beneath the vehicle ; and now leaping phlegmatically to the summit of the remotest trunk aloft — an attitude of almost twenty feet above the level of the highway — to the exquisite jeopardy of neck and limb, and to the certain destruction of his pipe.

Then comes the blue-shirted driver, in whose existence there are two equally-alternating epochs, that during which his pipe is in his mouth ; and that during which his pipe is in his cap.

It is the POSTILLION who gives life to the locomotion. The prancing, the breaks, the bounds, the oaths, the drinks, the crackings of whips and jokes, the poetry of the *diligence*, in fine, are all his deed. In all countries of the continent it is his principal privilege at each relay to dismount and arouse the somniferous passenger by yelling in his ear, 'Gentlemen, forget not the postillion, *if you please!*' Some of the most successful cases of getting 'kicked to the ancient Henry' on record have had their origin in this same abused prerogative.

The Swiss postillion is noted for a shorter pipe and a longer whip than the rest of his profession. He also is known to make his demand for *pourboire* with even more frequency, perhaps on account of the rarefaction of his climate and its influence. An ingenious traveller of a scientific turn once established a two-fold method, through which the rate of motion, and the distance from place to place, may be accurately estimated by a series of very simple observations upon the postillion's movements. As follows :

The *rate of motion* may be readily calculated by counting the oscillations of his elbows, which flop with a regular movement to and fro on the postillion's flanks, comparing, at the same time, the beatings of your pulse, which may be assumed to mark seventy-two pulsations a minute. The *distance* may be arrived at with equal simplicity by noting how often you are called upon for *pourboire*, reducing the intervals to leagues or miles. With the *queue* of the postillion we have at present nothing to do.

STAGE-CHARACTERS.

ALL farther speculations upon the *diligence* were suddenly arrested as we drew up at ——— ; but I forget the name, and have not the map to consult. It is an unmentionable little town (*Swissishly* speaking) famous for its *galette* — a kind of indigestible cake, no doubt highly recommended by the local physicians. Here most of our party laid in a supply of drinkables and comestibles enough to provision a yacht for a long voyage, neglecting neither of those delicate and savory viands of travelling-diet, *paté de fois gras* and cheese. In the days of which I write there were wars, or rather rumors of wars ; and at this post a large band of *Gendarmerie* was kept employed in the martial tactics of overhauling passports.

Gendarmerie! glorious branch of military service, ever drenched in the beer of the country where ye serve! whose minds are never molested; whose sleep is never invaded, save by the clatter of the *diligence* as it rolls past this station, or by the neighing of the matutinal horse who clamors for his first repast! *Gendarme!* I see you now, fine fellow, inclining with respectful leer over my greasy passport, by the wan light of a lantern at the magic hour of night. Politeness is to you what courage was to Ney — your nature — my gallant friend, for as such shall I ever regard you.

The best evidence of the utility of the passport, and of the fidelity of its description to the owner, is the embarrassment which the *Gendarme* experiences on attempting to restore to each one his papers. Like Sganarelle among the doctors, he is utterly distracted in the forest of all kinds of hair, in the anomalous collection of 'medium noses' and 'moderate chins.' He usually commences by allotting blonde to black, Roman to pug; and invariably concludes by inviting each gentleman to help himself to his own. On the present occasion, a solemn smile stole from beneath the moustaches and lit up the lantern-jaws of a haggard old huzzar as he found himself in possession of a handsome Frenchman's document, while the latter gave rise to a low blasphemous noise as he was presented with the word-portrait of an ugly Austrian.

This incident reminds me that, contrary to all literary etiquette, I have neglected to introduce my *compagnons de voyage* to my reader. My apology, honored friend, is that (beyond a slight after-dinner study, 'twixt sleep and waking, while the others were in a similar disposition) I have hardly become acquainted myself. As we are once more in motion, I look around again by the rays of two lamps fitfully struggling through the dense atmosphere of tobacco-smoke, and proceed to examine their appearance.

An angler for oddities can light upon no stream or pond of human life which yields him subjects more readily than a public conveyance on the continent. Here they are to be found as in a fish-trunk, collected and waiting to be caught — Saxon, Thor, Hun, and Gaul are grouped together.

Precisely; just as I left them. There was the old Prussian, sitting immobile as if hewn out of granite, and enveloped in the concentric wreaths of smoke which gushed with elephantine respiration in and out of his lips, whence depended his heavy meerschaum. Beneath the unimaginable stolidity of his countenance protruded the massive double and triple chin, like the ponderous slabs beneath an Egyptian portal.

There reclined the Frenchman with his *cordon*, still slumbering; or every time he awoke it was to murmur *quelle triste vie!* and to compose himself on the other side. There, too, sat the tall meditative Pole, starch in uniform, wrapped in silence and smoke, his coat flaunting with as many colors and decorations as a flag-ship. But the *militaire* who could no doubt repose soundly upon a *shakedown*, had hardly succeeded in closing his eyes in our slow wagon.

Immediately opposite was slouched a Germanic individual endowed with a description of ugliness not of this world. Most mortals we meet with are at least 'of the earth, earthy,' in their ill-looks, but *his* seemed

to belong to the *sea*. There was something weird and formidably incongruous in his ill-assorted lineaments. It was as if, when fishing far from land and ordinary life, one should suddenly discover at the end of his line a monster of the deep whose preternatural aspect and contortions fill him with dismay. Years of acquaintance might fail to assure you that he was invested with every-day humanity. No familiarity could accustom, no philosophy could reconcile one to the abandoned woe and wildness of his face. A professional ghost-seer would hesitate long before venturing alone in the dark with this incarnate nightmare. The writer's pen, even now, recoils from the unwholesome and unavailing effort of embodying with description such elements of frightfulness as lay disordered in his visage. True, I might possibly sketch the surface of his countenance, which some unheard-of disease had embroidered as elaborately as could any Feejee cosmetic ; true it is, that I *might* convey an idea of his nose by likening it to a coarse Roman Mosaic of a shapeless ruin ; or of his eyes, by describing the black poop-port-holes of a mouldering wreck, with the rusty muzzles of the displaced cannon peeping piratically through ; this much *may* be possible, but Mr. Catlin himself, the painter of the ugliest Indians in creation, would have broken ignobly down had he attempted a *complete* portrait. Indeed, I fear it seemed as if those very features, horrid though they were, had actually broken down with frailty in their hopeless office of giving expression to the more than Mokanna horrors which yet lurked behind in all their native deformity.

A loquacious Englishman is too notable a personage to pass over. Confound him ! there was he, too, prating on in the same mood, tense, and person. Like most loquacious Angles, he talked *sumptuously* : he lied, he spread, he engrossed. A great capital I, was the constant text of his discourses. If ever he desisted for a moment, it was only to produce an immense repeater, which he took care to make strike at least every half hour, much to the annoyance of every body. Each cessation of his croaking voice was the simultaneous signal for the repeater, which at such times would give forth a prophetic sound. Sometimes, after putting it up and pulling it forth afresh half a dozen times, he would stoop and examine it as curiously as if about to dive into a new system of logarithms ; anon, applying a *lorgnon* beneath the supernal bone of his left eye, he would incline his corresponding ear into the nicest contiguity with the closed case. No doubt its lame tickings discoursed to his charmed soul music more sweet than the softest mandolin.

At such times, the Frenchman would rouse and shake as though 't were fit the spell should break of this protracted dream.' The need of repose which had shut the lids of his drooping blue eyes, gradually widened the black circles around them. With a renewed sigh and reflection upon the *triste vie* which so oppressed him, he occasionally passed around a wicker-covered pocket-pistol of a brighter and more palpable essence than the all-pervading pipe-clouds, being a remarkably sound cognac. *Nemine contradicente.*

STAGE-SCENES.

RAIN, rain, rain. It oozed through the panes. The wind screamed around us as if every mountain in Switzerland was working a pair of Borean bellows, and every glacier were dissolving into storm. The Eilwagon kept careening more and more; the luggage frequently being displaced. Through the chilly disorder of wind, mist, and rain, I could occasionally obtain a glimpse of the watery road beneath the ghastly glare of the outside lamps; it was the only thing that appeared to remain firm.

A general *reveill  * now took place simultaneously with a tremendous jolt, which sent all inside a-bounding half off their seats.

'AM RHEIN!' ejaculated the Germanics all three at once; thus completing the first dozen words which they had conjointly uttered since we bade adieu to the waters and daughters of Zurich. It was, indeed, the first dim view (or rather faint sound) of the 'beauteous and abounding river,' the rushing Rhine, taken from near STEIN.

As soon as the patriots had done making 'big eyes' at the national stream of glory, the window suddenly closed, and the company again fell to smoking without a word, in order to repel the invasion of respirable air which the 'view' had so unduly adhibited.

'Delicious air that!' observed the Englishman, looking wistful and disappointed at the abrupt exclusion of the north-easter, to which this compliment was dedicated.

'Um!' grunted the old Austrian monster, who seemed blessed with *un grand talent pour le silence*.

'Will you take a glass of wine with us?' asked the Prussian, offering a thick bottle of thin fluid to his neighbor, the Frenchman. '*Sans refus*; kind PROVIDENCE has made me wake with an excellent thirst.'

'Et moi aussi,' added the Pole, as he filled his pipe afresh and commenced singing *in petto*.

'*J'ai du bon tabac.*'

Here the Frenchman lit a villainous cigar with a tinder fusil; and now all the company leaned back to indulge undisturbedly in the sacred rite of the pipe.

I thought that our conveyance, to an out-sider, must have resembled a travelling lime-kiln in active play. I thought of the Turk, who, hearing Casinova, the Venetian Gil Blas, complain of a cold in the head, muttered that the Christian dog was not worthy of such *happiness* (*bonheur*.) A cold is sometimes a blessing, as it was in my case now. Moreover, grace to my Yale education, I had early contracted a callousness to the operation of any possible compression of bad tobacco-smoke in any given space, which happily rendered me proof against the worst efforts of my present comrades. At all events, the extreme of dry heat was more grateful than the extreme of chill-moisture which reigned without. I thought of Montesquieu, who said, 'You may change the laws or betray the liberty of a people if you please, but venture not to meddle with their pleasures.' I thought of the singular relation between the German language and the practice of the pipe. The German is recommended a *change of air*; does he travel for it? No; he stays

at home and *changes his pipe*. The driver smokes ; the passengers smoke ; the horses smoke ; smoke ! smoke ! smoke ! every body smokes, and every thing. The postillion divides his melodious powers between his two *wind-instruments* — his horn and pipe. From the instrument of suction he inhales enough inspiration to surcharge the instrument of sound, and to burst a fuming blast upon the startled air. His whole performance is a wind-and-smoke duet, composing an Æolian blow-pipe, or rather *horn-pipe* for his horses to dance by.

We are in Cloudland now. Smoking, the Turks say, is a spiritual, not a sensual pleasure. When you fill your pipe you feel pleasure. To what sense do you attribute this, if not to your soul ? and is there no emotion in viewing the ashes which remain ? But the chief delight consists in the *air-scape* of smoke. It ought never to spring from your pipe, but always from the corners of your mouth, at soft and measured intervals. Why do not blind men smoke ? 'Tis because the windows of the soul, their eyes, are closed. The most imaginative nations, therefore, smoke pipes. Pipe-clouds are to them exactly what mists are to mariners, or other illusions to other men ; nor do I believe it ever necessary to rob poor mortals of any illusion that yields them happiness.

I thought of this, and I looked at the Englishman. Poor John Bull, however amphibious in an opposite element, was evidently no salamander. I thought his twinkling eyes were tinted a trifle more ruby even than his florid face as he drew forth a broad-bladed knife with a dry cough, and betook himself to hacking a *terrene* of fat goose-liver ; or allayed the increasing irritation of his thorax by washing down various viands with many a lusty pull at some strange fluid, the nature of which I do not know.

'Gentlemen,' said he, at last, clearing his throat violently, his voice striding through the universal fog and silence toward the Pole. 'Hem ! I must confess my sensations are not unlike those of the poor goose as he underwent his martyrdom in the cause of this *paté*, over a slow fire. Perhaps, Sir, you will oblige me by sharing it, and at the same time raising the window.'

Neither the atrocious attempt at facetiousness nor the accompanying clause of invitation had the slightest influence on the Pole, who still sat with his chin in the air like a *vidette*. Indeed, the generosity was too plainly suggested by selfishness to have the desired effect. And much less were the others of the company (who had been offered no *refusal of paté*) disposed to act in his service. The old Austrian monster put on a grimace compared with which the look of Lucifer must have resembled benevolence and Moloch a Samaritan saint. The Frenchman, with gay malevolence, whispered a quotation from Brillat Savarin, '*Dis moi ce que tu manges et je te dirai ce que tu es ;*' and the heavy Prussian growled out '*Potstausend !*' with a magnificent emphasis that shook the stage.

The statement of the case is this : With the martial consequence of most of his travelling countrymen, John Bull had been entertaining himself aloud between the interstices of his repeater and *paté* by recapitulating the great battles of the last two centuries. Of course his victories and generalship were English. Marlborough was made to go

over his wonderful campaigns once more ; William was seen again prancing into the midst of his banded foes ; and the cocked hat of Wellington diffused an *aureole* by no means too agreeable to the attentive Gaul. The Bull seemed to have all the grand engagements at his finger-ends ; you would have imagined that he had taken a prominent part in each, as he rattled them off in a kind of triumphant voluntary. He had contrived to give dire offence to each and every one of us before he talked half an hour. As the important conflicts in which the German star lost ascendancy were disposed of like so many percussion-caps, the forbearing old monster and the Pole contented themselves with filling their pipes at each fresh engagement, as if disdaining to waste breath in words. At length he made bold to withdraw Napoleon from his estate of conqueror, from Jena, Austerlitz, and Wagram, and to pit him in the much-contended game with Wellington.

‘Pooh ! talk of Waterloo ! I tell you that *we ourselves* won all that battle. I tell you the Prussians did absolutely nothing. Blucher came up in time only to save his credit and to carry off a lion’s share of the laurels. I tell you Boney was beaten already, dead beat. History shows that. Remember I have been myself all over the field, enough to establish the proofs, I should think ; HEAVEN knows. Nap could beat any thing on earth but British bayonets, I grant. His old guard was invincible, and all that ; but I tell you that a hedge of Sheffield ware, backed by a heavy English regiment, was the one thing he could never pass. Don’t I tell you the Prussians were six to one at Montmirail and Jena ? Our English were the only *horses* that didn’t snuff defeat as Ney charged on them.’

The expression of the Bull during this ebullition of patriotism and eloquence, was pale custard, so sweet, so soft, so insipid. A blood ennobled by a tributary stream of Markbrunner, mantled in the Prussian’s cheeks. The Frenchman also wore a stormy brow.

‘Now here,’ resumed the narrator, as after much fumbling in abyemal pockets, he produced, among other articles of ‘bigotry and virtue,’ (Mrs. Partington for *bijouterie* and *virtu*) a handful of stray bullets and rusty relics, which no doubt he had either purloined or purchased upon some field of fame. ‘You see these trophies ; they were given me by my mother’s cousin, Captain the honorable George, who gathered them at the foot of Mont Saint Jean, where he stood full three hours in the thick of the fight. I tell you he was bullet-proof. I tell you’——

‘*Sacre nom de dieu !*’ shouted the furious Frank, dashing the collection to his feet, ‘*ça ne me regarde pas.*’

‘Well, well, your pardon, Sir ; perhaps I was inconsiderate,’ responded the imperturbable Bull, picking up his curiosities, and consoling himself with his repeater. ‘These things are trifles after all, like the ribbons and orders which you gentlemen of the continent wear ; of no use to any one, although they please their possessors. Now it seems to me this *furor* for baubles argues a corruption of morals. I tell you it originates in venality of governments and the vanity of men. Governments sell decorations, and courtiers, forsooth, will accept them as titles to distinction. I tell you that the less a man stands honorably in his own conscience, the more he aims to appear *distingué* in the eyes of

his fellow-men. I tell you this as one man speaking to another, and without offence. In France they pretend to reward *merit* with orders, so that every body buys one who pleases. In fact, all the French are imitative animals, and so the men all set to work decorating themselves, just like their emperor Napoleon, who set an example by stepping forth at his coronation and putting the crown on with his own hands. Now an Englishman, you will notice, wears no such *crachats*' —

'*Ma foi ! c'est bien distingué,*' interrupted the *Français*, a singular smile lighting up his countenance which a moment ago had been dark as Jura. I could not help remarking the sudden alteration in his whole demeanor ; nor could I conjecture at the time that the change was occasioned by a secret inspiration of malice.

It was pretty plain, in the mean while, that the Saxon potatoes were doing their work on the Bull's head in the dense dry atmosphere.

'I would entreat you, *meinheer*, not to cock your pistol in my face,' observed the monster, fixing his grave eyes full upon our hero, who was now busy overhauling a small private arsenal from among the contents of his *sac de nuit*.

'Ow !' ejaculated the latter, with a side-start from his appalling interlocutor. 'Quite unintentional, believe me, Sir. Beside, gentlemen, I am the last person to have recourse to desperate means, although I am familiar enough with them, too, on occasion. I make it a rule always to travel armed. I tell you a gentleman always should ; one commands more respect when he journeys well armed, and it is ever as well to go prepared.'

'To be forewarned is better than to be forearmed,' interposed the Pole, significantly.

'Will you do me honor to accept a cigar ?' asked the Parisian, lighting a peculiarly bad one on his own account.

'I never smoke,' answered the Bull, munching something out of a brown paper.

'I do,' remarked the Prussian, quietly, as a volume, like a rushing avalanche, issued from the gorge amid his beard.

'Whew !' sighed the Bull, nearly slitting his breast open with his broad cheese-dirk-knife, during a dodge to avoid suffocation.

'Fine travelling this,' monologised the tranquil Pole, corking the wicker-bottle, which had now suffered the last stage of depletion.

'*Potstausend ! yaw !*' moaned the spiritual Prussian, without relaxing his hold on the prodigious pipe.

'—————', grunted the monster, eloquently, through his short pipe.

'The air is delicious ; it reminds me of the *Puerta del Sol*,' declared the Frenchman, looking at Bull with a face full of triumphant mischief. '*N'est ce pas monsieur l'Anglais ?*'

'Certainly,' sputtered our hero, with a doubtful eye, helping himself to a somewhat thinner slice. 'Oh ! certainly, what *Puerta* ?'

'Ah ! the *messieurs Anglais* like information — a good sign. The *Puerta* is an ancient place in Madrid where the *élite* of the citizens resort, enveloped in mantles, to bask in the light of the sun and the luxury of a *cigarille*. But here, you perceive, we have the supervening

pleasure of locomotion ; in the best society and tobacco (bowing to the company and their pipes) one finds himself again in the golden age.'

A gratulatory bow and a replenished bottle were passed all round on the heels of this delightful sentiment.

'Well, *de gustibus non*,' muttered the Bull, in under-tone, preparing to dispose of the unfinished fragments of his supper out the window, which he took great precaution to leave open. But a great pudgy hand was poked forth on the part of the monster, and the casement instantly fell as low as the countenance of John Bull himself. Fortunately for him, at this juncture we entered RHEINFELDE.

S O N G O F L A B O R : T H E M I N E R .

THE eastern sky is blushing red,
The distant hill-top glowing ;
The brook is murmuring in its bed,
In idle frolics flowing :
'Tis time the pick-axe and the spade
And iron 'TOM' were ringing ;
And with ourselves, the mountain's stream,
A song of labor singing.

The mountain air is cool and fresh ;
Unclouded skies bend o'er us ;
Broad placers, rich in hidden gold,
Lie temptingly before us :
Then lightly ply the pick and spade
With sinews strong and lusty :
A golden 'pill' is quickly made,
Wherever claims are 'dusty.'

We ask no magic MIDAS' wand,
Nor wizard-rod divining ;
The pick-axe, spade, and brawny hand
Are sorcerers in mining :
We toil for hard and yellow gold,
No bogus bank-notes taking ;
The bank, we trust, though growing old,
Will better pay by *breaking*.

There is no manlier life than ours,
A life amid the mountains,
Where from the hill-sides, rich in gold,
Are welling sparkling fountains :
A mighty army of the hills,
Like some strong giant labors
To gather spoil by earnest toil,
And not by robbing neighbors!

When labor closes with the day,
To simple fare returning,
We gather in a merry group
Around the camp-fires burning ;
The mountain sod our couch at night,
The stars shine bright above us ;
We think of home, and fall asleep
To dream of those who love us.

THE OLD POET'S LAMENT.

WHENCE has the spirit of poesy flown
That its power no longer is mine?
Why shunned by the heavenly Nine,
That they no more my numbers own?
Is it that Time is casting now
A low'ring cloud-shade on my brow?

Why are the fountains of my youth,
Whose wellings erst so soon supplied
The waters of emotion's tide,
Now parched by that consuming drouth
Which scars to stone the kindling eye
That once could moisten at a sigh?

Why now to me no charm in sound,
How soft so e'er its cadence fall
On Echo's ear, whose answering call
Lends rapture to the groves around,
Till every deep, sequestered glen
Is vocal with the wandering strain?

Where now the pencils angels use,
As Evening mounts her throne on high
Dispensing glory round the sky,
To paint on clouds the gorgeous hues
Which are but transient glories given
To win us to that radiant Heaven?

Where now the electric fire that flowed
Like lightning in the summer sky,
When Passion kindled young Love's eye,
And on the cheek of Beauty glowed,
Causing the life-tide of the heart
With rapture's thrill so oft to start?

They're numbered now with pleasures past,
But dimly traced on memory's page,
O'er which I drop the tears of age;
In vain regret that Life's wild blast
So soon should scatter on my way
The emblems of my youth's decay.

But as the voyager to some shore
Of light and beauty o'er the sea,
Sees home in distance fade away,
Knowing to *him* 't is home no more,
And heaves a sigh, while Hope beguiles
With visions of that land of smiles:

So I, with sorrow, bid adieu
To all my youth's departing joy;
In hope of bliss without alloy,
In that bright land whose distant view
Like sun-lit mountain-summits seems
Up-rising in a land of dreams.

MOULTS FROM THE WING OF A WHITE BLACK-BIRD.

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

FEATHER SEVEN.

It took me about six weeks of mental incubation to hatch my first work, which was a complete poem, in no less than forty-eight cantos. Of course, it contained a few slight redundancies, owing to the rapid manner in which it was dashed off; but I reflected with complacency upon the railway and *feuilleton* literature of the day, and beheld in the comparison a reflection of my great success.

The sole subject of my poem was Egomet — I Myself. There was nothing original in that; but then I recounted my past sufferings with copious gushes of sentiment — letting the reader into a vast number of details of the most harrowing nature — to myself. It was in description, however, that I principally shone; that of the sauce-pan on which my mother had nidicated, occupying no less than fourteen cantos. I painted, with magic words, the outside of that cherished utensil. I enumerated, with artistic minuteness, every crack, dinge, and cleft in it; counting the nails, the rust-spots, and the scratches; showing it sideways, edgeways, upside-down, and in every possible point of view. Thence I passed to the interior, where I immortalized each fragment of straw, of grass, and of withered leaf — not forgetting the little bits of stick and of gravel, the drops of water, the mortal remains of departed flies, and the crumbling *débris* of dilapidated cock-chafers. It was an inspired description, couched in language worthy of such an exalted theme; but I took good care not to over-stuff my stanzas with it. People might have skipped it if I had: so I cunningly interlaced it through the narrative, with a twist here and a twist there, following up the most thrilling incident or striking situation with about fifteen stanzas of sauce-pan.

This, I fancy, was a master-stroke of art; but I make no secret of it, preferring to communicate it for the benefit of literary aspirants.

Featherdom was electrified when my poem came out. My vouchsafed revelations were devoured with eagerness; for, not only did I treat my public to an immense mass of personal memoirs, but I even favored them with an outline of all the reveries that had hovered about my head from down-hood; indeed, I made up one page with an ode composed by me whilst still in the egg; a spirited production, setting forth, in trumpet-tones, the necessity for speedily getting rid of the yolk.

I suddenly became famous, dwelling in a fragrant atmosphere of flattery, rendered all the balmier by pleasant showers of complimentary messages, verses, and even declarations of love. But to all such I remained consistently impervious, obstinately shutting myself up from the world in general.

On one occasion, however, I relaxed the severity of my solitude, in

favor of two strangers who called upon me. One was a Senegalese black-bird, and the other, a member of the family from the Wall of China.

'Sir,' cried the Senegalese, with enthusiasm, 'what a black-bird you are, to be sure! I salute you with the respect due to exalted genius! Let me sympathize with your griefs, as I have derived consolation from your pictures of them. Accept this sonnet, as a small tribute of admiration from one whose heart is not entirely smothered by his sorrows.'

'Great poet!' said the Celestial, 'you should have been one of us. Then, your portrait would have been published upon many dishes and plates, as those of my ancestors have been upon the world-wide willow-pattern. Take, in token of my consideration, this little canzonet, composed by my wife upon a passage in your preface.'

'Gentle strangers,' returned I, 'you appear to me to be gifted with minds capable of appreciating true greatness. But, pardon me for asking the cause of the profound melancholy with which you both seem to be so deeply tinged?'

'Ah!' replied he of Senegal, 'do you not perceive the dreadful cause of my deep dejection — the poison of my life-cup — my chronic affliction? Look at me! It is true, that my plumage is well enough to look at; indeed, my neck has been compared, for gorgeousness, to that of a duck: but, then, my bill is ridiculously short, and my feet are much too large; and don't you perceive something painfully ludicrous in the expression of my tail? Why, it is more than one third of my whole length! — a circumstance, you must allow, calculated to adulterate the balmiest auspices of one's existence.'

'And, as for me,' said the Chinese, gloomily, 'harder still is my lot; for, if my brother, here, works out his destiny by sweeping the streets with his tail, the blackguard young sparrows of the gutter jeer at me because I have little or none.'

'My friends,' remarked I, as my visitors hopped about in great apparent mental agony, 'your tales are both touching: there are many good things, indeed, of which it is unfortunate to possess either too much or too little. Let me implore you, however, to take example from the equanimity of those excellent fowls that adorn our popular museums. Stuffed with tow, there they tranquilly abide for ever, troubling not themselves about their tails, and, what is of still greater consequence, perfectly easy on the score of their bills. Another consideration in your favor is, that, with the assistance of your many griefs, you may yet become white; a condition which appears to me to be indispensable to the development of true genius.'

F E A T H E R N I G H T .

THE calm beneath which I strove to conceal my anguish of mind, was entirely affected; for my secret thoughts were of the dreadful isolation to which I was doomed, and the inevitable solitary singleness of my dim future. With the glad spring-time, came increased melancholy; and I was on the point of subsiding into a state of hopeless despondency, when an unforeseen circumstance gave, I may literally say, a decided color to the rest of my existence. A letter reached me by the pigeon-

post from England, in which country my works had become popular ; with the reading public from their merits, and with the host of authors, from the fine field afforded by them for appropriation — ‘ cribbing,’ I think they call it upon that side of the Channel. The letter was indited in a female claw, and ran thus :

‘ OBJECT OF MY AFFECTIONS : I have perused your effusions, and the deep admiration of the author with which they have imbued my spirit, has wrought me to the resolution of bestowing upon him my pinion and my heart. Physically, as well as intellectually, Heaven has created us for each other ; for I, like you, am indeed a white black-bird.
‘ Thine, and thine only, MERLETTE.’

Words cannot describe my state of mind upon the receipt of this communication. I hastened to reply to the fair unknown, couching my avowal in a strain which proved us to be already one in spirit. ‘ Shall I,’ asked I, ‘ fly to you from Paris to England, or will it be more judicious for you to fly to me from England to Paris ? ’ — and, as I penned the words, I felt deeply how much depended upon the state of the wind.

She replied, that family circumstances, over which she had no control, rendered it imperative on her to take the initiative ; that she had prepared every thing for flight, and that I might expect her at Paris forthwith.

And when she came, dear me ! I thought it was a little cloud of diamond dust. Pipe-clay would have made a black mark upon her ; she was whiter than the snow-flakes — whiter than I was myself !

‘ Beautiful Lily of British growth ! ’ exclaimed I, with fervor, ‘ sanctified to me are my past sorrows, and blessed the by-gone kicks settled upon me by my indulgent parent, since heaven has had in store for me such a consolation as this ! Hitherto have I deemed eternal solitude to have been my allotted destiny ; but now I already begin to imagine myself surrounded by a numerous progeny. Let us at once have our nuptials performed with due ceremony, but in a private and unpretending fashion ; after which, we can commence our wedding-tour by a short flight to the Alps.’

‘ Not so,’ replied she ; ‘ on the contrary, I wish our marriage-ceremony to be one of great splendor. Let the private marriages of which you speak, be reserved for the cats of the house-top. Get thee forth to the forests and the fields, and bid all the birds of the air to our festivities.’

The arrangements were made in obedience to the commands of my betrothed ; and, on the following day, our pinions were joined by the Reverend Doctor Cormorant, a fashionable Archbishop from the neighboring sea. The festival was one of Oriental magnificence : all the birds of the air were there, and ten thousand bushels of flies were consumed at the banquet. But every thing was eclipsed by the brilliancy of the ball — which the Pelican of the Wilderness was subsequently heard to characterize as ‘ the greatest hop he had seen since the days of the Peacock at home.’

To me, my newly-acquired wife appeared the very ideal of perfection. Probably, some persons might have thought her somewhat headstrong and supercilious, and even a little affected ; but all such manifestations were surely nothing but the lingering effects of her native fog, and would speedily disappear beneath more propitious skies and

milder influences. If any thing occurred which *could* give me a moment's uneasiness, it was her occasional mysterious retirement from the world in general, on which occasions, even I, her lawful spouse, was forbidden her presence; but as, after those little recesses, she always appeared whiter and more radiant than ever, I was fain to take it for granted that the solidity of the English character lent its tone of deliberation even to the affairs of the toilet.

As time wore on, developments of character took place which both astonished and gratified me. In fact, I discovered that my Merlette was an authoress; and, from the specimens of her composition with a sight of which she favored me, I perceived, with delight and gratitude, that I had indeed been so fortunate as to secure a companion whose intellectual endowments rendered her a fitting mate for a bird of my genius. The facility of her efforts in the literary line was remarkable. For her subjects, she usually selected local incidents of the historico-dramatic class, such as the domestic tragedies in private life which occasionally transpire within the limited circle of the frog-pond; and once, I recollect, a harrowing case of suicide by a lizard, furnished her with material for a thrilling poem. In her graver satires, she never neglected to aim a passing blow at the existing government, while she dilated upon the liberty of the subject. No scruples of conscience, no doubts or misgivings on the score of information, ever checked her in her onward career of letters. She was, in truth, the very type and representative of the literary, transcendental, hen black-bird; and if any thing, at this period of our union, ever occurred to disturb the peace of my hopeful heart, it was that, as she rehearsed oracularly and with sybilline gestures her most effective compositions, there strangely and mysteriously radiated from her a cloud of white dust, which distributed itself in a manner exceedingly aggravating to the eyes and nostrils. Then, I thought of her as she came to me from across the Channel like a little cloud of diamond-dust; and my mind became almost unsettled with strange associations of all I had ever heard about the white cliffs of Old England, Chalk Farm, and cretaceous formations in general.

One day — it was in the depth of mid-summer — as Merlette recited, with much animation, a poem of great length and vigor, upon which she had been for some time engaged, I perceived that the beads of perspiration which rolled from her intellectual brow, left, in their passage, very visible traces or streaks of a blackish, or rather, of a rusty, ferruginous tint, similar, in their general effect, to the bars of that domestic implement known to the children of men as a gridiron. When I had recovered from the transient stupor into which I was thrown by this startling circumstance, I delicately drew my wife's attention to her painfully increasing pie-baldness, and requested her to favor me, if possible, with an explanation of the phenomenon. For a moment, the untoward discovery appeared to have deprived her of her usual presence of mind; but soon, her natural *aplomb* came to her assistance, and she assured me that it had ever been thus in her highest moments of inspiration; that it was a constitutional weakness, over which she had no control; and that, surely, nothing could be more natural than for persons of strong literary tastes to be subject to an insensible perspiration

of ink. But my mind was far from being satisfied with the explanation; and I prayed unceasingly for a break-up of the weather, in order that I might have an opportunity of submitting my dearly-beloved wife to the test of a shower of rain.

But it was mid-summer, and an obstinate drought daily gave new signs of a determination to continue its dryness. During my literary career, however, I had acquired a habit of abandoning myself to my feelings whenever a passage of uncommon pathos or tenderness wrought itself out in my mind, and this, added to the natural sensibility of my temperament, gave me such mastery over my lachrymatory apparatus, that I could always, without difficulty, produce a torrent of tears at will. These ebullitions of feeling used to please my wife; for the pride of females is ever elated by such exhibitions of masculine weakness; and so, one evening, determined at all hazards to know the worst, I addressed myself to her as follows:

‘O partner of my joys and toils, dearly-beloved and only object of my affections, without whom my dreary days would resemble nothing so much as a detachment of nightmares, defiling through a Vale of Tears! Sun of my existence! by whose genial rays the latent ideas of this poor brain are developed, and fructify into useful productiveness — when I reflect on what I *might* have been but for the providential discovery of thy sympathy, and upon what I *am* by the grace of thy remarkable and cheering support, the wholesome tears well copiously from their heart-stirred cistern, and thus, thus, do I shed o’er thee the glad rain-drops of my earnest gratitude!’

And, as the cataract of hot tears descended upon my wife, a visible change came over her. Feather after feather blotted forth in their original rustiness, until, after a few minutes’ application of my decomposing process, I found myself weeping over a plain, unwhitewashed, ordinary, disenchanted hen black-bird.

What could I do? what could I say? Reproaches would have been worse than useless.

From depositions which I subsequently obtained, in connection with my celebrated divorce case, it appeared that the fraud of which I had thus become the victim, was effected by means of a sufficiently simple chemical process. The wretched creature, of whom I was the dupe, had stealthily followed the foot-steps of a vender of that mystic fluid mendaciously palmed off upon viridescent Londoners as milk; a brief immersion in a vessel of which, during the temporary absence of the proprietor, produced an effect more delicate than that of the most elaborated Parian; and doubtless, her mysterious retirements were employed upon the subsequent re-touchings necessary to keep up the deception.

My dream was broken. Eclipsed by British chalk was the plaster of my native Paris!

FEATHER NINE.

DETERMINED to quit the scene of my disgrace, and, abandoning the career of letters, to seek some boundless desert, unfanned by the wing of female duplicity, there to await in philosophic solitude the allotted close of my hapless career, I launched myself into the air, and the

wind, which is the chance of birds, carried me once more to the wood of Mortfontaine.

Every body was asleep there ; every body except the Nightingale, who still chanted his solitary nocturnal ode, pouring forth, upon the distilled fragrance of the forest-night, his gratitude to the Being who had made him so much greater a lyrist than the laureates of the race of men ; and so freely did he impart his confidences to the listening solitude, that I could not refrain from approaching and thus addressing him :

‘ Happy vocalist ! persevering volunteer of songs to which there is never a lack of listeners ! well may you waken the night-echoes with your liquid melody ! ’ for you are blessed in the possession of a charming wife, and an interesting brood of fledgelings. You have a warm nest, pleasant companions, the cheerful moon-light, and no politics. Beside you, Rubini and Rossini sink into insignificance, for you surpass the one in execution, and anticipate the strains of the other. I, too, have sung, laboriously ; but with what a different result ! Pray, Sir, can I prevail upon you to impart your secret ? ’

‘ Certainly,’ said the Nightingale, ‘ but it is n’t what you seem to suspect. My wife, whom you talk about, is a perfect nuisance, and I hate her. I love the Rose — the Rose ! Saadi the Persian has mentioned the circumstance. ’T is for her that my throat-pipe trembles the live-long night ; but she sleeps and hears me not. Even now, while I whisper, there slumbers within her closed calyx an ancient and grizzly Beetle ; and, at dawn, when, heart-sick and weary, I seek my rest, then will she unfold her charms, and a Bee will feed upon her heart.’

T H E C H I L D - W I F E .

RECENTLY perusing that affecting chapter in ‘ DAVID COPPERFIELD ’ which describes the death of DORA, I discovered the following ‘ impromptu paraphrase,’ written upon the margin. Should you conceive it worthy of publication, it is at your service.

NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

AMONG the changing pictures
That throng his heart of mine,
Is one of *thee*, my child-wife,
That seemeth half-divine.
All noiselessly thou’rt stealing
Like sun-shine through the gloom,
And to my presence gliding,
In all thine early bloom.

Thou wert a frail, sweet blossom,
That opened by my side,
And only bloomed the brighter
When all was dark beside.
There seems a living presence
This moment in my room,
And the light of thy still beauty
Beams o’er me, from the tomb.

My own, my darling DORA !
Thy memory is to me
A guiding-star above Life’s path —
A beacon o’er its sea :
And, by that low, fond blessing,
That last dear smile of thine,
I know that I shall meet thee
In Heaven, to clasp thee mine.

T O M Y O L D C O A T .

THE time, though very, very long approaching,
 Has surely, steadily, been coming on,
 Like a full tide, resistlessly encroaching
 Upon the days when thou wert 'quite the ton.'
 Old coat! thou 'rt dear, e'en from association
 With those who were my friends in other days:
 Some have been faithful through much tribulation;
 And some have ta'en offence, and gone their ways.

But thou hast e'er been true, through sun and shadow,
 Through summer's heat, and winter's nipping cold:
 A friend devoted as I ever had; oh!
 Many friends thou shamést, garment old!
 I well remember where and when I bought thee;
 The very morning — yes, and e'en thy price;
 And how, in all sincerity, I thought thee
 Worthy a king to wear — so neat and nice!

And how the *pavé*, then, I promenaded,
 To show the fashionable world thy charms;
 And — but thy pristine beauties all have faded,
 Since first I was enfolded in thine arms.
 Full many a gay assemblage we've delighted!
 Thou, by thine elegance, and I by thee;
 And suitors by their damsels have been slighted,
 Because, forsooth, thy folds encircled me!

At festive routs — to church, full oft, together —
 To weddings, and to burials of the dead —
 We've jogged along, through every sort of weather,
 Forgetting Fate could clip thy being's thread:
 And, though thou long hast seemed to others seedy,
 To me, unchanging hast thou been; but now,
 I fear philanthropists may deem me needy,
 And kindly bid me hold the parish-plough.

And, conscious that true charity at home beginneth,
 I've listened to the voice of 'common-sense';
 Though feeling it against thee sadly sinneth,
 In offering, by way of recompense,
 Such poor return for service thou hast done me;
 And, in the hour of thine infirmities,
 Bidding me lay aside those folds, which won me,
 In by-gone days, the smiles of brightest eyes.

The tear that on my eye-lid now is welling,
 Thus tenderly I'll wipe upon thy sleeve;
 And, with a heart with honest sorrow swelling,
 Thee 'mid the relics of the past I leave.
 Farewell! I'll keep thee safe from Hebrew peddler,
 Nor part with thee, old friend! to rich or poor:
 Safe from the prying glance of curious meddler
 Retaining thee, till coats I need no more.

PIERRE VIVANT.

F L O O D A N D F O G .

HAVING read much about the fossil remains on the bay-shore of Cumberland county, Nova-Scotia, I conceived a strong desire to visit the place for the sake of procuring some specimens. I went from Saint-John to Dorchester, where my old friend, Budd, was engaged in the lofty practice of medicine; and, after much trouble, managed to overcome his constitutional laziness, and induce him to accompany me.

We hired a small sloop, and left the village on our scientific excursion; and in a short time crossed the swift current at the mouth of the river *Petit Codiak*. Here the tides are higher than in any other part of the world; rising seventy feet, and sometimes more.

'That is a wonderful river,' said Budd to me, after we had escaped an eddy; 'a wonderful river. It is fifty miles long, and at low tide you will find it almost entirely empty; a muddy channel alone marking the spot where the waters rolled. It is worthy of a visit, on account of the striking phenomena connected with it. When the tide rises, the waters of the bay roll in, with a long series of successive waves, forming a flood six feet in height through the whole course of the river. There is a noise like thunder, and a sublime confusion of chaotic foam and eddies, as the great reflux takes place. And when the tide is falling, as now, nothing can withstand the fury of its current. It flows swiftly along, carrying every thing in its course, far out into the bay.'

'It is, then, a really remarkable river,' I replied. 'I had no idea that such was the case. I should not soon forget a sight like the one you mentioned, were I once a witness of it.'

'Forget it!' cried Budd, 'no; and if you were so unfortunate as once to be at the mercy of that flood, the name of *Petit Codiak* would for ever be a name of horror! It was so with me; for down that furious tide I once was borne helplessly, and out into the sea. As we are at leisure, I will tell you about it. It may interest you.'

'By all means, tell it.'

'On one of my visits to the Bend, a settlement not far up the river, I went on board a schooner, to see about a passage to St. John. No one being on board, I walked about for a time, and at length a boyish desire seized me to get into the boat, and sit there. It was a whim, and I acted upon it most thoughtlessly. The boat was a little, round, cockleshell of a thing, and I intended to rock it from side to side for amusement. You know I sometimes have these foolish fits.

'The tide, at that time, was ebbing, and the stream was running very strongly down the river. The boat, being acted upon by the current, was pushed as far from the vessel as the rope would permit. At first I amused myself by rocking it, and afterward, for the sake of variety, I began to pull the boat close up under the stern of the schooner, letting the tide jerk it away. So thoughtless and careless was I, that I did not notice whether the rope was fastened tightly or loosely. I kept up this intellectual amusement for some time, enjoying it the more as the current grew stronger, and thinking of my boyish experience in

this line, and many similar pleasures of my early life. At length I concluded to stop ; and commenced tugging strongly at the rope, for the sake of coming close to the schooner. The boat pulled very hard. Finding that the current was stronger than I supposed, I thoughtlessly gave a quick and energetic jerk ———

‘ I fell violently back, and in a moment felt myself hurried away by some sudden and irresistible power. I sprang up in affright. The rope had loosened, the boat was floating away, and I was at the mercy of the river. The shore seemed flying from me, and gradually I was approaching the centre of the current. It was running with terrific speed, so that, if I were once drawn into it, nothing could save me. All this in one moment flashed upon my sight, as I took a hurried glance around. I looked at the boat — no oars were there ! I was alone, and no means were near of escaping from destruction. The only hope left me was the faint one of being carried to some island or promontory, and of meeting with a vessel. But the swiftness of the tide rendered the former hope weak indeed, and would prevent assistance being rendered me by any vessel with which I might meet. It was also late, the sun was setting, and before long it would be dark.

‘ You can readily imagine how I must have felt, as these thoughts rushed through my mind ; how terrified, how despairing ! Already, the fragile boat was turned every way by the eddies and whirlpools : now it drifted stern-foremost, now it righted itself, and again it would be carried along sideways. ‘ What can save me in this boat ? ’ I thought ; ‘ how can it be kept from destruction ? ’ I was almost wild ; yet I endeavored to calm myself, and think upon some method of action. Yet what could I do ? I tried to keep the boat from the current, by frantically rowing with my hands. I pushed the water with all my force, in order to change the direction of the boat. I might as well have tried to stop the tide itself, which, with a low roar, now sounded directly before me. Nothing could keep me from it. I was borne helplessly into it, the boat ceased its whirlings, and straight ahead was carried down the river !

‘ I sat down in the stern with feelings of darkest despair, and burying my face in my hands, wept bitterly. Then I roused myself : the boat struck something, and looking up, I saw a large piece of timber. If it had been a small piece, I might have used it, but this was of no value, and like the boat, it was carried on. I felt, for the moment, a wild sort of sympathy for the insensible wood — like me, at the mercy of the waves ; and I watched it until it was out of sight.

‘ A projection of land appeared, far down the river. This gave me a faint hope that I might be carried there. On I came, nearer and nearer ; but, on coming close to it, the boat was for an instant carried forward by its impetus, and then, sharply turning, was again in the current. An island, too, soon after came in sight, and brought a melancholy smile upon my face, and forced a bitter laugh as I was hurried by. I was hopeless. I was also much calmer than before. I do not know how it is with other people, but when I have no hope, I resign myself completely to my fate. After the first feeling of horror has passed away, I am stern and fortified by despair. With me, it is a

thousand times better than a state of suspense. I cannot call my hopelessness by the name of despair. It is rather a cool indifference to every thing; an insensibility to all around. This was now my condition. I laughed, as I remembered the tears which not long ago I had shed, and thought recklessly upon my situation. Sitting in the stern, I coolly took a pipe from my pocket, filled it, deliberately lighted it, and smoked with quite the same nonchalance as though I had been in my own study. The future, the coming morrow, was banished from my thoughts. I remembered no more what had occurred; or, rather, I did not think of it. I gazed calmly and fixedly around me.

‘Yet every thing that I saw, even the smallest object that met my eye at that time, has never since been forgotten. The memory of that scene, and all things connected with it, is graven deeply, in burning letters, upon my very soul. I can recall my feelings and actions, and tell, most minutely, the appearance of the whole river, with its quickly-passing shores. Yonder, far up the river, you see a rough crag. Upon it, at that time, were the remnants of an Indian camp. I counted all the poles, and can now tell their exact number. It was about eight o’clock as I passed that crag, and when I came to the place where we now are, and out into the bay, it was ten.

‘Here, a change came over my feelings. The moon, which thus far the clouds had concealed, now appeared, shining brightly, and lighting up the whole river with rays of softest glory. The surface of the water was calm and serene, glowing in the reflected rays of the moon, and mirroring the stars that shone around her. The distant banks of the river and shore of the bay were dark in the thick foliage of the trees that covered them, and from them an occasional light gleamed forth brilliantly, shining far over the surface of the water, which already beamed with phosphorescent sparks. How tranquil, how serenely beautiful, was all that I saw! So quiet was the water, that I almost thought the movement of the boat had ceased. I became soothed and affected by the peaceful scene. Tender thoughts came to my mind; thoughts of home — thoughts of Keenie, who now might watch in vain for my return to the lonely home. How she would expect me, wondering why I remained so long away from her! But this was a subject upon which I did not dare to think. It brought to me the bitterest anguish, and caused burning tears to roll down my cheeks.

‘“Courage! all may not be lost. I will not yield to unmanly weakness: I will hope!”

‘Alas! I could not hope! Hope does not come at the command of the will. She arises of herself, and often unexpectedly waves her bright golden wings before the despairing soul. Here, no hope could come: nothing could deliver me from a lingering death!

‘Horrible thoughts came to me: why should I allow myself to die thus slowly? — to perish gradually by the keen pangs of starvation, burning with unquenchable thirst? In this still, calm flood I can find a quick termination for my sorrow, a sudden release from misery such as I cannot bear. I leaned over the side, and looked down into the water. How still! how profound the depth! Oh! to slumber there far down within its silent recesses, with these waves flowing mournfully above, ever more!

‘Yet I could not, I would not, die. ‘No!’ I cried; ‘already has my rashness brought me to the portals of death: it shall not now cause me to pass irrevocably over that dismal threshold. I will live, till life itself can hold on no longer!’

‘The booming of the distant surf upon the rocky shore sounded a melancholy, dirge-like music in my ears, that echoed in my soul. ‘Such,’ thought I, ‘will be my requiem, as the flowing and receding tide carries this boat and its lifeless burden backward and forward, up and down. I shall hear it as the last breath departs, and as it gives place to the deep sound of those awful billows which thunder upon the shore of eternity!’

‘Oh, how long was that night! The stars twinkled above me; the surf sounded unceasingly. The clouds changed and changed. The moon now was obscured behind them, and, again coming forth, shone with unveiled brightness from the clear sky. And I floated on, tortured by a thousand sad and dismal feelings, by thronging emotions all unutterable.

‘Morning at length came, and with it new miseries. Oh, how long had been the night! How often I had cried, ‘Will it never end?’ Years seemed crowded into those hours of suffering, which morning ended not. Ended! no: other afflictions were yet in store. The sky was clouded, and the atmosphere became moist. Instead of the gentle twinkle of ten thousand stars, there was a dismal canopy of vapor, and where the moon-beams had fallen so beautifully, so soothingly, descended showers of rain. I looked around, and did not know where I was. I was far from the mouth of the river, out on the broad bay of Fundy. On one side, a rocky coast lay many miles distant, and on the other, farther still. But I had drifted farther away than this, for now, I was borne back by the last of the returning tide. Soon, it would begin to ebb, and I would again be carried away. Sick at heart, I found no hope brought by the morning, and I looked back with regret on the calm night. Now, the rain was falling in torrents, the wind was blowing, the waves were beginning to rise. In the distance, the hazy horizon filled me with a new fear — for well I knew the fog sign. Yes, the fog, the thick, dreadful fog, was coming, swiftly coming; and all would be covered, all hidden from view. At that time, as though my cup of misery were not yet filled, my eye, roving around, caught sight of a schooner crossing the bay. But it was too far away to be of any assistance. In vain I shouted. In vain my voice shrieked out words wrung from me by the agony of utter despair. Oh! if the fog might but have kept away for a few, but a few hours, I might have been carried nearer, I might have been saved. But this was denied me. Gradually the dismal banks of mist came on, gathering all around, enveloping land, sea, and sky, in their damp, chilly folds. All around and all above me settled the opaque covering, and no longer could my eyes behold the sky, no longer could my sickening glance descry the distant land. Accumulation of miseries! Gradually had they been heaped upon me; worse and worse had become my fate, hourly more dreadful my situation. There was now nothing to draw my thoughts away from my fate. It came upon me, and confronted me. Death stared at me

from the waves that rushed furiously around my frail boat, eager for their prey. It peered through the dismal folds of the veil of fog that enshrouded me on every side. It came laughing amid the gusts of wind that howled over the sea. And, more dreadful, more unutterably horrid than all, the fiend of famine — of starvation — glared upon me with his hollow, burning eyes from the boat where he with me had fixed a habitation! Oh, that day! how slowly its hours crawled on! Hunger came upon me, and the weakness of excessive fatigue and exhaustion overpowered me, the one combatting the other. At last, fatigue conquered; and I fell heavily in the bottom of the boat, where I lay long in broken slumber. The rain fell. The waves washed over me, breaking into the boat. Nothing but the most overpowering weakness could have made me sleep so long. A sleep — I cannot call it a sleep. It was continually broken by the rude tossings of the boat at the shock of the waves, and by the horrid dreams that thronged in my vivid fancy. It was no sleep, but a long night-mare.

‘When, late on the following morning, I awoke, I found myself almost incapable of motion, and aching with intense pain. My hunger increased, and, all through the day, gnawed me with its insatiable fangs. I became careless of every thing but the sufferings of starvation. I chewed pieces of wood: I fell on my face in unutterable gratitude, when I snatched a dead fish from the water; thanking Heaven for giving me some cessation to my agony.

‘Thus, through all this day, and again, through another dreary, dismal night, I lay in the boat, sleepless, weak, and miserable. Words cannot describe my sufferings. They are inconceivable. I crawled into the stern, where I gathered myself up, intending to die there. With my knife, I cut my name on the side of the boat, and feebly lay waiting my fate.

It could not be delayed much longer. One day more, and my soul would have left the worn-out body. I sat there, and thought the fog was not so thick as before. The wind had changed, and was blowing it away. On a sudden, a sound arose; a low, unmistakeable sound, such as had greeted my ears on the first night — the deep booming of the surf upon a rocky shore. I could not be wrong: land was near! The fog gradually, and, after a time, swiftly departed. I saw a dark cloud, which soon became land. It was not more than a mile away, and I was rapidly approaching it. Oh! how my heart throbbed! As I drifted toward the land, I had the most frantic fears that the tide might turn, and then —

‘I watched anxiously, fearfully trembling. The hours of my suspense seemed years. But I was coming nearer and nearer, and now I saw the rough shore; but oh! how sweet it was! how dear in its roughness! I saw log-houses with rocks around them; I saw men cutting stones, piles of which lay around. With a last exertion of strength, I rose up in the boat, and gave a loud cry:

‘‘Help! save me!’’

‘It went across the water. I was heard. I saw the men look up. They saw me. They ran to the shore, entered in a boat, came rowing toward me. They came nearer and nearer — I was saved!’

'They carried me to a house, and took care of me. I was feverish and delirious; but after a week or so, I was able to leave. I gave them my warmest blessing — they would not take any thing else — and left.

'I was received by my friends as one raised from the dead. Poor Keenie! as I entered the house, she, all pale and wan, tottered to meet me, and fell fainting in my arms.'

S A I N T S I M O N S T Y L I T E S A N D T H E F L E A .

TRADITION affirms that a certain St. SIMON, in the plenitude of his self-mortification, lived, for several years, perched on the top of a pillar, whence he never descended; from which circumstance, he received the affix 'Stylites' to his name. The rest of the acts of this redoubtable saint, so are they not written in the book of the 'Lives of the Saints,' written by Bishop ALBAN BUTLER?

SAINT SIMON knelt on his pillar of stone,
Where, let the weather be fair or foul,
Bishop BUTLER declares that, for several years,
The saint had perched like a holy owl.

On the top of his pillar, (just three feet wide,)
The Saint had perched, (unless fibs are told,)
Till his joints were rusty, and his brain was musty,
And his nostrils were stuffed with a terrible cold.

Never a change of raiment had he:
Nothing he wore, not even a shirt,
Save a brown serge dress, which, the truth to confess,
Had stuck to his skin with age and dirt.

The peasants brought him his dinner of herbs,
Which they handed up on the top of a pole;
Said fare being increased, on some very high feast,
To a roasted lizard and warm French roll.

On the top of his perch, like a scarecrow gaunt,
Saint SIMON knelt, as I said before,
With a pious grace and a solemn face,
Though his angular knees were getting sore.

Though his knees were sore, and his legs were cramped,
The Saint still knelt with his arms in air;
Oft his body twitching, for his back was itching,
And he durst not scratch it while saying his prayer:

For a vow he had made not to lower his arms
Till his prayers were done, though he broke his back;
And if they descended before he had ended,
OLD NICK would have bundled him off in a crack.

Scarce had he got to his fifteenth 'avé'
Ere the good Saint's eyes looked squintingly down,
And his right leg he shuffled, then grunted and snuffled,
And twitched his brow with a sudden frown.

'*Sicut erat in principio*' — here he groaned;
 'Et nunc' — here the Saint took the look of a martyr;
 When he came to '*et semper*,' he had nigh lost his temper,
 And his pious phiz looked like the 'mug' of a Tartar.

For, something was crawling up his leg,
 Till it stopped a little above his knee;
 Where, the Saint perceived, he had just received
 The venomous nip of a monstrous flea.

Such boarders, in swarms, had been there before;
 Their sharp attacks he was wont to feel:
 But this terrible guest eclipsed all the rest,
 With his insatiate stomach and nippers of steel.

Yet, still his devotions the Saint pursued,
 For he deemed this attack some fiendish snare;
 While, with due precision, the flea made incision,
 Whenever the holy man stopped in his prayer.

'*Paters*' and '*avés*,' how fast they flew!
 Ne'er had he prayed with such speed before;
 His '*Credo*' he told while the sweat-drops rolled —
 He was bitten so bad that he almost swore!

Oft times he closed his fingers and thumb,
 Determined the blood-thirsty assailant to crush;
 But when for the descent his long fingers were bent,
 That very rash vow to his memory would rush.

The prayers were done; and on finger and thumb
 He spat, while he watched where his enemy ranged;
 Then, by prayer and sign and a short Latin line,
 Into holy water the spittle was changed.

With finger and thumb on the rascally flea,
 Saint SIMON pounced, with a movement quick,
 Causing a fizzle and scream, and a dense cloud of steam,
 In the midst of which stood — not the flea, but OLD NICK!

The 'Old Coon' himself, in his own proper shape,
 With very long teeth, and a very long tail;
 A huge pair of horns, hoofs not troubled with corns,
 And huge smoky wings, through the night-air to sail.

With a yell and a kick, he vanished from sight;
 In the reach of Saint SIMON he dared not to linger;
 While the good saint could but howl with trouble and pain,
 For the skin had been scalded from his right thumb and finger!

M O R A L .

YE saints of the day, who have 'heard out' my lay,
 I hope from the story a moral you've learned:
 Do n't meddle with vice, or — who knows? — in a trice,
 Like Saint SIMON'S, your fingers may hap to get burned!

A P R O F E S S I O N A L S C A R .

BY AN OLD LAWYER.

YOUR kind letter, Harry, came duly to hand ; and you will be surprised to learn that a careless question of yours will draw forth enough in answer to cover a sheet : ‘ What caused that scar on my temple ? ’

It is a professional scar, Harry ; one that I have carried ever since my earliest practice ; and although I have now arrived at a tolerable old age, and have many, many intimate friends, it is a most singular fact that you are the first and only person that ever inquired into its origin. I can tell you all about it, but must avoid names and places, for the parties most interested in the incident are yet living, and I am under strong bonds of secrecy.

In the year ———, after passing through a long examination before grave judges and shrewd barristers, I was pronounced a properly-qualified person to appear before juries and courts for others as well as myself, and at once proceeded to a large southern city, where, by a modest little sign over the door of a modest little office, I announced my readiness to commence the practice of the law. For three months I waited, but alas ! no business came, and I sat in my office on a dreary night, at about eleven o’clock, in this very comfortable position : my money was gone entirely ; my board-bill was to be paid in the morning, and my rent the day following ; and I absolutely feared to go to my boarding-house, and waited in what seemed the forlorn hope that something in the way of a fee might appear, either dropping from the skies, or suddenly appearing on my desk. Outside, no step was heard ; and as I occasionally glanced through my window, the flame of the street-light, moved by the wind, would seemingly move me homeward ; but I would not go. A foot-step sounded in my entry ; a second, and a third, and more, but so light that my heart-beating prevented my counting them ; and then a little delicate knock. I compelled myself to say ‘ Come in ’ with a calm voice, although I expected to be instantly vis-a-vis with a young woman : the door opened, and I saw — an old one.

I had only time to move toward a chair before she was in the centre of the room and speaking :

‘ I have no time to sit. Young man, you are a lawyer : are you good for any thing ? ’

My insulted dignity was controlled by an effort, and I answered that I flattered myself that I possessed some talent for my profession, or I should not have chosen it.

‘ Well, well, no gas : can you draw a paper ? ’

Here again I ventured to remark, that it depended somewhat on its nature ; but I saw from her impatient manner that she wanted no trifling. Before I finished the sentence, she interrupted me with a fierceness of manner exceeding her former rough one, saying :

‘ I want a will drawn ; quick ! hurriedly ! but so strong that all the

d — ls in h — ll can't undo it! Can you *do* it?' and she fairly glared at me with impatience for my answer.

Now you know, Harry, that my legal education was obtained entirely in a surrogate's office, and you may presume that on the law and forms of last wills and testaments I felt myself sufficiently posted up. I accordingly assured her that I could draw a will which, though I could not warrant it to pass the ordeal she mentioned, would, I was sure, be proof against the efforts of all the lawyers in Christendom.

And now her manner changed from the fierce and bold to the anxious and hurried.

'Come, then, quick! quick! young man, and you shall pocket one thousand dollars for your night's work!' she exclaimed.

And, amazed and bewildered as I was, I found myself at the neighboring corner, stepping into a hack, before the startling but comfortable words, 'One thousand dollars for your night's work!' had ceased ringing in my ears. My conductress followed me in, and without orders we were rattled furiously along the streets to the — House, then the largest hotel in the city. My visions of one thousand bright dollars kept my tongue bridled, and I was led in silence up two flights of stairs into a suite of rooms comprising parlor and two bed-rooms. The parlor, however, was occupied by a bed, in which lay an old and evidently dying man. A servant was with him, but he left, upon a motion from the hand of my companion, who approached the bed and said:

'I have an attorney here, Sir; shall he proceed?'

The old man's eyes brightened up, and, after glaring on me for a moment, he spoke:

'If you can draw my will, do it; quick! now, for I must save my breath.'

I turned to the table where I found paper, pens, ink, and every thing necessary; and by the light of two sperm candles in heavy silver candle-sticks, I was soon busily engaged at the will.

I will not trouble you with the details, nor, in fact, do I remember them; but it is enough to say that a large amount of property, real and personal, bonds, mortgages, etc., were left, in the words of the will, to 'my good and faithful house-keeper, Angeline —, as a token of gratitude for her long, faithful, and meritorious service.' But the concluding words of the will I shall never forget; they were written from his own mouth, and made me shudder as I wrote them. There is something fearful, dreadful — yes, devilish — in this deliberately recording, in what purports to be your last written wish, a curse upon your own offspring. And I felt, as I wrote it, an involuntary desire to tear the paper into fragments, and to rush from the room, but the thousand dollars were like so many anchors, and I staid and wrote:

'I LEAVE to my daughter DORA all the satisfaction she can obtain from my hearty curse. When rags whip about her in her only home, the street, and dogs share with her the refuse of the gutter, she may regret that she disobeyed him who once loved her, but who, dying, cursed her!'

There was something like a chuckle in the direction of old Angeline as the dying wretch dictated these fearful words; but as I looked and saw the stern face as rigid as marble, I concluded I must have been

mistaken. I could not, however, divest myself of a certain feeling that all was wrong. A rich old man, accompanied by an old house-keeper, and dying in a strange city; her anxiety to have the will so strong; the curse on his daughter, and the large fee, all conspired to make me feel that I was being instrumental in the accomplishment of some villainous object. Again I meditated the destruction of the paper, and again my fee and my wants conquered. The will was finished, and I read it over aloud, the old man groaning, and the old woman looking an occasional assent; but when I read the terrible curse, a new actor appeared on the scene:

‘Oh! tear it! tear it! Oh God! you know not what you do!’

The plaintive tones of the voice touched my heart, even before my eyes beheld its owner; but when I saw her, heavens and earth! what an angel she was! The language is yet undiscovered, Harry, that is competent to give you a description of that face: the eyes dancing with excitement yet liquid with tears; the mouth proud as Juno’s, yet compressed with anguish. But why do I attempt description? The most majestic, yet the sweetest countenance I ever beheld appealed to me, and not in vain; for while the old man, weak as he was, jumped from his bed screaming ‘Kill her! kill her!’ I tore the will into fragments, and we both fell to the floor, he dead, and I stunned by a blow from the heavy candle-stick wielded by the old hag, Angeline. . . .

When my consciousness returned, I found myself in my own bed at my boarding-house, my host and hostess my sole attendants. My mind was clear the moment I looked about me, and I knew I had been brought home, and was now confined from the effects of that blow. I resolved to keep my own counsel, and to ascertain what I could of the subsequent proceedings of the night. Upon inquiry, I found that I had been brought home by a young gentleman in a carriage, who had left funds for the employment of a physician, and had also left a letter for me. I opened the letter as soon as I was alone, and found a fifty-dollar bank-note, with these words:

‘You did last night a deed worthy of more gratitude than our present means enable us to express. The property which so nearly belonged to the infamous hag who struck you, will soon be ours, and you shall then hear from us. May the same kindness which prompted you to tear the paper, seal your lips hereafter as to the painful scenes of last evening.

‘Gratefully yours,

‘DORA AND HER HUSBAND.’

My first act was to conceal the letter beneath my pillow; my second, to call my host and tender him the amount of my board-bill; to my astonishment he told me that my companion paid it when he left the letter. It seems I raved a little about my inability to pay my host while I was unconscious, and thus the husband of Dora (for I had no doubt it was he who brought me home) had ascertained the fact and paid my bill. Added to this, my wound was not severe enough to need any surgery more than was offered by my kind landlady; so when I had recovered, (which was soon,) I had only my office-rent to pay, and then resumed business with the larger part of the one hundred dollars in my treasury. I made cautious inquiries about the — House as to the subsequent movements of my mysterious clients, but could only ascertain that the old couple arrived on that eventful night, the old man

ordering a pleasant room in which he could die ; that the young couple came by another conveyance, and had taken other rooms ; that the old man's body was immediately boxed up and shipped for the north under charge of his man-servant ; that the old woman went off alone ; and that finally the young man paid the whole bill, and left also with his wife. To do my worthy host and his kind lady full justice, I must say that they never even hinted at the matter, and I never had a question to answer : they probably took it for granted that I had been the victim of some broil, and avoided annoying me by any reference to it.

Thirty years of hard work rolled by, Harry, during which I acquired a family, fortune, fame, and gray hairs ; but I never, in all that time, saw or heard of my clients, with the exception of one letter, which was received some years after the occurrences which I have related, and which contained two more fifty-dollar bills, with the words :

'We are very happy : may God bless you !

DORA.'

But in all that time, I have never forgotten that beautiful angelic face, nor the mute appeal which it made to my heart ; the answer to which cost me the deep scar which is the object of your present curiosity, and a one-thousand-dollar fee less the amount received from the young folks. Neither did I, in all that time, regret the course I took.

Some ten years ago, as you probably remember, I spent a winter in Havana. I boarded with a Spanish landlord, whose house was generally filled with American visitors. But, strange to say, I passed one week with him without a single American arrival ; and I was mentally resolving one day to leave for New-Orleans, where I could find troops of friends, and rid myself of the ennui consequent upon my solitary position, when I heard my host calling me :

'Senor, Senor, los Americanos — Americanos.'

Looking from my window, I saw a fine portly gentleman attending to his luggage, and answering the demands of the thousand and one leeches of porters who each claimed to have brought something for him. Thinking I might be of service to him, I went out, and with two or three dimes dispersed the villains who, knowing me for an old stager, submitted to my orders. The gentleman turned to thank me, but suddenly started back, then glanced at my temple, and seeing the end of my candle-stick-mark peering out beneath my sombrero, he caught me by the hand exclaiming :

'We have met before, Sir ! — how glad I am to see you !'

And then, without explanation, he drew me to the door-way in which stood a matronly but still beautiful woman.

'See, Dora,' said he, 'is not this our old friend ?'

At the word 'Dora,' I started, and there before me, sure enough, stood the Dora of thirty years previous, still retaining many of her charms, but with the marks of time, notwithstanding, impressed upon her features.

You may well believe our reunion was most pleasant ; and after our dinner was over, and a pleasant breeze, the whole story was told me : it was long, but the

was the only child of a wealthy father ; her mother died when she was a mere child ; old Angeline had remained with her father in the capacity of a house-keeper, and had, while Dora was away at school, acquired, as is generally the case, complete influence over him. Dora was wooed and won by a poor clerk ; the father would not listen to it : an elopement was the consequence ; and the old man in his rage broke up house-keeping, and taking old Angeline with him had started for the South. Dora had followed him with her husband, although she knew he would not see her, and although he had always been harsh and unkind to her, yet she knew he was in the last stages of consumption, and she determined, if possible, to be with him when he died. At the time of his death, they had been following him about a month from place to place, keeping concealed from him, and eluding even the keen eyes of Angeline. When Dora appeared in the room, it was only because the man-servant, who had been with her father, and who, as you remember, left the room when I entered, had observed their arrival and had kindly gone to her and informed her that her father could not live an hour ; she was entering the room to make one last effort at reconciliation when my voice reading the fearful words of her father's curse caused the outcry and the denouement. Her husband, who followed her in, found the old man dead, Dora in a swoon, me senseless, and old Angeline in vain trying to put the many pieces of the will together, raving and cursing like a Bedlamite. He and the man-servant put the old man's body into the bed, took Dora to her room, and while the servant kept guard over Angeline, he took me home in a carriage. The rest you know.

I have only to add that, whenever I wander north, either alone or with my wife or family, we always stop at the house of our kind friends. They have spent one winter with us at the south, and we expect them again the coming season. And the young gentleman who studied law under my instruction, and who now practices law with my name on the sign with his, (as senior-partner, although he does all the business,) is Dora's son, and from certain conscious looks and bright blushes on my pretty daughter's cheek when he calls, I imagine he may possibly be mine, too. But of this, Harry, rest assured—I shall not curse her if she marries him.

SONNET: TO A NEW-BORN INFANT

Sweet child! it is not given to us to know,
 In this first moment of thy nascent birth,
 What is to be thy future destiny on earth;
 But if we might attempt, in the soft glow
 That paints thy cheek, the heart's glad overflow
 Of tenderest emotions, which e'en now
 In earliest youth illuminates thy brow,
 And with a smile too pure for aught below
 Lights up thy delicately-chiselled face,
 Lending to it a charm of loveliness
 Too exquisite for language to express,
 An augury of thy coming fate to trace,
 It would be that a soul so formed for love
 Would bud below to yield its flower above.

JAMES WYNN, M.D.

THE STATESMAN'S HOPE FOR HIS COUNTRY.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

'WHEN my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dismembered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased nor polluted; not a single star obscured.' DANIEL WEBSTER.

WHENE'ER the vapory damps of death
Shall round my dying vision swim;
When heaven grows brighter as the earth
Fades like a rainy landscape dim;
May then my latest gaze behold,
In fancy's magic-glass displayed,
The bright, bold banner of the land,
In all its stripes and stars displayed.

As then I view God's blessed sun
In shining glory gild the world,
May it not shine on ruptured States,
Dishonored, from their station hurled;
On realms by civil discord rent,
All drenched with rich fraternal gore;
May it not see these hills in arms,
These cities mad with battle-roar!

But may upon my dying eyes
A softer, sweeter vision break;
A blissful, fruitful scene of peace
From Mexic Gulf to Northern Lake;
A vision of bright hills and plains
With golden harvests kindly crowned;
Where sister States in flowery bands
Their jocund dances move around.

Then far across the wild frontier,
Where roam the tribes in savage pride;
O'er the rude port may still our flag
Toss out its starry glories wide;
And high above the gilded spires
That o'er each mighty city shine,
May still its meteor-trophies blaze
At morning dawn and day's decline.

In battle-field, on deck of fame,
In other years full high it flew;
Though torn with shot and scorched with flame,
It triumphed, ever brave and true;
No blot, no stain, no dark disgrace
Upon its peerless folds were cast;
It shone the brightest in the storm
Of cannon-peal and battle-blast.

No stripe erased, no star obscured,
 Our sires the precious gift bequeathed,
 Which warmed their daring hearts with fire,
 And round their dying heads was wreathed.
 Long, long in undiminished pomp,
 O'er field and forest, sea and shore,
 May, world-renowned, that ensign shine,
 Unsullied, gorgeous as of yore !'

The Statesman sleeps ! His flashing eye
 Hath closed for aye on earthly scene,
 And o'er his honored dust the sun
 Of heaven shines sadly and serene ;
 Ah ! well his dying heart was cheered
 That o'er him sleeping in the mould
 The flag he loved would still unfurl
 Its radiant and untarnished fold.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PITT.

BY AARON F. PERRY.

CHAPTER SECOND.

It is well to consider and analyze the preparatory influences which contribute to form a great character. It will in most cases be found that brilliant success is but the natural result of appreciable causes. The miracles of genius, like the dispensations of Providence, are wrought by adaptation of means to ends. They encourage not at all the empty self-exaggeration and idle presumptuousness, which lumber and clog the gateways to all the liberal careers ; but they do afford instructions the most precious to large and aspiring natures, who seek, with manly endeavor, the paths of honor.

The first movement of young Pitt toward Parliament, was at the age of twenty-one. He was a candidate to represent the University of Cambridge, at the general election which took place in the fall of 1780 ; a constituency, perhaps, as little likely to be won by an untried youth, as any in the kingdom. His claims were not regarded with favor. Amusing anecdotes are related of the treatment he received during the canvass. Distinguished professors of that venerable institution are reported almost to have slammed their doors in his face, when he approached to solicit their suffrages. It was not to their taste to bestow the honors of their ancient and cherished seat of learning upon a boy. He was defeated, and, so far as now appears, without any circumstance to prevent his feeling to the full extent the mortification of his failure. Two years before, he had lost his father. In the summer previous to this election, his eldest sister died. Hard upon these afflictions, followed his political defeat ; and the next year, his heart, already nearly

broken with the heavy weight of accumulated sorrows, was wrung with new and almost insupportable anguish, by the death of his younger brother, who had been winning distinctions in the naval service. In these successive strokes, he felt that fulness of desolation, which, once experienced, leaves age no work to perform upon the heart. It is either crushed, or it rallies home its wandering sympathies, and learns to become sufficient unto itself. He felt the loss of his brother to 'have extinguished the favorite hope of his mind.' It seemed to him an 'untimely blow,' under which, had he been less 'tried in affliction,' he might not have been able to support himself. These events, upon a character so sensitive, manly, and affectionate, how can they be overlooked, in estimating the influences which formed his character? In his early dreams of glory, how immeasurably must he have counted upon the joy that his hoped-for triumphs would produce in the bosoms of that illustrious father, that loving sister, that dear brother! Let him declare, who has wrestled with the world for its applause, in what consisted the value of its acclaim. Was it in the tumultuous shout which bore his name upon the air, or in the knowledge that some of its reverberations might fall upon listening ears around the family hearthstone — that they might make more strong the ties of some cherished friendship, or re-kindle the joys of some slumbering affection? Seeing young Pitt not chastened only, but so scathed and isolated, on the very threshold of his career, it needs no voice from the grave to tell us that in *some* way it must have affected and did affect the tone of his character. How vacant the world, how cheap the breath of applause, how barren the harvests of genius, since they who had nurtured and shared his hopes were for ever cold and insensible! Seeing how completely he soon gave himself to the public service, with what unhesitating purpose he stood ready, from time to time, to stake his prospects upon the hazard of a cast, how patiently he endured vituperation, how stern and unyielding he bore himself, alike unmoved by the hisses or applause of the multitude — who shall venture to assert that this was all the result of a cold and supercilious nature? Who shall venture to say how often, instead of consciously repelling the fickle smiles of the surrounding throng by a cold indifference, as he was supposed to do, he might have been finding his sweetest reward in a silent consciousness of deserving the approbation of the loved and lost!

It happened that the Duke of Rutland had been a great admirer of the Earl of Chatham, and had, by reason of so much admiration of the father, sought the acquaintance of William, the son, at an early period of his academical life; and there was consequently formed between them a close and lasting friendship. Through the influence of the Duke of Rutland, Sir James Lowther, at that time a stranger to Pitt, procured him to be elected to the House of Commons, from the borough of Appleby, in Westmoreland. So that, notwithstanding his defeat in the fall of 1780, he became a member of the House of Commons in January of the following year; and thus entered upon his theatre of action at the early age of twenty-two.

It was during the period of Lord North's administration, and toward the close of what is spoken of by Americans as our revolutionary

war. England was not only engaged in a war with her American colonies, but also with France, Spain and Holland; while Russia, Denmark and Sweden had formed an alliance unfriendly to her, and she was without allies. Her affairs in India wore a gloomy aspect; and repeated failures in naval and military operations had lowered the spirit of the English people, and weakened their confidence in government. Business was not prosperous, the revenues were not equal to her expenditures, and the resources of the country seemed to be exhausted. On the twenty-sixth of February, 1781, Pitt, to use his own phrase, first 'heard his own voice in the House of Commons.' His friends, under the mistaken impression that he intended to speak, called him out, and he was induced to venture his first speech at a time when he had not intended to make one. He did not lose his self-possession, but succeeded in commanding the attention and admiration of the House. As the son of Chatham, very much was expected from him, and he was considered to have redeemed the promise of his name. He fully indicated, on that occasion, the qualities for which he was afterward distinguished. His argument covered the whole ground of the debate, and overlooked none of its important aspects. The maturity of his views, and the fulness of his information, were so much more than had been expected, that, with the warm congratulations for successful elocution, was mixed a good deal of the deference and respect due to a rising power. From this time, he became one of the most active members, and assumed, with great promptness, a position in the first rank of public characters. In June of the same year, Mr. Fox submitted a motion hostile to the war with America, and Mr. Pitt made a powerful speech against that war. He was, of course, in a minority; but he poured upon the contrivers and managers of that war a bold torrent of eloquent denunciation, which startled the ears and warmed the hearts of the British commons. In proportion to his earnestness, the regards of the British people gathered about him. He became one of the most formidable opponents of the administration of Lord North, whose strength visibly declined before the successive and redoubled assaults of Fox, Pitt, Wilberforce, and their associates. A decisive vote was soon obtained against the continuance of the American war; and, after a few more unsuccessful struggles, Lord North announced the end of his administration; an administration odious to Americans, and now generally considered eminently disastrous to his own country. Mr. Pitt was by no means entitled to the entire credit of its overthrow; but it must be obvious to those who will read the debates of those times, that he infused new animation into the attacks of the opposition, and was entitled to a full share of the honors of the victory.

The Rockingham administration succeeded, with Mr. Fox and the Earl of Sherburne Secretaries of State. Under this administration, Mr. Pitt was offered several situations of considerable rank and emolument, but declined them, on the ground that he could not put himself under obligations to defend measures which he had no part in framing: in other words, he declined accepting any office which did not place him in the Cabinet. He gave his general support to the measures of the administration, and was regular in his attendance at the sittings of the

House of Commons. This was thought a favorable time to bring forward the project for Parliamentary Reform, and Mr. Pitt was selected as the fittest person to conduct it: the object being, to secure a more full representation of the counties in the House of Commons. Some differences arose, during this administration, between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, but none of a serious character. Lord Rockingham, however, lived but a short time; and when he died, Mr. Fox and Lord Cavendish resigned their offices. This step, of course, opened up the chances for an entire disorganization of forces, and for a loss of nearly all that had been gained by the victory over Lord North. It gave rise to animadversions, and Mr. Pitt joined in them. Their resignations were attributed to private pique, and not to public and justifiable causes. The places made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Fox and his colleague, were filled by others, and, in the new cast of characters, Mr. Pitt was made Chancellor of the Exchequer; or, in other words, the finance-minister in the House of Commons. He was then a little more than twenty-three years old. Lord Shelburne was at the head of this administration. On the eleventh of July, 1782, Parliament was prorogued. During the vacation, it was found, upon a careful estimate of influences, that the administration had need of more strength, to render it secure. Mr. Pitt called on Mr. Fox, with an invitation to return to office, but he declined, so long as Lord Shelburne should remain Prime Minister. Mr. Pitt replied, that he did not come to betray Lord Shelburne, and, declaring it useless to negotiate on those terms, took leave. This is said to have been the last time those two remarkable men were in a private room together, and from this period dated their political hostility.

Their fathers had been rivals and enemies. The sons, down to this point, had acted together; but here they separated. It was a separation, both in the case of the fathers and the sons, in the nature of the case, unavoidable. The particular circumstances from which their opposition to each other was dated, were only an impulse to events sure to happen. Had those circumstances never existed, the same hostility would have sprung up from some other occasion. It was impossible for sympathy to exist between them. It was an opposition of tastes, of habits, of character, and a rivalry of ambition. At the next session of Parliament, Mr. Fox took the ground of open opposition to the ministry, and Mr. Pitt, as its principal defender, was prominent in every debate; and was compelled to bear up against the combined genius of Fox, Burke, and Sheridan. This administration negotiated peace with America, Spain, France, and Holland. But when some of the several treaties came to be discussed in Parliament, they were opposed by Lord North and his friends, and a coalition strong enough to oppose the ministry. This was a very surprising state of affairs, and it gave rise to a political hostility, a great dissociation between the two parties. It struck the minds of the people, but it gave them no rest, which Pitt was con-

as a matter of course, bring them together in the formation of a new ministry. The King was not likely to entertain a personal dislike to Lord North; for North had concurred with the King, and had coincided with his wishes in conducting the American war, and had been overthrown while acting in full concert with the royal will. But Fox was personally odious to the King, both from private and public causes. He was, in his private habits, a man of pleasure and a gambler; and, in his public life, had shown little regard to the King's person, or veneration toward his office. George III. and his royal consort were in their personal habits temperate and virtuous, and they looked upon Fox as a centre from which emanated impure influences. They thought him not unwilling to encourage sedition among the people, nor averse to breeding dissensions between the members of the royal family. The new coalition, therefore, was with the King and Queen entirely odious. They earnestly sought for some escape from confidential relations with a character they so much detested. But how was this possible? Fox and North were firmly united, and could command so much strength, that any ministry acting independent of them could have only a minority in Parliament. No administration ever had, or probably ever could sustain itself in a minority. Where, then, could the elements of success be found? Pitt was not yet twenty-five years old; but the King thought that if Pitt could not relieve him from his unpleasant position, no body could. He had not loved Pitt's father, nor had the son flattered him; but in all his short career, his language had been decorous, his bearing firm and prudent, and he had evinced nobleness of sentiment and character. The situations in which Pitt had been placed were perplexing, but he had been courageous. He had conducted the business of the Commons with so much fairness and dexterity, as to extort admiration even from his enemies, and he possessed, moreover, the gift to charm with oratory. Scarcely four years had elapsed since the electors of the University had repelled him, and now the King—the King of that great empire—overlooking all his princes and nobles, calls upon him to form a ministry, and take upon himself the administration of the government. But Pitt had the sagacity, under such adverse circumstances, not to accept. Lord North and Mr. Fox were then authorized by the King to organize an administration; but so much delay, and so many difficulties were experienced, that his Majesty again urged Mr. Pitt to become Prime Minister, which he again declined. The difficulties which beset Mr. Fox and Lord North, in their efforts to form a coalition-ministry and govern the country, were very great, but Pitt knew they would find it much less difficult to unite their forces out of office, to oppose a ministry formed against their wishes; and that so united, they could command a majority of the Commons. In that state of affairs, he believed it unwise for him to make the effort requested by the King, and he firmly adhered to the dictates of his own judgment.

The coalition-ministry of Fox and North was at length formed, but did not outlive the second session of Parliament. It fell under the weight of Mr. Fox's East-India Bill. This Bill proposed a new organization, or, rather, new features to the plan of governing the British East-Indies. It was agreed, on all hands, that new legislation on that

subject was indispensable; but it was contended by Mr. Pitt and the opponents of the coalition, that this Bill was so framed as to weaken the King's prerogative, and secure to the projectors of the Bill an amount of patronage and power never contemplated by the constitution. It was charged to be the design of the coalition-ministry, by means of this Bill, to fasten themselves upon the country. This was the view taken of it by the King. The Bill, however, received a large majority in the Commons, and was expected to pass the Lords, but, very unexpectedly to ministers, was there defeated. They supposed, and probably with truth, that it was killed by the personal influence of the King; who, taking advantage of the defeat of the coalition, dismissed them from office.

Mr. Pitt, not yet twenty-five years old, was again invited to form an administration. He did not underrate the obstacles in his way, but he determined this time to undertake it, and to stake his political prospects on the success of his efforts. Here commenced a parliamentary struggle which decided the superiority of Mr. Pitt over Mr. Fox, and decided the fate of England for an indefinite period; a struggle for which I can find no parallel or comparison.

Mr. Pitt was the strongest man opposed to the coalition, but was not able to form an administration that could command the votes of a majority of the House of Commons. If he declined office, the coalition must make another attempt, against the decided wishes of the King, and without a very warm support in popular opinion. If he accepted, he must be able to stand his ground against the coalition in the House of Commons, with a majority on every important measure against him — a thing never before attempted since the revolution, by a British minister. But he possessed the respect of all, he had the confidence of the King, and was encouraged by a favorable public opinion. He accepted, and his entrance upon the duties of the Premiership was a signal for hostilities. Indeed, his effort to administer the government, under such circumstances, was regarded by Fox and North, and their adherents, as boyish and ridiculous. That he would be speedily routed and overthrown, it did not enter their minds for a moment to doubt.

When, as is usual in such cases, the motion was made for a new writ, ordering another election in the Borough represented by him, it was received with open merriment and ridicule. To understand his position truly, we must advert to the fact, that it is a fundamental maxim of the English constitution, that the King is the source of all political power, and that, in theory, the country is not governed by Parliament, but by the KING, with the consent and advice of Parliament. It is not, therefore, for Parliament to originate measures, so as to consent or advise in regard to that which the KING proposes. But there is also another maxim, that the KING can do no wrong; and when he proposes measures which are offensive to the majority, they are attributed to the bad advice of his counsellors. The KING's ministers, therefore, so far as duty and responsibility are implied by the office of KING, stand between him and Parliament. They are expected to propose such measures as may be expedient for the government of the realm: if they

fail to obtain a majority of the Commons for any important ministerial measure, they are expected to resign. It signifies that their policy is no longer satisfactory to the nation, and that the King should be surrounded by different advisers. What, then, was the situation of Mr. Pitt, who commenced his administration with a majority against him, and under circumstances where every test-vote, interpreted by ordinary rules, was a command to retire from office! But it was also the undoubted prerogative of the King to appoint his own ministers, and if the Commons, without fault on the part of ministers thus appointed, could expel them from office, it would be a practical denial of the King's right to appoint his ministers, and an assumption on the part of the Commons, to appoint them for him. Here, then, was a practical test of the King's right to select his ministers. The coalition had attempted to fasten upon the King a minister who was privately and publicly odious to him. That minister had attempted to carry an important and favorite measure, and had failed to obtain a majority of the Lords; upon which the King had ejected him from office. Shall the House of Commons compel the King to take back that minister, or may the King appoint another, with whom he is better pleased? Undoubtedly, Mr. Pitt was legally right in defending the prerogative, and in claiming to be fairly tried upon the merits of the measures he should propose. But his situation, right enough in theory, was, practically speaking, extremely awkward. The reasons avowed by him for consenting to be placed in such an attitude, and for his determination to stand or fall, as the verdict of the nation should be on the propriety of his resolution, have been alluded to. It is not too much to say, that the parliamentary tact and high eloquence of Fox were never more conspicuous than in his efforts to compel the new ministry to retire. He persuaded, he ridiculed, he denounced, he thundered. He obtained votes of disapprobation, want of confidence, and of condemnation. He obtained parliamentary addresses to the King against the new ministry, delayed the supplies, and hurled every conceivable weapon known to that species of parliamentary warfare. The position of Pitt was extremely critical. The King was anxious to dissolve Parliament and order a new election, hoping for a result favorable to the ministry. Mr. Pitt said, No! The majority against him was too large to be reversed by a new election at that time, and the change of a few votes would be attended by no important consequences. He would fight it out. The King said, if he could not be sustained, he would abandon the kingdom.

Mr. Pitt had some striking advantages. He had already made himself known as a man of probity and talent. He had evinced an independent and honorable spirit, connected with a genius for the management of affairs. He had begun to gain the affections of Englishmen, and they would naturally gather about a young and ingenuous minister, who had enlisted their pride, and had gallantly placed himself in peril, in order to rescue the King from an odious alliance. Mr. Fox and his friends, in making this warfare, were placed in the attitude of condemning an administration without trial, and of making general charges without proof. They committed the mistake of taking victory for granted, and unnecessarily exposed themselves to animadversion. They

sometimes refused to the new minister the ordinary courtesy due to his station. They allowed themselves to make charges which nobody believed. They became over-heated, and threw out ill-advised assertions; and denied to the crown rights which few Englishmen would choose to withhold.

In fact, they imprudently pushed beyond the line of their constitutional defences. Pitt stood on the defensive, and said: 'You have tried to administer the government, have failed, and have been obliged to retire from office. The King has a right to select his ministers, and has required my services. Try me, and then judge.' This was his attitude. He allowed no provocation to disturb his balance: he made no single mis-step, nor did he utter an imprudent word. But his side of the battle was not conducted in a way to leave the other party at rest. He continually broke their lines, and carried off prisoners. He seized every advantage offered by their imprudence. He threw bombs into their camp, and harassed them with unexpected manœuvres. They were not invulnerable, and he poured upon them strains of eloquence, among the loftiest and noblest ever uttered in the British Parliament. The voice of the people began to respond to his voice. He was flooded with addresses and popular demonstrations. The majority against him, even in the House of Commons, grew smaller. This great battle was carried on from January to March, and the majority against him run down during fourteen divisions, from fifty-four to one; and by this time, the voice of England, outside of Parliament, was clearly for Pitt. This is the point of his career, the crisis of which was chosen for introducing him to the reader in the opening chapter. That description, however, must be understood rather as an attempt to group and concentrate the spirit of the whole contest upon a single point of time, than as a literally accurate description, applicable, in all its parts, to any one particular scene.

The leaders of the coalition acknowledged his triumph, and ceased to oppose his measures. This was *his* time for dissolving Parliament. It was accordingly dissolved, and a new election ordered. In this election, so many contests terminated in favor of his friends, that upward of one hundred and sixty persons who had voted against him in the former Parliament, did not obtain seats in the new one. Pitt himself was elected to represent the University of Cambridge, where he had been defeated the first time he was a candidate. This tremendous and decisive struggle placed him in undisturbed supremacy and rendered his position impregnable. Mr. GIBBON, the historian, declared that, 'In all his researches in ancient and modern history, he had nowhere met with his parallel, who, at so young a period of life, had so important a trust reposed in him, which he had discharged with so much credit to himself, and with so much advantage to the kingdom.'

The King wrote to Pitt: 'I shall ever with pleasure consider, that by the prudence as well as the rectitude of one person in the House of Commons this great change has been effected, and that he will ever be able to reflect with satisfaction that in having supported me he has saved the Constitution, the most perfect of human formation.'

T H E Y E A R .

WE glide through life, to Time's swift journey blind,
Wrapt in the present or the future day;
When, suddenly, we cast a glance behind,
And lo! behold, a year has passed away!

A year? — ah, *more!* Who is there ever knew
A long, long year to pass away alone?
Ask parents, children, friends — a mourning few —
And *they* will tell you who beside have gone.

A mighty crowd the YEAR takes in its train!
Princes and peasants, rich, poor, high and low;
Faces the world will never see again;
And all are gone where all have yet to go.

Spring, Summer, Autumn — Winter, too — have sped
Away with TIME; yet will he them restore,
In his due course; but those who with them fled,
And made them joyous, shall return no more.

We lift our hands, and cry: 'This time, last year!'
And wonder at the changes each can name;
Alas! alas! there's naught unchanging here,
And this time *next* year some must say the same.

'This time *last* year!' — what a wide gulf there seems,
Within the mind, to lie 'twixt now and then!
What thoughts, what passions, feelings, actions, dreams!
All past for ever! — ne'er to come again!

Who, *who* is there, whom this returning day
Finds as it left him but a year ago?
Who hath not bowed him 'neath TIME's mighty sway,
Nor grieved o'er joys that he no more may know?

Perchance he strayed in some far-distant land,
Where Nature spread around a different scene;
With loved ones, haply, formed a social band,
Now, far away — oh! many a mile between!

Perhaps capricious Fortune may have smiled,
And strown her fairest favors in his way;
While now, caressing some more favored child,
She leaves him to rude poverty a prey.

Perhaps — but why the doleful strain prolong? —
Fain from my soul all sadness would I cast,
And carol blithely forth a joyous song;
But *who* shall carol blithely of the PAST?

Love, friendship — all the sacred ties that bind
Poor human hearts and hands in union dear,
A long, eternal resting-place may find
Within that mighty sepulchre — 'LAST YEAR!'

P U N I S H M E N T I S A S C I E N C E .

BY RALPH ROANOKE.

PUNISHMENT, like many other subjects which have occupied the minds of philosophers and philanthropists, is not yet thoroughly understood. It is true that intelligent minds have long since determined the province of punishment to be the protection of society and the reformation of the culprit; and to these ends a large share of attention has been awakened. But it has never been regarded as a science, capable of being applied to the training of children with mathematical precision and accuracy. In the present progressive age, when the training and education of children are occupying so much more attention than formerly — when mothers have become aware of their larger influence over the tender minds of their offspring, and are aroused to a proper sense of their great responsibility — any thoughts on the question of punishment cannot fail to arrest attention.

What mother has not spent sleepless nights, almost despairing over her inability to impress upon the mind of some devoted child those principles which can alone secure happiness? How often has the painful thought arisen in her mind, 'Can I ever secure my child's obedience? To be constantly inflicting punishment upon this darling son, will break down every noble impulse of his nature. To let him go on in the indulgence of his selfish propensities, is risking not only his present but also his eternal welfare. Would to God I knew better how to discharge my duty under this fearful responsibility!'

The propensity to extremes, which has, in all ages, pervaded the human breast, but increases the difficulty. In one system of training we find a strictness of monotonous discipline enforced, irrespective of temperament, almost amounting to absolute tyranny. In another system we observe a degree of license allowed amounting to a total abandonment of all parental supervision. Here the mathematical idea of a just medium comes in, and *theoretically* solves the difficulty. But how shall the just medium be ascertained? Certainly not by adopting any fixed rules or uniform punishment for each and every child. The fallacy of this system must be readily acknowledged by recalling the various dispositions of children. How often are brothers entirely different in disposition! One is gentle and sensitive, with large veneration; the other is impulsive and selfish, with small veneration. The motives of action of two such dissimilar temperaments must be as wide asunder as the poles. In the one case, any resort to force would be unwise; and in the other, could scarcely be dispensed with. The difficulties of training are greatly increased by the natural tendency of the boy with small veneration to be constantly contrasting his treatment with that of his more gentle brother. His selfishness overshadows his sense of justice, and the moral force of parental love is weakened in the constantly-recurring doubts of its existence.

That a correct system is within the reach of every parent, can be satisfactorily shown in every reader's experience. My grandfather was one of the kindest and best parents in the world. His children grew up not only to love and obey him, but to idolize him. He taught obedience by one lesson, and rarely had to punish any child more than once. He never inflicted a punishment when his child was nerved for the consequences of a misdemeanor, or when he was himself under the influence of passion. He preserved his own self-command, and thoroughly understood *when* and *how* to take each disposition; and these were the secrets of his success, as they must be of every parent who will test them. He taught me a lesson which I shall never forget. It was practical and effectual, and I give it as an illustration in point.

The plantations of my grandfather and uncle were separated by a lane running between them, which served as a public road. Their respective houses were situated about a half a mile back from this road, so that it was a half-way place where my cousins and I often met on Saturdays and holidays, to join in the various games and exercises of the day. My grandfather never refused a child's request unless there was some particular reason against it. But it was always necessary to obtain his permission in any new proposition where his pleasure had not been expressed. On a certain bright morning, I glided softly into the room where he was reading, and asked his permission to join my cousins, which he gave without a moment's hesitation. Off I bounded with a light heart, for the game of ball, which we generally played, was my delight. We soon arranged our partners, and were in the full tide of enjoyment, when a servant came running after me with the following message :

'Massa Ralph, your grandpa wants you 'mediately.'

'Wants me? It can't be possible. I just now asked his consent, and he gave it cheerfully. Go away, Sol : that message of yours is all gammon!'

'I tell you him do want you! And what's more, it's my private 'pinion you's better trot along fast as your two legs can toat you.'

'Sol, I 've a mind not to go one step.'

'Look here, child, you knows jes as well as I does dat old Massa do n't talk no nonsens; what he say come mighty easy, but him don't used to take any no's for answers when him 'spects yeses: you better b'lieve dis niggas'

'Now, Sol, remember, if I find you have deceived me, I'll never read another hymn over and over for you to learn by heart as long as I live.'

To this unworthy doubt the indignant Solomon disdained a reply; but as I walked away, the following soliloquy was borne upon the treacherous winds :

'Well, 'pon my word, now, dat boy know I never done told him an untruff in all my life; but for all dat, dere do n't seem to be no way to make white folks' children b'lieve nothin' what ain't 'greeable.'

Reader, judge of my surprise and mortification. What could my grandfather want? The boys were half inclined to laugh at my chagrin, but there was no help for it; go I must; and they were in for it, too, for the game had to wait. I promised to hurry back; and off I went,

striving to recollect whether I had done any thing wrong. I could not remember any infraction of any known wish or law ; and the mystery as to why he sent for me was inexplicable. On reaching the house, in I rushed, and there I found him sitting quietly reading in the same chair in which I had left him. I approached him with such a woe-be-gone countenance as would have almost provoked a smile from a stoic, and thus accosted him :

‘Grandpa, did you want me?’

To which he replied with the most perfect good-humor :

‘Yes, child, I sent for you to shut the door you left open.’

The cause was explained. I had hurried out in my selfishness and left him to shut the door after me ; and he had waited patiently until I was fairly engaged in play to send for me, that the lesson might make a more lasting impression. It did make an indelible impression ; and all I regret is, that all my bad habits had not been cured in the same practical manner.

I have said that punishment is a science. To be taught efficiently, the world must resolve itself into a large school-house, and the whole subject commenced *de novo*, and sifted to the bottom. It is not the work of a day, a month, or a year, but of a century. It is a Herculean task, but it can be accomplished. There must be an end to the criminal farce — I should rather say tragedy — which is daily being enacted in the marriage of boys and girls totally ignorant of the high duties and holy responsibilities of married life. There must be a just appreciation of the married relation, a thorough knowledge of each other, and a full and entire moral, mental, and physical sympathy. The children of such parents will have the elements of happiness in an eminent degree ; and the watchful care of well-trained and appreciative parents will develop a generation which will ultimately realize the highest earthly progress.

‘GOOD-NIGHT, MY FRIENDS, GOOD-NIGHT!’ A SONG

THE moon across the river throws
A fairy bridge of light ;
I’ve willing waited till she rose :
Good-night, my friends, good-night !
The hour is here, and I must go ;
To-morrow’s sun will view
Me far from yonder river’s flow,
And far, my friends, from you.

Thoughts of my future, drear and dark,
Move me not thus to tears ;
Though billows wild o’erwhelm their bark,
The reckless feel no fears.
Not life’s fierce battle, or its din
Could thus my spirits ban ;
This heart, though tender, beats within
The bosom of a MAN.

It is to give the parting hand,
To breathe the word, Adieu !
And feel that in the spirit-land
I next may greet with you
As oft as LUNA’s beams you see
Stream o’er yon waters bright,
Then with a prayer remember me :
Good-night ! my friends — good-night !

T H E H A U N T E D C H A M B E R .

BY JENNY MARSH.

My heart is a haunted chamber,
With cold and dreary walls,
And tapestry dim and faded,
Where sun-shine never falls.
' And athwart the gloomy casement
The cypress-branches sweep;
The dirge the wind there moaneth
Is ever wild and deep.

Strange are the spectres that glimmer
And dance across the floor;
Strange as the elfs in legends
We read in days of yore.
But oftenest Memory cometh
Leading her gentle train;
The sound of their meeting seemeth
Like falling of the rain:

And around an altar sable,
Laden with fair flowers dead,
Calmly that sisterhood gather,
And meekly bow the head.
The walls of the chamber murmur:
'The flowers that load that bier
Would have lived in brighter bowers;
Why did ye leave them here?'

Then in tears HOPE sadly speaketh,
With buds clasped to her breast:
'These I found in childhood's roamings;
They were purest and the best.
Then this chamber was not dreary;
Sun-beams rested on the wall;
And an altar of rare brightness
Received my buds—my all.

'But as years stole on, the casement
Was darkly clouded o'er,
And the walls grew dark and dingy,
And sun-beams knew no more.
Then my cherished rose-buds faded,
And left me here to weep;
Now their leaves I garner sadly,
For Memory to keep.'

Then LOVE, with brow of sadness,
Brings from beneath her vest
A lily's leaves all withered,
And lays it with the rest.
The sisters bind, while weeping,
Chaplets on Memory's brow,
And each torn and blighted leaflet
They press with an earnest vow.

Then a strange and fearful brightness
 Flits o'er the dreary walls ;
 And tapestry, dim and faded,
 Where sun-shine never falls :
 And thus through the haunted chamber
 Strange visions come and go,
 While the cypress sweeps the casement
 With moanings wild and low !

Rochester, N. Y.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL AND CHARACTER !

LA SEVILLANA.

PART SECOND.

'DEATH lies on her, like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
 Accursed time ! unfortunate old man !'

'T WAS the great feast of Santa Rosalia, and all Palermo, drunk with excitement, had flocked to the *strada* Toledo ; for the hour was fast approaching when, according to annual custom, the stately car, surmounted by a colossal statue of their patron saint, would be drawn through the entire length of the city, and deposited for the night in the centre of the palace square. On the *marina*, two fishermen, engaged in earnest conversation, were leaning against a boat, lying bottom upward on the beach, and near them a solitary sentry paced his weary watch, casting, from time to time, a wistful glance toward the *Porta Felice*, over which could be seen the gilded image of the Holy Maiden, bearing in her right hand, high above the loftiest houses, the sacred emblem of the crucifixion, while the prolonged shouts of the giddy populace announced that the car was about starting. An American frigate lay at anchor in the harbor, and one of her boats, crowded with officers, was within a cable's length of the *mole*. Suddenly the elder of the fishermen, throwing off his picturesque garb, displayed underneath the neat uniform of a sergeant of Spanish Foot. At this strange transformation, his companion, becoming pale as death, uttered a wild shriek of terror, and, hurriedly making the sign of the cross, turned to flee ; but ere he had gone ten steps, the dagger of the Spaniard had drank his heart's blood, and he fell lifeless on the sand. The sentinel immediately gave the alarm, and a score of soldiers, issuing from the guard-house close by, quickly surrounded the assassin who, without a thought of escape, stood sternly gazing on the rigid features of the dead. Then forming into square, and placing their prisoner in their midst, the squad marched briskly off with fixed bayonets, taking the direction of the *Castillo d'oro*. At this instant, the eye of the Spaniard met the scrutinizing gaze of one of the Americans who had just landed, and with an effort which seemed almost superhuman, he broke through the serried ranks of his captors, and prostrated himself at his feet.

' 'Señor mio !'

‘ ‘My poor Pedro!’ cried the two, simultaneously.

‘ ‘Sir,’ said the lieutenant of the guard, stepping up to the American and courteously saluting him, ‘it seems you are acquainted with this unfortunate man!’

‘ ‘He is, or was the servant of one very dear to me,’ replied the latter, much agitated.

‘ ‘Then I much regret that duty compels me to carry him forthwith to prison; but if you would like to confer with him there, Sir, and will accompany me, I will see that you have a permit to do so.’

‘The guard now moved on with their prisoner, preserving the same order as before, while Harry Burton (for it was he) accompanied by his quondam school-mate, walked by the side of the friendly lieutenant. Upon our arrival at the prison, the Sicilian was as good as his word, and Harry and I were left alone with the criminal in the keeper’s room.

‘ ‘Pedro,’ said Burton, sorrowfully, forgetful, for the moment, of the subject nearest his heart, in his anxiety and compassion for the aged soldier, ‘is it thus we meet?’

‘ ‘Why look you here, Master Harry,’ answered old Pedro, drawing his trembling hand through his hoary locks, and wiping off the perspiration which stood in large drops upon his wrinkled brow, ‘the body which lies stark and stiff upon yon beach, is that of Diego Furtado, the vile servant of the vile Don Fernandez de Lema. I had long followed him with the intention of slaying him, and I do not now repent the deed; and yet, damned villain as he was! I would fain have killed him in open fight, for I am an old campaigner, Master Harry, and have fought on many a bloody field, and I like not this stabbing a man in cold blood, for there seems something cowardly in it; but after all, what would you have?’ said the veteran, musingly, as if communing with himself; ‘I had heard him describe to my very face (thinking all the while he was talking to a scoundrel like himself) the manner in which he seduced my grand-daughter, and murdered her father, my only child, the prop of my declining years; ay, all this I had heard, and I had borne it all, too, almost, yes, *almost* patiently,’ added the poor old man, after hesitating a moment; ‘but when he boasted of having, at his master’s instigation, forged the letter which caused my lady’s sudden death, and sent her daughter, the *General’s own flesh and blood*, to a mad-house, why *that*, you see, was too much; and I struck him where he stood.’

‘ ‘And she, the daughter Maria!’ cried Burton, in a state of frenzy, ‘tell me that she still lives, and I will bless thee, old man, with my latest breath. She is not dead; oh! no, you *could* not let her die!’

‘ ‘Alas!’ sobbed the faithful soldier, ‘she lives, indeed, but it were a mercy she were dead! For nearly a year my sweet young mistress has been an inmate of the insane asylum at this place!’

‘Harry waited to hear no more. Rushing madly from the room, he threw himself into a carriage at the castle-gate.

‘ ‘To the insane asylum!’ cried I, getting in after him, and drawing up the blinds.

‘When we arrived at the asylum, which stands a little removed from the city, I explained, as briefly as possible, to the attendant-physician, a man advanced in years, and of a most benevolent expression of countenance, the object of our visit.

‘ ‘ Well, Sir,’ said he, after a few minutes’ reflection, ‘ I cannot see that any harm can result from your friend’s having an interview with the poor young girl, and it may possibly be productive of good. I say possibly, not probably, mark you, my dear Sir ; for, to speak frankly with you, I would not have you be too sanguine. My own opinion is that her madness will end only with her life.’

‘ Then kindly laying his hand on Burton’s shoulder :

‘ ‘ My young friend,’ said he, ‘ you must endeavor to control your feelings. Remember her life, ay, more, her reason, may depend upon your firmness.’

‘ ‘ Doctor,’ Burton calmly replied, ‘ happen what may, I am prepared to abide the issue.’

‘ I looked at him in astonishment. His voice betrayed no sign of emotion ; and his features were as unmoved as those of a statue. Then, for the first time, I beheld the fearful calmness of despair ! The doctor now led the way to the *cortile*, or court-yard, where was a crowd of lunatics of all ages, and of both sexes. Here crouched a miser, carefully hoarding a number of small yellow pebbles, which he had selected from the gravel at his feet ; there, a woman, crazed with vanity, sate combing her long locks, and making a thousand grimaces before a broken mirror, her inseparable companion ; near us, telling her beads, and breathing a prayer to the Virgin, knelt a nun, a religious enthusiast, her pale face illumined with a sweet smile, and her dark eyes beaming with celestial light, as they rested on a copy of Raphael’s Madonna ; and, by her side, loaded with chains, writhed the victim of remorse, foaming at the mouth, and tearing his own flesh in his agony. Traversing the court, we came to a suite of apartments exclusively appropriated to females, and furnished with all that could tend to alleviate the sufferings of their unhappy occupants. In the farther corner of one of these lay Maria, nervously clutching a fragment of a letter, which she held in her right hand.

‘ ‘ *Madre mia, madre mia, Enrique no viene !* ’ she sighed.

‘ Dearest Maria,’ said Harry, softly approaching her bed, and kneeling by her side, ‘ I have been long absent, it is true, but the wanderer has returned at last ; behold him at your feet ! ’

‘ At the sound of this well-remembered voice, the maniac, with a look of surprise and doubt, sprang bolt upright, and parting her hair from her pale forehead with her transparent fingers, gazed steadfastly and searchingly at him for the space of a minute.

‘ ‘ Enrique ! Enrique ! ’ then she shrieked, and fell back senseless on the couch.

‘ ‘ Truly THY ways are inscrutable, and THY mercy endureth for ever, O God ! ’ exclaimed the doctor, reverently uncovering his head. ‘ She is saved, Mr. Burton ; God has been pleased, in His infinite mercy, to heal her infirmity.’

‘ The event justified the prediction. For two days Maria lay ill of a fever. On the morning of the third, however, the fever broke, and she sank into a refreshing slumber, upon awaking from which she immediately recognized Burton, although it was evident from her words that she fancied herself still in the cottage at Madeira.

‘ ‘O Harry!’ said she, ‘I have been very ill, have I not? I have had such fearful dreams! I thought we were separated, and — but what has become of mother, that I do not see her here?’ she asked, abruptly? ‘surely she is not sick, Harry?’

‘ ‘No, dearest,’ Burton calmly replied; ‘but she is lying down, and I do not like to awake her.’

‘ ‘Oh no, Harry, let her rest — poor, dear mother! And I will sleep again, too, dearest, I am so very, very tired.’

‘She did so; and when she again awoke, her senses were entirely restored. She was now removed, with the doctor’s consent, to the house of our Consul, where she soon recovered her health, but not her spirits. The gayety of her young days had fled for ever; and it was apparent to me that her nervous system had received a shock from which it could never wholly recover. She ever seemed composed, and even cheerful, while Harry was by her side; but let him be absent from her but for a moment, and she grew nervous and agitated, while her face became clouded with a shade of such deep, deep melancholy as was painful to look upon.

‘The good Pedro, who, through the intercession of the captain of our frigate, had received a full pardon from the viceroy, was now at the feet of his young mistress, whom he vowed never to lose sight of more. In fact, his devotion to her bordered on idolatry; and he was even heard to swear, in the height of his madness on this point, that, by all he held sacred, by *the memory of the good General himself*, he preferred for his resting-place at night the hardest plank outside of Donna Maria’s door, with his watch-coat for a pillow, to the most luxurious couch that had ever been seen in the palace of the Alhambra.

‘A month had sped; and the lovers began to talk of their approaching nuptials.

‘ ‘Henry, you forget,’ said Maria, ‘that I must first get the consent of His Holiness to our marriage. Would to God you were a Catholic, dearest, for I sometimes fear it is a great wickedness in me thus to adore a heretic!’

‘ ‘You may dismiss your fears, then, *vida mia*,’ Burton gravely responded. ‘I have long been impressed with the divine truths of your beautiful religion; long felt, to use the sublime language of Vinet, that ‘every worldling carries within him the germ of despair; every life without God, is equivalent to a suicide,’ and’ —

‘ ‘Now, praised be the Virgin!’ interrupted the maiden, throwing herself on his bosom, ‘this is happiness indeed! And now, dearest,’ she resumed, breaking a silence which had lasted some minutes, ‘let us touch upon a subject which we have forborne to mention hitherto, but which, nevertheless, painful as it is to us both, we will now speak of for the first and last time. I mean the causes which led to my hasty departure from Madeira, and my subsequent life until a merciful PROVIDENCE reünited us here. And first look carefully at this.’

‘Burton took the torn and crumpled paper which she handed to him, and gazed at it, scarce able to believe the evidence of his own senses.

‘ ‘God of heaven!’ he exclaimed, ‘can such villainy exist upon the earth!’

‘ Every word, every letter of it seemed his own. It read thus :

‘ ‘ MARIA, how shall I break to you the fearful fact that I am a married man ? The mail-steamer, which has this instant arrived, has brought me intelligence of the existence of a wife, whom I had long supposed dead. Farther explanations would be useless now. May God have mercy on us both !
HARRY.’

‘ ‘ This was handed to me about an hour after you left, immediately upon the distribution of the English mail,’ continued Maria, ‘ and the next morning mother and I left for Cadiz. We changed our place of residence frequently in Spain, and finally came to this city in the vain hope that the climate of Sicily would be beneficial to my mother’s health. We had been here but a few weeks, when, one morning, as we were going to early mass, Fernandez de Lema presented himself before us, and, in the most extravagant language, began to declare his love for me. ‘ Away ! murderer of my father ! ’ I cried. ‘ Your every lineament is hateful to me ! ’ His lip quivered, and his cheek blanched as I spoke, but still he had the audacity to continue his suit.

‘ ‘ ‘ Rochefoucauld has said, dear cousin,’ he continued, throwing himself at my feet, ‘ that a woman will pardon any faults her beauty has caused.’ Know, then, that your beauty has occasioned all my crimes. I made the accusation against your father, it is true ; but I did so not to injure him, but in the hope that his property would be thereby confiscated to the Crown, and that then, for his and your mother’s sake, you would consent to share my ample fortune. Cousin, forgive me and be mine ! ’

‘ ‘ As he thus spake, my loathing for him became so great, Harry, that I spurned him with my foot. Livid with rage, he rose, and, losing all command of himself :

‘ ‘ ‘ Proud little fool ! ’ he shrieked, rather than spoke ; ‘ I caused the death of your father, it is true, but you do not yet know half. The letter which you dropped during your ride to the *Corsal*, I, *your guide*, picked up ; the one you received, my servant, at my command, forged. Your love lies buried in the middle of the Atlantic ocean ; he died of a broken heart. And now I have had my revenge.’

‘ ‘ That night my mother died, and then I lost my reason. You know the rest.’

‘ And now the priest had pronounced the nuptial-benediction, and Burton and Maria were united never more to part on earth. They proceeded immediately to Seville, (whither old Pedro and I accompanied them,) and took up their abode in the house which Maria had inherited from her father—an old castellated mansion, built some centuries before, which had witnessed her parents’ marriage and her own birth. And none could be happier in their married life than they were. Their former trials had but served to endear them the more to each other, and, strong in their mutual love, they endeavored in their happy Present to forget the unhappiness of the Past. They had served, too, to endue them with a lively sympathy for suffering humanity ; and every morning, after matins, Maria and her husband set forth for the hospital of charity, attended ever by old Pedro, carrying in his hand a small basket filled with cordials and healing-ointments for the sick ; and each evening, at the sound of the vesper-bell, they stood beside their gate, admin-

istering alms to the needy, and consolation to the distressed ; and many and fervent were the prayers which nightly went up from the poor man's roof for the welfare of the generous American and his lovely wife. But 'those whom the gods love, die young,' and, despite her husband's jealous care, Maria's step was fast losing its elasticity, and her cheek its bloom. Soon she was 'missed in her accustomed walks,' and ere many days had fled, the Cathedral-bells, *tolling for the dying*, announced to the poor of Seville that the soul of their patroness was about taking its flight for a better world. And now the last sad rites had been administered, and Maria's dissolution was at hand.

'Come nearer, Harry ; place your arms about me, and kiss me ere I die. There — I am very happy now.'

'And so, as a wearied infant falleth asleep upon its mother's breast, Maria, with her head resting on Harry's bosom, and her eyes fixed on the crucifix at the foot of the bed, breathed her last. She was buried in the beautiful *Campo Santo*, on the banks of the Guadalquivir ; and many a tear was shed, and many a rare bouquet laid gently upon the coffin of the dark-eyed Sevillana, as her body was lowered to the grave.

'The evening after the funeral, Burton said to me, abruptly :

'I leave to-morrow for Italy. Don Fernandez de Lema is one of the officers of General Cordoba's army, lately disembarked at Gaeta. You will accompany me, of course.'

'Without speaking, I pressed his burning hand in mine. His face wore the same terrible expression of calmness and determination which I had noticed in the mad-house of Palermo.

'Now,' said he, quietly, leading the way to the street as he spoke, 'let us take our farewell of Seville for a season.'

'He paused a moment, and gazed earnestly through the *reja* of a house fronting the *Giralda*, while his lips moved as if in prayer ; then, crossing the *plaza* to the Cathedral, he lingered some time by the 'door of pardon,' and finally moved on toward the *Campo Santo*.

'Stay here, William ; I will return presently.'

'And I offered not to accompany him, for I knew he was going to the grave 'to weep there.' As we passed through the *pasco de las delicias* on our way homeward, Burton tarried near the pillar of Hercules. It was a lovely evening in May.

'On just such a night as this, on this very spot, I struck that villain, de Lema,' said he, thoughtfully.

'And on this same spot, just five years afterward, he returns the blow,' said a low, stern voice at my elbow.

'Turning, I beheld a dagger gleaming in the moon-light : the next instant it was buried to the hilt in Harry's breast.

'My God, I thank thee ! Maria, I come !' he faltered, as he fell on his face to the earth.

'Thus died Harry Burton, in the flower of his youth, by the hands of a vile assassin !

'And each afternoon, for many, many months, a gray-haired soldier, feeble and old, but bowed more by grief than age, was seen slowly walking along the banks of the Guadalquivir. He spake to none, nor even raised his eyes from the earth ; and even the priest's frown relaxed,

while aged men uncovered, and grave matrons and thoughtless maidens gave him their blessing as he passed ; and little children spake softly and low, as they pointed with their tiny fingers to Pedro's receding form ; and ever, as the dews of night began to fall, they huddled closer together, and whispered mournfully, one to the other, of the *loco* who kept watch by the tombs. But this could not continue long. One morn, I found him kneeling between *the two graves*, in an attitude of supplication, his arms crossed on his breast, and his eyes turned upward to the skies. I knelt beside him, and, laying my hand on his, whispered softly in his ear. But he heeded me not ; the spirit of the good old man had departed.

'And Harry sleeps in a foreign land ; but he rests well, for we laid him by Maria's side. A single slab serves to cover the two, bearing simply the words '*paciencia y esperanza*.' But Pedro boasts a statelier tomb. Near the gate of San Diego, on the right as you enter the Campo Santo, stands a proud monument, erected by the regiment of Seville, to commemorate the virtues of an old soldier. Upon it, engraved in letters of brass, is the inscription :

' '*Pedro, el Bueno,
Fiel has ta la muerte.*' '

'And the infamous Don Fernandez ?' cried I.

'Died by his own hands in the common jail at Madrid.'

'And you, my poor brother ! how much you must have suffered during these sad scenes !'

'The Lieutenant laid his head upon his sister's bosom, and again covered his face with his hands. He spoke not, but his tears were more eloquent than words.'

F. A. P., U. S. N.

THE DEAD.

The dead alone are great !
While heavenly plants abide on earth,
The soil is one of dewless dearth ;
But when they die, a mourning shower
Comes down, and makes their memories flower
With odors sweet, though late.

The dead alone are fair !
While they are with us, strange lines play
Before our eyes, and chase away
God's light ; but let them pale and die,
And swell the stores of Memory —
There is no envy there.

The dead alone are dear !
While they are here, long shadows fall
From our own forms, and darken all :
But when they leave us, all the shade
Is round our own sad footsteps made,
And they are bright and clear.

The dead alone are blest !
While they are here, clouds mar the day,
And bitter snow-falls nip their May ;
But when the tempest-time is done,
The light and heat of HEAVEN'S own sun
Broods on their land of rest.

HENRY ALFORD.

'HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!'

BY I. J. BATES.

I.

How are the mighty fallen!
Fallen! fallen! fallen!
Fallen for evermore,
But not to dim obscure;
Fallen, so burst they forth
Unto the perfect day;
So fall the sun's first beams
After supreme eclipse:
'Tis but the curtain falls —
The curtain to their scene
Of honorable deeds —
Fullness accomplished of supernal mind!

II.

How wonderful is death!
Inexplicable change
Of principle unchanged!
Existence unexist!
How more than wonderful!
Majestic calmness throned
Upon that awful brow;
Eternal silence set
Where erst the thunder slept;
Where erst the lightning played,
The glory hath burnt out.

III.

As one who from a pit
Looks upward to the sky,
So we, from depth profound
Of universal woe,
Behold the stars at noon,
And reverently bow
Beneath thy shadowing wings,
Inevitable Fate! —
Whose darkness hath revealed
The glory of that light
Lost, for a moment, in the glare of day.

IV.

Not to the Past, O heart!
Not to the withered leaves
Beneath the tree of life,
But to the future, turn,
Whose springing buds are green,
And murmuring to the wind —
The balmy wind of hope:
Bright, through the top-most bough,
Serenely beautiful,
In awful splendor burns
The newly-risen Star!

LETTERS FROM POPLAR HILL.

LETTER THIRD.

Poplar Hill, August, 18—

DEAR EMILY : I am sitting alone in father's room, watching his uneasy slumbers. Mother and Elsie have just started for Judge Howard's; and Margaret has left me to gather some flowers, which I shall send you with this. Father was taken very ill last night; his foot had troubled him all day, and probably the nervous excitement induced by the pain affected his whole system. Mother did not express much sympathy for him; and as she showed no positive ugliness, I am inclined to believe that she has become so accustomed to his occasional distressed turns that she does not feel them as I do. We all know if we habitually gaze on misery, our sensibilities become blunted; yet if those we love are afflicted, our sympathies should be cultivated as much as the mind or manners, and the frequency of pain only call forth in us renewed efforts of support and cheer. Father does not remark mother's indifference, but he was pleased when I came in to sit by him, and soon fell asleep.

This morning I heard mother say that the maid was so much occupied every morning that the parlor was never in order until mid-day. So with the double motive of pleasing her, and brightening the dull drawing-room, I offered to arrange and dust it every morning. She was pleased, and was gracious enough to give me a lecture on household affairs. Now, then, I have one definite duty at home, and although comparatively so insignificant a one, I shall render it important by prompt attention and taste. Yesterday, while unpacking my books I saw your brother Harold ride past. I watched for his return, that I might send you a message, but he did not come back this way. I do not know that I could have summoned courage to stop him, he looked so stern and grave. He is like you, Emily, in manner at least, so calm, dignified, and reserved. Were his eyes less searching, and his voice less peremptory, he would resemble you still more.

Mother expects some friends of hers from Albany to-morrow, and I may be occupied at home for several days. A maiden sister and her niece are coming; I cannot tell how long they will remain. The west room has undergone a thorough cleaning for their accommodation, and there have been sundry preparations in the culinary department, which have made themselves manifest in unmistakable savory odors. I hope I shall not be very much engaged with these visitors, for I have become quite settled, and have made the resolution to continue my reading and studies. I spent nearly the whole morning in the garret, looking over a great trunk of old books. They had not been touched for years; some were mouldy, and all were covered with dust. I found a fine translation of Schiller's Lay of the Bell, in an old English magazine. Four lines of it described our motherless condition so forcibly that they brought tears :

'How oft they miss that tender guide,
The care, the watch, the face, the mother;
And where she sat the babes beside,
Sits, with unloving looks, another.'

Oh! did the German poet ever feel that want, that sympathy, that love! How true it is, when we sympathize with an author, all differences of language are overleaped, and we seem brothers in habit, in nation, in clime. I found several school-books of brother Henry's, with his name written in the front, with bold flourishes, by my father, and great ships, with flaunting sails all over the fly-leaves, pencilled by a younger hand.

One had our joint names on the cover; and as I turned over the dog-eared leaves, every page brought those happy school-days back to me. What a mountain that little dictionary was to him then; and with what hearty disgust he would fling it to the opposite wall, and expend his indolence and ire on the furniture around him! Poor fellow! how I long to see him! Father spoke of him yesterday with unabated censure, but he sighed heavily when he had finished speaking. If Henry could only come home now, I feel confident he would be forgiven. I am sure father's heart is subdued, and yearning to be reconciled. If I only knew where to direct a letter to Henry, I would write immediately. Agnes thinks he is in South America. So I can do nothing but wait, and that, oh! that is so very difficult to do!

I am so much disappointed to find that I cannot see Agnes oftener. The walk to Kilvale is too long for me to attempt often or to go alone; and now the horses are in the fields harvesting. The frequent rains have spoiled much of the hay; and father is hurrying to get the remainder under cover. My brother-in-law is entertaining several political friends at his house, and consequently sister's time is much occupied. She looks pale and care-worn, and, from some unknown cause, seems to feel much unspoken anxiety. She tells me they are going to New-York earlier than usual this year, intending to leave Kilvale by the first of October, and then I shall lose her society altogether.

EVENING.

I was interrupted this morning by mother's return, and I have been so much occupied since, that I could not complete this letter. But I am alone now, and must finish it. Mother did not find the Howards at home, and therefore returned somewhat ill-humored. She said two or three fashionable friends of Mrs. Howard's were visiting her, and she evidently desired to become acquainted with them. I acknowledge I was surprised that she did not ask me to accompany her, as I am the eldest at home; but it would have been hardly proper for me to have gone, as I am still in deep mourning. Perhaps she thought of this, and would not pain me by an allusion. After dinner, Margaret and I went to the garden with our books and drawing. The small grape-arbor in the lower garden is so completely shaded in the afternoon that I am enamored with the wild neglect of the place, its decayed frame-work and trailing vines. Maggie and I had a social time. She read to me, while I occupied myself with my drawing, until she became listless, and went to the orchard for fruit. I watched her as she ran in the clear

sun-shine over the soft grass, and beneath the tree-shadows. Oh! 't was a fair sight! But fairer than all was the beautiful child with her hair floating around her, and her little feet kissing the meadow-flowers. Dear girl, when I kissed but half an hour ago, 'her large musing eyes, neither joyous nor sorry,' I hoped I might imbibe some of her meekness and purity. The thought has often made me sad, that her young life should be so overshadowed, when mine basked in the sun-shine of an almost motherly love. Would that I might free thee, sweet one, or create one star in the cloud-heaven of thine existence!

I had been alone but a few moments, when I heard voices in the upper garden, and children's feet on the terrace. After little feet dashed past the arbor, elder voices drew near, and at length became perfectly distinct. One I recognized as my mother's, and in a confidential tone. If the means of escape had been open to me, I could not have availed myself of them, for the first sentence of her lips chained me to the spot.

'His health has failed very much of late; I cannot believe he will last long,' she said.

'One cannot tell,' replied a deep, manly voice, not at all familiar to me; 'one cannot tell; his disease is a very deceitful one.'

'At all events, the property is secured. I have paid his debts, and he has conveyed the estate to me.'

'But the children, how will they be provided for?'

'Bertha's aunt Mary left her a competence, and Agnes will take Margaret, I suppose. Mr. Ellicott is foolish not to insist on Bertha's living on her income; however he'll soon find that will be impossible.'

The steps receded, and the reply was too indistinct to be caught. The moments that elapsed seemed hours; the wild tumult in my breast bowed me to the very earth. When I lifted my head the day-light seemed dim; the waving breezes brought icy breezes to my brow; existence seemed an agony! I had no tears to shed; all of beauty, of brightness, of joy, had departed; 'every where the sun shone except upon my own cold forehead!' My home was the lurking-place of a fiend; and what must not parent and child bear in consequence? Would God suffer it? I pressed my hand on my eye-lids to shut out the consciousness of misery, and something whispered:

'Pray to Him!'

A step close at my side started me, and the inquiry in the same deep tones, 'Is this your drawing, young lady?' caused me to rise, and looking into the face above, I instantly recognized Judge Howard. I turned away and burst into uncontrollable tears.

He was polite enough to offer no consolation, but waited until my emotion was spent. I hated the man, but I admired the gentleness of his demeanor, for with affecting kindness he talked of the drawings, of my taste and abilities, not once alluding to my distress.

When I went into the house some time after, the visitors had gone. So I bathed my eyes and read to father until supper. I met mother at the tea-table. She was more than usually affable; and I was convinced she did not suspect me of overhearing the conversation. If my manner was changed, she did not perceive it; and my irritated feelings, in a

different atmosphere, soon became calm. I am calm now, very calm. I know all the hopelessness of my situation ; its worst aspects are before me. Yet I will not despair. Youth is strong and hopeful. I shall comfort my father, love and teach Margaret, be dutiful to my step-mother as long as I can. To-morrow the visitors will be here, but the day after I shall see you.

Good-bye. Believe me, until then. your own

BERTHA ELLICOTT.

H O P E S .

BY CHARLES LELAND PORTER.

I.

YE beautiful hopes of BOYHOOD,
Where have ye strayed away?
Gone, like the summer-shower,
Passed like the summer-day!
I see your bright eye glancing
By the brook and in the glen;
Ye beautiful hopes of BOYHOOD,
Come ye not back again?

II.

Ye beautiful hopes of MANHOOD,
Image of BOYHOOD's hour,
I feel your warm breath on me,
And oh! its thrilling power!
And I hear your angel foot-falls
In the breeze that fans me now;
And the touch of your gentle fingers
Is the coolness on my brow.

III.

All sun-light are your pinions,
All golden is your track;
And the silver of your whisper
Says, ye *are* coming back:
Here, take this crystal tear-drop,
From purest joy distilled;
O beautiful hopes of MANHOOD,
My fond heart ye have filled!

IV.

You 're singing your organ-anthem
In the chambers of my soul,
And the musical-waves come rolling
As waves of the ocean roll:
With snowy wings now folded,
On with the syren-song;
Ye beautiful hopes of MANHOOD,
Will ye not tarry long?

V I S I O N S O F H O M E .

I.

PRONE upon a bed of sickness
 Tossing there in feverish pain,
 Wondering oft, with childish weakness,
 If I e'er shall sleep again ;
 When my parching lips are longing
 For the cooling stream at home.
 FANCY springs, her pinions pluming,
 And mid childhood-scenes I roam !

II.

There I stand beneath the covering
 Of the cherry-trees in bloom,
 White as though an angel hovering
 Shook his wings and dropped perfume :
 Cooling breezes waft the incense,
 To each sense intoxicate ;
 Joyous birds in sweet concordance
 Warble mid the boughs elate.

III.

Undulating hills and valleys
 Rise and fall on every side ;
 There the brook its forces rallies ;
 Leaping, laughing, on they glide ;
 Fleecy clouds with light all burnished
 Seem some changing palace fair,
 As with eastern splendor furnished
 Gorgeously they glisten there.

IV.

O DISEASE ! I fain would thank thee
 For this vision of my youth ;
 Ne'er again those hills can charm me,
 Pictured with such perfect truth ;
 For their pleasant scenes are changing,
 Tree and cottage passed away ;
 Other childish forms are ranging,
 Where with friends I used to stray.

V.

And my play-mates are no longer
 Children, in their song and glee ;
 Other ties to them grown stronger ;
 They are not as once to me.
 Then I thank thee, wearying SICKNESS !
 For this glimpse of Far-away,
 Praying I may e'er with meekness
 Bear the chastening when I stray.

J O H N B I G G S .

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATTORNEY,' 'HARRY HARRON,' ETC.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

DAYS went flitting by until they grew to be months, and months swelled into years. Each wrote its story as it went, and the tenor of that story was, 'change;' but the changes wrought by Time are always gradual, and its silent work could be detected only by looking back through the past, and contrasting it with the present.

Children had grown to be men, and men, stalwart and robust, had sunk into decrepitude. Households told the same story. There was a broken crutch in the garret, and an empty settle in the chimney-corner, where the old man used to sit, querulous with age, and in the way of every one except the half-blind dog who dozed at his feet, and licked his palsied hand, and with dim eyes, still looked affectionately at him. Time had done its silent work there, likewise. The grass was growing rank and long where the old man now slept, and his dog was long since forgotten. Yet, it was but ten years — a small span in history, but a long one in the life of man.

It had told its tale, too, on the blacksmith; but his frame was an iron one, and although, perhaps, it was not quite as erect as it had been, its rugged strength had withstood the brunt of years, well. His hair had become nearly white, and his face more furrowed; but there was the same expression of simple, honest purpose in his look, and the same character of iron repose about his massive face, and the same appearance of slumbering strength in his limbs, as in days long past.

He had kept his promise to the boy committed to his charge, well; and in so doing, he had reaped his own reward; for, as Harry Lindsay grew up, and day by day developed those traits of character which had always rendered his family beloved among their neighbors, the blacksmith learned to regard him with the same pride and affection as if he had been his own child.

'He's a noble lad,' said he to one of his neighbors — although Harry was now nearly a man — as they stood looking at him galloping past the smithy, his fine features glowing with health and exercise, and his eyes dancing with life and happiness. 'He's the same as my own child to me — almost.'

But, although John had thus far carefully guarded his childhood, and had been his confidential adviser as he advanced in years, he had not been alone in the formation of the boy's character; for, shortly after the death of Mr. Lindsay, Dick Bolles, finding that John could not be induced to abandon the smithy, 'pulled up stakes,' as he termed it, and took up his abode in the village. He had a warm admiration for the blacksmith, not unmixed with a feeling of pity for the guileless simplicity of his character. As soon as he understood the nature of the

relation which existed between John and Harry Lindsay, he mentally constituted himself the guardian of both of them. For he remarked, that although John was a good man, and a man of learning, he was but a child in the ways of the world, and must be looked after. 'He'll do all he can for that boy, and he'll do a good deal in his line; but it'll take me, to make a man of him.'

The idea of Dick Bolles, as to the course of education requisite for a young man, was indeed different from that of the blacksmith. The former, in his youth, had been somewhat noted as a hard-riding dare-devil, with a dash of the moss-trooper in his character. It was true, that with the increase of years came a proportionate diminution of his mad-cap propensities, and he had, at length, become quite a sedate personage. Still, he evinced a strong hankering for his old habits, but he resolutely kept it down, and yielded to other and younger men his place as ring-leader in all the scrapes and hair-brained pranks which took place there. It was well-known, however, that, notwithstanding his reformation, Dick had still a kindly feeling toward every vagabond within the purlieus of the place, and took their part on all occasions. He was looked up to as a sort of oracle by the stage-drivers and owners of fast-trotting horses, and knew the name of every horse which had won a race for the last century. Every good-for-nothing fellow whose exploits had rendered him a terror and nuisance to the neighborhood, was sure of a kind word, or a nod, half of caution and half of encouragement, from Dick.

Dick had watched the proceedings of the blacksmith for a long time in silence, but, as Harry Lindsay gradually advanced in years, he thought it high time to advance his opinions; which he boldly did, by telling John that it was all very well to keep an eye on the lad as he did, but he would be glad to know when he intended to make a man of him in good earnest? He then proceeded to illustrate his idea of what a man should be, which idea, when fully carried out, turned out to be a very glowing delineation of what he himself had been in early years. The blacksmith shook his head and smiled, for there was too much open honesty, too much truthfulness, and too much of love and charity toward his fellow-man, mixed up in the nature of Dick Bolles, for the smith to do other than appreciate his character; but he gave no assent. His friend did not wait for it; for, having convinced himself that John was laboring under a mental hallucination on the subject of education, he determined to carry into effect his own plan of instruction; and forthwith set about diluting the moral precepts enjoined by John, by infusing in the boy's character a large portion of that love of mischief which was so prominent in his own.

Thus, under the care of his two guardians, Harry Lindsay had grown up, a noble, high-spirited lad, truthful and upright, yet with a dash of that buoyant, daring spirit which went very far, among his associates, to set off and enhance the sterling traits of his character.

John Biggs eyed him with pride, for he knew him to be all that he had hoped, and he felt that the anxious care which he had bestowed upon him, had met its reward. Dick Bolles was equally ardent in his admiration, for he said, 'he had often seen him put his horse at a five-

barred fence, and clear it at a flying leap, and that was more than any man there could do ; and, as to his other qualifications, it was not for him to say much about them, seeing that he had had a hand in making him what he was, but that he *would* say, that he could handle any man of his inches in the place, and he but a boy !'

Notwithstanding the progress which Harry Lindsay was thus clearly making, they who had charge of his person and estate during his minority, thought it necessary that he should complete his education at a University in one of the New-England cities, and preparations for his departure were made without delay.

The day before he set out, John left his work, and spent the day at the house. He passed part of the time in going over the house with him, and then they strolled over the grounds. In their walk, they paused at a small plot of ground which had been used for more than a century as the burial-place of the Lindsays. It was a sequestered spot, shadowed by weeping-willows and large acacias, and overlooked the Long-Island Sound.

The smith paused, and turning to Harry, said, in an earnest tone :

'Harry, lad, here sleep those from whom you have sprung. There is not one lying here for whom you need to blush. Pray to God that when you rest at their side your descendants may have reason to feel the same pride in you ; and remember, that when your father died, he imposed it as a sacred trust on me, to bring you up to resemble those who are resting here. I have endeavored to do so ; but the hardest trials of your life are yet to come. Temptation will beset you ; the impulses of youth will be at war with right ; you will meet with evil advisers, and I shall not be at hand to counteract their influence : but, in the hour of your sorest trial, think of the old blacksmith ; of his anxiety for you — of his promise to your father — and endeavor to remember what he has said. And remember too, lad, that if you need a friend, a single line will bring me to you, no matter where you may be, or what may be the nature of your trouble.'

Harry loved the blacksmith, and he promised all that he asked. As yet, life to him was but a dream of sunshine, and although he looked earnestly up in the rugged face which was bending so anxiously over him, and saw the furrows on the cheek and on the brow, he thought not of the cares and sorrows which had made them so deep, and had given to its whole cast such an anxious earnestness. And, as he looked forward at the path which Hope was spreading out before him, he saw nothing like a shadow in the bright vista which it presented. He laughed merrily, and told John that he was an old raven, but still he promised all that he asked, and John was satisfied.

Before day-light on the following morning, Harry took his seat in the stage-coach which was to carry him to the city of New-York, whence he was to go by steamer to Boston, his place of destination.

John Biggs was in attendance, to see him off. Dick Bolles, too, was there, and after listening with great patience to John's farewell injunctions, merely added :

'All that John says, is very true, and you 'd better do as he tells you ;

but if you can't, and at any time should need a pair of fists to help you on, just call on Dick Bolles, will you ?'

Harry promised that he would, with so much heartiness, that Dick could not help remarking there was not a little proper spirit in the lad, and that he thought he'd turn out a good deal of a man, if they did not spoil him in that infernal college where he was going.

The separation had been a hard one, both for the young man and his rough guardians, but although Dick said it was all nonsense, the smith knew that the separation was necessary.

It was a very gloomy season for John, for he had been so much accustomed to see the lad daily about him, that his absence made him feel very dull ; but he repeated that it was all right, and said that there was no use in 'talking' about it, and there was the end of it.' And generally, after some such remark, he would betake himself to his bellows or hammer, and work off every inclination toward despondency with great energy.

But there were gleams of sunshine, too ; for every fortnight brought a letter ; and on such occasions John was always cheerful, and not unfrequently so far laid aside his usual taciturnity, as to read them to the frequenters of the smithy. His honest face fairly glowed with delight, at the encomiums which always followed. It was understood by all, that nothing but encomiums were allowed ; for, one of his listeners having, in an evil hour, ventured to criticise these productions a little too harshly, received such a severe rating from the black-smith, that he did not show his face there for a month. He ever afterward became one of the most ardent admirers of Harry Lindsay ; and finally completed his subjugation of John's good-will, by swearing that he thought the lad would one day become the President of the United States.

With all John's warm attachment to Harry, he kept a steady watch upon him. He permitted none except himself to cavil at him ; but no stern monitor could be more vigilant in noting and repressing every tendency to wrong — no parent more kind and earnest in remonstrance, and in pointing out the right path, and the inducements not to swerve from it. Thus, time fled. Harry Lindsay, nearly of age, was expected at home, his studies completed, and ready to commence the great struggle which, whether for weal or woe, ends in the same resting-place to all — the grave.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

THE wind had been moaning through the trees the whole night ; and at day-break the sky was of a dull lead-color, with here and there clouds of a still more murky hue, sweeping across it. As the day advanced, it became almost black ; and the wind increased, but no rain fell. The cattle in the fields had left off feeding, and had gathered under the lee of the fences or out-buildings for shelter. Now and then a great branch, torn by main force from some old tree, would be wafted through the air like a feather.

On the day of which this story treats, a knot had collected in John Biggs' smithy, and were discussing the violence of the gale. All agreed that they had never witnessed such a storm. While this discussion was

going on, Dick Bolles was seen making his way to the shop, his head bent down, and his whole figure braced against the wind. As he entered, he paused, drew a long breath, and, taking off his hat, ran his fingers through his hair, while he glanced his eye over the group.

'This is a whistler!' ejaculated he. 'John,' said he, turning to the black-smith, 'here's a letter for you. I got it from the post-office. If I know any thing of hand-writing, it's from the lad Harry.'

He took a letter from the lining of his hat and gave it to the smith, and then looked at him as if he expected, as a matter of course, to be informed of its contents.

John wiped his hands on his leather-apron, and, taking the letter carefully between his fingers, went to the door to read it.

'What's the news?' inquired Dick, after he had waited for what he considered a reasonable length of time; 'good or bad?'

'Good,' replied the other, his face lighting up. 'The lad's guardians have decided that he is to come home, and that his education is finished. In a few months he will be of age,' added he.

'When will he come?' inquired Bolles, impatiently; 'tell us that.'

The smith looked at the letter:

'He is to start on Wednesday,' said he — 'Wednesday.' John turned to the date of the letter. 'It was written on Saturday last,' said he. 'Wednesday! God help the child! he's on the Sound now!'

'Will he come by water?' inquired Dick.

'Yes,' said John. 'The letter says, 'I'll come by the steamer through the Sound, and will be in New-York on Wednesday night, and on Thursday at home!'

Dick paused for a moment, and then added:

'But he won't come.'

John looked at him for a reason, which Dick gave immediately:

'Do you hear how the wind roars among the trees even here under the hill! On the Sound it howls like a legion of devils. No boat will venture on the Sound this night. If she *does*, I should n't like to be aboard of her.'

John went to the door and looked out.

'You're right. She won't come, and she ought not to come. But,' said he, after a moment's pause, 'if she *should*, Harry will come in her. I know him well; he's very rash. Ah! Dick, who made him so?'

'He's no flincher,' said Dick; 'and I respect him for it. What's the name of the boat?'

'The Penobscot.'

Dick gave vent to a loud and prolonged whistle of surprise.

'I'm sorry for that, for I am afraid that she will come, for Captain Smith is afraid of nothing; I've known him from a boy. Harry is on the Sound now.'

'God protect him!' ejaculated John.

'You may say that,' replied Bolles. 'Hark to the wind! the night will be fearful!'

'They say there was a mighty big limb swept off the old tulip-tree at Sodoris last night,' said an old grizzled negro, who went by the name

of Knot, derived either from the toughness of his character, or the tightness of the curl of his wool ; ' and,' said he, by way of increasing the interest of his communication, ' they *do* say that when one of them limbs goes, a Lindsay always runs a mighty risk, if he do n't go too.'

Dick Bolles turned a fiery eye upon the prophet of ill, who incontinently withdrew into a corner, and did not after that join in the conversation.

The letter had thrown a gloom over the whole party ; but Dick Bolles found no one to agree with him ; for the general opinion seemed to be either that the steamer had not started on her route, or that she had put into some port on the Sound. Dick, however, persevered in his opinion.

The day wore on, and toward night the wind began to lull, although it still blew fiercely. Dick Bolles had left the smithy, and although persons had been coming and going to and fro all day, toward night John Biggs was left to himself. His fears had somewhat subsided as the wind went down ; but still there was a feeling of apprehension in his mind which made him watch the approach of any one with anxiety, and caused him to leave his work earlier than usual. He did not go home when he had shut up the shop, but without any other reason than to gratify the feeling of restlessness which he could not overcome, he directed his steps down the lane which led to the house.

The wind was sharp, and he walked briskly. About a mile down the road he met a man coming from the direction of the Sound.

' A fine night, Mr. Biggs,' said the man as he approached ; ' may be you 'll be going to Sodoris to-night ? ' As he spoke he pointed toward the Sound. ' They say there 's a vessel a-fire there, but I do n't know about it ; there 's a great light there, any how.'

' Where is it ? ' inquired John.

' Off West-Island,' replied the other, and John hurried off.

At the place designated by the man were two islands, jutting about two hundred yards out into the Sound. They inclosed between themselves and the shore a small land-locked bay, about a mile in length, and a few hundred yards in width. They communicated with the land by means of a causeway, which at certain times of tide was submerged in the water. One of these islands was the one indicated by the man, and thither John Biggs directed his steps. As he came to the shore he found the tide at the full. He did not pause, but waded across the causeway. As he reached the island, he saw a person hurrying along the road.

' Is that a vessel on fire there ? ' inquired John.

' Ay, Sir,' said the man. ' You can see her, for it 's so dark now that she makes a great light. The miller says it 's a steam-boat, the Penobscot. You can see her pipes.'

John Biggs made no reply, but darted to the shore. A group of men were standing there ; and there were several boats drawn up on the borders of a creek which put in between the two islands. John strode among them with a fierce, determined tread.

' What steamer is that ? '

' The Penobscot,' replied the miller, abruptly. ' I know her.'

‘Launch this boat!’ said John, in a stern, deep voice. ‘Lend us a hand.’

He seized one of the boats as he spoke, applied his giant strength, and, aided by one or two of the crowd, the heavy boat shot out into the creek.

‘What are you going to do?’ demanded one of them, still holding by the gun-wale of the boat; ‘it’s an awful night!’

‘I’m going to that steamer,’ said John, in a stern tone. ‘Wilson, help me hoist the sail.’

‘She can’t stand it!’ said Wilson, earnestly.

‘She *shall* stand it!’ said John, sternly. ‘Throw in some stones for ballast, boys.’

The miller hesitated for a moment, for the howling of the storm and the shrieks of the wind through the tall trees was truly appalling.

‘It’s a dreadful night, even on shore, John!’

‘What must it be to those who are burning up there?’ replied he. ‘Help me, I say! Harry Lindsay’s there, and I’ll try to save him, or I’ll go down too!’

He paused not while he spoke, but was tugging at the sheet which hoisted the sail, which, as it slowly rose, flapped and cracked in the wind, with a sharp report like the sound of musketry.

‘Take in a double reef, John!’ shouted the miller, for the flapping of the sail and the howling of the wind rendered his ordinary tone almost inaudible. ‘Keep her in the wind, else we can’t hold her,’ said he, for a dozen hands were grasping the stern of the boat to keep her in her place until the sail should be reefed.

John was busied at the rope, which had become in some way entangled, and was cracking with the sail like the lash of a whip, flinging the blocks to and fro. The sail was but one third hoisted when the boat swayed round; the wind bellied out the canvas, partially raised as it was; the boat leaned before it until the side almost touched the water; there was a desperate struggle on the part of those on shore to hold her back.

‘Look to your helm, John!’ shouted the miller; ‘we can’t hold her!’

Even as he spoke she broke from the grasp of all but himself. There was a moment’s hesitation on his part; a single look at his comrades on the shore, and with a bound he was in the boat and grasped the tiller.

‘It’s a mad business, but you shall not be alone. Let the sail alone; it’s better as it is. She’s got as much as she can carry. Gather in the slack, and keep it from bellying out too far, and make your sheet fast. It’s a fearful night!’

Even as he spoke the boat had shot out of the creek, and was rushing through the black waste of waters, her course marked by a streak of phosphoric light which gleamed in her wake.

There was a tall, gaunt man among those left standing on the shore. He wore an old cap on his head, and the rest of his body was covered by a heavy pea-coat, in the pockets of which his arms were thrust

nearly down to his elbows. He had instinctively lent his aid to launch the boat, and now stood watching the course it had taken.

‘He’ll never come back, I’m afraid. It’s tempting PROVIDENCE to go on to the Sound on a night like this! And John Biggs, too, of all men! I never see him take on so afore.’

‘It had become so dark that the small boat was lost in the gloom; but far out in the Sound they could see the flames flashing over the waters from the burning vessel; and sometimes the dull toll of her bell came faintly over the waters mingled with the hissing of the wind.

‘If the wind holds on in this way,’ said the person just described, ‘they’ll not be back to-night; if they are n’t swamped they’ll have to run over to Westchester. Has any one a night-glass about here?’

A lad recollected that there was one belonging to Wilson in an old mill near there.

‘Run and bring it, my boy,’ said the man, ‘and we’ll see how things look.’

He stood motionless, and apparently unmindful of the gale, but keeping his eyes fixed upon the boiling waters, and occasionally turning in the direction of the mill.

‘Hullo! Captain Sam,’ said a quick voice at his elbow, ‘is that you?’

‘Yes, Mr. Bolles, it is,’ replied the other, in the slow, deliberate tone which seemed to be one of his characteristics.

‘What boat is that on fire?’

‘The Penobscot, we reckon. We can see her red pipes. She’s the only boat on the Sound with sich pipes,’ replied the other

‘Have you seen John Biggs?’ inquired Dick Bolles.

The boatman extended his arm toward the burning boat:

‘He’s gone there.’

‘There!’ exclaimed the other. ‘Is he mad?’

‘We all think so,’ replied the boatman.

‘Here’s the glass,’ said the boy, holding out the telescope.

Captain Sam took the glass, placed it to his eye, and swept the horizon until he fixed it upon the burning vessel. His examination was very protracted, very deliberate, and very minute.

‘They ar’ n’t upsot yet,’ said he. ‘I can see her sail betwixt us and the blaze. If Wilson had n’t been aboard of her, she’d a been over in no time. It’s a pity to lose a man like Mr. Biggs.’

‘If John Biggs dies now, he’ll die as he has lived, in the discharge of his duty,’ said Dick Bolles, earnestly; ‘but he shan’t die if I can he’p it. What sloop is that?’

As he spoke he pointed to a small coasting-vessel of about fifty tons, such as navigate the Sound, which was moored in the creek, her single mast swaying to and fro in the darkness.

‘She’s mine — the Polly Skinner,’ replied Captain Sam.

‘Well, the Polly Skinner is going to make a voyage to-night,’ said Dick Bolles. ‘If you’ll go, so much the better. If you won’t, I’ll go alone.’

‘Captain Sam looked out in the Sound, and up at the sky, and then at his sloop.

'We've took in a double reef already, and by leaving the peak down I s'pose we might venture,' said he, 'especially as the wind seems going down some, and beca'se it's Mr. Biggs. Come, my lads, let's be stirring!'

C R E A T I O N ' S H E A R T .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

I STAND among old Earth's green hills;
 The sun is setting slow;
 Around me are the lengthening shades,
 Above, the purple bow:
 I hear a deep and murmuring sound,
 Though all the hills are still;
 It swells up through the trembling air,
 The conscious heaven doth fill:
 Great Heart of Earth! throb on, throb on!
 Each pulse is calm and deep,
 That I may sink upon thy breast
 In quiet, trustful sleep.

II.

The stars in shining train come out
 Beyond the depths of blue;
 Bright worlds in the wide spaces crowd,
 And shut the aching view:
 I gaze till sight in soul is lost;
 Beyond this burning wall,
 Ten thousand rise, far, far withdrawn —
 Ten thousand, yet not all;
 Each orb is throbbing strong and lone,
 Though of the whole a part;
 And all for ever throb as one
 Creation's mighty Heart!

III.

I hear the sound, a deep, low tone,
 From every heart of love,
 And from the whole gives answer to
 The ONE that throbs above;
 A mighty anthem, rolling wide,
 And deepening from afar,
 The throbbing of Creation's Heart
 From every shining star;
 Through years and ages, centuries,
 The drops of Time's deep river,
 Flowing unchanged from sea to sea,
 Goes up to God for ever!

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
THE FUDGE FAMILY.

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

WASHINGTON SHOWS SENSIBILITY.

'GEO. SAND says of PIERRE HEUGENIN in the Tour de France, 'Sa nature, toute tournée à la contemplation méditative, excluait cette activité pratique, cette habileté spéciale, qui sont nécessaires.'

'I say the same of cousin WASH.

TONY FUDGE.

WASHINGTON FUDGE continues in the exercise of elegant accomplishments. At least his valet regards them as such; and so do the admiring Lorettes; and so will his mother on his return; and half the New-York world beside. In old-fashioned times, when we all were younger, a little mental cultivation was needed to make up what was counted elegance of character; this is now outrageous; a neat handling of 'the lines,' familiar knowledge of play-actresses, fair acquaintance with Saratoga 'brag,' and the occasional ordering of a dinner at the Lake House or at Downing's, are quite enough, even without an eye-glass, to establish a young man's reputation for elegance.

The elegant women of our day are those who know how to appreciate such attainments. It is perhaps needless to say, that the number of our elegant women is on the increase.

WASH. FUDGE is not a little proud of the sensation he can make at the Ranelagh; he is equally proud of the marked effect he produces on the minds of such of his countrymen as encounter him in his drives through the Bois de Boulogne, in company with the Countess de Guerlin. He pictures to himself, with infinite satisfaction, the surprise and delighted admiration which would overcome the minds of his mama and of WILHE, if they could but feast their eyes upon him as he adjusts his gloves, *couleur de paille*, in a front box of the opera, and brings his *lorgnette* to bear upon the established beauties of the house.

But there are some thorns in the path of pleasure, even on the asphalté of Paris. Our elegant cousin has his sources of uneasiness, among which may be mentioned a disturbed recollection of very many sight-drafts upon his esteemed father—an elegant succession of expenses, and a lively fear of the resentful character of that accomplished swordsman, the Colonel DUPRE.

But WASH. is not forsaken by the Countess, although he has grown timid in his approaches to the quiet salon of the Rue de Helder. She is kind to him; I will not say but that she rallies him, now and then, about attention to new sword-practice; still, she is kind. She appreciates the embarrassment of his position. She avows herself greatly

indebted to him ; she has become the unwilling instrument of his losses. How can she ever repay her *cher* FUDGE ? How ? It would be hard, at this point of our history, to say.

No one can be unreasonable enough to think that the apathetic SOLOMON, late Mayor, with the gold-bowed spectacles resting on his forehead, in his snug counting-room at the bank, could receive notice of WASHINGTON's drafts upon him with indifference. Very far from it. I have already hinted at various disturbing causes, in the usually placid level of my uncle SOLOMON's thought.

He determined with himself that it was high time the elegant young gentleman should return to his own country, and give proof of his accomplishments upon American soil. I cannot say that he participated to the full extent in Mrs. PHŒBE's pride and hopes. He wrote as follows :

'MY DEAR WASHINGTON: I cannot pay longer your frequent drafts upon me. My affairs are not in so good case as at last writing. Practise economy, and make arrangements to return speedily, when I hope you will enter immediately upon some sound business-calling.

'Your mamma will advise you of what has transpired with reference to the BODGERS estate since our last writing. This will be a new cause for retrenchment, as we can hardly hope to oppose successfully the QUID claims. Money is at a high figure in the street; and should you need a few hundreds to return, draw on me at sixty days.

'YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.'

Mrs. FUDGE writes thus :

'MY DEAR WASHY: I have very much to tell you. We are terribly disturbed; you have heard of Mr. BODGERS' death, and how he left no will, as any one can find. Your father was made administrator, with Mr. BIVINS; things were going very well, as we thought, and KITTY would have had a handsome slice, which would have made her perhaps to be considered as a match for you, my dear son, although she is a cousin; when, on a sudden, Mr. QUID, the father of the young gentleman you know, called on Mr. FUDGE, and, showing him some old papers he has, which I suppose are testimonials, made a claim for the whole of the property. What it all is, I don't know; and your father is anxious; beside that, the bank is doing badly; and our expenses with you and WILHE are heavy.

'We were obliged to come away from Saratoga, although WILHE was the rage, and Mr. MARVIN was *desola* when we came. Every body talked of the Count SALLE, *cher*, who seems to have money; although your father says he would like to see the title-deeds, which, as the Count is a gentleman, it would be absurd to expect. He has not offered himself, although WILHE says 'he has as good as done it;' so has young SPINDLE, she says, who has behaved odiously.

The PINKERTONS are dreadfully jealous, and have given a ball, not to be compared with ours, as BROWNE says; and WILHE was not invited, and is sorry she ever invited them. Mr. FUDGE says he must write you to come home, where we will all be glad to see you; and do make a figure, if only to spite the PINKERTONS. Before you come, buy us each a dress, and two flounces of mecllin lace, which I hear is cheap in England; also, if you see them, two pretty fans, and a cashmere shawl for WILHE; beside, an enamelled watch, which the Count says costs mere nothing.

'I forgot to say that there is a story that Mr. QUID's mother lived in Paris, and was named GUERLIN, which seems like the name of the Countess you spoke of. Perhaps they were relations.

'WILHE sends love, and not to forget the shawl. YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.'

'P. S. As you are getting the watch, perhaps it would be as well to buy the chain with it. Take care of your health, WASHY; and if you should see sleeves to match the flounces, WILHE would like a pair, as also your tender loving mother.'

Now it happened that our cousin WASH. found himself in the receipt of these letters upon a day on which he was under engagement with the fascinating Countess de GUERLIN, for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne; and he had but a short time left the hospitable two-per-cent. *caisse* of Monsieur GREENE, and was strolling in a brown study toward the Champs Elysées, when he was encountered by the dashing coupé of the Countess.

A French woman is sympathetic by nature, and very much more so by education. The perplexity of WASH. did not fail to attract the observation of his companion of the drive. The Countess, with characteristic kindness, won her way to his full confidence. She lamented anew those losses of which she had been unconsciously the occasion; she spoke with emotion of his probable leave. WASHINGTON was affected, deeply. So was the Countess. She took into her own hands the cruel letters which compelled his return. She read, with unaffected surprise, the announcement in respect to her own name. Subduing her emotion, by an effort of resolution which did her honor, she pressed a hundred inquiries respecting this Mr. QUID, and the BODGERS estate, and the probable heirs, and having learned from Master WASH. all which it was in his power to communicate, her feelings again subdued her, and she threw herself back into the corner of the coupé, apparently overcome by contending emotions.

The efforts of WASHINGTON to assuage the tempest of feeling were utterly unavailing.

'*Cher FUDGE, laissez moi pleurer;*' and the face of the Countess was buried in a cambric handkerchief.

The hint of the letter had clearly touched some sympathetic chord; there was a mysterious connection, perhaps, between himself and the family of the Countess, which puzzled our hero greatly. My curious reader cannot be more anxious to unveil that profound mystery than was WASHINGTON himself. Life, so far as I have observed, is made up of entanglements, and of hard knots, not always easy to untie; and when untied, often showing very flimsy strands.

The drive in the Bois de Boulogne was, that day, a very silent one; but WASHINGTON, before it was ended, won from the Countess a promise that she would reveal all — all. This she did; and I cannot keep my reader from it.

Chapter Twenty-seven will contain the story of the Countess de GUERLIN; and an affecting story it is.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN.

A FRENCH WOMAN'S STORY.

ELLA parlava sì turbata in vista,
Che treman mi fea
. . . l'non son forse chi tu credi.

'CANZONE I. PETRARCHA.'

'I NEVER,' said she, 'knew my father;' and the Countess hid her head in her handkerchief.

I am persuaded that she began her story in a truthful manner.

'My mother was a tall woman,' she continued, 'who wore very elegant jewelry; there is very little left;' and the Countess pointed with emotion to a brooch she wore. 'I think she must have been very rich, since I had what dresses I chose. It seems to me that she spoke in English, although I remember little about it now. Your voice, my dear WASH., seems to call back the memory of other days to me.'

'We were living mostly in large cities, and I remember it was by a

great river, which I am sure must have been the Rhine. There were long tables, too, full of people, at which I sometimes sat down with my mother, when I was very small; but oftener I was left with a nurse-maid, who had the sole care of me. There were many gentlemen who talked with my mother, and she seemed very gay; and the gentlemen, who I found afterward were suitors of my mother, gave me toys, or patted me under my chin, calling me a likeness of my mother, and saying that one day perhaps I would be as pretty as she. I remember that she was fine-looking.

'At length, a Monsieur de GUERLIN married her; and then we were travelling from city to city; I was sometimes with them, but oftener left with the nurse-maid, who was beautiful herself, and who had a small home in a town by the river, and a daughter who was nearly of my age. As children, I remember that we frolicked together, rambling through the vineyards, that were scattered on the hills above the town.

'Sometimes my mother, with Monsieur de GUERLIN, came there to see me; and very often Monsieur de GUERLIN came by himself, which seemed strange enough to me, for he was never kind after the marriage, and cared more for CARA, which was the name of the nurse-maid's child, than for me.

'The nurse, too, who had been good to me before, was never so kind after my mother's marriage; and was angry if I spoke of the handsome Monsieur de GUERLIN as my father; saying that CARA deserved better to be called his child, than I. But we were too young to heed such things then, and CARA was not flattered, or I disturbed by it. I soon found that I could not have so fine dresses as before, and CARA might have been taken for the richer of the two: indeed, I remember thinking, that what my mother had sent for me might, perhaps, be given to the nurse's child.

'So we lived together, until one day the news came that my mother was very sick, and we went away to a city, where we found Monsieur de GUERLIN very much disturbed: and he had much to say very earnestly to the nurse; and the night on which we arrived, there was a commotion in the house; and they told me my mother was dead.

'I remember the funeral, and how CARA was dressed in black, as well as I; and wore a little brooch which I had seen my mother wear. And Monsieur de GUERLIN was very kind to her. A few days after, the people of the house told me that M. de GUERLIN had gone, and I found the nurse and child had gone with him. They directed me to a place in the town, where I was to stay; only strangers to me were living there, and they, I suppose, were paid to take care of me. There I grew up, but did not see, for many years after, either M. de GUERLIN, or the nurse-maid of my mother's. They had forsaken me, and borne off all that was my mother's with them, except a few jewels, which you, dear WASH., have guarded.'

And the Countess betook herself, for some moments, to strong emotion.

'The money which Monsieur de GUERLIN paid for me was continued only until I grew up. At the last, he sent to me a large sum with which I was to begin the world. With the education of a lady, I could

not think of entering into service. The city in which I was staying, was not far away from Wiesbaden, and I had heard of the gaming-tables there. To Wiesbaden, then, I went; and, living humbly, and doing such needle-work as I could without being observed, I slipped evening after evening into the salon of *roulette*, and from the first, was very fortunate. I began with only pieces of silver, but grew more bold, and soon staked gold coin; sometimes, it is true, losing very much, but fortune favored me mostly. Especially, I was lucky one evening, when, after losing for several nights in succession, I determined, in a fit of despair, to risk all my fortune at *rouge et noir*.

‘The rules of the table did not then limit the sums staked, so much as now; and I gathered up all my coin, and even pawned my valuable jewels, to make the amount as large as possible. I carried it tremblingly to the hall — a very heavy weight it was for me — and placed it, after a little hesitation, upon the *rouge*. My heart beat violently. I won; and seemed rich.

‘The next day, I went to Baden, and established myself, with a servant, in lodgings. I frequented the fashionable drives, and sometimes ventured with success into the gaming-halls. It is not well to be without a title at the German watering-places: I was known there as the Countess de GUERLIN, though before only as simple Mademoiselle. With the wealth that I seemed to enjoy, and with fair beauty’ — and the Countess lowered her voice, as if in apology — ‘there were many who admired me. The poor Baron SCHEMLINN was, I believe, earnest in his attentions; nothing could exceed his devotion: but he had desperate rivals. Ah! my dear FUDGE, it has been my fate to draw many into misfortune!’

‘The Prince GOROWSKI, a magnificent Russian, was at the same time a suitor of mine. Oh! those fearful Russians! they love as they eat, with prodigality and with fierceness! They are barbarians in all their appetites. The Prince would not yield to the Baron. I saw it, and deplored it. The Prince sought a quarrel with poor SCHEMLINN, who was but an indifferent swordsman. I foresaw the result, but could do nothing to prevent it.

‘They met early at morning: the Baron sent me a lock of his hair, the dear, poor man! Yet he stood his ground manfully, and the duel lasted for an hour. At length, the force of SCHEMLINN gave way, and he fell. The Prince, with his sword at his breast, bade him renounce all claim to my hand: the poor Baron refused, and was killed with my name upon his lips.

‘As you may suppose, *cher WASH.*, I was *desolé*. GOROWSKI was cruel in his triumph, and claimed my hand as his reward. How could I yield myself to his blood-stained arms! He persecuted me by his demands: there seemed no safety but in flight. Upon this, then, I was resolved; but the Prince watched jealously all my motions; I could not escape him. As a last resource, I determined to appeal to my neighbor in lodgings. This was a middle-aged man, of resolute aspect — none other, in short, my dear FUDGE, than that Colonel DUPRE whom you already have such unfortunate occasion to know. He saved me, indeed, from the Russian persecution; but I found myself consigned

by the force of circumstances — constrained to marry the man of whom I had only sought temporary aid.

‘Why need I tell you more?’ said the Countess; but continued presently: ‘CARA I saw once again, under the name of Mademoiselle de GUERLIN, which she had assumed, by what right I know not. She had married a stranger; perhaps, my dear FUDGE, the gentleman through whom the claim is now made upon the American estate.

‘Monsieur de GUERLIN I never saw again; but the wretched man had traced me out, and upon his death-bed left me the little fortune which he had received from his wife, my poor mother; and with it a packet of letters, which, I am sure, my dear FUDGE, will satisfy you of the truth of my story, and convince you, as they have done me, that my mother must have been the widowed sister of the old gentleman whose estate is in dispute. Yet, how little did I think, when first addressing one clandestinely, in a tempest of admiration that I was not able to subdue, that, in reality, I was drawn toward him by ties of kindred; and that in him alone I should find a truly generous protector, through whom, at length, my rights should be made good, and my poor mother’s name cleared from all reproach.’

The Countess was painfully subdued; so was WASHINGTON.

The packet of letters to which reference had been made, was produced. They were certainly suspicious in their contents, and would have satisfied, perhaps, a less ingenuous and open disposition than that of my cousin WASH. Many of them were signed CLARA BODGERS; others, still, CLARA de GUERLIN; and others again, in a strong hand, bore the signature of S. BODGERS. They were letters, generally of affection: the Countess was melted to tears as she suffered her eyes to run over them.

As a man of honor, there was but one course open to WASHINGTON. At the same time, as the Countess intimated, there was need for extreme caution. First of all, the Colonel DUPRE must by no means be advised. There was not reciprocity of feeling, at least of affection, between the two. Young FUDGE had perhaps observed this. For private ends of his own, the Colonel had insisted that the Countess should retain her original name. Under connections of that kind, the circumstance was not unusual.

Most of all, the Countess rejoiced in the opportunity which now seemed dawning upon her, of being able to repay the generous services of her friend WASHY. She should be delighted, indeed, to give token of her indebtedness to the whole FUDGE connection; and voluntarily bound herself, by a solemn promise, to relinquish to the dear friends of the FUDGE family a full third of the estates which she inherited from her mother.

I should do injustice to the tender sensibilities and innocent heart of my cousin WASH., if I omitted to say that he was altogether captivated by the united grace and generosity of the Countess de GUERLIN.

It was arranged that WASHINGTON should not leave the city alone. The presence of the Countess would doubtless be necessary, in the prosecution of the legal claims. With generous confidence, he volunteered his escort. He wrote to his friends at home of the triumphant disco-

very which had been made, and expressing confidence, 'that if the estate was to pass out of their hands, as seemed probable, they could not wish a better disposition, than that in favor of the Countess.'

'He felt sure, moreover, that his father would freely pardon a somewhat larger draft than he had anticipated, in view of the rather straitened circumstances of the Countess, and the obligations which duty enjoined.'

The preparations for departure were made with secrecy and dispatch. On a certain evening in the month of ———, our friend WASH. set off from Paris, for his return. He was polished by the gay capital; taught in the little arts of the world; scarce to be recognized by his old friends.

The fond Countess was with him: herself his gratuitous instructor in very much of that *savoir faire*, which was presently to kindle the affections of his doting mother into transports.

He felt, doubtless, an honest pride in these accomplishments, and formed pleasant fancies of the surprise he should excite, and of the astonishment he was sure to kindle. I am inclined to think that, like most young New-Yorkers on their return from Paris, he had formed an exaggerated estimate of the sensation he was about to produce. The town, taken as a mass, does not, I observe, feel the shock of such a young gentleman's return. I cannot ascertain that it creates any decided movement at the 'Board,' or that it influences Mr. GENIO SCOTT's report of the fashions. These travellers err, in imagining that their air and education is to form a striking contrast with what they will find around them. They discover, however, in the majority of instances, that the tailors and hair-dressers have been before them, and have already diffused among the young natives of New-York a Parisian aspect and an elegant air. I should say that the young gentlemen of the New-York Club, of the short canes, of the new polkas, and of affluence generally, were as much indebted to a study of the opera-artistes, and the foreign managers of domestic drapers, as to any principles they imbibe from returned travellers. And it would not be at all surprising, if our cousin WASH., upon his very first *entrée* in New-York society, should be mortified by a sight of higher shirt-collars, more bushy mustache, and smaller pantaloons, than he brings with him, in the company of a Countess.

By a hint from the GUERLIN, and as a measure of precaution, WASH. accompanies his friend under a common passport, in which they are designated as man and wife. It is but a simple bit of illusion, lasting only as far as their port of embarkation.

They reach Havre a day before the sailing of the vessel which is to bear them to that free land, where the Countess shall receive her own, and the elegant WASH. enter upon his brilliant career.

In beguiling thought of what this may be, our hero whiles away the evening with his graceful companion; interrupted, however, once, by a slight tap at the door.

It is the maid, perhaps.

'*Entrez!*' says WASH.

There is a tap again.

'*Entrez!*' repeats WASH.

It is not the maid: but the Colonel DUPRE!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

A MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. WILLIAM CROSWELL, D.D., Rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston, Mass. By his Father. In one volume: pp. 528. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THERE are certain delicate matters referring to the personal and ecclesiastical relations of the subject of this volume inwrought into its most absorbing part, which, however interesting, we are compelled to leave untouched, because we will not be so bold as to state our conviction of their merits, and they fall without the province of this Magazine. With controversies of this kind we do not interfere, but leave them to organs which are professedly devoted to their adjustment. The right will triumph in the end.

Independently of this, however, there is more than enough in this ample volume to suit the purposes of our review. If there is any truth in physiognomy, the sweet and placid and intellectual presentment which fronts the title-page is proof enough that his life is worthy to be written, and that his path was that of the just, which 'shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' But how is the order of things reversed in the work before us! In the course of nature it should fall to the son to do justice to the memory of his sire, and to smooth his white locks reverently for the grave. But this is the testimonial of a father to his 'dear departed son,' smitten down in the flush of life, in the hey-day of his manly labors, and in the very midst of usefulness. It is a monument inscribed with filial virtues, but sprinkled with paternal tears. 'At the age of three score and ten,' says the author, 'the parent, admonished by a severe visitation of sickness, devoted as much time as his duties would permit to the arrangement and preparation of his own manuscripts for the final inspection and revision of his son. But alas! how were his fond anticipations defeated! That son, on whom he thus relied, by a mysterious PROVIDENCE, was suddenly stricken down in the midst of his days and his usefulness, and numbered with the dead. And now, with trembling hand and aching heart, the parent, relying on the mercy and help of God, undertakes to gather up the materials and prepare a record of his life.'

And beautiful are the marks traced by this 'recording-angel,' although they are written with a trembling hand!

WILLIAM CROSWELL was born in Hudson, New-York, November seven, 1804. His boyhood was passed in New-Haven under the eye of his father, the Rev. HARRY CROSWELL, Rector of Trinity Church in that city. At the age of fourteen, he was admitted to the Freshman-class of Yale College, where he was graduated in 1822. In 1825, he devoted some time to the study of law, but he never thought seriously of pursuing it as a profession. He cherished his passion for poetry; and it is supposed that some of the most interesting and popular juvenile productions of his pen were written at this period. Soon after, having taken due counsel, he became fixed in his purpose, and turning away from all other pursuits, resolved to devote himself to a calling, for which he was in all respects peculiarly fitted, and entered the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church at the opening of the term in the autumn of 1826. His letters at this time display the usual pleasantry of his disposition. 'If Professor MOORE,' he writes, 'were not one of the most mild and unassuming men of learning in the world, he could never tolerate the stammering and blundering of such full-grown novitiates in the Hebrew horn-book. But he is *Clement* by nature as well as by name. It is related of HUTCHINS that he once indulged his disposition for pleasantry by playfully translating a passage of Scripture, 'I love CLEMENT C. MOORE (*clemency more*) than sacrifice.''

He was ordained deacon by the Right Rev. Bishop BROWNELL, of Connecticut, in 1828. In the few years preceding, he had written much of his sweetest poetry. On Sunday, May thirty-first, 1829, we find this record in his diary: 'Entered into the service of my first parish, Christ Church, Boston.'

From this time he proceeded with manifold labors, often preaching, notwithstanding his father's admonitions, three sermons beside performing many other services during the day. As early as the twenty-sixth of July, he writes, in his playful manner: 'I have inflicted three discourses on the patient people of this good city on this blessed day.'

In 1840, with many expressions of regret on the part of his parishioners, and parting testimonials, he left Boston to assume the Rectorship of St. PETER's Church at Auburn, and in 1844, returned to Boston, where he remained Rector of the Church of the Advent until his death, which occurred on November ninth, 1851.

Such is the meagre outline which we have been able to make of the principal facts contained in this most interesting memoir, preferring to leave the materials untouched, except so far as they are necessary to substantiate a correct opinion of the man's character. To this end, we shall quote some passages from the work at large.

It is the record of an affectionate, true heart, overbrimming with human kindness, and expanded by the largest charity; of a nature pure, meek, modest, and unoffending; of a zealous and most devoted servant of his MASTER; in short, of a Christian, a scholar, a gentleman, a MAN. Such do not die; for, although no one write their epitaphs, the good seed they have planted springs up and blossoms with perennial beauty, and grateful tendrils twine about their very names.

It is impossible to peruse the early letters of the gifted CROSWELL without being struck by their freshness and almost pastoral innocence of expression.

They deserve to have been written on the most unblemished paper. They are full of hope, full of a sweet-breathing cheerfulness, full of enthusiasm for the pure and lofty aims toward which his powers were directed. Such resolution and sincerity of purpose are often accompanied by a corresponding harshness and repulsive corrugation of the moral features. But the plastic influence of the beautiful theology which left upon him its perfect impress, had not moulded him in such a shape, and it is the best proof that his system was true. There was nothing stern about him but his sense of duty. His spirit was as mild as moon-beams on the troubled earth. Common men were pleased to come out of their poor huts and walk forth into the soft effulgence of his influence, and gaze up at him. Where you see a stiff-throated, and deep-creased, and sharp-nosed rigor which is called Religion, there you may be sure that the blood of the Pharisee rolls and curdles underneath. All men properly constituted loathe the very sight of it. All children in their early innocence turn away from it with an instinctive disgust. CHRIST himself, who considered little children as the very type of heavenly innocence, thundered forth against it his unparalleled anathema.

The religion of CROSWELL took its path through the courtesies and amenities of life, and was not separated from them. It is delightful to see one in whom traits which are often considered inconsistent are so sweetly and intimately blended. He was a hard-working and most laborious and energetic servant of his God, but he possessed the most assuaging and engaging looks and manners in daily intercourse with high and low, rich and poor, ignorant and learned.

But the following extracts from his private diary will serve to show forth the lovely temper of the man :

'Monday, January Twenty-fifth, 1830. The year has been full of incident, and marked with the most solemn transactions of my whole life. . . . I would put down nothing for effect, or in a spirit of vain-glory; but I desire to record my testimony that this holy calling, if diligently and faithfully undertaken and devotedly followed, is the path of life, which, for our own happiness, we should choose and covet; and contains all the elements of the purest and highest enjoyment which the corruption and infirmity of our nature admit. I have always refrained, on principle, from making a display of my private religious feelings on paper, lest I should thereby be tempted to give way to the movings of spiritual pride and self-righteousness; and I dare not trust myself to speak of the satisfaction and delight which he cannot but feel whose duty and whose glory it is to preach CHRIST crucified, and who would direct every thought, wish, and desire to the work of subduing evil and saving souls. I have been deliberately reviewing the principles laid down in my first discourse on this subject; and although, alas! no man living can be justified by that standard, I am confirmed by my short experience in the opinion that the views which I then took are those only which are authorized by the Scriptures of truth.'

Of the death of Bishop HOBART, he remarks :

'It has thrown a gloom over our minds with which I had thought nothing but the sundering of some dear domestic tie would have overwhelmed me. Although letter after letter from New-York had been gradually extinguishing our hopes, the fatal announcement burst upon us, after all, like a thunderbolt, and I sat down and wept like a child.'

In a piece of pleasantry addressed to his mother, February thirteenth, on the subject of an eclipse, he says :

'It being a pleasant day yesterday, it was distinctly understood that the eclipse was not to be postponed. Accordingly, smoked glass was the circulating medium all the morning; and the glaziers sold more broken panes than they ever mended. Even

Master BURKE, who is supposed to be the most wonderful creature now living, seemed to excite less attention. We were disappointed in the spectacle. After so long a note of preparation and attempt at effect, it was quite a failure. We wanted it to be darker. I had intended to '*improve*' the phenomenon in a sermon to-day, but concluded that my congregation would think me at a great loss for edifying subjects if I made so much of this disastrous twilight.'

Here are some specimens of his graceful verse :

'TO

'LADY! to whom belong
The will and power to roll
The tide of music and of song
That overflow the soul;
The stream has passed away,
But left a glittering store,
Deposited in rich array
On Memory's silent shore :

'A strand of precious things,
Where in confusion lie
The wrecks of high imaginings,
And thoughts that cannot die.
Oh! for that voice alone,
Whose full, refreshing flow
Could on the troubled soul its own
Serenity bestow.

'Why should those streams be mute
Which brighten as they roll,
Nor in their liquid lapse pollute,
But beautify the soul?
Oh! tranquillize, refine
The heart, till it shall be
As in its primal day, divine
And full of DEITY.'

A NIGHT THOUGHT

'PER lilies of your kind,
Effeminate and pale,
That shiver in the autumn-wind
Like reeds before the gale;
Ye have not toiled or spun
As sister lilies might;
Nor are ye wise as SOLOMON,
Though sumptuous to the sight.

'O fair and well-arrayed!
And are ye they to whom
The world is under tribute laid
For finery and perfume?
And have ye no delight —
Naught else that may avail
To weather that eternal night
When these expedients fail?'

Those who have visited that famous summer-resort, Nahant, will be struck with the fidelity of this little unpremeditated pen-and-ink sketch :

N A H A N T .

'Rocks, sands, and seas,
What charms hast thou but these,
O desolate Nahant!
Rocks, sands, and seas,
Twelve grotesque cottages
And six storm-beaten trees,
Struck all a-slant!'

But it is principally as a sacred poet that his name will become endeared and lasting. Many of his compositions in this kind are alike exquisite in sentiment and melodious in their versification; and had his sterner duties, from which he permitted his attention to be drawn by nothing subordinate, given him time to indulge his taste, he no doubt would have left behind him

many lyrical effusions which would have caused him to be placed in the highest rank. But so great was the modesty of his nature, that of his sermons he has forbidden any to be published; and his poems shed forth their sweetness, as it were, by stealth. Like unpretending flowers which bloom to blush, they almost blush to bloom. Bishop DOANE, who is peculiarly qualified to judge, classed him as a kindred spirit with KEBLE; and the Rev. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, who is also so greatly distinguished, both at home and abroad, for his sacred lays, thus speaks of him in that touching and beautiful discourse delivered on the occasion of his burial:

‘THE refinement and delicacy of his nature are proverbial; but not every one imagines how rich were his mental endowments, how brilliant his fancy, and how inventive his genius. . . . As a sacred poet, his name is dear to the Church, and will always be affectionately cherished; his verse was faultless, his conceptions extremely felicitous and epigrammatic, and all his productions were warm with devout and heavenly aspirations.’

Of these sacred compositions we shall transfer only two, not, indeed, because they are the best, but because we have not time so to compare the merits of all as to make the best selection:

G R E E C E .

‘UPON thy sacred mountain-tops,
How beautiful, O Greece,
The feet of him that publisheth
Through all thy borders peace!
Like PAUL, his spirit to release
Of those high claims he seeks,
Which bankrupt all the love we owe
As ‘debtors to the Greeks.’

‘A piercing cry from Macedon
Rings o’er the ocean still,
A cry from Athens and the shrine
Upon its idol-bill.
A cry from Corinth and the isles,
Of loud entreaty speaks:
‘Up! Christians, to your great discharge
As ‘debtors to the Greeks.’

C H R I S T M A S .

‘THE thickly-woven boughs they wreath
Through every hallowed fane,
The soft, reviving odors breathe
Of Summer’s gentle reign;
And rich the ray of mild green light
Which, like an emerald’s glow,
Comes struggling through the latticed height
Upon the crowds below.

‘Oh! let the streams of solemn thought,
Which in those temples rise,
From deeper sources spring than aught
Dependent on the skies.
Then, though the Summer’s glow departs,
And Winter’s withering chill
Rests on the cheerless woods, our hearts
Shall be unchanging still.’

Within the limits allowed to us we cannot dwell on this biography so long as we would. When CROSWELL died, a beautiful and serene light was quenched, and a most solemn gloom descended on the Church. Even those who differed from him certainly could not help loving him as a brother, and will no doubt acquiesce in this tribute to his manly piety and genuine Christian virtues.

We shall but allude to the manner of his death, which was marked by coincidences so striking that it seems like the *dénouement* of a high-wrought

fiction. It was attended by startling suddenness, and circumstances of tender pathos.

On a Friday, he said to a friend whom he met, 'I must go home and finish my last sermon.' This remark arrested the attention of the other, who, in his peculiarly earnest and affectionate manner, laid his hand familiarly upon his shoulder and said, 'You do not mean, my brother, your *last* sermon, but your last for this week.' To this remark he made no reply, and they parted never more to meet again on earth. His observation had reference to the inexpediency of writing too many sermons, of which he already had a large store. Prophets do not speak from their own fore-knowledge.

Like many earnest men, he kept a journal, and on Saturday he made his last entry therein. He relates his ineffectual search after a poor woman who had applied at his residence for charity, but who had not correctly given the place of her abode. He retired early, with the most pleasant anticipations of the coming day. On that day, he rose with the sun, in apparently the most perfect health, and full of cheerfulness. He bore his part in the services of the Church which he loved so much, and at the conclusion he said, 'I propose to preach to the children this afternoon, on a part of the first lesson for the morning.'

The children met together at the appointed hour, and it was indeed a touching sight to see them gaze up so tenderly on him who was to address them for the last time. Entering the chancel in his white robes, his face beamed with an unusual serenity. He had anticipated more than ordinary pleasure from meeting them on this occasion :

'His sermon to the children,' says his biographer, from whom we now quote, 'was written in a style of beautiful simplicity, perfectly plain and adapted to the capacity of his juvenile bearers, yet full of the most sublime and elevated thoughts. As he proceeded, he betrayed some signs of faltering in his speech. The children were much affected as they saw, or thought they saw, tears stealing from his eyes. His voice, which was ever gentle and soft, could scarce shape itself into a tone of reproof, but it would falter into music meanwhile, assumed, as from some sentimental emotion, those tones of tender pathos which rendered his speech no less fit than if it had been specially meant for a valedictory to the little ones of his flock. After proceeding through about two-thirds of his manuscript, he closed his discourse abruptly, with a few remarks and the customary ascription. He then pronounced distinctly from memory the first stanza of the hymn previously appointed to be sung by the choir :

"SOLDIERS of CHRIST, arise,
And put your armor on ;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.'

But in giving the number of the hymn, which is the *eighty-eighth* in the collection, he named, by a most striking and extraordinary inadvertence, the *one hundred and eighty-eighth*, in which these lines occur :

"DETERMINED are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head ;
The numbered hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.'

The choir, however, governed by his original directions, sung the hymn appointed, during which he stood, as usual, facing the altar. At the conclusion, he knelt down at the chancel-rail, and said from memory, his book having fallen from his hand, the collect. Then his strength entirely failed him. Instead of rising and turning to the congregation to pronounce the concluding benediction, he remained on his knees, and said, with a faltering voice, the apostolic blessing. The congregation immediately took the alarm, and his friends rushed forward to his assistance. He was borne down through the church to the vestry-room, and from thence in a carriage to his residence. Being apprised by his physicians of the dangerous nature of his attack, he composed himself

quietly on his couch, and closed his eyes as if in a calm sleep. His old and long-trying friend and father in the Gospel, the Rev. Dr. EATON, was soon at his side, and finding him unable to speak, if not unconscious, knelt down, and taking him by the hand, offered the commendatory prayer of the Church:

‘O ALMIGHTY GOD, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons, we humbly commend the soul of this THY servant, our dear brother, into THY hands, as into the hands of a faithful CREATOR and most merciful SAVIOUR; most humbly beseeching THEE that it may be precious in THY sight. Wash it, we pray THEE, in the blood of that immaculate LAMB that was slain to take away the sins of the world; that whatsoever defilements it may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and haughty world, through the lusts of the flesh or the wiles of SATAN, being purged and done away, it may be presented pure and without spot before THEE. And teach us who survive, in this and other like daily spectacles of mortality, to see how frail and uncertain our condition is, and so to number our days that we may seriously apply our hearts to that holy and heavenly wisdom whilst we live here, which may in the end bring us to life everlasting, through the merits of JESUS CHRIST, THINE only SON, our LORD. Amen.’

‘As the word *amen* was pronounced by the venerable priest, the last breath was perceived to pass, gently, quietly, and without a struggle, from the lips of the dying soldier of the cross, and he was at rest in the bosom of his SAVIOUR.’

With this narrative we conclude our notice of this interesting memoir. And now the thought occurs, while we are inditing this too scanty tribute, that had the quaint old WALTON numbered him among his friends, or held the ample details which we have in hand, he would have garnished still another page or two with tender portraiture, and, in the affection of his nature, added yet another memory to his series of good men’s lives. But as luminous sparks, although lighted at a distance from each other, are soon enkindled in one glowing flame, so kindred spirits, although more widely parted, come together in a bright companionship, as if twin-born. A little interval amounts to nothing in an endless distance: the morning stars which sang together at the first creation soon overtake, with their impalpable notes, the heavenly chorus hymned upon the plains of Bethlehem, and blend their music with the Church’s anthems in one grand and swelling harmony for ever and for aye.

THE CRUISE OF THE STEAM-YACHT NORTH-STAR: A Narrative of the Excursion of Mr. VANDERBILT’s Party, etc. By the Rev. JOHN OVERTON CHOULES, D.D. In One Volume: pp. 853. Boston: GOULD AND LINCOLN. New-York: EVANS AND DICKERSON.

OUR readers will remember, that at the time of the departure of the ‘NORTH-STAR,’ there appeared in this Magazine an elaborate description of the noble vessel, accompanied by an engraving, and preceded by an authentic detailed sketch of the life and character of her ‘Commodore,’ CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Esq. The yacht set forth, and after a rapid run across the Atlantic, her party visited successively England, Russia, Denmark, France, Spain, Italy, Malta, Turkey, Madeira, etc. We marvel that our friend the author has been able to condense into one volume so clear a synopsis of the general characteristics of the thousand and one cities, and their wonders, which the party visited in their four months’ pleasure-trip; a ‘trip’ of some fifteen thousand miles in extent, and one which was never before attempted by the private enterprise of any one person in the world. How the party were received at Southampton, England, where they first landed; how they were entertained by the authorities, and how they fêted the hospitable citizens in return; in short, how they were welcomed and honored, wherever they went; the great personages whom they met, and the wonders they saw:

all these things have already partly transpired in the journals, and are very graphically set forth in the pages before us. The interest felt in relation to Russia just at this time, impels us to select, for the only extract we have space to give, a passage from the description of Saint Petersburg, and the former residence of its immortal founder :

‘Our earliest visit in the city was made to the original cottage-residence of its founder. This is a spot I had longed to see. I wanted to sit down in a room where a man had dwelt, and thought, and acted, who had done so much to leave his mark upon the age in which he lived. It is a very small affair, and contains but three apartments. The farthest one was his bed-room, the next his chapel, and one off to the right was his room for company. We saw many articles that belonged to the great man, kept under glass cases; and pictures, maps, plans, and charts, are on the walls, as when he resided here. One map of the city is of his own draft. The chapel is occupied by a priest, and daily service is observed; it was going on when we visited it, and the audience consisted of some six or eight woful-looking devotees, all upon their knees, or with their foreheads on the ground. Beads and trinkets were offered for sale to us, and all round the door we were beset with monks and nuns from the country, as we were told, begging for their conventual institutions; and a sad, dirty-looking set they were. The entire building, which was originally a log-cottage, has been surrounded with a plank covering, by the order of the late Emperor ALEXANDER. Here, too, we saw a large boat which PETER constructed, I suppose, after his initiation into boat and ship-building in Holland. Not far from this spot we saw the first church which was erected in St. Petersburg.

‘The city is principally situated on the south bank of the Neva, and comprehends several islands; and, as much of it was originally a mere marsh, it has had to undergo a thorough drainage, which has rendered large canals indispensable. These are constructed of the most massive materials, and have a fine appearance. The date of the city is from 1703; and in one century and a half, all this magnificent metropolis has been called into existence by a people supposed to be semi-barbarous; and yet it transcends, in many respects, every other capital of Europe. I quite agree with the lamented STEPHENS, who stated in his travels, ‘I do not believe that Rome, when ADRIAN reared the mighty Coliseum, and the Palace of the CÆSARS covered the Capitoline Hill, exhibited such a range of noble structures as now exists in the Admiralty Quarter.’ The admiralty itself is the central point, on one side fronting the Neva, and on the other a large open square, and has a façade of marble, with ranges of columns a quarter of a mile in length. A beautiful golden spire shoots up from the centre, towering above every other object, and seen from every part of the city, glittering in the sun; and three principal streets, each two miles in length, radiate from this point. In front, is a range of Boulevards, ornamented with trees, and an open square, at one extremity of which stands the great church of St. ISAAC. This square extends to a great distance, and on it are the Winter-Palace, Hermitage, and other splendid erections.

‘The great street of the city — the Broadway — is the NEFFSKY Perspective, named after ALEXANDER NEFFSKY, the patron-saint of St. Petersburg. I think this and the other two streets, radiating from the admiralty, are two hundred feet wide. The channel-gutter is in the middle of the street, and on each side of it are wooden pavements broad enough to allow two carriages or wagons to cross each other. The pavements are wide and well-made. Many of the shops and stores on this Perspective are fine, and have very much the appearance of similar establishments in New-York, London, or Paris.

‘I know not how it is, but I never before felt so solitary in a large city. There are few persons in the streets, and certainly seven out of ten we meet are serfs; and all the drosky-drivers are wrapped up in long, blue, coarse cloth coats down to their heels, and the waist tied with a red scarf, leather thong, or rope. The hat is a queer-looking affair, very low-crowned, and bell-shaped. I have never seen so many lifeless, inanimate faces as in Russia. The countenance is sallow, eyes sunken, and beards are mostly yellow. In these great streets, and over the vast admiralty-square, amid the palaces and vast buildings, I rambled by moonlight, and was never weary while watching the queen of heaven climbing over dome, minaret, and façade. It was then that I realized the magnitude of this strange city, and felt that it had *now* an air of antiquity and grandeur that no other city I have seen can boast.’

The volumes are embellished with several good engravings of the picturesque cities and places visited, including a portrait of the distinguished ‘Commodore,’ and of Captain ELDRIDGE, who commanded the yacht. The paper and printing are excellent.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL: with an Original Biography and Notes. Edited by EPES SARGENT. In one volume: pp. 479. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

WE make very short work in our estimate of a man's poetical taste. We ask him if he like not the writings of ROBERT BURNS and THOMAS CAMPBELL; and if he answers us nay, or is indifferent even, in his praise—nay, if he be not somewhat enthusiastic in his admiration of these matchless poets—he is immediately at an intellectual discount with us, and we wouldn't touch his 'paper' in our literary bank. The merits of the present volume are marked; for it possesses several advantages over any previous edition that we have seen. It contains a very full memoir, compiled from the life and letters of the poet, edited by Dr. BEATTIE, long his most intimate friend, and his literary executor; and from the reminiscences of Mr. CYRUS REDDING, who was for some ten years associated with CAMPBELL in editing the 'New Monthly Magazine.' The poems are given from the text, and according to the arrangement approved by the author. To these are now added fifty poems, some of which are hardly surpassed by the best of his acknowledged lyrics. We give the following, not because it will be new to many of our readers, but simply because we would not have the volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER bound up and preserved for other times, without containing a poem so sublime in its conception, and so grand in its execution, as '*The Last Man*:'

'ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould
That shall Creation's death behold,
As ADAM saw her prime!

'The Sun's eye had a sickly glare;
The Earth with age was wan:
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some;
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

'Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by;
Saying, 'We are twins in death, proud Sun!
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'T is Mercy bids thee go;
For thou, ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

'What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill,
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will?
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,

Thou dim, discrowned king of day!
For, all those trophied arts
And triumphs, that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

'Go! let Oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men;
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again:
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

'Even I am weary, in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips, that speak thy dirge of death,
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

'This spirit shall return to HIM
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine;
By HIM recalled to breath,
Who captive led Captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory,
And took the sting from Death!

' 'Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste —
Go! tell the night that hides thy face,

Thou saw'st the last of ADAM's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!'

A finely engraved head and a full-length pen-and-ink sketch of the poet embellish the volume, which is exceedingly well-printed, upon good paper, with a large, clear type.

SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR. By the Right Hon. RICHARD LALOR SHEIL, M.P. With Memoirs and Notes by R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, D.C.L. In two volumes: pp. 754. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD.

THIS is certainly a most entertaining and instructive work; and we are not at all surprised to hear of its extensive popularity. The sketches themselves, by the great Irish orator, appeared in the London '*New Monthly Magazine*,' between 1822 and 1832, but have never until now been collected. Some time before his death, Mr. SHEIL had arranged that his friend, Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, (now of the '*New-York Sunday Times*,' and an old contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER,) should collect and edit these admirable papers. Dr. MACKENZIE has performed his task with great ability and good taste, and has fully demonstrated the correct judgment of his distinguished friend. His own notes, which are numerous and comprehensive, are among the most agreeable contents of the volumes; forming a rich fund of information, illustrative anecdote, and true Irish humor. We remember referring to, and quoting from, several of the sketches, at the time of their first appearance: commending them, therefore, to a renewed perusal, as furnishing a great variety of extremely pleasant reading, we proceed to select a few only of the 'good things' to be found in the 'notes' of the editor; commencing with an anecdote of Lord NORBURY, a Judge who used to pun even when sentencing a man to death. The following is given as among those stories of him which are not in general currency:

'LORD NORBURY was in Tipperary, taking what he used to call his health-ride. One of the county gentlemen, a Mr. PEPPER, joined him, but this deponent saith not whether he was mounted on 'The White Horse of the PEPPERS.' His steed, however, was handsome and spirited, and NORBURY (who was an excellent judge — of horseflesh) paid him some compliments on the animal. 'Has plenty of life, eh?' Mr. PEPPER answered, 'So much, that he threw me over his head, the other day.' 'Named him yet?' Mr. PEPPER said that he had not. 'Why, then,' said the joker, 'considering who you are, and how he has served you, suppose you call him *Pepper-caster*!'

'Going to a levee at Dublin Castle, with another of the judges, they slipped when ascending the stairs. 'Oh! my Lord,' said NORBURY, as he rubbed the broadest part of his person, which had been *barked* by the fall, 'you and I have tried many cases in our time, but *the hardest case of all is this stair-case*.'

'In 1816, when Prince LEOPOLD, who was only a *Serene Highness* (as only the son of a king can be addressed as Royal) was about marrying the Princess CHARLOTTE of Wales, he was complimented by her father, then Prince Regent of England, with the title of 'Royal Highness.' This was spoken of before Lord NORBURY, who remarked that 'Marriage was the true way of making a man lose his *serenity*.'

'A QUAKER, named NOTT, opened a large shop, exactly opposite that of KINAHAN, a well-known Dublin grocer, advertised his tea as cheaper and better than any in Ireland, and declared that he would not vend any sugar, as it yielded no profit. The novelty of the concern, and the excellence and low price of NOTT's tea and coffee, drew many customers to him, and diminished the sales of KINAHAN, his *vis-a-vis* neighbor. Lord

NORBURY went to the Quaker's, bought fourteen pounds of tea, (on which the profit was large,) and crossed over to KINAHAN's, where he asked for a supply of sugar, on which the profits are or were nominal. While KINAHAN was having the sugar weighed, NORTT's porter entered the shop with the large parcel of tea for Lord NORBURY. 'Leave it there, on the counter,' said my Lord. Then, turning to KINAHAN, who was dismayed at seeing one of his oldest and best customers a purchaser at his rival's, NORBURY said: 'I suppose, Mr. KINAHAN, that *you* sell a great deal of sugar — by NORTT *selling* tea.'

In the merely incidental sketch of 'MICHAEL O'LOGHLIN,' among the most amusing of the 'fillings-in' which assist to make up the collection before us, we find the following. It demonstrates, as we conceive, that the editor of the volumes under notice is himself 'up to the mark' of the distinguished wits whose characteristics his friend and 'subject' sets forth:

'THE individual known as 'BUMBO' GREEN, was well known in the Irish law-courts, some five-and-twenty years ago. I saw him once; and to see was to remember. He was an attorney in good practice; hailing, I believe, from the west of Ireland. He knew the private affairs of three-fourths of the estated gentlemen in the counties of Galway and Clare, and no law-suit of any importance was entered into, in that part of the world, without Mr. GREEN being employed, on one side or the other. He was a 'noticeable man' (to use COLERIDGE's phrase) — but chiefly on account of his immense size. The great DANIEL LAMBERT died before my time, so that I cannot personally compare him with BUMBO GREEN; I suspect that in corporeal extent there could not have been much difference. Mr. GREEN was the biggest man I ever saw. He was tall, but, from his obesity, appeared below the ordinary stature. He had a smiling, winning manner, and was liked, for his good temper and fun, by every one. To see him attempt to sit down on the attorney's narrow bench was ludicrous in the extreme. What is called 'the small of the back' he was not possessor of, and therefore, to rest upon a narrow seat was as hopeless a task for him, as it would have been for a cherub, but from quite a different cause, 'BUMBO GREEN having a redundancy of what cherubs are so deficient in, that it is evident they never can *sit* for their portraits! BUMBO GREEN flourished in the ante-railway era, and, on a journey, had to occupy and pay for two seats in the stage-coach. On one occasion, he ordered his servant to take two seats for him in the mail-coach from Ennis to Dublin. The man executed the command, but, being rather a green hand, only a few days in GREEN's employment, committed a trifling mistake. When BUMBO GREEN went to the coach-office, he found all the inside seats occupied, except one. His servant, not knowing his habit, had taken the seats — one outside, and the other within! BUMBO GREEN, like nearly all very stout men whom I have ever known, was fond of dancing, and danced lightly, too. He had a great many good qualities, and the perpetual sun-shine of good-temper beamed brightly over them all.'

We have some fears that our legal friends may object to the following. It exposes a system of 'sharp practice,' that it may be only fair to suppose they would rather should be considered as 'more honored in the breach than in the observance;' in other words, it is the anecdote of a legal gentleman who was accused of the grave offence of having taken a 'half-fee' for professional services rendered. In defence, he said:

'It is quite true that I took half a guinea, where the fee should have been a guinea, and that it was made up of a crown-piece, four shillings, two sixpences, and sixpence in copper.' There was a great sensation on this confession of the charge. But he went on: 'But, gentlemen, before I took the money, I ascertained it was the last farthing the poor devil had, and I appeal to the honorable profession, whether, under such circumstances, taking his last penny from him, I was not quite justified, and have maintained the character of the bar?' It was unanimously agreed that he had done all that a lawyer could do, in such a case, and, honorably acquitting COCKLE, the bar-mess inflicted the fine of a basket of claret upon his accuser — the grand rule at all mess-trials being that somebody must be mulcted in the generous juice of the grape!

We have said and quoted just sufficient to *indicate* the character of the volumes before us. They contain a portrait of SHEIL, and a fac-simile of one of his letters to his friend the editor.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'UNCLE REUBEN' AGAIN. — Our eastern correspondent has favored us with another sketch of the 'sayings and doings' of that old wag, 'Uncle REUBEN.' It will be remembered that toward the close of his last communication he made allusion to a certain 'Trade-Sale Company,' a remarkable association, with a kind of military organization. Our friend proceeds to describe it, and its operations, as follows:

'NONE were ever admitted as members unless they had been the subject of at least *one* of Uncle REUBEN's practical jokes; and no man could hold an office, whether Captain or Corporal, unless he had been victimized more than once; and the subject of the greatest number was elected Captain.

'After Uncle REUBEN's death, members were elected who had made themselves ridiculous in any manner, or were comically unfortunate. But in Uncle REUBEN's life-time its original lustre had not dimmed. It was surrounded with a kind of halo that people of the present day are not permitted to behold. I now have in my mind one of its original Captains. He is full three-score years and ten, but when you address him as 'Captain,' his eyes kindle, and he seems in ecstasies.

'JAMES WYTHE was elected after this wise: He was an illiterate man, being scarcely able to read at all. He had a fine address, and on a certain occasion was chosen moderator of a town-meeting. Now JAMES, being unable to read, very foolishly attempted, at the suggestion of Uncle REUBEN, to read the warrant for the meeting. He borrowed half a dozen pair of spectacles, but through none of them could he 'see to read.' He held the warrant near his nose, and then at arm's length; now this side and then that, until the people were chuckling all over the house. At last, a wag, in a remote corner, (and it is said it was JAMES's own brother,) called out:

'*'JEEMES, you can't read that warrant — you can't read writin'!*'

'Mr. WYTHE, not disheartened, tried another pair of spectacles, when his brother shouted out again:

'*'I tell you, JEEMES, it's no kind o' use; you can't read writin'.'*

'Mr. WYTHE ordered the Constable to eject the disturber from the house. Whereupon the wag exclaimed:

'*'JEEMES, you can put me out, but you can't read the writin'!*'

'The warrant was thereupon read by the Clerk, and that night Mr. WYTHE was elected a member of the 'Trade-Sale Company.

'Not after this fashion was Mr. PLATT elected, in the palmy days of the Company. He was the owner of a large barn in the west part of the village, while he lived in the extreme east. The barn was to be moved home; and a 'moving' was equal to a 'raising.' The 'Santa-Cruz' and the 'New-England' having been provided, the invited company assembled, and the barn not being able to be moved on account of the narrowness of the roads, without being taken apart, apart it was taken, loaded on wheels, and carried to the village-green, just as

"EVENING let her curtain down,
And pinned it with a star."

The company here appointed a committee to inquire into the condition of the 'Santa-Cruz;' and they having reported that it would hold out until another day, they voted to adjourn until the next afternoon, when the barn should be carried to its destination and set up.

'To this 'moving' Uncle REUBEN was not invited. Every body said, 'Mr. PLATT will get his pay for *that*.' 'How could he dare?' etc. All Uncle's friends were vexed, but Uncle was not; for as I said before, he was a kind-hearted man. His blue eyes were as mild as ever. But the very heavens showed a strange impatience, with 'exhalations whizzing in the air.' And some, whose imaginations were more active than others, said voices were heard in the shoe-maker's shop until a late hour. But the more knowing ones believed it not, for no light was there to be seen:

' WHEN PHOEBUS from the lap
Of THETIS had snoozed out its nap.
And like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.'

the neighbors were seen hurrying hither and thither, and pointing toward the western part of the village, where, to their great joy, and the great vexation of Mr. PLATT, his aforesaid barn was again raised and boarded on the same old spot! The barn was evidently surprised, and stood aghast at the terrible convulsions going on.

'The indignation of Mr. PLATT knew no bounds. Uncle REUBEN was brought before the Justice, and as there was no evidence against him, (save that he acknowledged, the following morning, that he was 'exceedingly fatigued, and felt as if he had labored for twenty-four consecutive hours,') the complaint was dismissed. Mr. PLATT, however, was not dismissed until he was duly elected a member of the 'Trade-sale Company,' and not even then, until he was put in a position to be an officer of the Company. Mr. PLATT would never touch the barn after; and to this day it is still standing, and is used for a store-house and blacksmith-shop at Edenton.

'A committee of the Church once waited on Uncle REUBEN, on account of a profane expression which escaped his lips, (as it was said,) while repairing a dam; not the 'wind-mill dam' before spoken of, but another. Uncle was silent at their reproof, until he perceived that it was a play upon the word 'dam.' He then indignantly denied the accusation of profanity, and said if it had been true, he would have received the reproof in a becoming Christian spirit, although he was not a member of the Church.

'As it is, however,' said he, 'I advise you to look after those of your own numbers, over whom you are bound to watch, and who are subject to your discipline.'

'The committee replied that they should be glad to be informed of any transgressions of their own number, of a like kind.

'My Uncle replied:

'I never liked a tale-bearer, nor to gossip; but of this you may be sure, I never heard a man swear as Deacon THOMAS did yesterday, when his horse was contrary at Edenton.'

'Here ended the interview: but within a few days, Uncle REUBEN had a summons to appear before an ecclesiastical court, with his fees duly tendered, to testify against Deacon THOMAS. He had been arraigned, and pleaded not guilty. Now the Deacon was a Federalist, and the Democrats were in great glee at his expected disgrace. The parish was divided by strict party-lines, and the whole town caught the excitement.

'On the day of the trial, a great concourse assembled at the church. Deacon THOMAS still denied his guilt; and Uncle REUBEN was a man, as was well known, who would not vary a hair's breadth from the truth. The oath was administered, and the inquiry put by the chairman of the council:

'Have you, Mr. P —, at any time heard Deacon THOMAS make use of any profane expressions?'

'The excitement for a moment was intense. At last Uncle REUBEN said:

'No!'

'CHAIRMAN: 'Did you understand the question, Sir? The question is, whether or not you have ever heard Deacon THOMAS speak profanely?'

'UNCLE REUBEN: 'I never did, Sir.'

'The committee of reference came to the rescue, and asked the witness:

'Did you not *tell* us that you heard Deacon THOMAS speak profanely?'

'UNCLE REUBEN: 'No, Sir!'

'COM.: 'Do you recollect our conversation, some weeks ago, at ———?'

'UNCLE REUBEN: 'I do, Sir.'

'COM.: 'What did you say about the profanity of Deacon THOMAS?'

'UNCLE REUBEN: 'I said I never heard a man swear as he did.'

'COM.: 'And how *did* he swear, Sir?'

'ANS.: 'He said *'I never!'*'

'That night there was a great accession to the numbers of the Trade-sale Company.'

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR. — The gossiping '*Letter to the Editor*' which ensues, comes to us from a correspondent in the '*City of Elms*,' who has, on more than one occasion, made the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER* both to laugh and weep. He has been too long absent from these pages:

'I BELIEVE that a great many people, young people more particularly, have a vague impression that NOAH WEBSTER died a long while ago, instead of so recently as 1843. They think of him in connection with the queer old spelling-book of their early years, and hear their fathers say that they, too, studied the same book. They, perhaps, confound him with the youth represented in the frontispiece of that old volume, who, under the guidance of a mysterious being in flowing drapery, trooper's hat, and sandals, ascended the steep rocks, secured the golden apple, and disappeared over the dome of the Temple of Fame, ages since. Very few, at the present day, I suppose, entertain the idea that DANIEL WEBSTER was the author of WEBSTER'S Spelling-Book. DANIEL WEBSTER publicly and magnanimously disavowed the authorship; said he did not, and, which was more, could not make a spelling-book; although he felt flattered in having the work attributed to him. In my copy of that production, (which, with the exception of the spelling-part, I recollect distinctly,) some embryo artist had painted red and yellow flames issuing from the imposing structure denominated the Temple of Fame; and this, combined with a little disagreeable information acquired at Sunday-school, and the oporose nature of the journey altogether, effectually destroyed my ambition; and caused me to subside into a grocery-store, at an early period of my history.

'One day, an old gentleman, dressed in black, entered the store, and wished to have a green-glass bottle filled with 'Mrs. G. B. MILLER'S first quality Maccaboy-snuff,' (I quote from the label,) saying that he was on his way to the Post-Office, and would stop on his return. One pound of snuff was put in the bottle and soon the old gentleman returned. In consequence of 'the uncertain glory of an April-day,' he was detained for a few moments, and, to pass the time, entered into conversation with another old gentleman in regard to the old folks about town. I rather like to hear old men talk. I learned who built the old house on such a corner, who showed signs of failing strength, and who were 'holding their own' remarkably well. It seemed to please and elate the old gentleman, (owner of the green-glass bottle,) when told that he himself was exceedingly spry and active for a person of his years; and the sun breaking out brightly of a sudden, he proved that such was the fact, by springing lightly over a swollen gutter, and walking away more rapidly than usual. I watched him as he passed on, and almost fancied that he would look around to see if the 'time' he was making was properly observed and appreciated. He slackened his pace, shortly, and was an old man again. Having believed that NOAH WEBSTER had long been numbered with the dead, I was a good deal surprised to learn that this was he; may be, more than HAMLET was, at the appearance of his governor's ghost—for HORATIO had previously told him about it.

'It has been said that 'brevity is the soul of wit,' and I think the same quality is the soul of pathos, too. If I am not the first utterer of this opinion, I can at least furnish a forcible illustration in support of the principle. When our streets were draped in black, and the bells tolled sadly in memory of the 'GREAT EXPOUNDER,' among other briefly-eloquent allusions to the bereavement, was the subjoined, suspended in front of a German fancy-store:

· W — : HE GONE : ·

'What a candid, unprejudiced, world-embracing mind, that Englishman must have had, of whom GRACE GREENWOOD tells the following story:

'At a dinner-party, the other day, during a little playful discussion of Yankee character, a bland and benevolent-looking old gentleman at my side informed me that he had come to the conclusion that the wooden-nutmeg story was neither more nor less than a mischievous satire. 'For,' said he, 'there would be such an amount of minute carving required to make a successful imitation of the nutmeg, that the deception would hardly pay the workman. For myself, I do not believe the cheat was ever practised.' I thanked him, in the name of my country, for the justice done her, and

assured him, that the story of the Yankee having whittled a large lot of unsalable shoe-pegs into melon-seeds, and sold them to the Canadians, was also a base fabrication of our enemies.'

'Are you much of a speaker? Were you ever called upon for a speech at a public dinner? Probably you have. I never suffered an attack of this kind, until the BURNS festival, on the twenty-fifth of January. Every body at the table had taken part in the festivities; had sung songs, and made speeches. Even our friend 'JIMMY POND' had favored the company with a song — a song full of dreamy incoherence, and misty unmeaningness — in a voice tremulous as an Æolian harp, and as little to be relied upon as the gait of a badly-trained trotting-horse — which was, on the whole, suggestive of being a very dim recollection of something he had never known. They had all distinguished themselves more or less in some way, when the chairman, as a sort of practical joke, I fancy, proposed the health of 'SMITH.' I was SMITH, and it came near putting an end to my life on the spot. I had never made a speech; never thought of making one; had nothing to say, and could n't have said it, if I had. I was only conscious of a rush of blood to my head, a violent rapping on the tables, a fantastic dance of tumblers and cut-glass decanters, and above all, loud cries of 'SMITH!' (a good-natured friend afterward consoled me by saying that the proposition of the Chair was not received with any great degree of enthusiasm, and that the terrible uproar only had an existence in my excited imagination. The intelligence was eminently soothing.) 'SMITH! SMITH! SMITH!' What was I to do? I first thought of diving under the table; but then the reflection that I would be ignominiously dragged from my hiding-place and exposed to the derision of 'two nations,' put a stop to that move.

'SMITH! SMITH! SMITH!' It occurred to me to follow the example of SHERIDAN; who, when overpowered with wine, told the policemen, engaged in taking him home, that his name was WILBERFORCE, and that he was not often in that condition; and deny my identity. But I was known. 'SMITH! SMITH! SMITH!' I thought of dashing from the room, and tearing through the darkness; but then, the horrid possibility that a hundred Scotchmen and Americans would rush out in pursuit, and in all human probability, capture me, forced itself upon my confused intellect. 'SMITH! SMITH! SMITH!' There was no escape. I unconsciously rose to my feet, gazed at the long perspective of anxious faces, and, without previous study, delivered the annexed address: 'Gentlemen,' (aside, Fiends:) 'I thank you very much, but it is impossible for me to say any thing.' I then sat down, in a high fever and a low state of mind. After retiring for the night, I dreamed that I was standing on a mammoth Scotch 'haggis,' before a vast concourse of citizens, and making innumerable speeches in rapid succession, and with brilliant success. The ideas, it is true, were substantially the same as those embraced in the original effort, but differently arranged.

'I am well acquainted with the Chairman of that festival. I do not wish to do him any material harm. He has lately been married. I do not design to add to his troubles. I will mildly retaliate by telling a story, illustrative of his kindness of heart, and his total ignorance of matters of art. In a number of the 'KNICKERBOCKER,' some time ago, your readers were furnished with a fine engraving of your own phiz, which, it will be remembered, was not adorned with a shirt-collar. The young man with whom I have to do, is connected with an extensive shirt-factory in this city; and, innocently supposing that your poverty and not your taste, made you appear before the public in that shape, wished to obtain my opinion as to whether a gift of a dozen nicely-stitched collars would be pleasantly received or proudly rejected by you. I judged that the collar was left off at the suggestion of ELLIOTT, as I had read or heard that artists disliked that article of dress, and often dispensed with it when consulting their own fancy. I furthermore stated, that if you really had been in a necessitous state when the picture was taken, you were doubtless blessed with friends, who would have had sufficient confidence in your honesty to have loaned you a collar for the occasion. This was conclusive reasoning with my liberal-minded friend, and the collars were not forwarded. If I acted injudiciously in thus giving my decision, I can only hope to repair the injury by remarking, that the offer is still open for your acceptance.*

* GOOD! — send 'em on: and also a bushel of those little sweet blue-black Dragon-river oysters in the shell. 'Second time of asking.' — 'OLD KNICK.'

'An acquaintance of mine relates, that the most tender parting that he ever witnessed, was between two Scotchmen in the old country, One of them was being rowed from the dock to the vessel which was to bear him across the Atlantic. As the boat receded from shore, the friend who was left behind cried out, tears streaming down his face: 'Good-bye! good-bye! — there you go, there you go! — you d — d old fool!'

'From the window of an old book-store, facing the 'Green,' dingy busts of Dr. TAYLOR and NOAH WEBSTER looked out, from year to year. The old book-store was a famous meeting-place, 'Commencement'-times: it was here the Alumni recorded their names. It was here old class-mates met, after long separations, and laughed and talked over former days. Well, new hands have taken the shop; the old books are 'selling off without regard to cost;' the old heads have vanished from the window, and two full-length figures, holding gas-burners, have usurped their places. Dr. TAYLOR is intently engaged in unravelling some dark mystery about a superannuated coal-scuttle in a back-room, and NOAH WEBSTER finds something equally interesting in an old packing-case, labelled, 'A. H. MALTBY, Book-seller, New-Haven, Conn.: Keep Dry.' Painters and joiners have blotted out the old familiar marks, and have modernized the look. The KNICKERBOCKER, lying on the counter, wears the same old face. Every thing else has been knocked from a 'cocked-hat' into a modern silk affair. However, it is up with the times, and all right; merely a matter of regret to 'old fogies.'

'But what I wish to say, is this: One of the proprietors exhibited a lamentable want of charity, and an unpardonable lack of penetration a few days ago, during the bustle of alteration, which ought to be exposed. A long-bearded man thrust his head in the door, and asked, 'Do you want any chairs bottomed to-day?' The young book-seller instantly and roughly responded, 'No!' The man, of course, moved on. A shabby sort of a character, who had been hanging about the store, handling books, and who was strongly suspected of having an unpaid-for copy of 'Paradise Lost' in his overcoat-pocket, immediately informed the young merchant that he had done very wrong in dismissing the itinerant so unceremoniously. 'The traveller,' said he, 'was a wandering Jew, and wanted to sit down!'

'The book-seller, assisted by a red-headed painter, and a squint-eyed carpenter, in a green-baize jacket, collared the enigmatical individual, and, totally disregarding his earnest request for the privilege of explaining, marched him into the street. G. E. T.'

'THE REBELLION AT TIPPLETOWN, reported by REUBEN CARBUNCLE, Esq., is not a bad satire; and in these days of 'Maine-Law' demonstrations it will doubtless be welcomed by many readers:

'ONE of the chief characteristics of the age is a growing opposition to tyranny; and as where the tyranny is most grinding this opposition will naturally be the greatest, it is not strange that it has shown itself, to a considerable extent, in the dominions of his Majesty, King ALCOHOL.

'That the subjects of this monarch are becoming disaffected to him, a meeting held, a few moons since, at Tippetown, one of his Majesty's strong-holds, makes evident.

'At the hour appointed for the meeting, the citizens of Tippetown assembled. BENJAMIN BLOAT, Esq., was called to the Chair, and JACOB MIXER chosen Secretary. This gentleman, however, being attacked with a sudden nausea, which resulted in a severe vomiting-fit, Mr. CARBUNCLE was appointed to fill his place as Secretary, *pro tem*.

'The house was then called to order, and Mr. BRANDYBREATH, carpenter by trade, rose, and proceeded to state the object of the meeting as follows:

'MR. CHAIRMAN: The object of this meeting, as I understand it, is, to give the citizens of Tippetown an opportunity to express their views with regard to the government we are under, and to devise means for throwing off the yoke of slavery now upon us, and recovering our former freedom:

'In calling this meeting, I think we have hit the nail square upon the head. Our Sovereign.

when he commenced his rule over us, promised, that with regard to our rights and privileges, all should go on as smooth as a shaving; that the broad plank of liberty and peace should be thrown out for us to step upon; and we saw nothing to hinder the plan of our happiness from working evenly and beautifully. But no sooner did he perceive his power securely underpinned, than, instead of framing his government upon the proper foundations of equity and justice, he, to our mortification, built up a most unsightly structure of tyranny and oppression. Had he continued, as at first, to exercise a mild rule, we should have become glued to his interests; but so firmly does his dominion show itself to be spiked to purposes of violence and cruelty, that the scaffolding of our hopes of happiness under his reign are but slenderly propped. We have braced up his government as long as we could; we have served King ALCOHOL faithfully; we of Tippletown have been most loyal subjects; but we have been screwed up in the vice of oppression till we can bear it no longer. I tell you, Mr. Chairman, we are being crushed flat as a clap-board! The timbers of our government are badly laid. Our monarch chiselled out enviable prospects for us only to destroy them again. Our hopes, which we have swung upon him as a stay, are all unhinged, and unless we bestir ourselves to seek some other than the roof of his protection, the walls and rafters, beneath which we have taken shelter, will fall in upon us, and our fate will be sealed. He is not adapted to us. Sir, I wish to nail the conviction to your minds that the tenon does not fit the mortise. We ought to show him that, in carving out his diabolical plans to enthrall us, he is working against the grain. He will find us a knotty board to cut to suit his caprices. I give it, therefore, as my sentiments, that we become joined together in the resolve to pry the throne of this usurper from its base, and plant ourselves on the well-supported platform of liberty and justice.'

'Mr. BRANDYBREATH here remarked that he would be pleased to add more upon a matter of such vital importance, but a violent attack of the cholic, from which he had suffered during the day, had made so heavy a draught upon his strength that he felt constrained to sit down.

'HENRY HECTIC, shoe-maker, next occupied the floor. After a violent fit of coughing, with which he was at that moment seized, had subsided, he was enabled to proceed, remarking, in the first place, that one would hardly suppose, from the zeal with which he had served the King, that he should be here to-night to say aught against him. That the paleness which they saw resting upon his countenance, and the hollow cough which beset him, were the result of too faithful service of their common master. 'And what is more,' added he, 'this hollow cough and cadaverous complexion are the only requital I have realized for my devotedness.'

'He then went on to observe:

'ALAS! some time ago, Mr. Chairman, I perceived that our Sovereign was made upon the wrong last for us; and I wish I could say that this were to be the last day that he is ever to exercise control over us. I always knew he would be a spirited, fiery monarch, but I was so foolish as to suppose that these qualities would be turned to a good use, and be the instrument of happiness to us. But I am now convinced that the soul which the ALMIGHTY gave him, is as dead to all sense of humanity and philanthropy as the sole of his boot. Sir, the tyrant's iron heel is being stamped upon our foreheads! All his alluring promises to bring us ease and comfort, have proved weak and brittle as a rotten shoe-string. We have served him now a long time, and all our efforts to derive contentment from his authority have been bootless. I am of the settled opinion that we had better dislodge this insolent monster from his high elevation, even at the risk of impairing the anterior extremities of our sandals, nor move a peg from our position, till the work is accomplished.

'That, Mr. Chairman, is the way my awl sticks!'

'All eyes were now turned with marked attention toward a form that slowly rose, supported by a staff, in one corner of the room. It was that of a venerable farmer who had lived in the neighborhood the most of his life, Mr. THOROUGHSOAKER. He had a face remarkably round, and rosy in hue, for so old a man, which some attributed to health, but which was in reality an appearance which the King had the art of giving to all of his faithful servants. He thus addressed the chair:

'I HAVE tilled the soil in this realm a great many years. No sooner had an intimate acquaintance sprung up between the king and myself than my liking for him became deeply rooted. We hitched in together admirably. In serving him I have now grown gray in the harness; grown gray, perhaps, before the time. My estate has suffered severely; and my family have undergone many hardships and privations in consequence of my ploughing his furrows so devotedly. But an ample reward has been reaped in the benignity he has shown me. In youth, from the wit and sprightliness I caught from his company, they used to call me NED LIVERAST; and, in fact, when in his society I used

to think I could crowd three ordinary hours in one. And now, in my regular business, in harvest-time, he always sends some of his especial messengers to come and assist me — either Mr. NEW-RUM or OLD RYE, or HOLLAND-GIN, or WHISKEY-PUNCH, or two or three at a time; and they help us through our work with wonderful efficiency. It is true, if you attempt to become too familiar with his men, or ask too much of them, they are a little impudent; will give you a thrust that will make you stagger, or perhaps lay you on your back, senseless; but then a man of prudence and self-command knows how to manage them to a charm. And in all my other labors I am helped through by them equally well. And I think you do wrong to rise up thus against this our benefactor. I have the authority of parson LOVE-A-DRAM against your conduct. He was telling me the other day that reason, no less than revelation, teaches 'the divine right of kings;' and he quoted St. PAUL, who says, 'Servants, be obedient unto your masters.' And again, 'The powers that be, are ordained of God.' He also alluded to the passage, 'Blessed are the merciful,' and thought it particularly blessed to be merciful to such 'good creatures of God' as King ALCOHOL. He even said, that in some parts of the land, especially in the Maine District, the King and his chief emissaries were resorted to as a source of 'Christian consolation.*' Now I believe that the parson was under the 'direct influence of the spirit' when he uttered these words, and hence they alone ought to induce you to lay aside your fury, and leave our Sovereign undisturbed in his rightful authority. For my part, whatever treachery and ingratitude others may show, my prayer shall ever be, 'Long live the King!'

'Mr. THOROUGHSHOAKER now became much affected; the tears trickled down his cheeks, and, evidently moved by the same spirit which had inspired Parson LOVE-A-DRAM, he sang the following stanzas, impromptu, to the tune of Old GRIMES:

' 'King ALCOHOL, that good old soul,
I ever shall adore;
His name I always loved full well,
And loved himself the more.

' 'A blessing is he, when I'm wet,
A comfort when I'm cold;
He doth support my tottering steps,
Now years have made me old.

' 'Ye traitors vile, ye may rebel,
Ye'll rue it to your dotage!
Ye'll thus your birth-right sell, nor get
E'en ESAU's mess of pottage!

' 'King ALCOHOL, that good old soul,
I ever shall adore;
I've loved him dearly from my youth:
I love him more and more.'

'Having concluded his verses, Mr. THOROUGHSHOAKER sank with happy feelings into his seat.

'Mr. MIXER, first-chosen Secretary, feeling relieved of his nausea, expressed a desire to address a few words to the meeting:

' 'I THOUGHT,' said Mr. MIXER, 'that as I held a very important office under the King, I might state a fact or two worth knowing. As you all know, I have been collector of the King's revenues. Mr. THOROUGHSHOAKER admits that he has sacrificed a great deal for the King, but declares he has been amply repaid. Now his love for the monarch has made him blind to all he is losing by him. I can tell him that where the king gives a gill, he takes a gallon. I have been collector of his money long enough to know that he is very different from other monarchs. They tax only the property and services of their subjects; but ours taxes every thing we possess — property, services, health, strength, peace of ourselves and families, future hopes, both for this world and the next; taxes us heavily, too; so that unless we soon rid ourselves of the burden, we shall wish we had never entered the world. I have been deputed to collect these taxes; but as long as I shall! I shall no longer be the instrument of King ALCOHOL to see and to cause loss and suffering to his subjects! What if I do obtain from him paltry advantages? It is all 'saving at the spigot only to lose at the bung!'

'The speech of Mr. MIXER was delivered with earnestness, and produced so deep an effect that the moment seemed a favorable one to get the voice of the house by a vote. Fully two-thirds voted for open rebellion; and these pledged themselves, by a writing, to renounce all farther allegiance to the King, and not to rest until he was banished the country.

* REFERRING to imitations of books sold in Maine, bearing on the back that name.

'The meeting then dissolved; and the rebels having gained many converts in the village, they resolved to 'come out and be wholly separate,' and accordingly moved en masse to the thriving town of Soberville, where they are now living in freedom and contentment, although at the cost of unmitigated warfare with their exasperated King.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Whoso has enjoyed the Damascus-blade 'cuts' of the Reverend SYDNEY SMITH, upon a cognate theme, in the '*Edinburgh Review*,' will find in the following 'matter for reflection:'

'In my last letter, I gave you an account of our movements, up to the time of our arrival at the scene of our missionary operations. A day's journey up the Alqua river brought us within sight of Bamako, the chief residence of HOKEE-POKEE, King of Bornou. The natives, having notice of our approach, had prepared themselves, and were on the look-out: when within six miles of the town, we came upon the first out-posts, who immediately took to their heels; and, being joined, as we came in sight, by detachments of scouts stationed at no great distance apart along the banks, by the time we came in sight of the town, we had a foreshortened view of fully fifteen hundred legs, the owners of which were making a bee-line for safety.

'We camped out, about a half a mile from the walls, which were made of bamboo, plastered with white mud, and surmounted, as far as we could see, by black heads, intently scanning our movements. The main part of our baggage not having arrived, I attached to a cane a white handkerchief, and, under the protection of this flag of truce, sent forward one of our guides with a number of presents; among which were, a box of red wafers, a box of hooks-and-eyes, a bottle of paregoric, and two cork-screws. With these articles HOKEE-POKEE expressed himself pleased, and appointed an early hour next morning for an interview at our tents: accordingly, he arrived about eight o'clock. His costume consisted of a tuft of feathers for the head, a string of beads for the neck, and one yellow boot; his face plentifully dotted with the wafers of yesterday.

'Having explained to him, through the medium of an interpreter, whom we afterward found knew next to nothing of the language, the object of our visit, HOKEE-POKEE dismissed his attendants out of ear-shot, and sat down, while Brother BOREM, with the aid of the interpreter, and certain diagrams drawn in the sand with a piece of bamboo, expounded to him the general ground-plan of our intentions. . . . Having recalled his followers, and distributed his stock of hardware among them, with a view to easy portage, he performed two summersets, expressive of the high consideration in which he held us, and left, promising to call again. This was certainly a good beginning, having awakened an interest in the heart of the King, how easy would be the conversion of the whole tribe! We were a little disconcerted, in the course of the next day, at discovering that a part of the royal escort had been successful in robbing us of a hatchet, a buffalo-robe, a string of sleigh-bells, and a small keg of brandy, which we had for medicinal purposes.

'Next morning, our interpreter having ventured into the vicinity of the town, returned with intelligence that King HOKEE-POKEE, after his return, held a great feast, and, drinking enormous quantities of our brandy, became unaccountably drunk; and, in a paroxysm of fury, seized his head-drummer by the arms, and split open that functionary's head with the stolen hatchet. He then strung the drummer's ears on a hempen string suspended about his neck, and ordered the body served up when cold.

'I would urge upon our friends the necessity of sending out a large supply of coal-scuttles: you may carry an argument home to a king's heart in a coal-scuttle, when a first mortgage on a corner-lot for ten thousand dollars would be of no effect whatever.

'P. S. I open this letter to say, that we have just heard that the Rev. SILAS DIPPER, who, together with his wife, were sent out by the Baptist Society, and were never heard of again, pitched their tents among this tribe, and, within a month after their arrival,

were made into pot-pie and eaten. BOREM says he begins to feel the inroads of this climate upon his constitution; I advised him to try the effect of coast-air, and he advised me to accompany him, lest any thing should happen to him on the way: we shall therefore start in twenty minutes.

'You need not send the coal-scuttles: I am more than ever convinced that our labor will be in vain.'

'I HEREWITH inclose to you,' writes a Kentucky correspondent, 'a small 'pome,' 'the why of which' I will explain. I happen to have a very pretty and sprightly little cousin, who recently made a visit to a neighboring city. While there, she was honored by the usual gallantry of our western beaux among whom was one who discoursed most eloquently of poets and poetry. She very naturally supposed that he was 'a real live poet,' but never having seen his name appended to any specimen, she inquired his *nom de plume*. He had none, he said; 'what he wrote, he wrote over his own proper name, but had published nothing for some years past, as he was determined that he would not pander to the degenerate taste of the day, in which no poetry of 'high, lofty feeling and thought' was appreciated: not he! He proposed, however, to send *her* a specimen of the 'inspirations of his muse,' and, after a fashionable delay, the accompanying document made its appearance. I send the original: read it, and advise Mr. PEPPER to look to his laurels:

'FARWELL Miss SARAH we soon must part
And part alas I fear for aye
Yet shall thine imag guild my heart
As sun-beams guild the clouded day

'If darkning storms play round my way
And shrouded in sorrows dark
Still SARAH they image will be
Never clothed from my memery

'When evening shades are geathering fast
And bright moonbeams glow over s k
Tis the SARAH I think of the
Tho far far away I may be!

Is not this 'touching?' - - - It never occurred to us until now, but there would really seem to be plausible ground for the remarks which ensue, and which we take from the letter of a western correspondent, just received: 'An insinuating south-wind having last night frightened all the snow into a watery grave, I can't drive the white-maned pony and ride in the red cutter at all to-day; so I have taken to the stove, to chestnuts, large red apples, cider, (not yet *smart* enough to put it within the pale of the Maine Law, to my taste, at least,) and to SHAKSPEARE. There seems to me a subject for inquiry in relation to the dramas of SHAKSPEARE, which I do not remember to have seen touched upon in any of the numerous commentaries upon the Great Dramatist: that, while every passion, affection, and even instinct, of the soul is developed and elevated into conspicuous view, as embodied in some one character of his plays, we do not find any one well-defined instance of that strongest and deepest of all relations—that of the mother for her offspring. Cases of it there are, but, if I am not widely at fault in my reading, it is nowhere made the absorbing theme upon which any play turns for its interest. Neither can I now call to mind any drama, by any author, where this has the prominence which its acknowledged strength would seem to warrant. And it seems to me not easy to un-

derstand why poets have neglected to make use (upon the stage) of this powerful passion for eliciting the sympathies of an audience. Glimpses of it frequently appear, but is it any where the vital centre about which a play revolves? One might think a fair setting forth of it was in the affection of CONSTANCE for ARTHUR in King JOHN. Yet, here it is not made the prominent interest of the play; and is, withal, so mixed with ambition, that one hesitates which to pronounce the strongest. When her boy is taken prisoner, she tears her hair in frantic grief, (or disappointment,) exclaiming:

‘ ‘OH! that these hands could so redeem my son
As they have given these hairs their liberty!’

And again, as every body remembers, in a burst of wonderful pathos:

‘ ‘GRIEF fills the room up of my absent child;
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words;
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,’ etc.

All which would indicate the purest motherly affection, did we not unfortunately remember what she said before, speaking to ARTHUR himself:

‘ ‘If thou, that bidd’st me be content, wert grim,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains;
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
I would not care; I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee.’

So thread-bare does the motherly love become here, that one can see the ‘filling’ is some foreign substance — love of glory, rather. Speaking of King JOHN, by the way, it is hopefully refreshing to read, now and then, that really pathetic scene between ARTHUR and HUBERT, his jailor, in these times of sentimental songs, and, saddest of all, prose twaddle, when young ladies ‘weep’ (if we may credit them) and

‘ ‘Young gentlemen will be as sad as night
Only for wantonness.’

THE following is a chapter of our friend the ‘PEASANT-BARD’S’ ‘sparking’ experience; and we here present it to the ‘hail fellows well-met,’ to whom he has dedicated it:

‘ ‘WHAT TIME THE KINE CAME DOWN THE BRAE.’

A SONG BY THE ‘PEASANT-BARD.’

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE NEW-YORK BURNS CLUB.

‘ ‘WHAT time the kine came down the brae,
And VESPER showed her light,
I held across the fields my way,
To pass a happy night.
Oh, there is nothing on the earth,
Beneath the sky above,
That brighten can the heart of man,
Like WOMAN, with her love!

‘ ‘A robin caroled, sweet and clear,
A hymn to parting day;
I would have lingered, him to hear,
If love had let me stay.
Oh, there is nothing on the earth, etc.

‘ I saw her at the cottage-door,
 Beneath a climbing-vine,
 And thought, with worlds I should be poor,
 If she were never mine.
 Oh, there is nothing on the earth, etc.

‘ How sweet the welcome that I sought!
 How sparkling, yet sincere!
 Her speaking eye, that told the thought
 She would not let me hear!
 Oh, there is nothing on the earth, etc.

‘ The cock was crowing for the day,
 When homeward I returned:
 How cold the dew-drops round my way!
 How warm my bosom burned!
 Oh, there is nothing on the earth,
 Beneath the sky above,
 That brighten can the heart of man,
 Like WOMAN, with her love!’

THE following (which we have read five or six times,) comes to us from far-off California. It is from the pen of our old friend and occasional contributor, STEPHEN C. MASSETT, Esq., now of the San Francisco press, whence he is often heard from as ‘Mr. JAMES PIPES, of Pipesville.’ Mr. MASSETT has been a very great traveller, and an observant one, to boot. He has written us from the Eternal City, from Paris, from the banks of the Nile and the H—llespont, the Neva and the Sacramento. We believe him to be a son of the ‘Wandering Jew,’ for he is a veritable ‘chip of the old ‘brick.’’ He has a keen perception of humor, and his own ‘conceits’ in that kind are exceedingly clever. He has pathos, moreover, as any one will admit who shall read the following. We should like to hear the lines he apostrophizes sung in his deep, musical voice:

‘My hair is getting gray; the crows’-feet are multiplying about my eyes, and the wrinkles becoming deeper and deeper in my forehead and around my mouth. Well, what of this to *thee*, my reader? Nothing in particular; only I thought for a moment, while looking in the glass this morning, of the beautiful lines of BARRY CORNWALL, and immediately made up my mind to ask old Father TIME to deal ‘gently’ with me. But first, reader, to the lines. Just read them:

‘Touch us gently, gently, TIME!
 Let us glide a-down thy stream
 Gently — as we sometimes glide
 Through a quiet, quiet dream!
 Humble voyagers are we,
 Husband, wife, and children three —
 (One is lost — an angel — fled
 To the azure overhead!)

‘Touch us gently, gently, TIME!
 We’ve no proud nor soaring wings;
 Our ambition, our content,
 Lies in simple, simple things.
 Humble voyagers are we,
 O’er life’s dim unsounded sea,
 Seeking only some calm cline;
 Touch us gently, gently, TIME!’

‘Are they not beautiful? Our friend, GEORGE LODER, has set them exquisitely to music. Go to ATWILL’S, on Washington-street, and ask him, or his handsome assistant, CHARLEY McL—, to hand you the ballad, and you will thank Mr. PIPES for the suggestion.

‘I recollect distinctly, years ago, looking with a sort of sympathetic pity upon a relative of mine whose hair was turning gray, and was quite surprised at his apparent indifference to the fact; at the same time believing it out of the question that my dark locks would ever put forth any silvery hairs; but lo! here they are by the score, and

yet I do not actually mind it, although it is n't the pleasantest thing in the world to have a friend come up to you half a dozen times a day, with:

' 'Why, PIPES, you're getting quite gray, I declare!'

'Therefore, old Father TIME, 'touch us gently,' if you please! Some years ago, at parting with a very dear sister, she remarked to me:

' 'I will not say 'good-bye,' for I know we shall meet again, at least before TIME can have made any material change in either of us.'

'*She is dead*—and my hair is turning gray. TIME has made changes; but gently has he dealt with me.

'In what way, after years of separation, do we meet? Do we look at each other with the same feeling that we had at parting? Does not, in many cases, the surprise felt, if not expressed, at the impress of the 'seeds of mortality' in our outward appearance, amount to positive pain? I think so. We part in youth—bright, joyous, ruddy youth! We meet again in middle age. 'Touch us gently, TIME!' Has the heart changed? have the affections weaned? No! But touch us gently, *gently*, TIME! And some have gone to dig gold—the young, the middle-aged, the old. They have left the homesteads of their youth, the pleasant fire-side, the smiles of wives, and the voices of their little ones; and they have toiled and labored; and what, in many cases, has been their reward? In their wooden-rocker, peeping up from a heap of mud, sand, and stones, a few specks of the glittering metal make glad the eye. Gold! found at last! I must have more! 'Touch us gently, TIME!' They toil, and toil—traverse the ravines, valleys, and hills. In abundance they find the bright, bright metal! They will return to the loved ones at home! 'Touch us gently, TIME!' And years have passed, and the foot-steps are homeward-bound! Oh! then let there be some green spot left that has not felt the withering influence of thy cold hand, old Father TIME! upon which the eye of the wanderer can rest with pleasure unspeakable; that will bring back to him—through the long vista of years—a touch of boyhood; that will make him remembered, even though the sprigs of mortality are fast thickening, and the wrinkles growing deeper! 'Touch us gently, TIME!'

May that prayer be answered! - - - UNDER the head of '*A New Deceptive Hen's-Nest*,' we find the following in a Southern journal: 'This is one of the most ingenious contrivances of the age, and is the invention of a down-east Yankee. The design is to deceive poultry into the speedy and liberal laying of eggs, which is accomplished by the peculiar construction of the machine. At the bottom of the nest there is a trap-door, which works on a hinge, being supported by a spring. The moment an egg is placed on this, the trap opens and lets it fall through into a cushioned apartment prepared for its reception. The consequence is, that the bird, just as she is preparing to cackle, glances at the nest, and seeing nothing, actually reasons herself into the belief that she has not laid at all, and resumes her position on the nest, in hopes of making a more successful effort. On the first trial of this curious contrivance before the Commissioner of Patents, to test its virtues, a singular result was effected. A large imported Russian hen was 'located' on the nest, and left to her meditations. On account of pressing business, the hen was forgotten until the next day, when, to the utter astonishment of the commissioner, a half-bushel of eggs was found in the cushioned chamber below.' Now, we beg leave to say, that this is a direct infringement of our own patent for the '*Self-Acting Back-Action Hen-Persuader*,' and we have so notified the Commissioner of Patents. Our friend Professor MAPES knows when we invented it, and at what time it was laid before a committee of the American Institute. Apropos of eggs: that was a singular announcement, lately, in a western newspaper: 'Mr. HIRAM HUBBELL, of Hopetown, *laid an egg* on our table yesterday, which measured eight inches in circumference!' But 'speaking of eggs,' *do* go into the American Museum, and look at the 'Poultry Show.' It has made '*The Rural Habitation of Uncle Thomas*' air-tight, leaving 'taken the wind out of it' entirely. Such

a noise, such a 'cock-a-doodle-doo'-ing, and such 'qut-qut-qut-qut-dar-cut'-ing, we never heard before. - - - The 'synopsis' given by Mr. WILLIAM H. FRY, (an accomplished musical composer, and an excellent man,) of his '*Santa Claus Symphony*' has provoked a description, by a musical contemporary, of an imaginary concert given in Berlin, in which the 'power of music' is set forth to a degree that we have seldom seen surpassed. The concerted piece performed on the occasion is entitled, '*The Sound-Pictured Poem of a Merchant's Life*;' and the following is a specimen of a portion of its 'action.' It would make a Quaker 'laugh out in meeting:'

'SEE now ascending, amid the overwhelming plaudits of the audience and the orchestra, a young man of a pale and interesting countenance, with an immense profusion of uncombed black hair, lending romantic disorder to an appearance in every way peculiar. This is young LOSTISWITZ, and he turns toward the immense assemblage which greets him, while he gracefully endeavors to remove the hair out of his eyes in order to survey them. Still he ascends, and they applaud, and still he labors to behold them through the struggling curtain of a dark hair-maze. But at length he has reached the rostrum of the conductor. All is at once as still as death. On him, the hero of that evening, every eye is bent. Many already have poured forth the soul-tribute of tears. His modest demeanor wins all hearts. And now he waves his baton, and the breathless silence is broken by the first stroke of the orchestra, (the chord of the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-0,) struck by the whole band *staccatissimo Ffff* with the unity of a single gun.

'A pause ensues. Then there begins a plaintive warbling strain on the oboe, accompanied by the ophicleides and one gong. This marks the first entrance of the boy-man into mercantile life. The lingering remembrances of his boyish sports and pleasures (graphically depicted by the touching accents of the oboe in E major) are brought effectively into contrast with the rough rebukes and reproaches of the senior clerk, conveyed by the bassi in C minor. Want of punctuality, and inaccuracy in the details of business, are now sharply urged against him by the violins, in staccato passages *contre-temps*. He submits with becoming modesty to this censure in a holding note on the second bassoon. But his mind presently rallies; he girds himself up for his daily task; he is sensible of a divine energy; and now a strict fugue is led off by the tenors, and grows upon the ear through all the forms of harmonic proportion, self-evolving, infinite, yet regular. This proclaims new habits of business, exactness in accounts, well-kept books, and general exemplary conduct. Years roll on, accompanied by the violoncello; the *youth* wins the approbation of his superiors — the *man* is a partner in the firm! Vainly, my dear friend, should I endeavor to convey to you the least adequate conception of the exquisite and finely-preserved gradations by which this picture-poem-sculpture music expresses to the sense of the spectator-auditor, *crescendo poco a poco*, the commercial progress of its youthful hero. With this noble climax, the first movement concludes.

'After a short pause, needed alike by the audience and the performers to recruit their spirits, exhausted by excitement, a grateful *Pastorale* movement commenced, indicating that degree of comfortable independence and rural retirement which are the fruits of well-regulated industry, when the time-earned blessings of competence have placed within reach of the successful partner a small house and grounds in the suburbs, unfurnished, with other conveniences. Every morning at nine o'clock, after a moderate but excellent breakfast, we see him driving into town, in G major, *Allegro two fours*; every evening at five we see him returning to dinner, on the dominant.

'I observed more than one commercial man in the room, who had passed through all the usual stages of mercantile life, yielding himself up to the delusion of the moment, and revelling in associations rekindled among the embers of existence by the spell of the spirit-ruler. Every mind was conscious of a secret regret when the last note of this movement expired. It was to them as the going down of an autumnal sun, bright, but prophetic of no genial return.

'Now followed an *Adagio un poco prestissimo, piano quasi forte, senza tempo* — by far the most sui-general and future-age-anticipating portion of this divine work. LOSTISWITZ has here displayed that deep insight into the principles of instrumentation, which gives him the extraordinary superiority he at present enjoys over contemporary composers as a *combinationist*.

'This movement commences with a trio for *two serpents and an octave flute*, indicative of extensive commercial embarrassment, and so skillfully has the composer applied the resources of his genius to the subject before him that, with this simple machinery, the whole process of what appears a complicated bankruptcy is brought before the mind with startling reality; in so much that it may be doubted if in a country like England,

this portion of the symphony would not require considerable modification, in the event of its performance there. The failure of correspondents, the blockade of the Mexican ports, rumors of the plague at Alexandria, the consternation of clerks and accountants, the presentation of bills for payment, the impetration of renewal, the galling insolence of minacious creditors — all these things *told*, and *were* told with such effect that a powerful sensation of alarm pervaded the whole house, in the midst of which, HERR —, of the firm of — and Company, was carried out in a state of suspended animation. At length, a calm ensues; the assets are found sufficient to prevent injury to credit, confidence revives, orders pour in, and all again is harmony and prosperity. Then comes the grand finale.

'A brisk Allegro in triple time denotes the accumulation of money in the three per cents.; but this movement gradually assumes a statelier style and loftier measure as honors succeed to riches; and, at length, the freedom of the city having been presented in a complimentary Andante of four horns, not without a neat and appropriate reply from the double bass, and a prince of the blood royal having proposed for the sixth daughter in a subsequent bar, the whole of this prodigious work is brought to an end on a sustained dominant, equally remarkable for the novelty of its sequences, and the perfect propriety of its matrimonial arrangements.'

'Effective magic,' that! - - - It is our friend 'BEVERLY,' from whom we are always glad to hear, who sends us the following: 'An article in your EDITOR'S TABLE for February, presenting a specimen of 'colored' pulpit oratory, recalled very vividly an incident that happened in a beautiful grove near the city of Burlington, New-Jersey, some few years since. The expected advent of a distinguished African pulpit-orator, from Pittsburgh, had been the theme of discussion among the sable sons and daughters of Africa, in Burlington, for weeks. On the day appointed for the holding-forth, the pulpit-stage, erected between two venerable oaks, was crowded with the colored heralds of 'de Mefodist 'Piscopal Church;' while beneath and around it, lay a 'darkness,' which, like that of Egypt, might have been felt, and I may add, unlike it, *smelt*. After the opening prayer by a venerable preacher, upon whose black scone the white wool lay in patches like hoar-frost, a young athletic negro, with the black face, and crisp, short curl of the wool, only to be seen in the real Guinea breed, advanced to the pulpit-desk. He evidently felt that his fame had preceded him, as he looked over that dusky mass, now hushed to admiring silence at his presence. This sable CHRYSOSTOM took for his text: 'Put not your trust in Princes;' and after a glowing exordium, explaining the meaning of the sacred writer, he informed his audience that there were but two kinds of great men — holy princes, and profane princes. 'In de last,' said he, 'my bruddern, de world must nebber put its trust. Why? Beca'se deir ways become corrupted on de yearth, and dey hab no faith. Dere was HANNIBAL, one of de greatest ginerals and princes dat eber libbed in de tide of times — and a *colored pussen, at dat*. Why, I am told he understud tic-tacs better dan any gineral 'ider before or since. Nuffin could stop dat man. He luffed at de Alps, when dey shook deir frowning, awful brows at him; and he and his soldiers walk right ober dem easy as nuffin. But nobody could put any faith in him. He cheated ebery body as soon he got a chance. And den what become ob all his glory when de LORD struck him down? Oh, my bruddern, it was no whar. And dere was JULIUS CÆSAR, one of de greatest ob de earthly princes. He, de shake ob whose foot made de whole yearth to trimble, wid all his greatness nobody trusted him. Dey thought he was a friend ob de people, and yet he was deir greatest enemy. And how did de LORD punish

him? Let de awful groan dat went up from de feet of POMPEY's statue where he fell, answer. And den coming down to de modern times; dere was GINERAL TAYLOR, de great American prince, de great hero who wade waist-deep in blood upon de Mexican battle-fields. Dey made dis man of war PRESIDENT ob dis grate nation, and his heart swell big with pride; and like NEBUCHADNEZZAR, he said 'Is not dis de great Babylon dat I have build-ed?' Could dey trust him? Let de disap'inted applicants for office anser dis pregnant question; dey who he had promised ebery ting to, and yet guv 'em noting! And how did de LORD sarve him? In all his pride of place, de man dat SANTA ANNA could n't kill, was killed by de contemptible instrument of *cherries and milk!* DAVID kill de great GOLIAH wid de simple, smooth stone out of de humble brook; and DEATH strike GINERAL TAYLOR, by too much eating of cherries and milk!' - - - It is rare to find a nearer approach to the manner of BURNS, than the following lines '*To the Birds,*' from the pen of Mr. GEORGE ADAMS. They are forwarded to us by an esteemed friend in the county of Broome:

'Awa', ye saucy, dark-winged sprite!
How ken ye that ye ha' a right,
Wi' pilferin' bill to perch an' bite
My scarlet berries,
That, but for you, a' winter might
Ha' blushed like cherries.

'I see you come wi' heedless slash,
T' assail my stately mountain-ash,
An' on its fruit your teeth to gnash,
Ye botherin' wingies:
Ye can't replace the loss wi' cash,
Or spring-time singies.

'You cat-bird tribe, wi' awfu' squ'ak,
That 'mang the foliage daily walk,
An' pillage every thriftie stalk
Of a' its treasure —
I'll dirl the duck-shot through your flock,
I' copious measure.

'An' you, o' red an' tender breast,
Wham I allowed to build your nest,
To rear your bairns, an' tak' your rest,
Among my shrub'ry,
If this's your gratitude, ye pests,
I'll sairlye drub ye.

'An' you, ye top-knot, cropple-crowns,
Ye gay, fop-feathered thievin' hounds,
Just tame enough to haunt my grounds,
Filchin' and robbin' —
Greet not, though I, wi' scars an' wounds,
Wind up your bobbin.

'Killaruaug, Oct. 1st, 1853.'

'Why dinna ye gang where northern snaws
'The face o' Nature' never froze —
Where witherin' winter never blows?
'Tis easy thrivin';
Why tarry here to freeze your toes,
An' steal your livin'?

'Dinna ye ken 't was Autumn now?
That on the auld year's rusty pow
The point o' age has 'gan to plough
Fu' many a wrinkle;
That leaflets, tremblin' on the bough,
Togither jinkle?

'To see 'JACK FROST,' wi' frigid phiz,
I' ilka gale aboon them whizz,
An' mak' their vera heart-strings fizz,
Wi' frightfu' quiver;
To think the hatefu', stern auld quiz
Maun cut their liver.

'An' here ye stay, and shiver too,
An' gorge the ornaments that grew
To last the lanesome winter through,
An' deck the fir-tree;
Till Spring should clothe i' beauty new
The birk an' moor-tree.

'Be gane, ye rogues, while yet ye may!
For, (mark my promise,) if ye stay,
Before anither haly day,
Wi' l'aded rifle,
I'll fix ye i' the pot to lay,
An' stew a trifle.'

Is that not BURNS-ish? - - - A FRIEND and contemporary sends us the subjoined: 'In a literary society in a certain college, TALLIS's Shakespeare had been taken in numbers, and not a great many nights since, the librarian announced that the publication was completed, moving at the same time an appropriation for binding it. Whereupon a student—one of the sort, who, following some body's advice, never lose an opportunity for 'ex-

temporaneous speaking' — arose and said: 'Mr. President, I second the gentleman's motion. I do it, Sir, with pleasure, for I have seen the work often spoken of in the newspapers, and almost always with praise. I am glad that the publishers have persevered in completing it, and cheerfully give my vote for putting it in a more permanent form than the fugitive sheets in which it appeared.' The thunders of applause which followed, showed 'the gentleman's' eloquence had had its effect; while his self-admiration knew no bounds. - - - Among our new and welcome correspondents, is one who thus announces himself: 'Your 'Up and Down-River correspondence' is so capital, that I wonder much that you have never secured a writer from 'over the bay.' Allow me to be that one semi-occasionally. When I speak of that indefinite place, mind me, no allegorical, anti-Maine-Law region is intended; no undiscovered country; but a veritable materiality, called Monmouth in the Jersies: 'the Bay,' too, is a positive bay — the noble Raritan — a 'bay as is a bay;' the pride of Jersey and the rest of mankind. The 'umble man' that writes is also a living individuality, and not a myth; far from it! Witness seven tender buds; no! JABEZ PERRINE, of Crabtown, lives and moves, and hath his being; is attached to his ked'ntry, the compromises of the Constitution, and the domestic institutions of Monmouth county. Surely this community, living in a land flowing not only with milk and honey, but the centre of the peach, oyster, and clam region; this interesting community, I repeat, has a right to a domestic institution; and they have got one, which is 'the hoss.' He formerly was but a staple production, but has been promoted, and not without reason. The animal has one peculiarity about here; they are all 'four-year-olds.' What becomes of them after they have reached that crisis, is to be solved when the fate of the dead jack-asses is settled; that mystery that puzzled even SAMUEL the Great. To his master, beside being meat and drink, he is the fine-arts; poetry and the school-master; his friend and his companion, his elixir of life, his all in all. Cherished, petted, he fulfils his fate, as chalked out by SWIFT, who must have had Monmouth in his prophetic soul when he pictured the Hounghnymns. Talk to a Monmouth man about the 'progressive spirit of the age,' and he readily, cheerfully admits it all; but instances the improved breeds, which is, in his opinion, the distinguishing feature of the latter half of the nineteenth century. In fact, the truth is, 'that the proper study of mankind is — 'hoss.' ' However, no intolerant bigotry prevails in their system of popular education; and a successful pursuit of any other branch of science will be appreciated by our community. Witness the following anecdote:

'It chanced that I sojourned for a while at one of the 'Pilgrim's Rests,' with which this region abounds. Sitting, one day, amidst a 'righte pleasaunte companie,' the talk turned upon that branch of physics called by the unenlightened 'dominoes.' At last, an old NESTOR gave in his experience:

' 'You knew JAKE ELY, boys?'

' 'Cert'in; and an or'nary feller he was.'

' 'Him as married GEORGE PREVOST's darter, and lived down on yon side of the creek?' broke in another.

' 'Yes! that's the man.'

' 'Well, I did know him, and he knew my hen-roosts — he did.'

' 'Sent to Froehold court-house last term, for 'busin' his wife! Awful or'nary.'

'In fact, Mr. ELY, in the opinion of those assembled, seemed to be 'little better than one of the wicked.'

'Old NESTOR waited patiently until the first burst was over, and then spake:

' 'Yes, he is all that: like all the rest of Natur', he has his good p'int, and he has his bad p'int. JAKE is like the rest on us.'

' 'Good p'int! Where's his'n?' exclaimed two or three.

' 'Well, I'll tell ye.'

' 'Did nary one of yer ever play dominoes with him?'

' 'Never did,' was the answer.

' 'Well I hev! And I *will* say he knows more of the natur' of a domino of any man I ever seed.'

'That sympathetic, appreciative crowd, like UNCLE TOBY's recording-angel, blotted out the memory of his misdeeds for ever. JAKE's character came out like refined gold, and the cause of popular education triumphed.'

—

Is N'T the following, '*not* from the German,' a very pretty thing? Yea or nay?

'LITTLE maiden, azure-eyed,
Tell me, where may you abide?

'Down by the running water, she said;
For I am the Miller's daughter, she said.

'Little maid, if I may ask it,
Tell me what is in your basket?

'I have been a hunting with Love, said she;
And these are the hearts he has killed for me.

'Little maid, if your lips were kissed,
Not a rose-leaf would be missed.

'Oh, you are a pretty man! she said,
And may kiss me if you can, she said.

'Now, why did the maiden, azure-eyed,
Run blindly down to the water-side?

'For she must have known, the silly lass,
That the bridge was down, and she could not pass.

'Then why to the field did the maiden fly?
For she surely knew that the fence was high.

'Then why did the maiden run to the wood?
For she knew that the trees so thickly stood,

'That a rabbit could scarce pass in and out:
Then why did she stand, and smile, and pout?

'Ah me! and must the truth be told?
Another heart does the basket hold!

EDWARD WILLETT.'

The little secret may out at last! - - - THERE is a good deal of what may be termed '*Yankee Cunning*' in the following: 'A NUMBER of years ago the demand in the east for dried plums so advanced the price of that fruit as to induce merchants and others to 'buy up' all that could be obtained in any way, at any price. Some sent out their agents to make purchases in the country, wherever a plum-tree had been known to stand. In fact, all were decidedly sharp at plum-buying, yet never was the remark heard to escape the lips of any, 'I am speculating in plums.' Each went on the principle that 'He who was still, obtained the swill,' and as certainly argued

that he would be able to monopolize the plum-market ere long, for many a mile around. One morning, a shrewd clerk of the firm of — bestrode his charger early, and sallied forth to buy of the country merchants in an adjacent town. Hurrying along, he overtook a person whom he recognized as a brother clerk, of another firm, who was mounted for the same errand as himself. 'Well,' said CHARLEY, as he rode up, 'I do n't see but we're the first ones out this morning. What sends you out so early?' 'I've got a small note against a man, about ten miles out here, who is rather 'slow,' and I'm going to give him a jog,' was the reply. They trotted along, and CHARLEY made out to inform him that he was going the same way, but that his business was to subpoena a witness, a merchant of T——m. As they drew up before the store of this country merchant, CHARLEY carelessly threw his companion the reins of his horse, requesting him to 'just hold them fast' until he ran in and served his subpoena. He waited patiently, until CHARLEY came out, and in turn asked him to hold *his* horse, as he believed the merchant could tell him where the maker of the note lived. Going into the store, he inquired if they had not a quantity of dried plums. 'Yes,' said the merchant, 'but I've just sold them all to a young man, and have got his money.' 'What! To my friend out there?' 'Yes, Sir,' said the merchant. 'Then I'm 'sold' too,' he replied, leaving the store. 'I say, CHARLEY, if you've got any more witnesses to subpoena, I'll take another road!' and he *did* take another road, but it was the road toward home. - - - 'A CLERICAL friend, who is 'settled' away down East, tells us that he is often very much amused at the shrewdness of a certain parishioner of his, who is very fond of reading his Bible 'without note or comment,' and *guessing* out any obscurities which he may encounter. He came to his pastor, one day, and asked him what, in his opinion, was the reason why the Jews who went out to meet CHRIST as he was riding into Jerusalem, seated on an ass's colt, took branches of palm-trees in their hands. He was told that they intended to honor the SAVIOUR, etc. '*Honor* him!' said he; 'that's all humbug! I do n't believe a word of it! Was n't they a-thirsting for his blood? A plaguey sight of *honor* they meant to do him! No! no! I tell you them pesky Jews was awful cunnin' critters, and they wanted to break his neck; and so they took them branches *to skeer the colt!*' Our correspondent commends this interpretation to the attention of all Biblical commentators. - - - 'BEING in Maine, a while ago,' writes 'B.,' of Bridgeport, (Conn.,) 'I fell in with a singular customer. He is a lawyer of some eminence, and a confirmed bachelor. He showed me his boots, (which he wears without stockings or 'socks,') with holes cut through them just above the soles, so as to let the snow-water come freely about his feet, declaring that he had not had a cold for fifteen years by reason of this practice. But the best thing about him was his '*religion*,' as he called it, which I regarded as very peculiar. He believed, he said, that the Earth is a huge animal, breathing every six hours, which causes the ebb and flow of the tides; that the trees, shrubbery, etc., are hairs; and all animals, including men, merely vermin! He also believes in a kind of metempsychosis, and affirms that he can distinctly remember having lived on the earth in nine

different forms. In the last of these, prior to the present, he says he was in the form of a black sheep, which wore a bell; and the dogs getting after the flock, of which he was a leading member, he lost the bell, and has found it since he was a man, and knew it the very moment it caught his eye! An 'odd theory,' indeed! - - - THERE was a great variety of styles in the New-Years' Addresses of the city journals this year. The '*Tribune*' had a very beautiful one, from the pen of Mr. B. F. TAYLOR. The commencement was exceedingly felicitous, and it was highly poetical throughout. It began thus:

'CLEARED, last night, from the port of Earth,
The good Year NEVERMORE,
With the Skipper TIME, and passengers twelve,
For the harbor 'HERETOFORE.'

'DECEMBER, 'asleep in the open air,'
On the old Year's deck was lying,
And a sad old man with frost in his hair,
To himself was softly sighing.
Beyond him a matron in rich brocade,
Reclined on a cluster of sheaves;
And a maid in green, with a rainbow zone,
Was trimming her girdle with leaves.
Away by himself, in the vessel's bows,
A nameless old creature had crept,
His heart had grown old, and his eyes were dim,
And 't was plain to see that he wept;
And a radiant girl with deep-blue eyes —
She is named, in the list, as JUNE —
Had bent like a rose-tree over a tomb,
And her words themselves were a tune.
Her breath softly played on his shrivelled cheek,
Till it melted a frozen tear,
That sparkled as bright in the wintry air,
As if APRIL herself were near.
The anchor came up with a right good-will;
Blue waters sang under the lee;
The grouping grew dim, and the sails a film,
And the vessel was out at sea.'

The annual bard of '*The Albion*' 'opened up' his subject at once, and in the following very independent fashion:

'T is customary for this day to write,
What few I fancy read, a rhymed Address;
And many a poet whom the Muses slight,
From hard-bound brains spins out his nothingness.
Not one of these am I, but prosy, quite;
So look for prosy stuff, and nothing less:
I may do better on some future day,
But now, I write not for the fame, but — pay!

'Thus to begin. The wan old year is fled,
With all his progeny of months and days:
The bells, last night, announced that it was dead,
And woke his young successor in amaze.
TIME was imperative, and he well-bred;
So he began at once his destined ways,
And journeyed till the day-light did appear,
(You know the song,) and now in thought he's here.'

Quite a new 'style,' this! - - - 'REV. W. T——,' writes 'J. D. W.,' of Indiana, 'is a large man, of dignified bearing, and, when preaching, extremely sensitive to any disturbance, a slight impropriety on the part of the congregation being quite sufficient to throw him out of the track. He had,

some years ago, in connection with his pastorate, a small congregation in the country, to which he preached semi-occasionally, at a private house. The incident here recorded happened at this place, when a small but *select* audience was listening to one of T ——'s really animated and sensible sermons. As the preacher waxed warm, he observed some mysterious movement among the female gender, which attracted his attention away from the sermon. It grew more observable, until he discovered the hostess collecting some live coals upon a shovel, and preparing to march with them to an adjoining room. It was late in the afternoon, and by some clerical instinct he thought the old woman was about to prepare his supper. He could n't stand that. 'Stop, sister, stop,' said he; 'I shall not remain to supper, and you need not trouble yourself to prepare any for me.' 'I ain't a goin' to,' said the old lady, in reply; 'thar's a woman here *got the colic*, and we're jest a bilin' some yarbs for her!' I was n't there just at that time, but I could discover no difficulty in believing that all the starch was very speedily taken out of that sermon.' - - - THEY certainly are more than 'some' out west. A friend has sent us a bill of fare, from the BURNET HOUSE, Cincinnati, printed in gold, and bearing upon its top a view of that vast and beautiful structure, which could not be out-vied by the ASTOR or the SAINT NICHOLAS. The occasion was a complimentary dinner to Col. SILAS SEYMOUR and his rail-road friends; gentlemen connected with two of the longest and most important rail-road enterprises now in progress in the country. Such entertainments, given in such a style of elegance and liberality, reflect scarcely less honor upon the givers than upon the receivers. If it had not been a *little* too far to go to dine, we might have been present. As it is, we can but 'mourn our loss.' - - - 'A YOUNG lawyer from the Green Mountain State,' writes a friend from the 'far west,' 'somewhat verdant himself, very tall, very light hair, very light eyes, somewhat pompous, looking exceedingly dignified, as other animals do, between large ears, came into our little village with the full intent of 'astonishing the natives' with his learning, his eloquence, and the law! He soon formed a co-partnership with an old lawyer, one JONES, and came into Court at once, with case in hand. The first cause in which he and JONES were engaged they were opposed in by an 'old-line' Illinois lawyer, in himself a genuine 'charcoal sketch!' JONES opened the case before the jury, and our Vermont lawyer followed in a long speech, well conned, and delivered with great accuracy, and, as *he* supposed, with astonishing effect. It was rhetorical, lofty; in short, magniloquent. When he closed, he wiped his brow with a fine, white, lavendered pocket-handkerchief, and looked about him with the air of an orator upon whose efforts the welfare of the world depended, and *by* whose efforts he felt conscious the world had just been saved. It was his maiden-speech in our court, and every body listened with attention. The opposing counsel now arose, very gravely, (he never smiles,) and in a tone and manner which no words can convey, said: 'If the court please, gentlemen of the jury: See here, now: I am goin' to answer JONES in this here cause now in hearin'. I *know* JONES; I've know'd him a great many years; I can foller him; but this here JONES feller I ain't a-goin' to *try* to foller! Why, gentlemen of the jury, there ain't no *use* i n tryin' to foller him. He's soar'd aloft; he's bu'st the clouds; he's

gone clean beyond the dog-star; clean into the third heavens, gentlemen, and I put it to you now, if he has touched this blessed airth one single time durin' the whole time *he 's been a-speakin' his piece!*' 'The house' came down, of course, and the 'JONES feller' vanished from the room, while the counsel went on in the same grave, almost unconscious vein of satire, and then to 'follerin' JONES.' - - - 'WHILE strolling slowly through the sumptuary department of the Crystal Palace, the other day, and glancing casually at the 'purple and fine linen' with which it is enriched, we encountered some specimens of the latter article, which struck us as the most delicate and exquisitely-wrought fabrics of their kind we had ever seen. Reader, such things *must be*, and they may as well be spoken of: they were *shirts*, and such shirts as would make even a Parisian chemisier tear his hair with envy. Gentlemen whose 'proposals' have been accepted, and who are about emerging from the chrysalis state of courtship into the butterflyhood of matrimony, should inspect those shirts. If a bachelor, about to become a Benedick, desires to look 'trim as a bridegroom,' we advise him to beautify his bust with one of these damascened frontlets of fine linen, which appertain to the garments aforesaid. GREEN, of Number One, Astor House, is their manufacturer and exhibitor, and we have an idea that any thing in the way of perfect fits and elegant styles that he does not know, is not worth the knowing. - - - 'YOUR correspondent,' says PHIL. O'GRADY, of Pittsburgh, 'writing about 'Bishop STEVENSON,' does not do him justice. The Bishop is engaged now at the profitable business of peddling apples and chestnuts during the week, and on Sundays he preaches to the prisoners in the county jail, on (to use his own expression) the 'criminality of crime.' One poor fellow, he says, he has made shed tears 'innumably.' He talks something of requesting or petitioning the POPE to appoint him in place of our Bishop O'CONNOR. When he gets the appointment, you will again hear from him. - - - THE following circumstance illustrates what Mrs. TROLLOPE might be disposed to call 'American Manners:': 'A man one day came to do business with my father, and, as was the custom among many in that region, kept his head covered during his stay. Soon after leaving the house, he remarked to some one that he had always heard that General M — was very much of a gentleman, but he didn't think so, 'for,' said he, 'I sat in his parlor half an hour or more, with my hat on, and he never once asked me to take it off!' - - - 'Geordie, or the King's Pet,' is about the best imitation of the style of Mr. G. P. R. Q. Z. JAMES, that we have ever encountered. It can scarcely fail to amuse even the great story-teller himself:

'It was near mid-night, toward the close of the afternoon, on a sultry morning in December, 18—, previous to the revolution of the last war, when the burning moon was setting in the eastern sky, casting a brilliant shadow upon the gorgeous clouds, which entirely obscured the firmament; and the unclouded sun was sending down its noon-day beams with an intensity of heat, like the shrieking of heavy thunder through the deep mountain-gorges of the western prairies.

'Lovely indeed, was the sound of such a spectacle to the feet of the weary traveller, for three feline monsters of the deep were just gathering together for their evening meal, and separating, ere the sun was risen, for the sports of the chase, and all things betokened a response too deep for utterance.

'In the ensuing autumn, about two years previous to the above-mentioned merry catastrophe, two pedestrians might have been seen riding upon horse-back in a three-

wheeled carriage, up to the brow of a precipice under the side of a forest, which had been cut down before the trees had begun to take root, and engaged in eating their evening dinner by the road-side, in the arms of Morpheus. The eldest of the three gentlemen was a young lady, of about fifty-three, and about two years younger than the other man, which latter gentleman was, from the manner in which she addressed him, evidently her only and youngest daughter.

'The remainder of her dress consisted of two pair of pantaloons, neatly buttoned round the tops of her ears, and elegantly attached by a golden strap of unwoven silk, to the axletree of the middle-aged gentleman's horse.

'The third individual, last mentioned, was an old gentleman of about twenty-two, whose venerable features disclosed the livid hue of the Siberian negro. His bald head was profusely covered with long silver locks of sandy jet, and which he had evidently lost during a severe attack of sea-sickness, caught from the next-door neighbor, who resided several blocks from him in the country. He also was richly attired in the same manner as the lady, being clothed in a worn-out frock-coat which was secured by straps under his boots.

'His feet were bare, and, save his gloves, he had no garments to shield him from the balmy atmosphere. He had lost both arms just above his collar-bone, and was constrained to wear crutches. This, added to his total blindness, rendered him an object of general admiration.'

The writer closes with, 'To be continued in a *former* number.' - - - THE following will 'explain itself.' As a parody it is very clever:-

'I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving the perfumed air
Of the sweetest spicy herb that's given
To sorrowing mortals under heaven?
Poesy dwells in the burning cup
From whence the incense curleth up,
Sending to heaven forms more fair
Than ever had their dwelling there;
Belongs more delicately wrought
Than ever crossed a poet's thought.
The artist's pencil ne'er portrayed
Fancies such as smoke has made;
Nor could the sculptor ever mould
Such images of marble cold,
As those that from the blue wreaths grow,
And round my pipe their halo throw.
My dear old pipe has given birth
To things more bright than are of earth,
And forms the loveliest spirit might
Well envy from her throne of light;
Dancing like the sun-beam's smile
That breaks through sorrow's cloud awhile.
Then vanishing almost e'er seen,
Proving that life is but a dream,
And pleasures fast away do glide,
As smoke that doth in ether ride,
Whose spiral fairy wreaths are fraught
With many-colored dreams of thought.
Thus musing in my old arm-chair,
Puffing misfortunes into air,
I watch the cloud of visions fair
That hover nigh, then burst in air,
And dazzle still the longing eye
As they are wafted to the sky,
Ever chased by the sunny smile
Of other shapes and forms divine,
Whose beautiful and joyous scenes
Deck that glorious wreath with dreams;
And while the balmy breath I sip,
Kissing my old pipe's welcome lip,
And trace the fleecy clouds that sail,

Floating like a shadowy veil,
I cannot wonder that thy breath
Is loved by every son of earth:
The poor man's pride, the rich man's pleasure,
Thou art, sweet weed, to all a treasure;
The richest of all precious plants,
Prized by the world's inhabitants,
In every land that looks upon
The golden beams of the bright sun.
Cool sherbet and the loved chibouque
Are the luxuries of the Turk,
As presage of that endless bliss
The faithful have in paradise.
What though soft and sweet be the tone
Of his loved and beautiful one;
Could any earthly forms compare
To heaven and the Houries there,
The lustre of whose diamond eyes
Lights up the palace of the skies,
And from that holy, pure expanse
Welcomes the Mussulman's advance?
Those orbs as bright as the gazelle's,
And bosom like the ocean swells;
Whose pouting lips, if slightly curled
By pride, might win or lose a world!
Such dimpled cheeks and ivory neck
Man's firmest purposes would check;
He sees the fond hopes of his soul
Thick clustering round the Hookah's bowl,
And hails the blessed power to lull
Sorrow, and raise the beautiful.
The Meerschaum, too, born of the sea,
Is but an altar raised to thee;
From whose prolific mouth doth rise
Gossamer forms to greet the skies;
Fleecy clouds, whose brilliant flashes,
Like the phoenix, spring from ashes.
On barbaric and classic ground
Will ay thy worshippers be found.
Thou, fragrant plant, wert made to bless
Man in his hours of loneliness.

'Old smokers' will like this. - - - 'ELDER P —, who whilom preached in a certain town of this 'ked'ntry,' was so notorious for his queer phrases and very odd comparisons, that it finally behoved the 'deacons' to remonstrate with him. The elder admitted the justice of the charge brought against him; promised to amend his speech henceforward; and hoped that his failings, grievous though they were, would not be the cause of any dimi-

nution in their brotherly regard for him; 'for, brethren,' said he, 'we always *have* hitched horses so far, and I hope we may hitch horses hereafter in the stables of eternal glory!' - - - In order to forward the present number to our subscribers on the Pacific, by the California steamer of the twentieth of February, several book-notices, a tribute to the late lamented Judge CHARLTON, with several subsections of our own and the 'Little People's Gossip,' had to 'remain over' until our next.

Little People's Side-Table.

'I BELIEVE you *do* like children, even if they are not your own. Did you ever teach school? I did once, 'out west.' A precious time I had of it, too; half boys and, consequently, half girls. One day I reprimanded them for playing together. Out spoke a little 'chap' of four:

'What harm is there in playing with the girls, I'd like to know?'

'Another wee fellow was learning to read in a picture-primer. He commenced one morning, 'H-E-N.' Well, what does that spell? It puzzled him; but after ogling at the picture a moment, his face suddenly brightened, and, looking up triumphantly, he ejaculated,

'Rooster!'

'Another, at another time, happened to be reading of the curious skin of an elephant.

'Did you ever see an elephant's skin?' I asked.

'I have!' shouted a little 'six-year-old' at the foot of the class.

'Where?' I asked, quite amused at his earnestness.

'On the elephant!' said he, with a most provoking grin.

'He had *seen* 'the elephant,' that boy, young as he was.'

'A LITTLE boy came in one morning, with his eyes wide open, and inquired if the Chinese stood on their heads.

'No,' I answered, somewhat surprised at the question: 'why?'

'Cause,' said he, 'JIM BROWN says they live under us, on the other side of the world, and I do n't see how they stick, any how.'

'A LITTLE fellow, from four to five years old, having perforated the knee of his trousers, was intensely delighted with a patch his grand-mamma had applied. He would sit and gaze upon it in a state of remarkable admiration; and in one of these moods suddenly exclaimed:

'Grand-ma must put one on t' other knee, and *two behind*, like EDDY SMITH's.'

'If the boy lives, he will beat Gov. MARCY, two to one.'

'A NEW-COMER' into a family is generally a matter of wonder to the infantile mind. 'Where did it come from?' 'Who brought it?' are questions always asked by children at such times. A few months since we had a darling babe born. Our little ones were filled with astonishment. Question after question was asked, but there was no satisfying their curiosity. Nothing short of positive certainly would suit them. The matter was talked over with each other. At last a little son, just turned of eight years, solved the mystery of the 'wee thing's' birth.

'Angels had taken him in their arms, and dropped him into the doctor's house, and he had brought him to us!'

'No,' said a charming daughter of five summers, 'the baby was found in a basket of flowers, or else in a bed of roses!'

'How will age and experience take away from these innocent children all that now seems so mysterious, and plunge them into mysteries which can never be solved this side of heaven!'

'ONE of the prattlers of our family once said, on first observing the moon :

'“Oh! there is a lamp in the sky.”

'A baby brother, looking up the other evening and seeing Venus beside the moon, told his nurse that ‘there was a little star, and the moon was the father of it.’

'THIS morning the brightest of my little flock, a darling boy, who has only numbered three and a half years, was walking with his nurse; as they approached a small ice-pond which is near the house, she told him that he must never go near that pond.

'“Why not?” (Children must always have a reason given them for every assertion.)

'“Because,” she replied, ‘GEORGEY, you would get drowned, and then I should feel so bad!’

'“Then, ELIZA, I would not speak to you, but I’d go up to heaven.”

'“I should feel so sorry for that,” replied the nurse; ‘I should cry—for what should I do without GEORGE?’

'He stood in a thoughtful posture for a moment, and then turning around, he says :

'“ELIZA, just *you* jump in and drown yourself, and come up to heaven, and I will let you in!”

'A LITTLE girl here, after repeating her usual prayer which her sick mother had taught her, asked if she might say ‘words of her own.’ Leave being given, she went on :

'“O LORD! don’t let my ma die, nor my pa, nor gran’-pa, nor gran’-ma, nor any of my uncles and aunts, or any of my cousins; and don’t let our hired girl die; but, O LORD, you may let who else die you are a mind to!’

'I WAS amused, and perhaps you will be, at a remark of a four-year *youngster* of my acquaintance. He has a brother, a few months old, that he is particularly fond of. A few days ago, a visitor told him she wanted to take BABY home with her, and his permission. ‘No,’ said he, ‘we can’t spare him; but I’ll tell you what to do — ask God! He’ll tell you how to get one *exactly* like him.’

'IN our household, is a bright little boy of six years. A few days since, one of the family, in the course of a ‘talk’ with him, made some remark about ‘fighting-men.’ SAMMY answered, ‘Men that fight are wicked.’ He was asked if Gen. WASHINGTON was a wicked man? SAMMY instantly asked ‘if Gen. WASHINGTON was not a soldier?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Well, soldiers have to fight!’

'A LITTLE nephew of mine, a ‘five-year-old,’ whose mind was running on holiday subjects, said to his father :

'“Papa! does SANTA CLAUS travel all over the world at Christmas?”

'“Yes, my son,” was the answer.

'“I should n’t think he’d go to Africa,” said the child.

'“Why not?” he was asked.

'“Why, because they have *got no stockings there!*”

'OUR little ‘EDDY’ sometimes says queer things: most little boys of two years of age do. A few nights ago, having just finished a ‘famous’ piece of pie, of which he is very fond, he was summoned by his mother to ‘say his prayers’ and go to bed. Kneeling at her side, he repeated after her that heaven-taught petition, ‘Our FATHER which art in Heaven,’ etc., until she came to the passage, ‘Give us this day our daily bread,’ — when, raising his head, and looking up into her face, he said :

'“Oh, no, Mother! — *pie!* — say PIE!”

'HERE is part of a letter which I have just received from a daughter nine years old, who is now at boarding-school; placed there, because she was one of those who know *too much* to live at home :

'“MY DEAR FATHER: I was very glad to hear from you and hear you was well; but I was not a bit glad to hear that mother had a baby, because it was a boy. I should be very glad if it was a little girl, but I hate boys worse than ever. Now, I am going to tell you what you ought to name him. I am going to choose a homely name, because I don’t think boys ought to have pretty names.

Boys are squealing all the time. You don't have one minute's peace while there is a boy-baby in the house: but when you have a baby-sister in the house, you never hear it cry. Name him **PETER**: that is good enough for a boy. You must excuse me for writing so much about boys: the *reason* I write so much about boys is because I don't like them.'

'Don't you think she bids fair to be a perfect 'Woman's-Right' woman?'

'Our folks' have all been delighted with the rich religious developments of 'infant minds' furnished by your **EDITOR'S TABLE**. Their perusal has called to mind some incidents in the history of our juveniles.

'When 'our 'Gus.' was a 'three-year-old,' he had been for some days anticipating with great delight a visit to his grand-parents, who resided a half-day's ride from our home. But it stormed day after day, so that he could not go; until 'hope deferred' made his little heart sick. As his mother saw him to his bed, she bade him repeat his usual prayer; which he did, with a slight *variation*, as follows:

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the LORD my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the LORD my soul to take
To Danbury, to-morrow morning!'

'**WILLIE** was less than two years old, but he had been taught to lisp the words of the LORD's Prayer, without, apparently, a 'realizing consciousness' of their import, until one evening he repeated, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' when he looked up archly, and said he did not want any more supper. He was told to pray for to-morrow, when he repeated again, 'Give us this day our daily bread, *and pie, too, Gran'ma:*' and ever after, he chose to interline his prayers with requests for his favorite articles of food.'

'**FREDDY**, although but two and a half years old, was quite a logician, and frequently startled us by his sage remarks. He had been sick and confined within doors for some days. On Sabbath morning, the sun shone brightly after a long storm; and with great glee he told his mother that he was *well*, and should run out on the piazza, should ride with **GEORGE** the coachman to the cars, should walk in the streets, and enjoy himself in a variety of ways. His mother told him it was the Sabbath, and he must remain quietly in the house. After a moment's serious reflection, he said:

'I wish there were no Sabbaths, for they are they are the worst days in the week. They don't have no walk, no ride in the coach, no train of cars, no play, and no nothing. If I was at Grand-pa's, I could see the lambs, the calves, and the chickens; but I had just as lief be sick as well here, on the Sabbath.'

He continued his complaints for some time, in the same serio-comical strain, half laughing and half crying, when his mother turned her face from him to hide her smiles. Mistaking her emotion, he said:

'I know it is sinful, Mother, to say so, but Sabbath *is* the worst day; and there ain't a single week but one comes *tagging along* to plague me, and keep me from my play.'

'I HAVE a little boy named **EDWARD**, of whom numberless anecdotes are told. I confine myself to the following, which I regard as worthy of a place on your side-table. Last summer, when he was about three years old, a certain July day, hot and sultry, wound up its operations with a grand finale, in the shape of a terrific thunder-storm. I was rather busy over your latest, and at the nearest window our little golden-haired 'joy of the household' stood, contemplating with interest the progress of the storm. Suddenly a flash of lightning, of excessive brilliancy, burst from the cloud, and lightened up the room; and I heard the little boy exclaim in ecstasies:

'Oh Pa! just come, and *see the rain-bow winking!*'

'A GRANDSON of the present Governor of Virginia, a child of some four or five summers, was on a visit to his maternal grand-father, who is a wealthy landholder in Ohio. One day, after making his first visit to a Sabbath-school, and being duly impressed with the religious lessons taught there, he took his grand-father down on the farm to show

and gather the fruit of a large walnut-tree, which was ripe and ready for the harvest. On the way, the little fellow, with the philosophy which 'reads sermon in stones,' said:

'Grand-pa, who does all these woods and fields belong to?'

'Why,' said the matter-of-fact gentleman, 'to me.'

'No, Sir,' emphatically responded the child, 'they belong to God.'

'The grand-father said nothing till they reached the richly-laden tree, when he said:

'Well, my boy, whom does this tree belong to?'

'This was a poser, and for a moment the boy hesitated; but, casting a longing look upon the nuts, he replied:

'Well, Grand-father, the *tree* belongs to God, but the walnuts are *ours*.'

A LITTLE girl of five years was one day much delighted with a small basket which had been presented to her. Her sister, some two years older, wanted to hang it on her own arm, and take a little walk. Miss, of course, objected to this, and said she wanted to carry her own basket, 'or every body will think it's yours.'

'No,' said the elder, 'if any one asks, I will tell them it is yours.'

'Yes,' replied the child, indignantly, 'if we meet some little fool that says 'Whose is that?' why, you will tell them; but nice people don't ask such questions; and so every little fool will know it's mine, and all the nice people will think it's yours!'

'And so she very wisely refused to be cajoled by such a flimsy pretext.'

I HAVE a little boy, who made me laugh a few mornings ago. He had heard me reading, in the BIBLE, CHRIST's declaration to PETER: 'Get thee behind me, SATAN; ' and also, that 'Man should not live by bread alone,' etc. There was evidently but a confused notion of the matter in his little brain; and when his mother set his breakfast before him, I overheard the following:

'My son, you were so late in rising, this morning, that I have nothing left for your breakfast, but bread-and-butter.'

'Mamma, I do n't like bread-and-butter!'

'Yes, my child, but you should think how many poor little boys there are who cannot get food of *any* kind, and be very thankful that you can get this.'

'But, Mamma, did n't I hear Papa reading how that CHRIST said unto SATAN, 'Man shall not live by bread-and-butter alone?'

'And the serious air with which it was uttered, formed no small part of the ludicrous character of the scene.'

'I am much pleased with the juvenile portion of your 'Gossip,' and hope it may be continued. The little folks often amuse me more than any grown children can. I would not lose all my childhood as I grow old. Leave me, at least, the ability to love children, and to sympathize in all their interests, cares, and enjoyments.'

A DEAR little girl, between six and seven years old, wrote, from the country, the following letter to her father in town. There is something comical in the idea of 'jumping over the moon for joy,' at hearing that her parents, who had been ill, had recovered. Moreover, her delight at seeing the sun rise, and her doubt as to whether her father, a New-Yorker, had ever witnessed that phenomenon, is especially amusing:

Hempstead, Feb. 1, 1854.

MY DEAR OLD FADER AND MUDDER: I hope you are well, and you must come up and see us. JULIA and I are knitting. I was so glad to hear that you and Ma was better, that I came near Jumping over the Moon. I have been with JULIA to Miss W—— to-day to practice singing. I have seen the Sun rise several times. Did you ever see it, Pa? Oh, what Pretty sight it is! I hope you won't get the small Pox. I have had a nice time with JULIA. Does HENRY want to hear me sing yet? does NELLY walk yet? I will come and make you a little visit one of these days, and sing for you. We got the basket safe and Oh how good those Apples were! Grandma thanks you very much. We all send much love to you all—Particular NELLY. I received your good long letter. from your runaway
HATTY V——.'

BEFORE woman's-rights had progressed as far as they now have, a little girl, one day at play, wanted a younger sister to take the least responsible duty of the play-house, and be mother; but the youngest, an embryo woman's-right woman, preferred the part of father; for, said she, 'Mothers have to cook and wash, and nurse the baby, while fathers only just put a cigar in their mouth, and their hands in their pockets, and walk

up street.' This evinced considerable observation for a child of three years: and, in fact, older people have seen something of the same sort.'

'A VERY little girl, young enough to sleep in a crib by the bed of her parents, awoke one night, when the full moon was shining into her bed-room, and calling to her father, she exclaimed:

' 'Father! Father! God has forgot to blow the moon out! Won't you open the window, and let me blow it out?'

'Another little girl, of nearly the same age, and living very near to her, was found one evening alone in her mother's bed-room, when she very quietly remarked to her mother:

' 'I have been having a *season of prayer* for the poor children at the Five-Points.'

'Will not such prayers go up higher than many others from older persons?'

'I HAVE a couple of little nieces — twins — so much alike, as to render a distinction impossible to any but their parents. I remember once teaching one of them a lesson in the catechism. I commenced with the question: ' 'Who made you?'

'She replied correctly: 'God.'

' 'Why did he make you?'

'A correct reply, again.

' 'In whose image and likeness did he make you?'

' 'Why,' says she, speaking very quick, '*He made me the very image and likeness of my sister Clara!*'

Brief Notices of New Publications.

THERE are few readers who take an interest in the subject of Geology, but will welcome a volume from the house of PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY, Boston, by President HITCHCOCK, of Amherst College, (Mass.) entitled '*An Outline of the Geology of the Globe, and the United States in Particular.*' The author is known, as an eminent geologist, in both hemispheres, by his work on 'Elementary Geology.' There are two geological maps, which teach more, by a few moments' inspection, than many pages of letter-press. Sketches are also given of characteristic American fossils.

'*The Coin-Collector's Manual,*' from BANGS, BROTHER AND COMPANY, will be a *rade-mccum* to the numismatic student in forming a cabinet of coins. It comprises an historical and critical account of the origin and progress of coinage, from the earliest period to the fall of the Roman Empire, together with an account of the coinages of modern Europe, and especially of Great Britain. It contains upward of one hundred and fifty illustrations, on wood and steel. The information embodied in the work is copious and accurate, and yet clear of technicalities and minutiae. Its arrangement is strictly chronological. It begins with the first indications of positive coinage among the Greeks, gives the general state of the Greek coinage at the decline of the kingdoms of the Macedonian empire, the Roman coinage, and after the fall of the 'mistress of the world,' that of modern Europe. And, what is a great merit, the matter is so arranged as to present itself in a *reading* form, instead of in dry catalogues. A series of indexes at the end, essential for reference, leave nothing to be desired in a work of this description.

MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, AND COMPANY, Philadelphia, have issued a new and complete edition of the '*Poetical Works of John Milton,*' under the careful editorship of Professor CHARLES DEXTER CLEVELAND, of Philadelphia. The work embraces a life of the author, preliminary dissertations on each poem, notes critical and explanatory, an index to the subjects of 'Paradise Lost,' and a verbal index to all the poems. The whole is a most successful attempt to make the poems of MILTON more widely circulated, intelligently read, and wisely appreciated.

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ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1854, BY
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P L A G I A R I S M .

BY A. MITCHELL.

‘Show that your pigs are fat, not what they are fed upon,’ we believe is an old Greek adage. From it we infer that butchers in old times were not what they are now-a-days. The great skill and keen analytical powers of butchers of the present day render utterly futile all attempts to conceal what fat swine are fed upon; the dissecting-knife is remorselessly thrust into them, and all the secrets of their organization are at once laid bare. Other animals are by no means exempt from the same fate. Unusual fatness in any animal at once provokes a disposition to cut him up, and discover what sort of food he has been fed upon. Using fat hogs as a figure of speech for popular authors, (although there would be no figure of speech in comparing some of them to both fat and lean hogs—the great Caledonian boar, James Hogg, is one instance; the great English bore, Dr. Johnson, another,) they are particularly exposed to the butcher-knife of the critic. They are, in fact, in danger of being twice *stuck*—once by the publisher, and again by the critic. Human nature is such that we cannot brook superiority with patience, and, of course, in all ages of the world excellence of every kind has always been subjected to a severe ordeal of criticism. But critics, in the time of the ancient Greeks, had not attained that point of skill and acuteness to which they have since arrived.

A charge of plagiarism against an author is considered as pretty sure evidence of his superiority as a writer. It is an indirect confession of his fatness; and evinces a disposition on the part of the critic who makes the charge, to prove that it was dishonestly acquired. Charges of this kind most frequently come from young men of small reading and little experience. It is said, with a good deal of truth, that there is nothing old in this country except our young men. Of course it is not pretended that they have become infirm and bowed down by any ordinary weights which usually attach to their number of years; but it is the vast knowledge they have acquired, and the wasting and terrible experience they have been through, that have rendered them super-

annuated. They have sounded all the depths and shallows of books and life. They have dived so deep into the pure waters of light literature and the turgid waters of metaphysics, that, in both instances, they have brought up mud from the bottom. Dr. Johnson used to say that by reading five hours a day a man could attain a very considerable fund of information at the age of sixty. Young men who have never devoted any thing like that number of hours a day to reading, complain bitterly of the dearth of originality in modern literature. It is difficult for them to find in a new book any thing but stale facts. With less than a quarter of a century's experience, they have become palled and ennuied with the monotony of life and the scarcity of new ideas. One of these precocious old gentlemen, leaning back in his chair, clasping his hands behind his head and yawning, thus criticises, in a drawling tone, to his companion, a popular book of the season :

'I say, Andrew, my dear boy, I have been turning over the leaves of this book in the hopes of finding something new in it ; but all the thoughts seem to wear a familiar aspect. They look like old acquaintances with mustaches and long hair added since I saw them last. It seems to be a book made up of old truths dressed in a new garb. How one longs for something fresh and original ; something penetrating the mysteries of our nature, like the early works of Shelley and Coleridge, of George Sand and—Tupper ! It is perfectly astonishing with what plain food the public taste is satisfied now-a-days, aw !'

The turning-point in life comes at a very early period with these precocious old gentlemen. If nature is strong enough in them to carry them safely through it, they grow young and less mature in feeling very rapidly as they advance in years, and they become less exacting for something *new* in every author.

'As for originality,' said Byron, in his journal, 'all pretensions to it are ridiculous ; 'there is nothing new under the sun.''

Emerson says an author is original in proportion to the amount he steals from Plato ; and to those who are not much acquainted with Plato, he thus divulges the secret of much of his claim to originality. We know of no one book so much calculated to convince a man that there is nothing new under the sun as Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. When a young man has become enamored of a new book that he thinks abounds in 'new light,' he had better read Burton carefully. By so doing, he will be pretty sure to have his admiration lowered a peg, at least. Montaigne (who, whatever his merit as an original writer may be, produced what Lord Halifax, the most fastidious critic of his time, pronounced the most readable book he ever met with,) compares his writings to a thread that binds the flowers of others, and that by incessantly pouring the waters of a few good old authors into his sieve, some drops fall upon his paper.

The principal difference between Lord Brougham and some unlearned wood-sawyers may be, that the mind of the former has been enriched and strengthened with the thoughts, experience, and observation of others ; they have become incorporated with himself, and form a part of his identity ; and the latter lack this advantage. In short, one has culture, and the others have not.

What is often termed originality, is more a manufactured article than a natural product. Moore, in dwelling upon the elaborate care with which all the performances of Sheridan were prepared, was led to exclaim, 'genius is patience.' An original thinker may be considered as one who has grown mentally fat upon the food great minds in all ages of the world have afforded him. Montaigne and Emerson, as we have seen, have confessed, with careless frankness, some of the sources of their originality.

Of course it is necessary that nature should have furnished a tolerably broad and capacious foundation for mental fatness to be laid upon. It is impossible to make a very fat hog of a Guinea pig. All men have not a disposition, and could not cultivate one, to grapple with the deep and subtle thoughts of profound minds. 'Books, books,' says Bulwer; 'magnets to which all iron minds insensibly move.' Minds of a softer metal, of a less investigating character, do not move in that direction. The mind grows by what it feeds upon, and no man can be an original thinker without a good deal of knowledge. All that was wanting, perhaps, to develop the powers of 'the village Hampden,' 'the mute, inglorious Milton,' and 'the guiltless Cromwell,' that the country churchyard contained, was knowledge. But knowledge is of no value unless it is well digested; and in this respect nature is an infallible guide. Minds, like stomachs, have little relish for food they cannot digest; and there is every variety of strength in the digestive powers of the mind as of the body.

New thoughts, in regard to human nature, at least, must be exceedingly rare, but new combinations of thoughts are of less frequent occurrence.

The youthful genius works out into comeliness of shape, with great pain and labor, what he conceives to be a bright, original thought. As he advances in years, and as his knowledge becomes more extensive, he is led to believe that the thought was old in the time of Zoroaster and Confucius. Human nature was as well understood long before Solomon's time as it is now. It is only in scientific knowledge that so many new truths have been discovered, and such vast progress made. It is affirmed by the highest authority that nothing new or valuable in principles or practical wisdom has been added to what the works of Aristotle and Cicero contain on the subject of government and politics, notwithstanding the host of great jurists and statesmen that England alone has produced, from Bacon to Bentham.

Descartes foresaw as clearly as Franklin the supremacy man was destined to gain over matter. In his Discourse on Method, published in 1637, he says: 'In these new triumphs of knowledge, men may learn to enjoy the fruits of the earth without trouble: their health will be improved, and they will be able to exempt themselves from an infinitude of ills, as well of the body as of the mind, and even perhaps from the weakness of age.'

Dr. Franklin, about a century and a half later, wrote a letter to Dr. Priestley, from which the following is an extract. Speaking of the power which man might in time acquire over matter, he said: 'Agriculture may diminish its labor and double its produce: all diseases may, by sure

means, be prevented or cured, (not excepting even that of old age,) and our lives lengthened at pleasure, even beyond the antediluvian standard.'

These remarks of Franklin's are sometimes quoted as evincing his claim to be considered a true prophet.

There is much less originality of expression than many suppose. Our most common conversation is interlarded with expressions used by old and distinguished authors. We could hardly get through a day without employing some of Shakspeare's happy sayings. One advantage in poring so long over Latin and Greek authors, is that the beautiful thoughts and language they contain may be strongly impressed upon the mind. A circumstance, only worthy of mention from the singularity of the coincidence, serves to illustrate this. The writer of this article was reading one of Brougham's essays, when the following fine metaphor arresting his attention, he read it aloud to his companion, who happened to be studying Horace at the time: 'He who is not bold enough to face the perils of the deep, may hug the shore too near and make shipwreck upon its inequalities.'

'Do you find that there?' was the astonished exclamation of this person. 'Why, I have just been studying the very same thing here.'

He then read from Horace the lines which expressed the very same metaphor. (The reader may hunt them up at his leisure.)

'Language was given us to conceal our thoughts,' is one of the smart sayings credited to Talleyrand. It has been discovered that Goldsmith used it long before Talleyrand's time; and how many had used it before him, is not known. An expression used by Calhoun, 'masterly inactivity,' was considered a very fine original expression in him, until it was traced back, we do n't know how many centuries. When Webster, on a certain occasion, spoke of 'the sea of up-turned faces' that greeted him, it was thought to be a fine expression, and something new under the sun. It was soon discovered that it occurred in one of Scott's novels. When some friend informed Fillmore that Scott was the candidate nominated for the Presidency, he told him that he must now attach himself to Scott, as 'more worshipped the rising than the setting sun.' This was considered a very wise reply in Mr. Fillmore, and it was also so considered when Pompey made it to Sylla.

The New-York Times, we believe, is to be credited with the following cluster of seeming plagiarisms:

'COWPER said: 'God made the country and man made the town.' The Latin poet, VARRO, expressed that very sentiment before him. POPE says: 'The proper study of mankind is man;' but CHARRON, the Frenchman, said it first. BYRON, in *Childs Harold*, has the image of a broken mirror, to show how a broken heart multiplies images of sorrow. But the same simile is in BURTON. GIORDANO BRUNS said that the first people of the world should rather be called the *youngsters* than the *ancients*. LORD BACON (a large plagiarist) makes use of the very same idea. GRAY sings beautifully about 'full many a gem of purest ray serene,' and many a flower, concealed in the mine and in the sea. But Bishop HALL first wrote the whole sentiment in prose. ADDISON speaks of the stars for ever singing as they shine. Sir THOMAS BROWNE talks of 'the singing constellations'; though both have followed the idea expressed in the Scripture. SHELLEY speaks of Death and his brother Sleep. The expression was Sir THOMAS BROWNE'S. It is impossible for a reader to go through a variety of books without finding plagiarism, or, at least, coincidences, on almost every page he pores on.'

Macaulay is unquestionably the most popular living writer; and we doubt if he is less original than Carlyle, Emerson, or some other 'great

original thinkers.' His mental fatness is apparent on every page of his writings, and it is equally apparent that it has been acquired by feeding from the richest granaries that the accumulations of ages could afford. He carried to the mangers he has fed at, strong digestive powers and a great appetite; and an appetite for books always 'grows by what it feeds upon.'

There was a terrible onslaught made upon D'Israeli, the novelist and ex-chancellor of England, some time since, for a singular plagiarism that he was guilty of. It is doubtful if the plagiarism alone would have made the critics so wrathful against him, if his position as a statesman had not been such a prominent one. Macaulay says it was not the pain the bear suffered that made the Puritans dislike bear-fights, but it was the pleasure they afforded the spectator. It was not the plagiarism of Mr. D'Israeli, we suspect, that so disturbed the critics; it was his political elevation. Envy is a feeling common to human nature, and pertains alike to Puritans, blacklegs, and authors. Lord Brougham gives, in the following sentence, a fine description of what a man of superior abilities is exposed to, who raises himself greatly above his fellow-men: 'While the conqueror mounts his triumphal car, and hears the air rent with shouts of his name, he hears, too, the malignant whisper appointed to remind him that the trumpet of fame blunts not the tooth of calumny; nay, he descends from his eminence when the splendid day is over, to be made the victim of never-ending envy, and of slander which is immortal, as the price of that day's delirious enjoyment; and all the time, safety and peace is the lot of the humble companion who shared his labors, without partaking of his renown; and who, if he has enjoyed little, has paid and suffered less.'

This sentiment, it must be admitted, is very forcibly expressed, but no one can doubt that it had been expressed thousands of times before, in some form or other. Shakspeare's language for the same idea is quite vigorous. This is it:

'O PLACE and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious guests,
Upon thy doings! Thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies.'

Innumerable other forms of expression for the same idea might be produced from eminent sources, but *cui bono*? Moore, once observing Byron with a book full of paper-marks, asked him what it was. 'Only a book,' he answered, 'from which I am trying to *crib*; as I do whenever I can, and that's the way I get the character of an original poet.' This candor was equal to Emerson's, but Moore explains it as follows: 'Though, in imputing to himself premeditated plagiarism, he was, of course, but jesting; it was, I am inclined to think, his practice, when engaged in the composition of any work, to excite thus his vein, by the perusal of others on the same subject or plan, from which the slightest hint, caught by his imagination as he read, was sufficient to kindle there such a train of thought as, but for that spark, had never been awakened, and of which he himself soon forgot the source.'

This seems a much more reasonable supposition, as to the source from which Byron had his inspiration, than that of those who affirm that he must have received it from gin and the devil. Although these are very powerful agents, and accustomed to work harmoniously together, the inspiration they give is more apt to be destructive than creative.

A kindred charge to that of plagiarism, and one which is often brought against all sorts of literary performances, is that they are but '*re-hashes*' of old facts and events. This is an objection that there is but little risk in presenting, for but few writings on any subject, we suspect, are free from it. Is Blackstone any less a '*re-hash*' than the last religious pamphlet on the Unity or the Trinity, or the last newspaper-article on the Tariff, or the Currency? What are Macaulay's and Bancroft's histories but '*re-hashes*?' The same facts and events, when handled by a man of genius, are made to appear very different from what they do when used by one without it. The historical characters drawn by Bancroft and Macaulay, although retaining the same prominent features when sketched by dull and indifferent writers, would hardly be recognized as the same persons. There is about the same difference between a good '*re-hash*' and a poor one, as there would be between a statue Powers would cut from a block of marble, and one that an ordinary stone-cutter would produce; or, about the same difference there would be between the manner of handling the same case by Webster, and a tenth-rate lawyer.

Sir Walter Scott was always esteemed an original writer, but Lord Jeffrey, in reviewing his works, said: 'Even in him, the traces of imitation are obvious and abundant.' We will close this article by another quotation from Lord Jeffrey, bearing upon the subject of which we have been treating.

'SHAKESPEARE, to be sure, is more purely original; but it should not be forgotten, that in his time, there was much less to borrow, and that he too has drawn freely and largely from the sources that were open to him, at least, for his fable and graver sentiment: for his wit and humor, as well as his poetry, are always his own. In our times, all the higher walks of literature have been so long and so often trodden, that it is scarcely possible to keep out of the foot-steps of some of our precursors; and the ancients, it is well known, have stolen most of our bright thoughts, and not only visibly beset all the patent approaches to glory, but swarm in such ambushed multitudes behind, that when we think we have gone fairly beyond their plagiarisms, and honestly worked out an original excellence of our own, up starts some deep-read antiquary, and makes it out, much to his own satisfaction, that heaven knows how many of these busy-bodies have been beforehand with us, both in the *genus* and the *species* of our invention!'

THE DAYS OF YORE.

The days of yore! the days of yore!
How sweet their memories come,
When, e'en in thought, we wander o'er
Our happy childhood's home!

The merry years! the merry years!
When you and I were boys,
When nought we knew of bitter tears
Amid our many joys!

They've passed away! the brightest, best
Of life's swift-fleeting hours;
But MEMORY's pages still hold pressed
The leaves of childhood's flowers.

N. S. S.

A P R I L .

WITH smiling face young APRIL comes,
Her apron full of flowers;
And oft she's seen to sprinkle them
With soft and dewy showers;
She's brought the birds to sing again,
The bees to hum around;
She's filled the air with balminess,
And carpeted the ground.

O'er mountain, hill, or through the vale,
Where'er her path-way weaves,
She breathes upon the sleeping buds,
And bursts them into leaves;
The yellow Jonquil lifts her head,
Fresh from her wintry tomb,
And where her foot-steps lightly fall,
The modest violets bloom.

Each streamlet has a merrier laugh,
That runs from mountain's brow;
Each meets to-day the full sunshine —
No ice to clog it now;
Some few white clouds float through the sky,
Those soft and snow-white clouds,
That oft in childhood's time we deemed
Were angel-spirits' shrouds.

The farmer plies the busy plough,
And turns the mellowed sod,
And deems that there in autumn-time
The yellow grain will nod.
At morn yon ox was grazing here,
And loiters still at noon;
No grass so sweet as April brings —
Not that of May or June.

Within the post, close by our door,
The wren now builds her nest;
The social robin, too, is here
With his bright speckled breast.
The dove is cooing to her mate
In tones of tenderness;
And merry black-birds through the fields
In songs their joy express.

Amid the woods the maple-trees
Now wear their brightest dyes;
And, nearer by, the apricots
Are opening to the skies;
Yes, hourly peeps some beauty forth
To meet our gladdened eyes;
And soon we'll view the clover-buds,
And bees with laden thighs.

I love each Spring and Summer month,
 And sigh when they are gone;
 But most my heart young APRIL loves,
 And tunes for her the song;
 For she's the first of all the months
 To bring the warming showers,
 The song of birds, the hum of bees,
 And scent of lovely flowers.

J. H. WILSON.

A S K U L L - A N D - B O N E S K E T C H .

BY VIATOR.

'SINCERELY desirous to aid the cause of science, through which temporal suffering is alleviated; wishing to promote the best good of my fellow beings; and deliberately preferring that my body after my death should undergo dissection, than that it should be consumed by worms, I do hereby request my said executor, immediately after my decease, whenever the same shall be, to deliver my body to the Professors of Surgery and Anatomy in the Medical Institution of Yale College, for the purposes of dissection and anatomical examination.'

THE above is an extract from a will preserved in the skull of the man who made it, whose skeleton is, or was, suspended in the medical department of Yale College, with the name, age, and date of his death, engraved on a silver plate attached to the forehead. In reflecting upon the history of that skeleton, I have often lost all the words of the learned Professor who was laboring to impress a little knowledge upon the minds of us under-graduates.

That man must have been a true philosopher. I think I have heard that he was a stone-cutter by trade, and that it was in the pursuit of his business of making monuments that he became impressed with the emptiness of all such memorials of the dead, which are, for the most part, invested with interest to only a small circle of relatives and for a short period, and too often record of the deceased,

'Not what he was; but what he should have been;'

and he desired that, after death, he might atone for a life which he felt had been of very little use to his fellow men, by making his own frame a permanent source of instruction, after his flesh should have served a similar purpose on the anatomical table.

Some may be disposed to find in this will nothing more than a streak of eccentricity, or even of vanity, since the monument he thus made of his own person would be a more enduring and remarkable memento than any other he could have constructed. But methinks nothing except some conscientious feeling akin to that above indicated, could have induced him to take a course so directly in opposition to the general sentiment of mankind. Although every intelligent man will readily admit that the disposition of his body after death is a matter of no real moment, a regard for the feelings of surviving relatives will prevent his giving any unusual direction in the matter. A dread of exposure

after death would operate with a sensitive mind, especially that of a female. And indeed we find in the minute directions people frequently give with regard to their funerals, the costly tombs and monuments for which they make provision, and the self-denial to which poor persons will frequently subject themselves in order to be well 'laid out' at last, evidence of the extent to which this feeling prevails, whether it be ascribed to regard for surviving friends, delicacy or vanity, or a little of all.

Charles Lamb has finely touched it off in his chapter on Burial Societies; and Pope, in one of his poems, thus alludes to the ruling passion strong in death, (referring to the law which required that the dead should be buried in woollen, in order to encourage that branch of manufacture :)

'ODIOUS! in woollen! 't would a saint provoke;
(Were the last words that poor NARCISSA spoke;)
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face;
One would not sure be frightful when one's dead —
And BETTY, give this cheek a little red.'

I think it is a great pity that people cannot be made to look upon these things with a more philosophic eye. Not that I would have them all will their bodies to the surgeons. Nor would I be understood as taking exception to those monumental structures and other mementos of affection which relatives are in the habit of rearing over the remains of departed friends: such practices keep alive the noblest sentiments of our nature; but I would have these things provided for by those who survive, and not by those who are to be commemorated. 'Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth.'

I would do away with the absurd superstition, or prejudice, in favor of what is called 'decent burial;' and have people think that, so their remains are put out of sight, it matters little what becomes of them. It is nothing but the dread of encountering this feeling which has prevented legislators in this country from passing those laws which are necessary to furnish the materials for anatomical study, such, for instance, as a provision that the bodies of those who die in the prisons and almshouses, with no friends to demand a burial, may be delivered to the surgeons. It is to no purpose to say that people, whose misfortunes have driven them upon the parish for support, ought not to be punished with the apprehension of dissection. With as much reason might it be said that, because some ignorant people are afraid of witches or 'sperits,' the law should provide a supply of old horse-shoes, or other equally potent antidotes. If the feelings of survivors are consulted, that should suffice. The public good and public health should be the paramount considerations.

I am neither a doctor nor the son of one; but I think that those who, in order to minister to the sufferings of their fellow men, are obliged to travel over such a nasty road to learning as the dissecting-room, ought to be able to do it without the fear of a state-prison before their eyes.

People are indeed becoming more reasonable now-a-days in relation to post-mortem examinations. I have heard physicians remark that rarely does death occur of any very unusual form of disease, that they have

not the consent of the family to make an examination to ascertain the cause. But even on this point there was formerly great straight-lacedness; and many a resurrection-case has originated in a refusal of this kind. I lately heard of one which I have thought sufficiently curious to be worth relating:

Once upon a time—but not such a great many years ago—a young doctor, who had just received his license to practice, established himself in one of the thriving villages of Western New-York, and, through an advertisement in the weekly paper, ‘respectfully informed the inhabitants of I—— that he had taken the office of the late Dr. Handy, and offered his professional services to the public.’

‘The late Dr. Handy,’ whose sign now gave place to that of ‘Dr. Norton,’ had been one of the largest practitioners of the country, and our young Esculapius hoped to step into his practice as well as his office. But he soon found that this was not so easy, for, during the last illness of Dr. Handy, his patients had been left under the care of the only other physician in the place, Dr. Bugbee, who had managed to retain most of this addition to his practice. He was an elderly man, and one of the class who would now-a-days be ranked among the ‘old fogies.’ He bled, blistered, and administered calomel and jalap without any stint, and, with all his practice, seemed to be exceedingly jealous of the new doctor; not even extending to him the civility of a call, which was due to him not only as a stranger, but as a neighbor, for Dr. Bugbee’s small garden and orchard were all that separated his house from the office of Dr. Norton. The latter was obliged to content himself with such small practice among the poor as Dr. Bugbee’s other engagements did not enable him to attend to, but diligently improved the leisure thus left him in qualifying himself the better for full professional occupation when it did come. He had studied in the office of a country physician, and had been thoroughly grounded in the elements, but had enjoyed few of the opportunities for lectures, clinics, post-mortems, and hospital practice which are possessed by students in the large cities. Not only were the books in his small library re-perused, but occasional dissections of dogs and cats were carried on there; and, on one occasion, he was lucky enough to purchase of a travelling menagerie that next thing to a dead man, a dead monkey, which he took to pieces with all due science, to the great marvel of many a boy who had seen it carried from the ‘show,’ and which a maiden lady of forty-five, whom I shall call Miss Abigail Prue, thought it showed ‘a little too much zeal in this new doctor,’ and for her part, she shouldn’t want to have him ‘tend upon her, lest he should be constantly thinking about dissecting her—a remark which, being reported to the doctor, called forth the observation from him that, however much she might resemble a monkey, she was rather too tough a subject to tempt him. This, which excited the laughter of the young people at the expense of the spinster, inflamed her to the highest degree; and, soon after, a rumor being circulated that a grave in a neighboring village had been opened, she shook her head with a very significant look to all her acquaintances, and said: ‘It may be that a *certain* young doctor had nothing to do with it, but I have *my own* thoughts;’ asked what they thought now of the impudent fellow?—and by whispering all

sorts of insinuations of bloody murder and resurrection, excited the prejudices of the old folks decidedly against our hero, while it aroused, on the other hand, a powerful host of defenders among the young people, especially the young ladies, who disliked such a gossip as Miss Abigail Prue, and thought none the worse of a young unmarried and agreeable man because he tried to learn his profession; and, indeed, they went farther, and said it was a pity Dr. Bugbee had n't, in his younger days, done something of the sort, for in that case, he would n't have killed so many people.

Fortified thus with the support of the rising generation, Dr. Norton could not doubt that, in course of time, his turn would come to stand in the medical shoes of the late Dr. Handy, or even of a greater than he; but meantime the calls for his services were sensibly affected by the absurd gossip of the village.

One beautiful evening in spring, when he had taken his seat on the little back-porch of his office, to watch the setting sun, and snuff the sweet scent of his neighbor's peach-blossoms, his eyes were suddenly arrested by a beautiful sylph-like form, which he recognized as that of Dr. Bugbee's niece, Miss Ellen Nathalie, a young lady recently returned from boarding-school, and who, it was understood, took the principal charge of his establishment. Norton had observed her in the morning as she watered her plants, and admired her then; but now his somewhat susceptible heart was kindled into raptures by the poetry of the scene, as she moved to and fro upon the green-sward, beyond the trees, at that most melting hour of day. Never did he feel before so forcibly the inconvenience of not knowing her uncle, and consequently not being on visiting terms at the house.

Suddenly a scream was heard in the house; she entered, and immediately returned and called out, in the sweetest of voices,

'Dr. Norton, Dr. Norton, won't you come here!' and reëntered.

Jumping over the fence and running across the lot, he went into the kitchen, and found, stretched on the floor, a strapping big Irish servant-girl, apparently in a fit, while Miss Nathalie bent over her, bathing her temples with water. Dr. Norton procured from his office a medicine which partially revived her; but she soon sank back again into a second fit, and continued to alternately revive and sink, until Dr. Bugbee himself returned from a visit to a distant patient. Norton explained the circumstances under which he had found her, and his method of treatment, when a difference of opinion was expressed between the two physicians as to the nature of her malady. Dr. Bugbee's remedies were tried without as much effect in reviving her as those which had been first applied. In a short time she died. Dr. Norton suggested that the attack had been, in many respects, peculiar, and that it would be well to institute an examination. To this Dr. Bugbee objected, stating that it would subject him to remark, should there be a post-mortem in his house, upon the body of his own servant, although she was a stranger. Dr. Norton replied that the examination could be so conducted as to be over very soon, and so that the deceased would show no signs of it when placed in her coffin, and no one be the wiser; but he was overruled, not without a suspicion, on Norton's part, that Bugbee feared lest he

should be obliged to admit that his young rival was right, and that this was the true reason of his objection.

On the evening after the funeral, as Norton was seated as usual on his little back piazza, Miss Nathalie came toward that side of the orchard, apparently to secure peach-blossoms for a bouquet ; and as she plucked them, remarked, hurriedly :

‘ Doctor ! Doctor ! say nothing, but if you have a dead body on your premises remove it, that’s all.’

And then she vanished, before the doctor could question her.

The next morning, he received a visit from a constable armed with a search-warrant, who examined every place for the purpose of finding ‘ a certain dead body, late of one Catherine Quigley, deceased, which, however, he did not find ; and there all legal proceedings apparently ended, although a fresh buzz of gossip was excited through the village at the news that ‘ the sexton had found that the grave of Dr. Bugbee’s servant-girl had been dug up and the corpse carried off, and how they’d searched all the doctors’ dens, and could find nothing of it. In vain did the young doctor strive again to see and converse with the beautiful niece of his neighbor, who had given him such friendly warning, but she studiously avoided him — a circumstance which only seemed to make him more anxious to see her.

At the end of some three or four months, he went off in his sulky to pay a visit to his old preceptor, and also to purchase, at Geneva, a fresh supply of medicines. On his return, after an absence of a week or two, there was added to the anatomical treasures of his back-office a skeleton, a fresh skeleton, newly put together.

Now there was nothing very remarkable in a physician’s having a skeleton. It was known to be a part of the furniture of almost every medical office ; but this particular skeleton seemed to be invested with peculiar interest to many of the villagers ; and one day his old acquaintance, the constable, entered, accompanied by the cabinet-maker of the place, to inspect it, by the authority of the law. A measuring-tape was produced, and, after taking the dimensions, Dr. Norton was informed that he must go before a magistrate, where he was charged with having robbed the grave of Catherine Quigley. The result was that he was bound over for trial at the next court, and the skeleton retained by the magistrate as the principal witness against him.

Now the laws of the State of New-York provide that any person who shall remove the dead body of any human being from the grave, or other place of interment, for the purpose of dissection, shall be punished by imprisonment in a state-prison not exceeding five years, or in a county jail not exceeding one year, or by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, or by both such fine and imprisonment ; and every person who shall purchase or receive the dead body of any human being, knowing the same to have been disinterred, contrary to the foregoing provisions, shall, upon conviction, be subject to the punishment in said section specified.

Now here was an awkward fix. To be locked up in the service of the state is no joke at any time ; but, under such circumstances as these, it is a serious matter.

And so our hero regarded it : and he tossed about that night on his bed with any thing but comfortable sensations, as he thought of professional prospects dished, reputation ruined, and all his cherished affections nipped in the bud ; for, strange as it may seem, the face of the fair Ellen had haunted him ever since that mysterious warning, and he could not help regarding her as a kind of guardian-angel, or at least a fair damsel restrained in her affections by a cruel uncle, from whom it would be his happiness, at some future day, to set her at liberty. But now the order of things was to be reversed ; he was to be the imprisoned knight ; and he dreamed of himself peeping through the bars, while the fair one gazed at him with reproachful looks, as much as to say, ‘ Why did n’t you heed my warning ? ’ Then he awoke, and was glad to find that, as yet, it was only a dream. But as he went to his breakfast at the village tavern, (for he slept in his back-office,) he was reminded that there was some reality about it by the way in which the school-boys peered curiously at him, just as people do at a man who is about to be hanged. He could see at a glance that his case was the talk of the town. What a theme indeed it was for Miss Abigail Prue ! how she had hurried out to be the first to tell the news ! and how beautifully she had garnished it up with little expletives ! and ‘ What did I say ? ’ and ‘ workings up of her fancy distorted into fact ? ’ Many of the boys were greatly astonished to find him quietly walking as usual to his breakfast, instead of loaded down with irons in the county jail. But to breakfast he went, although he would have had but little appetite had he not been seated next to his lawyer, who boarded at the same house, and who cheered him up by his confident assertions that the state could never make out a case on such evidence as that.

And, while he is awaiting his trial, it will not be out of place to mention the way in which our professor of law used to tell us he got a celebrated physician clear of a similar charge. The bodies of two men, Tiff and Towner, were disinterred at Northampton by some medical students, and traced to the medical college at New-Haven, where the professor of anatomy dissected them without knowing whence they came. He was indicted in two counts, one for dissecting the body of Tiff, the other for dissecting the body of Towner. Mr. Daggett, as counsel, insisted that the state must prove each count as laid, a position in which the court sustained him, and it became necessary to prove first, that the prisoner dissected the body of Tiff. There was a barrel of legs, arms, and bones, but which of these belonged to Tiff and which belonged to Towner it was impossible to tell ; and so, although they had evidence to the *corpora delicti* mentioned in the whole indictment, there was no evidence as to the *corpus delicti* mentioned in any one count ; accordingly, the court instructed the jury that the evidence did not sustain the indictment, and the prisoner must be acquitted ; and greatly did Judge Daggett ever afterward chuckle as he told of the victory over the district attorney, whereby he saved a worthy physician for a life of great usefulness and honor.

To return to Dr. Norton. He had been wise enough to take his counsel with him at the first examination, and, by his advice, refused

to answer any questions, which was as well ; for, in the confusion of the moment, he might have been bothered to give a very intelligible explanation as to whence he got the skeleton which now seemed to grin out an accusation.

The day of trial came on, and our hero was formally arraigned in the presence of an immense audience, to answer to the charge preferred, with the usual verbosity, for that, on a certain day, he, the said Edward Norton, did, at etc., feloniously and wilfully open the grave wherein was deposited the dead body, late of one Catherine Quigley, and did take, steal, and carry away the same. And the jurors aforesaid farther upon their oaths declared, in another count, that the said Norton did, at, etc., feloniously and wilfully receive, for the purpose of dissection, the dead body late of one Catherine Quigley, knowing that the same had been unlawfully abstracted from the grave, etc. All of which was declared to be against the peace of the state, and the statute in such case made and provided ; and to all of which the prisoner pleaded not guilty.

The first witness called was the sexton, who testified that, on the day after the funeral, he discovered that the sods had been disturbed near the head of the grave ; that he dug down, in the presence of a justice and constable, and found that the head of the coffin had been knocked out and the body abstracted ; that foot-steps were discovered from the grave to the neighborhood of the prisoner's office. The constable testified to having examined the office, and found a large bowl of chloride of lime, apparently prepared for some recent process of purification ; that, in the stable attached to the office he found a large board, which, by the imprints upon it, and the smell, had apparently been used for a recent dissection ; also behind the stable a bucket which had contained lime, and a crow-bar, which fitted into the indenture made in the coffin. This crow-bar was produced in court, as also the coffin-head.

Dr. Bugbee was called to prove that he had known the deceased, and was present at her death, with the prisoner, who expressed a great desire to dissect the body. He also thought the teeth of the skeleton resembled her teeth.

Some other testimony was introduced, tending to show that the prisoner must have been the one who opened the grave ; for instance, it was shown that a pair of muddy boots, found in his office, fitted the foot-prints traced from the grave to the office ; but it appeared that these same foot-prints could be traced to other parts of the grave-yard.

A cabinet-maker deposed to having made the coffin, and taken the measure of the deceased for that purpose, which measure corresponded with the dimensions of the skeleton after making due allowance for the space taken up by skin and flesh. What this space ought to be, was the subject of a long cross-examination. Dr. Bugbee and a physician from a neighboring town, were also examined on this point, but, although they were very learned, it was made to depend so much on other questions, such as corpulency and disease, etc., that the jury were about as wise when they got through as when they commenced. There was equal discrepancy about the age of the skeleton ; both agreed that it

was a green or new one ; but one thought it could not have been exposed more than three months ; the other gave it a much longer period of release from the fleshy covering.

It was shown that the prisoner had been in the habit of purchasing small quantities of quick-lime, to use in dissolving the bodies of animals, and that after the grave was opened he had purchased an unusual quantity ; and finally the district attorney, after making the most of the testimony in his summing up, asked if this was not the skeleton of Catherine Quigley, whose skeleton was it ! and insisted that it devolved upon the prisoner, in order to establish his innocence, to show whence he obtained it.

By way of answering this last question, a witness was called for the defence who was a student in the Medical College at Geneva, who had seen the prisoner in the college examining some wires and screws, such as are used to put skeletons together, and who farther stated that it was the privilege of the janitor to put together and sell the skeletons of subjects ; but whether the prisoner had purchased a skeleton, or simply the means of putting it together, he could not say.

It may here be remarked that the counsel, in summing up for the prisoner, accounted for not having proved by the janitor himself a sale of the skeleton, by stating that that worthy had absconded to parts unknown before a subpoena could be served upon him, and farther intimated that he had concealed himself through apprehension, lest one who dealt in skulls and bones should meet with evil treatment in a community so much excited, or, at least, be subjected to some awkward questions which he could not answer without criminating himself—an explanation, which had its effect on the jury, but greatly astonished the said janitor when he heard of it in Pennsylvania, to which State he had been quietly dispatched a few days before, by Dr. Norton's old preceptor, with money to pay his way, and instructions to remain until he heard that the trial was over.

Proof was furnished that the crow-bar in the doctor's stable was of the same pattern with one found in the sexton's tool-house ; and the shoe-maker of the village testified that he made the prisoner's boots which fitted the foot-marks, and that they corresponded very nearly in size to other boots of similar pattern made for other people.

Finally the counsel, to the astonishment of his client, called to the stand Miss Ellen Nathalie !

She stepped lightly forth from the crowd of ladies on the back seats, and never did any one look more charmingly, at least in the prisoner's eyes, although what she could have to say bearing on this case, he could not imagine. He had never said a word to his counsel about her, and presumed, therefore, that she must be a volunteer witness. As he gazed on that exquisite form, those regular Grecian features, that fair complexion, those dark, oval eyes, full of expression, those jet black tresses, and that dainty little mouth, he felt that it would be almost sweet to be condemned on evidence which emanated from such an angel. It was a shame to require such lips to kiss that old, dirty, worn-out Bible which had been so often profaned by contact with vulgar mouths.

She stated that she had seen the deceased very frequently while staying

at her uncle's house, and had often heard her speak of a lameness in her right foot, caused by the loss of a bone of the little toe, the consequence of the fall of an axe ; and she remembered noticing when the deceased was laid out, that there was nothing but a kind of a bunch where the little toe ought to have been. On looking at the skeleton, the bone of the little toe was found to be perfect.

In summing up for the defence, the counsel first assailed all the testimony for the prosecution, by representing, in a ludicrous point of view, the sexton hurrying with the constable to that particular grave on the morning in question, and finding the body gone, as by a previous understanding, then going at once to the doctor's office and finding every thing that would help to fix the charge upon him ; he thrust back the sexton's own crow-bar in his teeth, dwelt upon the fact that his boots were of similar pattern to those found in the prisoner's office, and deduced from all the evidence the inference that here was a conspiracy to persecute his client. This he dwelt upon in every form and shape with wonderful effect, managing to make the jury look upon the poor sexton as himself the delinquent, (perhaps the very man who helped supply the Medical College,) and, like all guilty minds, fearful of discovery, now trying to divert public indignation from himself to an unoffending medical man, who happened, unfortunately, in his zeal for science, to be open to such a charge by reason of having in his possession the materials with which some dead dogs and monkeys had been anatomized. As to the skeleton, he insisted that it was distinctly shown that this could not be the one alluded to in the indictment, because the evidence of Miss Nathalie proved that the living subject was minus a toe, whereas this one had been fully developed in that department. Could any one doubt the evidence of *such a witness* ? Could any one suppose that, as the prosecution intimated, *such eyes* could have been deceived ?

Here was the gist of his case, and he made the most of it ; and wound up by impressing upon the jury the importance of giving the benefit of every doubt to the prisoner ; and by reading to them from Starkie a frightful list of cases where innocent men had been condemned on circumstantial evidence.

The result was, that, after a short consultation among the jury, the prisoner was acquitted, and left the court-room amid the plaudits of the crowd.

Vainly he strove to catch the eye of Miss Ellen, and thank her for his deliverance. She went home on her uncle's arm, and appeared carefully to avoid him afterward. He saw plainly that she was fearful of compromising herself with some one, perhaps with her uncle, if she showed, by word or sign, that she was acquainted with him.

Although released from his perilous position, he tossed about on his pillow that night, more than ever. The scene was now again reversed. The captive knight no longer peeped from dungeon-bars ; he was free ; the lady was near him ; but through some invisible spell they could not approach nor speak.

Oh ! how tantalizing ! In his waking hours it was still worse : he watched the garden of his neighbor, and saw the fair one come forth as usual, but

‘Not a word, not a syllable spake she.’

It was perhaps in consequence partly of the distracted emotions thus kindled in his mind that he sought relief in a more urgent devotion to his books than ever; and, forgetting his narrow escape, he was soon engaged in another similar affair. For I may as well inform the reader here that, in spite of the evidence of Miss Ellen, the skeleton before mentioned was no other than that of the said Catherine Quigley, the body of which person might have been found by the constable on his first search, had he thought of lifting up some loose boards of the stable-floor, and digging down into the earth below, and the little toe of which would have been found to be, as Miss Ellen described it, 'a kind of bunch,' or thick projection; but on opening it a perfect bone would have come to light, with the sinews contracted, the skin shrivelled, and indications that the owner had long lost all control over it. She might very naturally have supposed that she had lost it.

Some three months after the trial, a pauper, with a very remarkably formed head, who had for some time been afflicted with disease, apparently of the brain, which caused him to stagger somewhat, but not exactly as if he had St. Vitus's dance, fell down in the street and died, and was interred in the Potter's-field division of the burial ground.

That night behold our hero, habited in an old pair of corduroys, with a smock-frock, and, in the midst of a pouring rain, digging down at the head of the pauper's grave. Such graves are not very deep, and he soon strikes the coffin, and then with a chisel inserted between the head-board and the side, he opens a place for his crow-bar, and easily pries out the end of the coffin, for such coffins do not usually have a superfluity of nails. Passing in a rope with a slip-knot at the end, he manages to encircle the neck, and draws out the head of the corpse. The shoulders are too broad to follow; but, determined not to lose his labor, he takes out a knife, and with some effort manages to separate the head from the body. To wrap it in an old canvas bag, to fill up and smooth off the grave, is the work of a few minutes. He hurries home, puts on dry clothes, and goes to work to unravel the mystery of that dead man's brain; and he finds a remarkable bony projection on the inside of the skull, such as will make it a curious addition to his anatomical museum. He must preserve it, that's certain.

It was still raining when he had finished his investigations, and rather than again venture out in the rain to the place of concealment in the stable, he locked it up in a closet, and retired to bed where, after his fatiguing night, he was soon wrapped in sound sleep, and did not awake until so late the following morning that he arrived at the tavern after that meal was finished. As he returned, he saw Miss Nathalie emerge from her uncle's house with a calash and morning-dress, and walk slowly along toward him. He prepared to bow, but as she passed she turned her head away, and said in a low tone:

'Don't speak to me! but if you've a head in your office get rid of it, *that's all!*'

He turned to look at her, but she stepped into a store, and appeared to be absorbed in making purchases.

A second warning! Could it be that they had discovered what had

been done the night before? It was clear that some one was watching him, but equally clear that an angel was protecting him.

The event proved that the warning was well founded, for, hardly had he transferred the head to a place of concealment before he was visited by his old acquaintances, the constable and justice, who ransacked his offices in every part, and then proceeded to the stable, looked behind the wood-pile, under the hay-mow, in the horse-trough, and the buggy. In the loft was a small cutter-sleigh, turned up on end, which, from that circumstance, and the apparent exposure of the seat, with the top open, they neglected to examine very carefully, although they turned it down. They went away as wise as they came; and soon after they had gone, Norton, with a quiet chuckle, went up to that cutter and felt for the mangled head under the straw packed into the seat where he had placed it, not having time to bury it under the stable as he had proposed to do. Now that the search was over, he thought it was as safe here as anywhere, and concluded to leave it there until night, when he could dig a grave for it without interruption.

Of course the discovery that 'the sanctity of the grave had been again violated,' created no small stir in the town; and the newspaper, that very morning, delayed its publication to publish a postscript stating that 'this morning, at an early hour, as Mr. Godfrey Gaskins, sexton of this village, was entering the burial-ground to dig a grave, he observed what was very unusual, the gate wide open, and was led by this circumstance to examine the grave of a pauper, known as 'Staggering Jim,' who had been interred the day before. A deep depression was found on the surface near the head of the grave, caused, as it appeared on digging down, by the fact that some miscreant had knocked out the coffin-head and neglected to replace it, so that the earth settled into the coffin, on examining which it was found still to contain the body of the beggar, but, like that of Holofernes, 'without any head.' Suspicions have been directed toward a certain well-known quarter, but as yet no sufficient evidence to justify an arrest. When are these things to cease?'

Determined to live down all censure, Norton did not hesitate to mingle with the crowd of idlers at 'the store,' and laugh down all talk by saying:

'Oh yes, I've got it, of course. Go and find it.'

That evening there was a large party, and Norton went with the hope that he might get a chance to question Miss Ellen as to the source of her mysterious knowledge, which was now occasioning great uneasiness. He had seldom met her in company, and then received scarcely more than a bow. She always went out soon after he came. This evening she was there, and was soon not unwillingly cornered, when a conversation took place something to this effect:

'You have never given me an opportunity, Miss Ellen, to thank you for that kind interest you have taken on my behalf; and you cannot wonder that I am curious to know how you have obtained information so important. One deliverance and two warnings.'

'And yet a third warning I must give you,' said she. 'This is no place to give reasons; and I hardly know whether a gentleman who

profits so little by experience as to go into his stable-loft by day-light, and, in front of a window, put something in a cutter-sleigh, deserves to be warned again. Look to it to-night, *that's all.*'

So saying, she hurried to join some companions who began to banter her about the doctor whom her evidence had saved, and with whom they had no doubt she was in a conspiracy to prevent the poor beggars from sleeping in peace ; to all of which she replied in graceful badinage.

'Seriously, though,' said one young lady, observing that the doctor had gone out, 'ain't it awful!'

'Awful!' said all.

'The man who did it ought to be hung!' said Ellen.

'So he ought!' said all.

'And yet he could only have done it to learn,' timidly suggested Miss Augusta Sprigg, whose name had at times been coupled with Norton's by the gossips.

'Only to learn!' said all.

'To keep the staggers out of other people's heads, *that's all,*' said Ellen.

'*That's all!*' echoed the group.

And so, on the whole, they all concluded it might have been worse.

Meantime, Norton had hurried home to his office and filled a bucket with a strong preparation of lye and acids, such as would blister the skin on contact. Removing the head from the sleigh and burying it under the floor, he supplied its place by the bucket, and taking his seat in his back-office in the dark, quietly watched for the approach of any outsiders. About twelve o'clock he heard foot-steps moving up the alley which led to the stable. The lower door was closed ; but two persons placed a ladder to the window above, and entered. He stepped under the window and listened, and heard some one say in a very low tone :

'He has put it in brine to preserve it, *that's all.*'

'It makes my fingers feel queer,' said the other.

'Pshaw!' was the reply ; 'your fingers must be very tender. I'll bring it out for you. Hello ! it is rather strong ; I guess we shall have to give it up.'

'Who-o-o-o ! how my fingers burn !'

The two soon descended the ladder, which they forgot to take with them ; and as they ran away, Norton thought he recognized familiar forms.

Imagine Miss Abigail Prue's astonishment next morning, when she received a message from Ellen Nathalie, stating that her uncle, being somewhat indisposed, had requested Dr. Norton to respond to her summons for a physician. It was not greater than Norton's when Dr. Bugbee's hired man brought him the request that he would attend to certain of that gentleman's patients. Going to Dr. Bugbee's house, Miss Nathalie met him at the door, with a countenance expressive of a struggle to look solemn while desiring to laugh, and told him that she had no idea her warning of the previous evening would have led to any thing more than a removal of the obnoxious head, and she was sorry to find that her uncle had nearly lost the use of his hands thereby ; but that she had not supposed he was going there himself, having simply

overheard conversations between him and the sexton, on several occasions, which gave her occasion to caution him, (Norton,) while at the same time she had to be very circumspect in her manner toward him to avoid being suspected. She begged him to say nothing about it to any one, as her uncle, who was now asleep, evidently felt very much chagrined, and had requested, in order probably to silence him, that he might be invited to attend his patients.

Had not Miss Abigail Prue been very sick in consequence of her excessive dissipation at the party, she would have probably dispensed with Norton's services ; but, as it was, he soon followed the note, and, by a little judicious flattery and some gentle remedies, which he said were all so *young* a person needed, he wore off her prejudice, as well as sickness, to such a degree that she declared she didn't believe one word of what had been said against him, and became as loud in his praises as she had previously been in his censure.

Norton found himself cosily seated that evening at the tea-table in Dr. Bugbee's house with no other companion than Miss Ellen. No wonder that, under such circumstances, he did not remark much on Dr. Bugbee's remaining for a day or two in his room, and, for a week afterward, keeping his right hand very carefully gloved.

But, although Norton kept his own counsel, the affair of the stable was soon the talk of the town. A busy-body, who happened to see the sexton's ladder standing at the doctor's stable, concluded that some new discovery, in connection with the resurrection cases, had been made, and, hurrying off to the sexton, inquired :

'What he'd been a finding of at the young doctor's *this* time?'

The sexton, thinking all was known, threatened to thrash him if he ever spoke of the young doctor again, adding 'they may get some body else to catch their body-snatchers next time ; it was old Dr. Bugbee that got me into this scrape, and he got the worst of it, as he deserved, for he run his wrist into the cussed stuff, while I only dabbled my fingers with it, and that was bad enough, for I can't hold a spade for a week to come.'

The whole story was by degrees got out of him ; and it appeared that Dr. Bugbee had been secretly advising with this worthy and the justice about both the resurrection cases, in reference to the last of which the sexton was especially anxious to succeed, having been greatly irritated by the figure he had been made to play on the trial for the former. The constable, after his unsuccessful search, declared he was not going to be laughed at for another abortive attempt, unless some better evidence was furnished that the head was there than the simple fact that Dr. Bugbee had seen, from his back-window, Norton press down something into the cutter.

He agreed, however, that he would go in and take possession if Bugbee and the sexton would first examine and report that it was there. Hence, the night-expedition, which ended so unfortunately to the parties, not only taking the skin almost off from their hands, and subjecting them to all the laughter of the town, but rendering them liable to be prosecuted and punished for trespass.

The joke was too good to be lost, and was repeated far and near, and

made Dr. Norton wonderfully popular. Those who would have been most ready to crush him before, now applauded him for his enterprise, wit, and energy, as much as they condemned Dr. Bugbee for his meanness in trying to destroy a rival. Whether the latter was aware of the extent to which he was the subject of ridicule or not, he had the good sense to conceal it; and this, together with the fact that he had suddenly joined Dr. Norton in his practice, puzzled many people not a little. All that could be got out of Norton was, that he had skinned the fingers of two men, but who they were he would not tell. And when, some months after, it became known that Norton was engaged to be married to Ellen Nathalie, some people were still more puzzled.

The old ladies gave it as their opinion that that girl had been a sly puss all the while. Miss Augusta Stagg said it was a shame for Ellen Nathalie to marry a man who had so shamefully abused her uncle; and Miss Abigail Prue, next time she saw Dr. Bugbee, said:

'Now, Doctor, do tell me, didn't Ellen's testimony on the trial have something to do with the engagement?'

'Yes, yes, of course,' replied the doctor; 'she saved him from the state-prison; why shouldn't he love her? and the fact is, she has persuaded me into the belief that he is a very clever fellow.'

In later years, he used to give a sort of significant grunt when his eye lighted upon a very curious skull which Norton one day brought in. Mrs. Norton thought that he half suspected who it was that had thwarted his plans by putting the victim on his guard, for he occasionally patted her on the cheeks and said:

'All's fair in love, as well as in politics, ain't it, Nelly?'

A regard for the old gentleman's memory generally leads her, as well as her husband, to gloss over his share in the transaction by saying that he was in his dotage, and misled by others; but at Norton's little medical parties, he tells with great gusto the story of the three warnings, whereby he was saved from the state-prison and secured to himself a wife and a practice, 'and,' adds one of his guests, 'the faculty of medicine gained a valuable member, and the cause of morality suffered no damage.'

Ellen generally finishes this list of blessings by reminding them that she got a good husband; and she has no idea of losing him by the same trap from which she has rescued him; *ergo* she makes him buy his subjects of the New-York resurrectionists, instead of digging them up himself, which is much easier and less hazardous, although even here he is exposed to the law, but takes warning from the past to keep such things out of sight — that's all.

T H E D E A D .

THE dead alone are dear!
While they are here, long shadows fall
From our own forms, and darken all:
But when they leave us, all the shade
Is round our own sad footsteps made,
And they are bright and clear.

O N A S H I P F O U N D E R I N G A T S E A .

Not in the field,
Where squadrons charging o'er the dead and dying,
And the gashed victim in his blood is lying,
Life's last-drawn sigh to yield,
Does DEATH, the grisly king, his terrors bear,
Robed in the gloomiest mantle of despair.

The stirring sounds
Of war's tremendous game above him ringing;
The awful thunders, o'er his senses, winging
To thousands more the wounds
Which laid him low, are antidotes to pain,
And smooth his passage to oblivion's reign.

Nor on the couch,
When, through protracted pangs, his pallid fingers
Part, one by one, each fainter hope that lingers,
Brings the fell monarch's touch
Its keenest throb, its agonizing throe,
To free the sufferer from a world of woe.

Around him stand
The loved companions in his hours of pleasure;
Now, with their hearts attuned to sorrow's measure—
A ministering band;
They soothe the pains affection may not heal,
And blunt his dying pangs in those they feel.

'Tis on the wave,
Amid that crowded, dismal, lonely prison,
When hundreds from the ship's strained ribs have risen
To darkness and the grave.
That deepest horrors burst upon the soul,
And wild despair o'ermasters all control.

Athwart the main,
An ocean-barrier to man's world surrounding,
And his frail ark from every blow rebounding,
As surely with the strain
She settles deeper in her watery tomb,
DEATH shrouds the victim with his darkest gloom.

Hope casts no ray
Across the vast expanse of mountain-billows:
The sounding surge which every moment pillows
Still lower on her way
That parting hulk in silence and in night,
Drowns, in its roar, the hundred shrieks of fright.

One awful hour,
And to the fathomless abyss descending,
With winds and waves their wildest discord blending,
No trace will evermore
Reveal the secrets of that living grave,
Where DEATH confronts the beautiful and brave.

Oh! it is there
 That fitly is he named the King of Terrors;
 Elsewhere man dies in hope that some kind bearers,
 Some spirits of earth or air
 Will carry sad memorials to bless
 The mourning objects of his tenderness.

But who shall tell
 The anxious watchers o'er each darkening morrow,
 That harrowing tale to fill their cup of sorrow?
 Who bear the mute farewell?
 Alas! Annihilation rears her head —
 He dies — and, with him, all around is dead!

J. J. W.

Philadelphia, Second Month, 1854.

P A S S I O N - F L O W E R S .

'PASSION-FLOWERS:' BOSTON: TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.

MACAULAY tells a story of an Italian convict, who was allowed to take his choice of punishments — to read Guiccardini or go to the galleys. At first, he chose the former, but the 'History of Pisa' was too much for him, and he cried out to be taken to the docks. Something of the feeling which this much-enduring man must have had toward Guiccardini comes over us when we see a book — splendid in blue muslin or crimson morocco, perhaps — lettered on the back, 'Female Poets of America.' So many maidenly and matronly platitudes; so much second-hand finery; so much general prettiness and insipidity of thought, go to make up a book with that name, that we instinctively avoid it. For in spite of the many single poems of great beauty which American women have written, hardly any of our countrywomen, as yet, have shown a good title to the sacred name of poet. In this, as in many other things, we are inferior to our brethren, or rather, our sisters, across the water.

It would seem as if poetry were specially adapted to the nature of woman. Her fine soul, tremblingly alive to all harmony, and catching at those vanishing, unattainable beauties of sound which are apt to escape the ruder ear of man, fits her well for the form, at least, of poetry; while the sea of affection in her heart, when stirred by the strong blasts of passion that sweep over it, ought to find voice, one would think, in true poetical utterances. What poems in themselves are the lives of many women, perhaps of most! And yet, since the days of Sappho, of whom every body talks and few know any thing, how few have been the really great female poets! The very greatest, to our mind, who has ever lived, ennobles our age by her life: the loving wife of one who is himself in high honor among bards. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in spite of great harshness of metre, oftentimes an unconscious pedantry,

and a half morbid recurrence to certain pet themes and forms of expression, seems to us to stand as high as any living poet of either sex. Next to her in her own sex, although widely different, and in some respects very much inferior, we are inclined to place the author of 'Passion-Flowers.'

To many this will seem preposterous; a few will think it scanty praise. Let us then consider the matter a little.

The excellence of Mrs. Browning's poetry springs chiefly from the pure and lofty spirit with which she writes. It is this which gives such value to her overflowing imagination, and her deep love and clear expression of the beauty of nature; this gives smoothness to her verse, or else atones for the want of it. Doubtless there have been women in whom the strictly poetical faculties — the imagination, the quick eye, the love of melodious arrangement, the warm, passionate nature — have all existed in as eminent a degree as in Mrs. Browning. But surely in no woman have they been combined with such noble aspiration, and such force and sweetness of character. The women who have written poetry have sometimes been persons of small intellectual ability, driven to verse by some necessity of their life; sometimes mere intellectual women, with little of the fire of soul needful for a poet. Of the first class we should say were Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, and Mrs. Norton; of the second, Hannah More and Joanna Baillie. Above all such writers Mrs. Browning towers in genius, by the union of intellect and passion with high moral and spiritual beauty of character.

Oftentimes one notices in female poets a lack of earnestness and depth of thought, exhibiting a wide contrast to the majority of eminent poets of the other sex. In this respect Mrs. Browning is greatly superior to her rivals; nor is the author of 'Passion-Flowers' wanting in merit of this kind. The topics with which our countrywoman deals, require an elevation of thought far above what the readers of Mrs. Hemans and 'L. E. L.' are called upon to maintain. She has written nothing which has much claim to notice as a work of art; nothing to compare with Mrs. Browning's 'Romanists' and dramas; and it is in these, perhaps, that the latter excels. In the Drama of Exile there is, notwithstanding its many faults, a fine dramatic effect and a beautiful lyric adaptation, which make it not unworthy of comparison with the Comus and Samson Agonistes of Milton, while in its subject it often reminds one of the Paradise Lost. But the author of 'Passion-Flowers,' to judge by what this volume contains, is simply lyrical, and as such, her merit is of a high order.

The true lyric excellence is rarer than any of the requisites of the poet, formidable as is the list of them which Imlac in *Rasselas* enumerates. The power to strike out songs from one's own warm heart, which shall find an echo in the hearts of all who hear, and become a portion of the national literature in this most attractive form, is as enviable as any which HEAVEN has bestowed on the bard; and few, indeed, have ever possessed it. The *Marseillaise* is the finest specimen of the true lyric in the whole range of modern poetry; while Burns is, perhaps, the greatest modern lyric poet. The poems in the volume under notice are not of this highest character. We call them lyrical, because

they are such as the poet, singing from his own breast the songs of love, or sorrow, or indignation, or devotion, as they rise there, would naturally write; because, too, they have a full, musical flow of verse, fitting well to the thought.

The name of the book is well chosen, for through it all there runs a strong under-current of passion, breaking forth now and then in sharp and wild expression. Or if the author intended the symbolical passion-flower as the emblem of her flowers of song, there is a singular beauty in the choice. As that sacred flower, by the very gorgeousness of its hues, makes more intense the sorrowful signal stamped upon it, so does the warm, brilliant life which colors these poems make the sad, sombre thought of many of them more keenly felt. It makes us think of that princess who under her flashing robes wore the heavy cross studded with sharp points, pressed close to her bleeding breast. We feel as we read that these are the revelations of one of those electric natures whose love and disdain, whose joy and grief, are alike keen and thorough. We are constantly reminded of the traditional Sappho, and never more so than in the remarkable poem 'Mid-night,' from which we quote :

'I LOVE to walk the darkness
On the Mid-night's folded arm,
Between Earth's struggling currents
And Heaven's blue depths of calm :

'And prove the ghostly terrors
Which, all too wild for sight,
Throng on the teeming fancy
At the solemn noon of night :

'And mark the mocking contrast
Of the gentle and the loud,
When all the powers of being
To height and crisis crowd.

'For mid-night lends a passion
To all of soul and sense ;
The wine-cup grows more maddening,
The music more intense.

'Then swifter whirl the dancers,
And wilder plays the band ;
More ruthless throws the gamester
Perdition from his hand.

'The wanton's haggard features
Glow then, through all their paint,
And paler in his rapture
Turns the transfigured saint.

'While the maiden from her lattice
More timidly doth move ;
Oh ! terrible is Mid-night
With the thought of one we love !'

This is the 'vision and the faculty divine,' unquestionably. How well do the verses suggest the thrilling intoxication of mid-night — the rush of life through the veins of all who drink from that mysterious cup ! We wonder that a woman could so well have felt and expressed it. Yet, above all the passionate music of the poem rises the clear, spiritual

tone of the woman's untroubled voice, as in some wild orchestral din, one sweet, reed-like note, growing fuller and fuller, at last overcomes the tumult, and the shrill and loud become hushed before it. Thus she concludes :

‘UPON my brow and bosom
Let holy lilies lie,
By the child JESUS gathered
In radiant infancy :

‘Then, when the mid-night fever
Rushes through heart and brain,
I hold them here, I press them there,
And God is felt again.’

It is in such a poem as this that we see the immense superiority of a modern poetess over the famous singers of old. Sappho of Lesbos was a woman on fire with passion and conquered by it, wasting both her life and her song on unworthy objects. Our Sappho is a clear-eyed, noble woman, lifting us nearer heaven by the purity of her soul. With such a nature she can treat of themes often left unsung, and, by the tone which she uses, bring them strongly and naturally before us, without incurring the reproach of speaking an unwomanly word. For we can only look with pity and a sort of contempt upon that kind of criticism which taxes her with indelicacy and impiety. There are people, it is said—nice young men with white moustaches, and young ladies of the Caroline Pettitoes order—who complain that the author has spoken too much of herself and her inner life, has ventured to let the secret escape that she has a soul which God made, and a heart wherein human joys and sorrows, in their height and depth, find a home. What an indelicate disclosure! Doubtless it is the height of refinement to become supremely unconscious of every thing but the elegancies, and frivolities, and respectabilities of life, and to glitter through it like a butterfly or a peacock, without stopping to ask, ‘Why do I live?’ And then, when death comes, or, worse still, old age, shall we not walk serenely down the Dark Valley, resting on the prayers of the Reverend Cream Cheese, and keeping in mind the wise saying of a certain French saint of our order: ‘Depend upon it, God will think twice before he damns a person of our quality.’ Truly, to such people a soul would be a troublesome thing.

Then there is another class who turn away with holy horror whenever our author opens the doors of the inner temple; those who were made of good stuff by nature, but have been warped and bent aside by conventionality and the follies of fashionable life. These silken critics shake their very proper heads at the thought of a woman who could write ‘Mid-night,’ or ‘Whitsunday in the Church.’ They can admire in Mrs. Hemans the delightful way in which she exposes her griefs to the eye of the world; they revel in the rich pathos of Mrs. Browning, mourning over the lost glories of her childhood, and telling the exquisite story of her love to her lover and the world; but that a poet so near home, one of their own set, perhaps, should do the like, they cannot endure. No doubt the trees of the forest cry out against any young beech or birch who dares to grow up above the general level, reaching for the light. How the staid old trees and the proper young ones talk

scandal about her as an up-start, tossing their magnificent heads at the idea!

These people (not the trees) forget that this expression of the innermost of thought and feeling is the very life of poetry; that without it, the poet is tame and cold. Especially is this true of a woman who writes poetry, for this inner-life is with her the source and scene of her genius. Into her poems the personal element enters far more largely than into those of men. That wide impartiality and freedom from all trace of personal bias toward this or that type of character which is so remarkable in Shakspeare, is, perhaps, impossible in a woman. At any rate, none has yet manifested it. Their poetry is eminently subjective; and even when they deal with the almost purely objective poetry of the Greeks, as Mrs. Browning and Margaret Fuller have done, they infuse into it a portion of their own spirit. The *Antigone* and *Iphigenia* which Margaret Fuller speaks of, are not those whom Sophocles and Euripides brought out on the Athenian stage. Unconsciously the strong womanly nature of this New-England Pythia changed the characters as they came from the hands of the Greek tragedians.

In like manner the author of 'Passion-Flowers' draws every thing that she touches into some sort of relation to herself and her life. Not a poem in the book but has this true woman's mark stamped upon it. Even the one most free from it—'Handsome Harry,' one of the most charming, freshest of sketches—could never have been written by any but a woman. Here are the opening verses:

'WHY must we look so oft abaft?
What is the charm we feel
When handsome HARRY guides the craft,
His hand upon the wheel?

'His hand upon the wheel, his eye
The swelling sail doth measure;
Were I the vessel he commands,
I should obey with pleasure.

'Whether he tumbles to the top,
Or in the rigging stands,
I must admire his agile feet,
His ready, willing hands.'

We wish we could quote it entire, so sweet and perfect it is. It might have been written, as we have no doubt it was, on one of those bright days at sea when the ship bounds merrily on from wave to wave, rocking in the gay sun-light that glances from the 'swelling sail' and flashes on the restless ocean.

Different enough from this are those vehement verses, 'From Newport to Rome,' where in every line you feel the fiery meaning burning through the veil of words. Indeed, in many of these poems it is not so much the words which attract notice—they often seem almost commonplace—but somehow the vivid thought *behind* the words forces itself upon your attention. This is a rare merit; for now-a-days poets, for the most part, elaborate the metrical form which they use, and make it in itself musical and pleasing; but the form is not, as it should be, the natural growth of the thought; it has much that is superfluous and without meaning. Emerson says of Shakspeare and the poets of his

age, that the secret of their unequalled rhythm is this : it was the simplest expression which their idea could take ; never redundant or overlaid with foreign ornament. As compared with later poets, this is undoubtedly true of them ; for the defect that comes from using more words than are supported by ideas, is painfully felt in nearly every recent poet. We see the same defect in 'Passion-Flowers,' but in no great degree. Oftener there are not words enough to express the thought fully ; it therefore forces itself through, half unpleasantly. Both faults — although the latter is rather a virtue in these days — sometimes coëxist in the same poem, as in the one called 'Wherefore?' and 'The Death of the Slave Lewis.' But usually there is a singular fitness in the verse to express the thought which it is meant to embody ; a fitness which is not perceived at first, any more than we at first take notice of the nice blending of colors by which the painter sets face or landscape living before us. So, as the picture which at first and always pleases us by its effect, does so still more when we examine it more closely, do these poems grow upon our admiration the more we read them. What seemed at first common-place, or passed without notice, is seen to have a merit above the more ambitious style of the great mass of versifiers. It is the very excellence of which Horace speaks :

— ' Ut sibi quis
Speret idem, endet multum, frustra que laboret,
Ansus idem.'

It seems as if we could all write poetry as good, so simple is the construction and so easy the language. We have no doubt that many young ladies who take up the book think it inferior to their own warblings, and wonder what it is that people find to admire in it.

But we have not yet alluded to the chief merits of the book before us, which are : its independence, its originality, and its hearty sympathy with the cause of humanity. It shows fewer traces of imitation than any book of the kind which we remember for this long time. Take up the poem of almost any American writer of either sex, and how strongly they hint of Byron, or Shelley, or Tennyson, or Mrs. Browning, or some other pet poet across the water. Lowell tastes of Keats ; Longfellow of Germany and its ballads ; Dana of Coleridge. Why, we are content to hear our men of highest celebrity spoken of as the *American* Wordsworth, the *American* Campbell, and the like, thus acquiescing in what should be our shame. Mr. Mulchinock, apparently a sensitive, clear-headed working-man, cannot write a poem on the Dignity of Labor, noble as the subject is, and inspiring, without having 'Locksley Hall' and 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere' in his eye as models. Nor can Alice Carey or Mrs. Whitman tell the story of their own life without making you think too often of the 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' and their author. This is all wrong. No true poet will thus consent to follow in the steps of another, for imitation is fatal to preëminence in any art.

'Passion-Flowers,' as we have said, is clear of all accusations of this kind. You could not say from reading it whether or not the fashionable poets are on the author's shelves ; or whether, like some of her sex, she prefers the sonorous Greek of Homer, and Æschylus, and Pindar to all

the later bards have sung. Our own guess is, that as one of Ben Jonson's characters says, 'Although she speaks no Greek, she loves the sound on 't;' and is not skilled in the classics, notwithstanding a single Greek word which she uses for the title of one of her best pieces, and which is one of the few affectations in the volume. But however this may be, she certainly has not copied her rhythm or her thought from any ancient or modern singer. It is true there are, in many parts of the book, marks of the influence on her religious sentiments and her ways of thinking, which one great New-England mind has exerted; but this influence has been a guide and an impulse, rather than a tyrant to her own spirit. It were hardly possible for a person, living within the sphere of one of the foremost reformers and strongest men of the age, to escape the noble contagion of his character; nor are we sorry to see in this volume such well-deserved tributes to his elevating friendship. Are we in error when we take him to be the 'Royal Guest' of page one hundred and six? At any rate, the poem is a beautiful one; we quote the last half of it:

'Oh! friend beloved! I sit apart and dumb,
Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine;
My lips will falter, but my prisoned heart
Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with thine.

'Thou art to me most like a royal guest,
Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof,
Where simple rustics spread their festal fare,
And blushing, own it is not good enough.

'Bethink thee, then, whene'er thou com'st to me
From high emprise and noble toil to rest,
My thoughts are weak and trivial, matched with thine,
But the poor mansion offers thee its best.'

The playful sketch, 'Philosoph Master and Poet-Aster,' cannot be mistaken in its application. With some defects and exaggerations it is a capital hit.

But we are wandering from the subject.—the fearless freedom of speech which the book everywhere manifests. This is none the less to be admired because it is so rare in America. Strangely enough, in the freest country of the world there is more timidity and servility in literature than under many a despotic government. The dread of censure, the fear of offending that dear public whom we ought to love well enough to tell it the truth, makes cowards of our writers, from the newspaper editor to the dignified historian, appealing to posterity. It is in America that the author cheerfully takes upon him the unspeakable disgrace of suppressing his written opinions for the sake of conciliating a portion of his countrymen, and goes down on his knees in pitiable penance whenever he is detected expressing his honest sentiments. Even worse than single acts of this kind is the general air of humility and submission to the public, which stifles all frank and plain speech. Socrates, that ancient come-outer, used to call himself the gad-fly of the Athenians, who stung them to do against their will what was just and honorable. Our writers more resemble the 'little busy bee;' they

'GATHER honey all the day
From every opening flower,'

and humbly bring it to the hive for the use of their master, the public ; and if one of them uses his sting, it is sure to be the death of him. Or if he ventures to oppose a popular error, or honestly to maintain what he believes to be true, how the others pounce upon him, buzz about him, and torment him to the extent of their puny power !

Our author spurns this general subordination, and insists, not only on singing her song in her own way, but also on saying what she pleases in her song. We have looked with some curiosity to see her sin visited upon her with the heaviest punishment which the American press can inflict ; but she has hitherto escaped detection, it would seem. It is true, a very commendable change in this particular is taking place among us ; nor do we (being still young) despair of seeing the day when thought shall be as free in democratic America as in England. Never till then shall we have any thing which can rightly be called a national literature.

The crowning excellence of the book is its unwavering devotion to the cause of progress, manifested without parade, yet manly, womanly, and commanding respect even from those who differ from her. Since Margaret Fuller, no countrywoman of ours has so well supported the cause of the brave republicans of Europe. Yet American women have not been cold in their sympathy for Hungarian and Italian liberty. What friend of humanity can ever forget the true-hearted woman who so triumphantly vindicated the cause of Hungary and her hero against the attacks of suspicious and bigoted American critics ? It is with Italy and the Italians that these poems have to do. Warm love for that fair land, endeared to her by so many memories, impels her to cry out against its oppressors with almost an exile's vehemence.

So, too, when she has occasion to speak of the stirring questions which agitate the social and political and theological life of our countrymen — of the New-Englanders especially — she shows a tender, womanly enthusiasm for the cause of justice and mankind. With no little vigor of intellect and comprehensiveness of thought, she aims shrewd blows at what she takes for the fortress of wrong. This will make her book especially dear to those whose side she espouses, while it may, perhaps, offend their antagonists. But one thing is certain : it gives an air of reality and conviction to all she says, which cannot fail to impress the reader.

Of the lesser beauties of the book one could say much. There is a vein of playful satire in some parts, and of trenchant sarcasm in others, both of them admirable. For the first, we may mention, ' *Mind versus Mill-stream* ;' for the other, ' *Whitsunday in the Church* ;' and ' *A Pic-nic among the ruins of Ostia*.' Her descriptions are often marvellously beautiful, as that, for instance, in which she tells of her first hearkening to the nightingale, under Italian skies, and amid the splendors of Italian scenery :

' Nor failed the rite of meet antiphony —
I felt the silence holy, till a note
Fell as a sound of ravishment from heaven —
Fell, as a star falls, trailing sound for light ;
And ere its thread of melody was broken,
From the serene sprang other sounds, its fellows,
That fluttered back celestial welcoming.

Astonished, penetrate, too past myself
To know I sinned in speaking, where a breath,
Less exquisite was sacrilege, my lips
 Gave passage to one cry: God! what is that?
 (Oh! not to know what has no peer on earth!)
 And one, not distant, stooped to me and said:
 'If ever thou recall thy friend afar,
 Let him but be commemorate with this hour
 The first in which thou heard'st our nightingale.'

Of pure description, however, there is very little. Every thing, as has been said, is touched and colored by its relation to herself. Thus, these lovely verses lead the way to a lament for an absent friend:

'THE sweet moon rules the east to-night,
 To show the sun she too can shine;
From his forsaken cell of night
She builds herself a jeweled shrine.

'From mine lone window forth I look
Where the grim head-lands point to sea,
 And think how out between them passed
 The ship that bore my friend from me.'

Countless felicities of expression are there in the volume, as full of meaning and of music as those single-line beauties of Tennyson which every one notices. As these:

'EARTH's martyrs, rapturous, seek the ways he trod,
And lonely virgins, loving him, love God.'

'Oft I think thy hands caress me
 With each object that they yield.'

'The hollow chorus of the cough
 Followed each word she strove to speak.'

'Like child divine to mortal maid,
 My gift is full of awe to me.'

'Yet when I see him at the helm
With heaven about his eyes.'

'I wandered, while the flow of song
Made Reason drunken through the ear.'

'The pilgrim tries a quicker pace,
And hugs remorse, and patters prayers.'

Neither are these the results of labor and a striving for effect, but they have an appearance of ease, as if said without premeditation.

The strength of religious feeling shown in many of the poems is not their least attraction. Among the many we notice especially 'Santa Susanna,' 'The Dead Christ,' and the concluding piece. In fact, the whole book is marked by a fervid religious character, as the work of one to whom the ideas of God and Duty are familiar and clear.

It remains to speak of the faults of the book — by no means a faultless one. There is too little variety in this large collection; too frequent reference to certain favorite topics. This is true of the matter, and the same may be said of the manner. The verse sometimes becomes monotonous and wearies the reader. Then there is some meddling with metres which are evidently unmanageable; such as the pitiable hexametre of 'Wherefore.' And although the language is, for the most part, pure and vigorous English, there are a few instances of a remarkable use of words. Perhaps 'Socdologer' (page 129) may be allowed

in consideration of the character of the poem, but it is a sad stumbling-block to young ladies and others. There is a touch of affectation, too, in some of the titles.

But in comparison with the many beauties of the book, its faults seem trivial. We hail with joy its appearance, not only as introducing us to a poet of power and originality, but because it is a work of which we may be proud as Americans. It owes its birth to influences which are wholly American; it faithfully adheres to the American idea; nor can it be mistaken for the work of any but a true American woman. Our country might well afford to be represented abroad by such as she has shown herself to be.

And who is she? The book is published anonymously, but the author is understood to be the wife of an honored citizen of Massachusetts, famous for his early heroism in the cause of Greece, and for his more recent and more arduous labors in behalf of the blind and the unfortunate of every class. He has won for himself a name nobler than that of the warrior or the politician: she, too, may now claim her share of fame, and well maintain the honor of the name which she bears by marriage.

R E M E M B R A N C E S .

Do you remember
One that wandered at your side,
In the dusk of even-tide,
Many months ago,
While the snow
Yet lingered in the valley green?

The ember
Smoulders on the hearth unseen
Throughout the weary day,
When those for whom it kindled first
Are far away;
Thus I remember.

For thee
The skies are calm and bright;
And to thy far-off sun-set shall
Succeed a starry night;
But we
Shall be
Apart on Life's unresting sea.

Like to an isle in tropic seas,
For ever fair,
Thy life shall stand;
While me,
The storm or summer breeze
Alike shall bear
Yet farther from the land,
Till some to-morrow's dawning light
Shall glance upon the troubled wave,
And here and there reveal a spar
Tossed high above an ocean grave.

SIOMA

T. H E C O M P L A Y N T E O N M E N A N D W O M E N .

I WALKE this wearie worlde, untill
 My feete are growing sore,
 In searche of those I heard were here
 In happie daies of yore.
 Sunne after sunne its fellowe seekes;
 Nyghte followes after nyghte;
 And lyngerynge in the pathe of weekes,
 The yeares are taking flyghte:
 But yet I knowe not if, the Goode,
 The Beautifulle and Brave,
 Are feynynges of the fancie, or
 Are sleepynge in the grave.

Were JONATHANE and DAVID but
 A fygment of the brain;
 Was RUTHE amid the alien corne
 A sweete poetick strain?
 Was SAULSBURY'S noble wife a dream,
 And SYDNEY'S fame a songe,
 That chaunced to catche the common ear,
 Survivynge thus as longe?

Ah! who can telle! But looke arounde,
 And watche the buddynge girle,
 Her masque of Beautie, sheltered by
 An artyfyciall curle.
 The verie smile, desygned of GODDE
 To marke a happie soule,
 By facile muscles tutored to
 Her undisturbed controlle.
 The speeche of youthe and innocence
 For ever on her lippes;
 The sunlyghte on her face the whyle
 Her hearte is in eclypse.

Who is her tutor? All her youthe
 In solitude she spent;
 The calme of seemynge innocence,
 The manner of contente.
 I woulde have thoughte that if on earthe
 The angells ever came,
 One wanderynge from the spirit-lande
 Had answered to her name.

What is her goale? A happie lyfe?
 A hearte from sorrow free?
 To bear the name of tender wyfe,
 If wyfe she ever be?
 What is her aime? An open hande?
 A steppe to sorrowe knowne?
 A comforte to the fatherlesse,
 Left naked and alone?

This is a storie of the past ;
 Our women, wyser growne.
 Their face and figures plasticke keepe,
 But turne their heartes to stone.
 And wherefore not? The summer-daie,
 In which these flyes disporte,
 With some to-morrow dies away ;
 Their happiness is sporte.
 Unfounde the honie in the flowere.
 Unfounde the gilded halle ;
 They frette awaye their little houre,
 And then, unnoticed, falle.

T H I N G S R E M E M B E R E D .

BY A COUNTRY PARSON.

ON the day appointed, I presented myself in my new parish. My personal effects were contained in two trunks, one of which held my books, the other an equal number of shirts and sermons. I certainly was not a rich parson ; nor was there the slightest possible prospect of my becoming so. I was the owner, however, of what riches cannot buy — a happy heart.

My people were good-natured and well-intentioned. They met me with an honest shake of the hand, and with a cordial invitation to their tables and to their hearth-stones. They were not enough in the world to be very worldly ; nor of sufficient assumption to be very critical. They were good neighbors, with this single exception : that they *would* feel slighted, if I did not accept their invitations to tea. And then they had such queer things for tea ! I remember to have seen once, on one table, for four guests, a huge beef-steak, three stewed chickens, ten fried sausages, a dish of roasted potatoes, three kinds of cake, four kinds of preserves, and five kinds of pickles ! An early tea of this sort, after a late dinner, was something of an obstacle. Nothing in my parochial work did I dread as much as these tea-necessities. But I got used to them in time, and managed to perform my expected duty at the tea-table by abstaining from my dinner upon tea-days. I must add, also, that my people were good parishioners, with this single exception : that they *would* adhere to the notion — which notion settled finally into a belief — that, in the matter of temporalities, I was provided for in the same way as was Elijah — through the agency of ravens. At first, I thought that this was an innocent theological fancy on their part ; but time undeceived me. I only remained with them till I experienced that the *ravens* were the *fancy*. Nor did they blame me for going ; but rather blamed the ravens for not coming. I left them still in a state of expectation that the ravens would finally come.

Some things that happened while I remained in that parish, I will narrate. And FIRSTLY, (as some preachers say,) was my visit to

THE SICK PAINTER.

HE was named John. His familiars, in token of their appreciation of his good-nature, and to show the geniality of their affection, called him JOHNTY. They did not intend this as a nick-name, but merely as a fond term of endearment. He was a jolly, dumpling-shaped man, with a great, round, rosy face, and large protuberant blue eyes, who always laughed in all sorts of weather, and always attended all the funerals. He was an Odd-Fellow, and a 'Sonny'; which latter was the vernacular for a Son of Temperance. He did not set up for a wise man, nor did he ever attempt philosophical conversation. He knew what he knew; and he could say more, if he wanted to. It was unfortunate for him that he happened to have been born and brought up before the school-house was built; but certainly, no blame, on this account, is to be laid at his door. Had he been imprisoned six hours a day in a school-room, and been once a week well flogged by a master, he might have turned out a historical, instead of a house-painter. However, he was a useful man in the village; somewhat lazy, it is true; but always willing and desirous to paint, if he was driven by any necessity.

As I was returning home one Sunday afternoon of a pleasant summer-day, inhaling the sweet fragrance that the south-wind was bringing from the clover-fields, and stopping now and then to watch the young wheat in its graceful wavings, and meditating upon whatever came of itself into my mind, I was suddenly informed that Johnty was 'werry' ill, and wished me to 'wisit' him. I hastily retraced my steps, and knocked gently at Johnty's door. The opened door admitted me immediately into his presence. He was lying in one corner of the darkened room, upon a couch of domestic manufacture, which had been stained by his own hands, with an intention of imitating either mahogany, or rose-wood, or black walnut, I could not tell which; although he knew, I suppose. He was packed under blankets, over which was spread a patch-work quilt, that must have far surpassed in variety of color even Joseph's coat. Around him were sitting six female relatives, in a crescent of chairs that had been gaily ornamented by his inventive brush. I inquired as to the nature of his illness, and was answered that he was 'werry' sick with painter's colic, and that the Doctor had been in to see him. I said that it was my custom, when sent for to visit the sick, always to have prayers. The sick man responded, in a good, healthy voice, from underneath his blankets, 'I am a praying man.' I said at once, 'Let us pray.' Imagine my surprise, at seeing the sick man leap out of bed with full activity of limb, and, as I thought at the time, and still think, not with a proper regard for modesty — although, in some vicinages, clothes are mere conventualities — and kneel down with us. As soon as I had finished praying, he dexterously snuggled himself again beneath the flashy drapery of the quilt. Of course, it was expected by all, that I should say something. I did not disappoint them, although the sick man did me, as his reply will make evident. I said to him, 'that in a day or two, he would in all probability, be out again; that he ought to improve religiously these few days that confined him to his bed and house; that they were days pro-

videntially furnished him for reviewing his past life, and for repenting of his sins, and for preparing for that final sickness which would end in death.' This I repeated, in substance, once or twice; and concluded by saying, 'that it was always good for us to be withdrawn, by slight sicknesses, from our temporal business, provided that we occupied ourselves in praying, and in holy reading, and in thoughts about things eternal; that I had no doubt but that, as he was a praying man, this short sickness would do him good.' 'Yes, Sir,' he answered, 'I'm sure it will. Ever since spring set in, I've been *awfully bilious!*'

SECONDLY :

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

I HAD left my study, and was sitting before a blazing oak-wood fire, in what was properly called, *once* a day, the dining-room. It was, in fact, breakfast-room, and tea-room, and sitting-room, and parlor. There were but two rooms on the lower floor, in addition to a kitchen. Owing to a small mistake on the part of the mason — and I have had a dislike for masons ever since — the parlor was uninhabitable in the winter. It was a Siberia on a small scale. I never went into it, that I did not expect to encounter a white bear. The mason had built the chimney, as I think, in an inverted position. Nothing could induce the smoke to go up it. The draught was always down — *furiously* down; and, under its tyranny smoke, and flame, and ashes, were compelled into our parlor. The only remedy was to open wide the three windows, and that defeated the end for which the fire was kindled. Therefore, I was sitting in the dining-room.

The month was December. The hour was that contemplative hour between day-light and dark. Outside, the snow was falling fast, and whitening every tree, and roof, and field; and giving promise for the morrow of the merry sleigh and the jingling bells. The knock of a whip-handle called me to the door. It was not a downright bold knock. There was a tremulousness about it, as though the knocker was in mental agitation. 'Good evening, Sir,' I said; 'walk in.' We shook hands. People always shake hands in the country. There was a tremulousness about his shake. It was a half-convulsive shake. He kicked his feet a few times against the step, and walked in. There was a tremulousness about his kick. I placed a chair for him before the fire. He sat down in a nervous way. I took his whip *first*, and deposited that in a corner, beyond his reach — for I did not know what his intentions might be — and then I took his hat. He drew off his gloves very nervously. He had not spoken up to this time. Designing to give him opportunity to collect himself, I looked out of the window, and discovered that he had tied a horse, with the appendage of a covered wagon, to the lofty liberty-pole that the patriotic villagers had elevated opposite my door, in order to keep Fourth of July. I returned to my chair; but still he said nothing. Can he be a bringer of bad news? I thought. Has he any evil purpose? I looked to see that the whip was where I put it. Can he be a travelling preacher? a tract-colporteur? Can he be the sheriff? I observed that he was attired in his best suit; that his boots had recently had a brush with Day and Martin; that his hair had been perseveringly combed and glossed; that his

collar was stiff from extra starch ; that his cravat-tie had been long labored at.

‘ Have you driven far ? ’ I asked.

He answered, ‘ yes.’

‘ Perhaps,’ I added, ‘ you wish to see me on business of a private nature.’

He answered, ‘ yes ;’ but it was a timid yes.

‘ Please walk up into my study,’ I said.

I gave another glance at the whip, to satisfy myself that it had not been disturbed, and guided him up a very steep, break-neck stair-case. He sat himself down, and looked most intently at a knot-hole in the floor, that could not be covered in consequence of the diminutive size of my carpet. What does he see in that hole ? I wondered. What can be the mystery of all this silence ? I was beginning to grow nervous myself. I said to him, ‘ It has been a cold day.’ He replied, ‘ yes.’ I hazarded an additional remark, that it was snowing. He replied, ‘ yes.’ He adhered to this monosyllable like a new plaster to a rheumatic back. A polysyllable from him would have been a luxury. I concluded that it was now his turn to take the lead in conversation ; and so I looked at the knot-hole. I had never before discovered that it was a hole of interest. He drew forth, or rather twitched out of his pocket, a red handkerchief, redolent with domestic cologne, and disposed it across his knees. He then repeated to me the information that I had but just conveyed to him. ‘ It has been a cold day.’ I returned him his ‘ yes.’ ‘ It is snowing outside.’ I returned him another ‘ yes’ ; and again he was curious about the knot-hole.

I hope that I was not hasty in my determination to bring things to a crisis. Full twenty minutes had elapsed since the knock of the whip. ‘ You wished to see me on business of a private nature,’ I said : ‘ can I serve you in any way ? ’ Out came again his old monosyllable. I ventured upon calling him friend. ‘ My friend, will you please state to me your business ? ’ It seemed as if the knot-hole had grown larger from being looked at by our four eyes, so long and so steadily. He actually articulated — or, what will better describe his mode of utterance, jerked a *sentence* : ‘ I WANT TO BE MARRIED ! ’ Perhaps my impatient ardor to behold his wish gratified, caused me to be somewhat premature with my next question. ‘ Where,’ I asked, ‘ is the lady ? ’ Oh ! what romance was in his answer ! ‘ SHE’S OUTSIDE, IN THE WAGON ! ’

THIRDLY :

THE VILLAGE PHILOSOPHER.

I was sauntering along the roadside, one cloudless and fragrant May-morning, querying with myself what I should preach about on the next Sunday. I always aimed at ascertaining what I wanted to preach about ; for I remembered that when it was my place to hear sermons, instead of preaching them, nothing made me more nervous than the discovery that the preacher knew no more what he wanted to preach about than the helmsman of a canal-boat knows about the navigation of an East-India ship ; no more than a man who rakes oysters knows about harpooning whales. Across my path a little reptile, of about

two feet longitude, and a trifle larger round than a harpoon-line, had stretched himself to enjoy the luxury of being shined on by the sun. I am not so 'notioned' as to think that a man must kill every snake he chances to meet, in order to show his hatred of the devil. Killing snakes, I always thought, was a cruel kind of Christian treatment. I had determined, after I had looked at him enough for my curiosity, to cross the road and leave him undisturbed in his feast upon the sun-shine. Whether he was ignorant of that established proverb, which concedes to a *cat* the right of *looking* at a *king*, I am unable to say. I think that he was. At any rate, he seemed to regard my looking at him, as an inexcusable impertinence. He showed every symptom of great rage. His eyes flashed fire; he darted out his tongue; he flattened his head; and made at me, evidently for fight. A broken rail being conveniently at hand, I assisted him in his head-flattening process.

In the village was a young English chemist, who was very curious about snakes. To gratify his innocent curiosity, I denied myself of my walk; and securing the snake to a string by a 'clove-hitch'—I always carry a string in my pocket—I turned back, dragging his snakeship after me in triumph; something as Achilles dragged Hector.

The laboratory was opposite the village store. Wishing to call the snake by his right name, when I should exhibit him to the chemist, I introduced him into the store. The VILLAGE PHILOSOPHER was there, sitting very philosophically upon the counter, and at his old and expert business of doing nothing. Life, with him, consisted in perpetual sitting upon *that* counter, and expressing to every one who would listen, *his views* upon every subject that was within the reach of the human mind. I addressed my interrogatory to him: 'Is this an adder?' He answered promptly: 'No: that snake's no adder. He's a *wiper*.' An opportunity was given him to express *his views*. He seized it with that rapidity with which a terrier-dog seizes a rat. Oh! that I might have listened to him in a grove! It would have been so Athenian-like! so quietly Grecian! so richly classical! However, the *true* philosopher is as much at home in a grocery-store, as was Plato in his academy-garden, or as Diogenes in his tub. It has always been a question with me, whether that tub was a mammoth tub, or whether Diogenes was a small philosopher. He certainly was not an economical philosopher, or he never would have gone about the country, carrying a lighted lantern in the day-time; although, perhaps, this was only an eccentric freak on his part. Most philosophers have been eccentric. Democritus laughed all the time. Heraclitus wept all the time. Aristotle walked while he was discoursing. Not that eccentricities are to be limited to philosophers. Demosthenes, although only an orator, was peculiarly eccentric. To cure himself of stuttering, he McAdamized his mouth. Occasionally, for two or three months together, he would burrow underground, like a rabbit, that he might not be interrupted in his studies; and would shave one side of his head, that he might be ashamed to be seen on the surface.

The VILLAGE PHILOSOPHER was eccentric. He wore an eccentric hat; smoked an eccentric pipe. His diet was eccentric. He would eat frogs, and fresh-water turtle; preferred a raw turnip to an apple;

invariably, if he could get them, ate buckwheat-cakes at bed-time; and always took two drinks of apple-jack and bitters before breakfast. But he was chiefly eccentric in his *views* of things.

The 'wiper' was lying on the floor, as dead as a hammer, or a door-nail. I employ this comparison because it is universal; although I must confess that I have never been able to ascertain satisfactorily why utter extinction of life should be symbolized by a hammer and a door-nail. I have sometimes thought that the notion might have come from that story about Jael — Heber's wife — driving a nail with a hammer into Sisera's temple. There is a difficulty, I am aware, in the way of this solution. The nail happened to be a tent-pin. But no man of generous mind and noble aspiration will make a mountain out of such a mole-hill!

The philosopher looked at the 'wiper,' and then at me. It was an inquisitive look, and was followed immediately by this quasi-question:

'I suppose you think that snake is dead?'

I replied that I rather supposed he was.

'Well, he is n't,' was the rejoinder, with something of philosophic tartness at my being so decided in opinion. 'You preachers think you know a good deal, and perhaps you do, about that old snake that crawled into Eden: but I've never seen one of you who knew much about snakes in general. Going to college, and studying books, is n't every thing. There must be *observation*. That snake is n't dead, I tell you; and he won't be till sun-down. I guess you've never heard my *views* about snakes?'

I answered 'no;' with that rising inflection of voice, which implied that it would give me pleasure to hear them. He caught at once the signification of the inflection, and went on to express his views.

'I lay it down as a fact,' he said, 'that heat is the principle of animal life. You stick a bullock, or chop off a chicken's head, or lance a man (the cannibal!) — and you find that the blood of all is hot.'

I suggested, 'red-hot.' But he was too serious for playfulness.

'Now, as soon as the blood has run out, the bullock dies; not, as most people think, from loss of blood, but, as I tell you, from loss of heat. And this is proved by the fact, that the bullock grows cold when he is dead; which could not happen, except from absence of heat. The blood generates the heat. It is a kind of stove, inside the animal.'

I suggested, whether the simile of steam-pipes would not be in better analogy with the arterial system, than that of a stove. But he was not in the sportive vein.

'Do I understand you to say,' I asked, 'that the bullock does not bleed to death, but chills to death?'

'That's just my view, exactly,' was the answer. 'Heat, as I told you, is the principle of life. Take away the blood which gives out the heat, and death follows because of cold.'

I instanced, as being to the point, the case of a man freezing to death. There was no loss of blood attending such a death.

His reply was, that the case established the correctness of his views; and also added, that he thought I was coming round to his side. Here, he made a small digression from his argument. 'I tell you what;' he

said ; ' it's mighty hard work to talk with some folks in this *village*. They have n't no learning, nor no faculty of *observation*. They've got such thick skulls that you ca n't beat no ideas into 'em. They don't never know when they're *convinced*. It always does me good to talk to a man that is n't so confoundedly ignorant as not to know when to knock under. You preachers generally have some understanding.' I felt flattered.

Just then, a clock that was perched up in a corner of the store, gave information that the hour — eleven — had arrived. The philosopher asked to be excused for a minute, assigning as a reason for this digression of another sort, that he must go home and tell his 'woman' what to cook for dinner. He lived only one door off. It was a very good excuse, but one that was calculated to deceive. I knew that his mind was not on his *dinner*. He had an eccentric habit of always being at home at eleven o'clock, A.M., unless he was in the tavern. Always, at that hour, he diluted two fingers of water with three fingers of apple-jack, and a sprinkle of bitters, which dilution he swallowed without sugar. I excused him.

Having indulged in his eccentricity, the refreshed philosopher returned, and resumed the narration of his views.

' Now, it is *verry* different with that 'wiper' from what it is with a bullock. *He is cold-blooded*. All snakes are. He has no stove inside. He is kept alive by heat that comes from the outside. You remember the story about the man who put what he thought was a *dead* 'wiper' into his bosom. The 'wiper' *revived* as soon as he got warm. Which goes to show that snakes depend on heat from the outside to keep *themselves* alive. And the reason why they lie 'dorminant' during winter, and come to life in spring is, that the sun is n't hot enough for them in the winter. So that, just as long as the sun shines on that 'wiper,' he'll keep alive. But when the sun sets, he'll have to die, because of the want of heat.'

I complimented him on the originality of his views, and started from the store, to trail my snake over to the chemist. He evidently thought that he had triumphed, and that I had knocked under. He said at parting : ' Now, when you get home, you look at your books, and see if my views a' n't right. You may be first-rate at preaching, but you have n't seen snakes as I have. You preachers get your views second-hand ; out of books. But some people gets theirs first-hand ; by actual *observation*. You have read how Galileo, and Columbus, and Newton, and Franklin, and Fulton got their views. *I'm* one of *that* sort of men who observe for themselves !'

This extreme modesty on the part of the philosopher, prompted me to take him down a peg or two, which I did. I said :

' If this viper must die, for the reason you state, after sundown, how will the rest of snakes manage to keep alive ?'

He looked at me ; he looked at the snake ; he looked at the sky ; he looked at the ground. He felt the contents of both his pockets, with both his hands. He frowned his brow. But it was no use. He had to come to it. He had to knock under.

' I wow !' he said ; ' I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT. CUSS THE SNAKES !'

N A T I V E L A N D .

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

WHAT leads the daring soldier o'er the world,
With warlike music, and with flag unfurled?
What holds him still contented in the rude,
Rough cabin, pitched by some o'erarching wood?
Oh! 't is the love, the steadfast love GOD sows
In every breast through which life's current flows;
The love of home, of sacred native land,
Where'er it be, where'er its bounds expand:
Poor though its soil, and drear its icy shores,
'Gainst which all bleakly Ocean ceaseless pours;
A frozen Lapland, where no sun-beam shoots
To gild the leaves, and flush the golden fruits,
But one vast landscape of the snows and sleet
Wraps the dead earth in its pale winding-sheet;
Still, 't is the soil the dweller calls his own,
Nor would exchange it for a despot's throne.

What though the shrill remorseless northern gale
Sighs o'er his hut with melancholy wail;
And the gaunt wolves, a fierce terrific throng,
Gnash their white fangs, and dismal howls prolong?
Safe still he smiles, 'mid all his little flock,
Nor heeds their rage, nor yet the tempest's shock.

What though brief sun-shine warms the Arctic year,
Nor dews descend, the flowery meads to cheer?
Still lends the moon her lustre to the scene,
And Northern-Lights display their lamps serene:
Though quick the skies the radiant sun-beams lose,
Still, hues of twilight long the clouds suffuse,
And well suffice to light the fisher's skiff,
In the salt tides that chafe the Bothnian cliff.
Happy the Lapland mountaineer doth seek
His game, when star-light tints each frosty peak:
Enwrapped with furs, he safely guides his sledge
By black fir-forest, and the piny ledge.

Lo! the poor child of Labrador's pale coast,
In leaky boat tempestuously tossed,
Plies his hard trade, and sings that GOD is good,
To load his nets, and send his children food.

Well doth he love his bleak, inclement home,
Enchained with frosts, and lashed with icy foam;
Inured to toil, contented he partakes
His blubber dainties, and his train-oil cakes;
Shares with his imps the sea-calf's tasteless meat,
And deems each morsel a luxurious treat.

In softer climes, beneath the blazing line
Where ardent heats prolific powers combine,
In human hearts the same affections flow;
The love of country kindles still its glow:
No soul so dead, no mind so crushed and vile,
As not to bloom beneath its country's smile!

Far where the blue Caribbean billows beat
The yellow Mexic sands with trampling feet;
Where Nature pours from an o'er-brimming horn
Her affluent gifts, the region to adorn,
The dark-hued Indian drowsily reclines
By shadowed streams, beneath luxuriant vines:
Doomed to light toil, where thick the honeyed fruit
Invites his taste from many a burdened shoot;
Where ripe bananas and the orange pour
Around his hut their free delicious store;
And the rough cactus yields its juicy pear,
And guavas lavish perfumes on the air.

'T is a fair land! where plants of matchless dyes
Paint all the soil, as rain-bows streak the skies;
A solemn land! where forests rise sublime,
In whose lone depths soft falls the foot of Time;
Enchanted land! whose mountain-summits glow
With the clear lustre of eternal snow;
Whose vapory cones volcanic flames display,
To heaven's blue dome continual incense pay.

A realm in whose grand wilderness abound
Vast wrecks of grandeur, temple, shrine, and mound;
Ruins that tell a nobler race possessed,
In unknown times, this Eden of the West;
Yet, no tradition record doth bestow,
Whereby their names and histories we may know:
We pause, o'erawed, by Uxmal's fallen gate,
And vainly ask the Indian of their fate!

Reigns o'er that land a weak, untutored race,
With minds obscured by Superstition's trace:
The simple Aztec still 's as mere a child,
As when the host of CORTÉZ swept the wild:
His pride 's abased, for MONTEZUMA's hall
Rings where the conqueror revels in the ball:
Yet love of country still delights his heart;
His first affection — latest to depart!

Late, when the stern invader from the North,
His serried files and glittering ranks led forth,
The poor swart Indian grasped his father's spear,
And strove to check the conqueror's career;
But vain his strife o'er Palo-Alto's plain,
And vain the strife along the mountain-chain.
The fiery Saxons, by their hero led,
Strewed Buena-Vista's rocky pass with dead,

In desperate fight beat down the Mexic brand,
And marched triumphant o'er the prostrate land.

So the poor serf from Afric's distant shores,
Sighs for his home, his hapless lot deplores;
Think ye, he hath no longing forth to roam
Beyond the blue seas, to his father's home?
No yearning thrill of transport to explore
The pleasant windings of his native shore?
Turn not in fancy oft his truant feet
To some sequestered, well-beloved retreat,
Where groves of spicy cinnamon and palm
Load the sweet air with aromatic balm?

Doth he not oft, in fancied vision, view
The very stream his early childhood knew,
Still dashing o'er its colored sands and stones,
With its light laugh, its well-remembered tones;
Have years of absence from his mind effaced
The tints of yore, on Memory's tablet traced?

May he forget the high-branched sycamore
That cast its wavering shadows by the door;
The straw-thatched roof, where first the dawning light
Of being glimmered on his infant sight?
Forget the white-haired, patriarchal sire,
His sportive brethren, with their looks of fire,
His mother's song, sung when the skies grew pale,
And evening-shadows deepened in the vale?
He ne'er forgets! nor, from his human heart
May holy loves nor sympathies depart.

When wandering 'long a foreign river's bank,
Where strange flowers bloom, and unknown plants grow rank,
He turns, in thought, to Niger's brimming floods,
Fringed with green pastures, belted thick with woods;
Thinks of old Gambia's foamy course with pride,
Of Congo's windings, Senegal's clear tide;
And fain would tread their bordering sands of gold,
And cleave their waters as in days of old.

Oh! that his nervous limbs might yet again
Urge his wild horse exultant o'er the plain!
Oh! that again his toil-strong arm might wield
The mighty club and shell-embossed shield!
Oh! that his hand, unshackled, might enclasp
The crooked war-blade in its iron grasp!
Oh! that with manly courage he might brave
The robber-tribe that basely made him slave!

Vain thought! vain hope! an exile doomed to roam,
His dying breath sighs forth the name of home!

I S L A N D S K E T C H E S .

IMPRESSIONS OF JAMAICA, AND OF KINGSTON IN PARTICULAR.
• — —

I WAS up with the sun this morning. Last night the full moon shone beautifully in the starry heavens. We had music, and dancing, and singing on board. All were merry and full of glee. Now, all is changed. The sun has mounted his beamy throne, and his golden rays are dancing on the blue mountains of Jamaica. Fleecy clouds are rolling around the dark tops of the highest peaks, while I am gliding along the coast of the land so celebrated for piratical depredations and negro insurrections.

The island is one hundred and fifty miles long, and about fifty miles in breadth. The range of mountains, extending nearly the whole length of the colony, is truly grand and picturesque. The loftiest summit is eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is worth a journey from New-York to behold such a scene. Shortly after sun-rise, we took a black pilot on board, and after passing the point where once stood the beautiful city of Port-Royal, which was swallowed up by an earthquake in 1692, we reached Kingston, this world-renowned city of moral and commercial decay, about ten o'clock A.M. While at the wharf, negro boys came swimming about the vessel, crying piteously for dimes. The passengers would throw small silver coins into the water, and with the alacrity of pelicans, down went these black fellows after the prize. Nearly naked, and all bare-footed, some eighty or ninety women, black, dirty, and shining with grease, stood ready to carry in the coal for the steamer. Rank and file, and singing, or rather *yelling*, yet keeping time as they go, (each one bearing a round bucket of coal upon her head,) they march up one gangway with a stately strut, and delivering their load into the hold as they pass, they march down another in the most perfect order. Such an exhibition of tatterdemalion wretchedness and human degradation I was unprepared to witness. Leaving this sickening scene, I left the steamer 'to see what I could see.' On every hand were importunate beggars, that beggar description in all that is revolting and disgusting to humanity.

Jamaica is called the Island of Springs. By others she is designated the Queen of the Antilles, and as being the brightest jewel in the crown of England. Respecting her mineral springs, there are four, somewhat noted for their healing virtues in cases of bronchitis, rheumatic, pulmonary, and cutaneous affections, viz.: Bath, St. Faith's, Silver-Hill, and Milk-River Bath. There are marvellous stories told of people living to a great age in those districts. I presume Methusalem would have been living still had he been a partaker of their waters of life. Were Jamaica called the *blackest* instead of the *brightest* jewel in the British crown, I could perfectly appreciate the truth of the poetical appellation. Can it be that prostrate commerce, ruined

plantations, ignorance, sloth, vice, and prostitution form the boasted jewel of the crown of England? The glory of Jamaica has departed. The sun of her prosperity has gone down. Religion itself is on the wing, and a general gloom pervades this interesting land. Education is neglected, and the school-houses are melancholy ruins. The planters are leaving the country with disgust, and the settlers generally are sunk in apathy and sloth. The blacks crowd into the towns, and are too lazy to work. Every house seems to be crumbling away. Not a new habitation can be seen. Was it to produce this state of things that the British people, through a mistaken philanthropy, paid twenty millions of pounds sterling? I will not stop here to inquire into the cause of this general ruin. However, the Emancipation Bill of 1833 commenced the work of destruction, and the Sugar Duties Bill of 1846 successfully accomplished what the other had left incomplete.

Jamaica has been in the possession of the British since 1665. It is divided into three counties, viz.: Middlesex, Surry, and Cornwall, and these are subdivided into twenty-two parishes. The legislature consists of the Governor and a council of eleven members appointed by the British Government, and a House of Assembly of forty-seven representatives, who are chosen by the people. The population, ten years ago, amounted to three hundred and seventy-seven thousand, four hundred and thirty-three, and out of that number, there were only nine thousand, two hundred and eighty-nine white males, and six thousand, four hundred and eighty-seven white females. There are about forty thousand in Kingston, about three thousand of which are white. The houses generally have a mean look. They are not more than two stories high, and have no chimney-tops. The streets are narrow and dirty, and abounding with a dwarfish race of hogs. I should judge, from their starved appearance, that they would leave but little for the poor buzzards, that hover over this tropical city, to pick up. The asses and the mules have the same famished air, and the horses are lucky whose skins perfectly cover their bony protuberances. The chickens have a similar aspect of want, and their feathers fail to conceal their nakedness. The rats, however, seem to be of a superior breed, and are large and fat. The dilapidated state of the buildings gives them easy access to the pantries; and, like their unscrupulous race every where, they indulge in their thieving propensities, and help themselves 'before their betters.' They seem to enjoy the blessings of the Emancipation Act as well as the negroes, and are bold in their independence. In point of intelligence the one is but a little elevated above the other. There is one striking difference between the races, and even it may be attributable to the imperfect gift of speech which the black enjoys over the rat. The rat, professionally a thief, can only *steal*, having no loftier pretensions; and is subject to no moral or criminal law, and feels perfectly safe in his depredations, unless caught in the act of stealing, or in some trap, (which the knowing ones studiously avoid;) while the negro will not only *steal* when opportunities offer, but meanly *beg*, instead of working for an honorable living, in a land where labor is so much in demand.

I saw the horses of the island that were booked for the race which was to come off on the following day. Being the property of gentle-

men, they looked as if they had 'life and mettle in their heels,' and not like the harnessed skeletons that belong to the city, whose owners modestly charge two dollars and a half per hour for the use of one of them. The negroes who come into Kingston from the country, in their own conveyances, have a respectable air, and look fat and contented. They are polite and courteous in their manner, and much respected by the white population. The policemen are black, some of the judges and legislators are black, and the city barracks are filled with black soldiers, who wear red coats. The *white* soldiers of Queen Victoria occupy a more salubrious position, on the brow of a mountain, distinctly seen from the city. Some of the negroes of the city follow the stranger and beg of him to relieve their wants, while others, with shirts, handkerchiefs, straw-hats, and other commodities for sale, annoy one at every step he takes. Another class sell the fruits of the island. All seem to be dealers but the beggars. There are only a few good stores, and one or two decent-looking hotels in the place. So heavily do the rains fall occasionally, that the streets leading down to the docks are not only unpaved, but so scooped out, that they seem like so many channels of dried-up rivers. During the rains, the waters rush down them with an impetuous velocity. Hogs, rats, and chickens are frequently swept away in the rushing currents. It is with difficulty the mule, or his half-brother, the jackass, can ford the street-rapids of Kingston. Some of the flounder-footed negroes carry people across for a small compensation.

I visited the suburbs of Kingston, where some of the gentry reside. I entered some of the gardens, and was politely shown around. Here are to be seen growing all the choicest fruits of the tropics. Here all is beauty and luxuriant magnificence. The trees and the flowers are in bloom, and the high-ways are redolent of perfumes. Here are impenetrable hedges of the cactus-tribe, from twelve to sixteen feet high, extending for miles on each side of the road. If the Paradise of our first parents was more inviting and enchanting than the gardens of Jamaica, I do not wonder at our ancient mother partaking of 'the forbidden fruit which brought death into the world, and all our woe.' Flowers of every hue greet the eye, and trees are hung with tropical fruits in tempting profusion. Here hang in clusters the bananas, coconuts, oranges, pine-apples, plantains, custuds, granadillas, pomegranates, and figs. Here grow, in all their beauty and perfection, the exotics of our northern conservatories. Some of them are daily watered by artificial means, but with that little attention from man they have no other nurse but the genial sun, and no other covering but the skies. A few of the gardens have marble fountains, that still mix their waters with the odors around. Nymphs and Venuses, with a few dismembered saints, adorn the flowery walks. One may see a saint without a head, and a Venus without a leg. In a shell-encircled basin stands a figure of old Neptune, with a broken trident in his hand. Those statues may not have been sculptured by a Phidias or a Powers, but they show evidence of a taste and refinement of by-gone times. Oh! it is deplorable to behold Neglect aiding in the triumph of Decay. The marble fountains will soon cease to play, and the sculptured symbols of luxury point to

the grave of civilization. Some may think, as the Spaniards would say, '*Palabras que se luva el viento.*'

Can nothing be done for Jamaica, where Nature does so much, and man so little? Its streams and surrounding waters abound with fishes of great variety. The hills and the valleys teem with teal, wild ducks, plovers, snipes, pigeons, and flamingoes. Its timbers are of the choicest kinds, and its spices and balsams are celebrated for their superiority. Its past history proves what its deserted plantations are capable of producing. It is one of the most productive islands in the world, and certainly one of the most beautiful. Notwithstanding all the charming beauty of Jamaica, she is abandoned by England, her natural protector. England broke the chains of slavery which despotism had forged, it is true; but she left her wrapped in darkness and in ignorance. Before the civilized world, she presents the most humiliating spectacle of wretchedness and ruin. Have the long parliamentary efforts of a Wilberforce and the untiring exertions of a Clarkson resulted only in this deplorable exhibition of human degradation, and in casting a withering mildew over the social prosperity of this tropical garden of loveliness? Almost irredeemably sunk in the depths of sloth, ignorance, and depravity, she appeals to the philanthropists of the world to have pity upon her fallen condition. She implores of them, with outstretched arms, to educate her benighted population, who take no pride in her beauty, and feel no interest in her welfare. 'She looks, and there is none to help; and she wonders that there is none to uphold.' The humble efforts of a few sectarian preachers, and a few Sisters of Charity, avail but little. Unless something be speedily done for Jamaica, the great DISPOSER of human events can only foresee her mysterious destiny. As for myself, I shrink from the contemplation of the future.

JAMES LINEN.

T R E E S : F L O W E R S : T H E D E A D .

'SXPGLORUM:
'His saltem accumulæ donis, et fungar inani
Munere.'

VIRGIL.

THE DEAD — the quiet dead!
Who with us trod these paths in days of yore;
The young, the strong, the beautiful, the hoar
And silvered head!

Gone from among us now,
Each to a silent pillow in the clay;
The burial shade hath fallen o'er their way,
And on their brow.

And yet not unforgot
Shall be the mansion where we laid them down;
Love, Friendship, Memory, shall join to crown
The sacred spot.

Sow we the fragrant flowers,
Whose breath, like *their* remembrance, shall be sweet;
And open avenues where friends may greet
The twilight hours.

Plant we the forest trees,
Whose whispering shades shall pensive mourners throng.
And hear again loved voices borne along
The passing breeze.

Yes, we'll adorn the sod,
Whose verdure emblems ever more our love,
And there sweet converse hold with friends above,
And with our God.

'Tis not for them alone
The cherished burial-turf we honor thus;
We'll think 'tis there loved ones will talk of us,
When we are gone.

Stockbridge, Mass.

E. W. B. CANNING.

THE GYPSIES OF ART.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MURGER'S 'SCENES DE LA BOHEME.'

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

CHAPTER TEN.

T ACTRESS AND THE ENGLISHMAN.

ONCE on a time, Schaunard found himself in possession of two hundred francs, which extraordinary sum he had thus acquired :

He went one day to a musical editor, who had promised to procure him among his customers either pupils or something to do.

'By Jove!' said the editor, on seeing him enter the shop, 'you are just in time. A gentleman has been here who wants a pianist; he is an Englishman, and will probably pay well. Are you really a good one?'

Schaunard reflected that a modest air might injure him in the editor's estimation. Indeed, a modest musician, and especially a modest pianist, is a rare creature. Accordingly he replied boldly :

'I am a first-rate one; if I only had a lung gone, long hair, and a black coat, I should be famous as the sun in the heaven; and instead of asking me eight hundred francs to engrave my composition *The Death of the Damsel*, you would come on your knees to offer me three thousand for it on a silver plate.'

The person whose address Schaunard took was an Englishman, name Birne.* The musician was first received by a servant in blue, who handed him over to a servant in green, who passed him on to a servant in black, who introduced him into a drawing-room where he found himself face to face with a Briton coiled up in an attitude which made him resemble Hamlet meditating on human nothingness. Schaunard was about to explain the reason of his presence when a sudden volley of

* This is probably the name MURGER was making a shot at when he wrote *Birn'n* — about as near as a Frenchman usually comes to an English word.

shrill cries cut short his speech. These horrid and ear-piercing sounds proceeded from a parrot hung out on the balcony of the story below.

'Oh! that beast! that beast!' exclaimed the Englishman, with a bound on his arm-chair; 'it will kill me.'

Thereupon the bird began to retort its vocabulary much more extensive than that of ordinary Pollies; and Schaunard stood stupefied when he heard the animal, prompted by a female voice, declaring the speech of Theramenes with all the professional intonations.

This parrot was the favorite of an actress who was then a great favorite herself, and very much the rage — in her boudoir. She was one of those women who, no one knows why or how, are quoted at fancy prices on the 'Change of dissipation, and whose names are inscribed on the bills-of-fare of young noblemen's suppers, where they form the live desert. It gives a Christian standing now-a-days to be seen with one of these Pagans, who often have nothing of antiquity about them except their age. When they are handsome, there is no such great harm after all; the worst one risks is to sleep on straw in return for making them sleep on rose-wood. But when their beauty is bought by the ounce at the perfumer's, and will not stand three drops of water on a rag; when their wit consists in a couplet of a farce, and their talent lies in the hand of the *claqueur*, it is hard indeed to understand how respectable men with good names, ordinary sense, and decent coats, can let themselves be carried away by a common-place passion for these most mercenary creatures.

The actress in question was one of these belles of the day. She called herself *Dolores*, and professed to be a Spaniard, although she was born in that Parisian Andalusia known as the *Rue Coquenard*. From there to the *Rue de Provence* is about ten minutes' walk, but it had cost her seven years to make the transit. Her prosperity had begun with the decline of her personal charms. She had a horse the day when her first false tooth was inserted, and a pair the day of her second. Now she was living at a great rate, lodging in a palace, driving four horses on holidays, and giving balls to which all Paris came. The *all Paris* of these ladies — that is to say, that collection of lazy seekers-after jokes and scandal; the *all Paris* that plays lansquenet; the pluggards of head and hand, who kill their own time and other people's; the writers who turn literary men to get some use out of the feather which nature placed on their backs; the bullies of the revel, the clipped and sweated gentlemen, the chevaliers of doubtful orders, all the vagabonds of kid-glove-dom, that come from God-knows-where, and go back thither again some day; all the marked and remarked notorieties; all those daughters of Eve who retail what they once sold wholesale; all that race of beings, corrupt from their cradle to their coffin, whom one sees on *first nights* at the theatre, with Golconda on their foreheads and Thibet on their shoulders, and for whom, notwithstanding, bloom the first violets of Spring and the first passions of youth — all this world which the chronicles of gossip call *all Paris*, was received by Dolores who owned the parrot aforesaid.

This bird, celebrated for its oratorical talents among all the neighbors, had gradually become the terror of the nearest. Hung out on the balcony, it made a pulpit of its perch and kept out interminable harangues

from morning to night. It had learned certain parliamentary topics from some editorial friends of its mistress, and was very strong on the sugar question. It knew all the actress's repertory by heart, and declaimed it well enough to have been her substitute in case of indisposition. Moreover, as she was rather polyglot in her flirtations, and received visitors from all parts of the world, the parrot spoke all languages, and would sometimes let out a *lingua Franca* of oaths enough to shock the sailors to whom *Vert-Vert* owed his profitable education. The company of this bird, which might be instructive and amusing for ten minutes, became a positive torture when prolonged. The neighbors had often complained; the auctioneer insolently dismissed their complaints. Two or three other tenants of the house, respectable fathers of families, indignant at the scandalous state of morals into which they were initiated by the indiscretions of the parrot, had given warning to the landlord. But the actress had got on his weak side; whoever might go, *she* staid.

The Englishman whose parlor Schaunard now entered, had endured with patience for three months. One day he concealed his fury, which was ready to explode, under a full-dress suit, and sent in his card to Mademoiselle Dolores.

When she beheld him enter, arrayed almost as he would have been to present himself before Queen Victoria, she at first thought it must be *Hoffmann*, in his part of *Lord Splcen*; and wishing to be civil to a fellow-artist, she offered him some breakfast.

The Englishman understood French; he had learned it in twenty-five lessons of a Spanish refugee. Accordingly he replied:

'I accept your invitation on condition of our eating this disagreeable bird,' and he pointed to the cage of the parrot, who, having already smelt an Englishman, saluted him by whistling *God Save the King*.

Dolores thought her neighbor was quizzing her, and was beginning to get angry, when Mr. Birne added:

'As I am very rich, I will buy the animal; put your price on it.'

Dolores answered that she valued the bird, and liked it, and would not wish to see it pass into the hands of another.

'Oh! it's not in my *hands* I want to put it,' replied the Englishman, 'under my feet — so ———; ' and he pointed to the heels of his boots.

Dolores shuddered with indignation, and would probably have broken out, when she perceived on the Englishman's finger a ring, the diamond of which represented an income of twenty-five hundred francs. This discovery was like a shower-bath to her rage. She reflected that it might be imprudent to quarrel with a man who carried fifty thousand francs on his little finger.

'Well, Sir,' said she, 'as poor Coco annoys us, I will put him in a back-room, where you cannot hear him.'

The Englishman made a gesture of satisfaction.

'However,' added he, pointing once more to his boots, 'I should have preferred' —

'Don't be afraid. Where I mean to put him it will be impossible for him to trouble *milord*.'

'Oh! I am not a lord: only an esquire.'

With that Mr. Birne was retiring, after a very low bow, when Dolores, who never neglected her interests, took up a small packet from a work-table, and said :

‘To-night, Sir, is my benefit at the theatre ; I am to play in three pieces. Will you allow me to offer you some box-tickets ? The price has been but very slightly raised ;’ and she put a dozen boxes into the Briton’s hand.

‘After showing myself so prompt to oblige him,’ thought she, he cannot refuse, if he is a gentleman ; and if he sees me play in my pink costume, who knows ? He is very ugly, to be sure, and very sad-looking, but he might furnish me the means of going to England without being sea-sick.’

The Englishman having taken the tickets, made their purport to be explained to him a second time ; he then asked the price.

‘The boxes are sixty francs each, and there are ten there ; but no hurry,’ she added, seeing the Englishman take out his pocket-book : ‘I hope that as we are neighbors, this is not the last time I shall have the honor of a visit from you.’

‘I don’t like to run up bills, replied Mr. Birne ;’ and drawing from the pocket-book a thousand-franc note, he laid it on the table and slid the tickets into his pockets.

‘I will give you your change,’ said Dolores, opening a little draw.

‘Never mind,’ said the Englishman ; ‘the rest will do for a drink ;’ and he went off leaving Dolores thunder-struck at his last words.*

‘For a drink !’ she exclaimed ; ‘what a clown ! I will send him back his money.’

But her neighbor’s rudeness had only irritated the epidermis of her vanity ; reflection calmed her : she thought that a thousand francs made a very nice *pile*, after all, and that she had already put up with imper tinences at a cheaper rate.

‘Bah !’ said she to herself ; ‘it won’t do to be so proud. No one was by, and this is my washerwoman’s month. And this Englishman speaks so badly, perhaps he only meant to pay me a compliment.’

So she pocketed her bill joyfully.

But that night at the theatre she was furious. Mr. Birne had made no use of his tickets ; the ten boxes were utterly empty. She had read in the faces of her *friends* their joy at seeing the house so badly filled.

On returning home, although it was the dead of night, she opened her window and waked Coco, who waked Mr. Birne, who had gone to sleep on the faith of her promise.

From that day war was declared between the actress and the Englishman ; a war to the knife, without truce or repose, the parties engaged in which, recoiled before no expense or trouble. The parrot took finishing-lessons in English and abused his neighbor all day in it and in his shrillest falsetto. It was something awful. Dolores suffered from

* To offer a woman of this class something to get a drink (*pourboire*) as you would to a cabman or porter, is, of course, a deadly insult. The translator once had occasion to take advantage of it. Having been inordinately cheated by a little woman who let furnished lodgings, he declined to take an odd franc or two in change from her bill, saying he would leave that as the *pourboire* for *Mademoiselle*. Luckily there was a policeman present, or the reader’s humble servant might have been obliged to dictate these lines in consequence of having no eyes of his own left.

it herself, but she hoped that one day or other Mr. Birne would give warning. It was on that she had set her heart. The Englishman, on his part, began by establishing a school of drummers in his parlor, but the police interfered. He then set up a pistol-gallery; his servants riddled fifty cards a day. Again the police-clerk interposed, showing him an article in the municipal code, which forbids the usage of fire-arms in houses. Mr. Birne stopped firing, but a week after, Dolores found it was raining in her room. The landlord went to visit Mr. Birne, and found him taking salt-water baths in his parlor. This room, which was very large, had been lined all round with sheets of metal, and all the doors stopped up. Into this extempore pond some hundred pails of water were poured, and a few tons of salt mixed up in them. It was a small edition of the sea. Mr. Birne bathed there every day, descending into it by an opening made in the upper panel of the centre-door. Before long an ancient and fish-like smell pervaded the neighborhood, and Dolores had half an inch of water in her bed-room.

The landlord grew furious, and threatened Mr. Birne with an action for damages done to his property.

‘Have I not a right,’ asked the Englishman, ‘to bathe in my rooms?’

‘Not in that way, Sir.’

‘Very well, if I have no right to, I won’t,’ said the Briton, full of respect for the laws of the country in which he lived. ‘It’s a pity; I amused myself very much.’

That very night he had his ocean drained out. It was full time: there was already an oyster-bed forming on the floor.

However, Mr. Birne had not given up by any means: he was only seeking some legal means of continuing this singular warfare, which was nuts to all the loungers of Paris, for the adventure had been circulated in the lobbies of the theatres and other public places. Dolores felt equally bound to come triumphant out of the contest. Not a few bets had been made upon it.

It was then that Mr. Birne thought of the piano as an instrument of warfare. It was not so bad an idea, the most disagreeable of instruments being well capable of contending against the most disagreeable of birds. As soon as this lucky thought occurred to him, he hastened to put it into execution, hired a piano, and inquired for a pianist. The pianist, it will be remembered, was our friend Schaunard. The Englishman recounted to him his sufferings from the parrot, and what he had already done to come to terms with the actress.

‘But, milord,’ said Schaunard, ‘there is a sure way to rid yourself of this creature — parsley. The chemists are unanimous in declaring that this culinary plant is prussic acid to such birds. Chop up a little parsley and shake it out of the window on Coco’s cage, and the creature will die as certainly as if Pope Alexander VI. had invited it to dinner.’

‘I thought of that, myself,’ said the Englishman; ‘but the beast is taken too good care of. The piano is surer.’

Schaunard looked at the other without catching his meaning at once.

‘See here,’ resumed the Englishman, ‘the actress and her animal always sleep till twelve. Follow my reasoning’ ——

‘Go on: I am at the heels of it.’

‘I intend to disturb their sleep. The law of the country authorizes me to make music from morning to night. Do you understand?’

‘But that will not be so disagreeable for her, if she hears me play the piano all day — for nothing, too. I am a first-rate hand, if I only had a lung gone’ —

‘Exactly; but I don’t want you to make good music. You must only strike on your instrument, thus,’ trying a note, ‘and always the same thing without pity, only one note. I understand medicine a little; that makes people mad. They will both go mad; that is what I look for. Come, Mr. Musician, to work at once. You shall be well paid.’

‘And so,’ said Schaunard, who had recounted the above details to his friends, ‘this is what I have been doing for the last fortnight. One note continually from seven in the morning till dark. It is not exactly serious art. But then the Englishman pays me two hundred francs a month for my noise; it would be cutting one’s throat to refuse such a windfall.’

N O T L O S T , B U T G O N E B E F O R E .

BY ELIZABETH M. BRACKETT.

I.

SHE is not dead; she sits with me
 Within my quiet room:
 Although they late to me have said,
 ‘We’ve laid her in the tomb.’

II.

She does not speak, but smiles on me
 With her old girlish smile,
 As if some happy secret made
 Her spirit glad the while.

III.

I roam through old familiar rooms;
 I meet her on the stair;
 And like a halo round her head
 Gleams that soft braid of hair.

IV.

She seems just as she used to seem,
 In the golden years ago,
 When Life was in its sunny prime,
 With hope and love a-glow.

V.

I stand before her pictured face,
 A young and happy girl;
 A soft light gleaming in her eye,
 And on each sunny curl.

VI.

O singer of earth's sweetest lays!
 Though hushed thy notes through pain,
 Yet with a faltering voice could'st say,
 'Yes, I shall sing again.'

VII.

O far-off city where she sleeps,
 What is thy pomp to me?
 One little grave is dearer far
 Than all thy pageantry.

VIII.

Young blue-eyed sleeper! never more
 Upon thy cheek, like rain,
 Shall fall the tears, whose bitterest glow
 Was, that they fell in vain.

IX.

October with his misty shroud
 Is robing earth and sky;
 And up and down the garden-walks
 Our petted dead flowers lie:

X.

And like an ancient funeral lamp
 Hangs high the spectral moon,
 And earth seems a great burial-place,
 Where we must meet her soon.

XI.

Oh! in the long untrodden years
 Whene'er we count our band,
 I grieve to think how we shall miss
 The clasp of one dear hand!

XII.

And when we speak of those who've shared
 Our bliss, our weal or woe;
 Whene'er we speak of *her*! 't will be,
She died — O God! — long years ago!

T R A N S C R I P T S

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF.

BY FREDERICK L. VULTE.

'S P E C I A L B A I L.'

'HERE's that confounded Frenchman again!' said I, in looking over my budget of writs; 'and when shall I get rid of him? — that's the point most material to me. And shall we ever part company? He is as closely fitted to my neck as the old man of the sea was to Sinbad's. And what a name he has, too! Jean Pierre Baptiste Alexandre Pétard Gouvain! Let me take a little breath after that!' I tried to run over it quickly: 'Jean-Peea-Bateest-Alessand-Pétar-Gouvan: and I breathed a little freer, and I could not avoid exclaiming: 'What a name! what a name!'

'Now,' said I to myself, 'there is some quietness in the names of John Doe or Richard Roe, or of John Smith, or any other legal fiction; but I do object to the abuse of simple customs, ordinarily, and why Jean Gouvain would not do as well as the entirety' — was, perhaps, none of my business. I protested against the use of his whole name in my very numerous inquiries after him at his residence, and demanded to know, simply, 'if Monsieur Gouvain was at home?'

I said 'confounded Frenchman,' and I meant it; because he had given me so much trouble, and he had put my patience and perseverance to so severe a test, that I could not but feel annoyed at the very many 'not-at-homes' so spitefully, in the end, dealt out to me in my inquiries for him, by the rosy-cheeked, full-mooned face, and red-haired Irish door-maid, who so often, and in her peculiar way, had answered my demand at the door.

My case was a very hard one. I had taxed the patience of the attorney who sued out the writ; an *alias* writ had been issued, and my return thereto was the same as upon the original, viz., 'not found'; a *pluries* had also issued, and an *alias pluries*, and the same return upon both; then came the second, third, and fourth *pluries* — and still the same return. I believe I had this incubus, this dead weight of writs in this matter, upon my shoulders for about six months or so; and, from the many negative returns I had by force of circumstances been compelled to make, the patience of the attorney was at length used up, and he threatened, that in case another such return was made, to sue me for a 'false return.' I thought, therefore, that I was justified in using the expression 'confounded Frenchman'; particularly, as not by reason of any neglect of mine, but because of his being in the condition of a very little insect, upon whose frail body you might put one of your digits, and then, when you come to look for him, he was n't there!

I don't know how it is, but it has seemed to me that there are some

very unreasonable people in this world. I may be mistaken, but I thought that Mr. Gunnip, the aforesaid attorney, was a little, a very little, inclined that way. I declare, I believe that he wanted or expected me to take Gouvain, as well where he was not, as where he was; and that he expected me to find the 'little joker,' no matter under what thimble he was rigged.

If I had inquired *once* at Gouvain's residence, I had a hundred times; and before my inquiries had got to be a decided pest to the girl, I was frequently and pleasantly invited by her to leave my card, or my name; but when the inquiries were repeated daily, and sometimes twice and thrice a day, and at different hours of day and night, her good-humor passed off, and she snappishly and pertly replied: 'Sure, an ye 'll not lave yer name, nor arry a card ye have, Misther Guvan is not at hoam'; and she pushed the door to, leaving me, a disappointed applicant, outside, to my own reflections; of which the position of parties formed the staple commodity.

'The early bird,' I said, 'catches the worm;' and with this comfortable and homely saying, I left the house, determined to be governed by it; and I nursed myself with the assurance that I would be the early bird in the morning following, and that I would try the virtue of the apothegm, catch the worm, and rid myself of being brought down or up by Mr. Gunnip, in making, this time, satisfactorily to him, a true return — *id est*: 'Defendant taken: fees due, sixty-nine cents.'

On the next morning, long before the break of day, I was up and doing. I started out on my snaring expedition; and as I had a considerable distance to go before I reached the domicil of my very near, dear, and attached friend, Monsieur Gouvain — attached, I hoped and prayed he might be; very near, I trusted he would be; dear, he undoubtedly would have been, if I had been put to the cost of defending that suit which was threatened against me for a false return, even if it eventuated in a verdict for the defendant, in the way of counsel-fees, etc. And, as I had judged, I came upon the door-steps about sun-rise, when 'for certain' he must be in the house, I thought, if he ever was; I hoped, and yet I feared; and I was then in a state of abstractedness, not knowing exactly upon what business I was engaged, until my hand was upon the bell-pull. I gave it a jerk, and I heard the tinkling of the bell gently decline into nothingness. I listened for a foot-tread; a minute elapsed — then another — and yet no one came. I waited patiently: why should n't I? I had endured an eternity of moments, almost, in this very business, up to this time, and I thought I could wait a little longer; particularly, as I fancied the culminating point had been approached, and I would not, as every thing seemed fitted for me, destroy my prospects by acting hastily, and thereby give offence to the one whose business it was to answer my summons at the door-bell.

It was well that I came to this determination; for, as I had concluded, the door was opened, and my red-haired Cerberus was there, to deny or permit me entrance.

'Ah! yees be afther Mr. Guvan so arly, ar yees?' said she to me, in a semi-savage inquiry.

'I am,' answered I, 'and I am very sorry to trouble you so early, but

my business is very urgent and pressing ; beside,' I continued, ' after I have communicated with Mr. Gouvain once, you'll not be troubled by me any more, I assure you. Is he in ?'

' In, is he ? troth, I think he is : that is, in his bed, I mane, barrin' he's jist gittin' out,' replied she, jocularly. ' You see, Sir,' continued she, ' Mr. Guvan is an airly riser ; he goes out airly, and comes home late, an' that's the rason yees niver could find him hoam. Now, if yees travel up the stairs, three pair high, an' to the front of the house, an' mark the door as has the number nine on it, an' rap there, ye'll find Mr. Guvan.'

' Thank you ! thank you !'

I went up the stairs, and having arrived at the top of the three flights, I looked around among the many doors for the number nine, and it was easily found. I then gave a tap at the door, and then another tap ; and I was then requested by a voice which proceeded from the room, to ' come in.'

I did as I was requested. I went in, and addressed the gentleman, who had not yet risen from his bed, although he was sitting up :

' Mr. Gouvain ?' said I, interrogatively.

' Me 'ave ze honneur,' replied he, very courteously.

He might ' have the honor,' I thought, and yet not be the Mr. Gouvain I wanted, when he came to know my business ; and, as no one was with me to indicate that he was the veritable Mr. Gouvain, it occurred to me at once that I would ask him if he was the Mr. Gouvain with the five prefixes to his surname.

' Oui ! Je le suis, Monsieur ! Jean Pierre Baptiste Alessandre Pétard Gouvain. Vat you vill 'ave wis me ? — ze mattaire vat is ?' inquired he.

' I am the sheriff, Mr. Gouvain ; and I have a writ for your arrest, in which you are ordered to be held to bail in the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, at the suit of Gaspard Besançon, for slander. Can you give the bail ?'

' Vous êtes le sheriff ? ha ! ha !' ejaculated he ; ' ze sheriff ! Vous avez le papier pour mon arrête ! Quinze cents piastres ! Ze homme vat vill me arrête est Besançon ! — Slandare ! vat you call slandare, Monsieur Sheriff ? me 'ave no peu ! — me no 'ave fifteen hunder dollare ! Vat you call slandare, eh ? — Besançon, eh ? — vat you call slandare, eh, Monsieur Sheriff ?'

I enlightened him as well as I could, by giving him a practical illustration of what slander was, and what consequences flowed from the too free use of the unruly member ; which, being perfectly intelligible to him, he exclaimed, with delight :

' Ah, ha ! je comprends. You call me ze tief, ze robbare, ze rascal, ze blaggar, ze loaf — is slandare, eh ?'

' Yes ; all that is slander,' replied I.

' Ah ! Monsieur Sheriff,' exclaimed he in great eagerness, addressing me, ' pardonnez-moi ! me 'ave no ask you for take ze chair ! Be seat, Monsieur Sheriff ! Pardon ! Je suis ze blaggar ! You take ze chair, eh ? — pardon, eh ? I vill get from ze bed ; I vill arranger : you vill excusez moi ; I am ze blaggar, ze loaf ; I 'ave no ask you for take ze chair — ze seat — before !'

I seated myself, as requested ; but I thought my friend exhibited rather too much warmth in his regrets of omissions in politeness for my comforts, seeing that he was somewhat peculiarly fixed ; and I could just at that time freely forgive him, as his mind was upon other matters than politeness.

Gouvain, meanwhile, had risen, and proceeded to dress and arrange his toilet. While I remained seated, waiting patiently for him, he would occasionally turn to me and remark, in French and Franco-Anglice, and in broken English, his regrets at his want of *civilité*, and his objurgations of slander — and I presume he felt it, too — giving to the word the whole lengthened sound, and terminating with a strong emphasis : ‘slan-dare, eh ?’

I thought it very strange that he had not as yet uttered one word of denial as to the charge of slander, or of the arrest, or about the plaintiff ; and I was curious enough to hear his version of the affair ; yet although it was none of my business to make inquiries, I nevertheless was very anxious ; and I doubted not that the narrative, his part of it, would come in good time ; and I was not mistaken.

He had completed his toilet, and he desired to know if I would permit him to get a breakfast, (by this time it was about seven o’clock,) and I assented to his very reasonable request without hesitation, and we came down the stairs to the hall, where I saw the Milesian guardian of the door : at the sight of me and my prisoner, although she did n’t know my business, she addressed Mr. Gouvain, saying :

‘Will yees be back the night, Sir ?’

‘No ! Mary, I sink me nevare come back ; I go wis dis gentilhomme ; Je suis tres obligée for you attention : parchaps I nevare come back. Ah ! yes, I oublie — I forget.’

And while saying this he drew from his pocket a few loose coin and deposited the same in Mary’s extended hand, which as she received she showered a thousand blessings upon his head, and hoped that in whatever position he was placed he would never have a less willing attendant upon his wants than she.

And a less willing recipient of his silver, thought I.

‘Sure, an’ I knowed yees was afther takin’ Mr. Guvan wid yees, and niver let him kim hoam at all any more,’ exclaimed she, addressing me, and looking for all the world like a fury ; ‘ye’d niver kim in that dure ; and I do n’t know who you are, shure ; coming here, shure ; and carrin’ away wid yees daciut gintleman, shure ; an’ ye may go ; and yees must n’t kim here anny more, takin’ wid yees sich iligant gintleman as Mr. Guvan, no ; an’ I’d a knowed your bisness, shure ye’d a niver got troo that dure, and d’ ye mind that now ?’

This was a blast I did not count on ; yet, as eggs are not chickens until the period of incubation has passed, I thought that before long her anathemas would be realized by the Arabian proverb, and that like young chickens they would come home to roost.

‘Mary,’ said I to her, coaxingly.

‘Ah ! none o’ that ! Bother with yees !’ said she.

‘Mary,’ continued I, ‘you have had a deal of trouble.’

‘Trouble ? I had indade ; an’ ye may well say that.’

‘Zis is gentilhomme, Mary,’ observed Gouvain.

‘Here, Mary,’ said I, ‘here’s something for the trouble I’ve put you to; take it;’ and I dropped a quarter in her ever-extended hand. ‘Now be quieted, Mary,’ continued I, addressing her, ‘I think Mr. Gouvain is mistaken when he says that perhaps he will never come back.’

Upon this seeming consolation, together with the quarter, the girl appeared satisfied, and Gouvain and myself left the house amid showers of blessings heaped upon both our heads by the now satisfied Mary, who lingered yet upon the door-steps, and her voice was heard by me, saying :

‘God bless yees both !’

And then I thought that the eggs were hatched, and the chickens had got home and had roosted.

I went with Gouvain to the restaurant where he usually took his breakfast, and, seated at the same table with him, he, of his own volition, while the meal was being prepared, gave me a short history of his and Besançon’s position in regard to a delicate little affair, wherein they were rivals to a fair lady’s hand, heart, and fortune.

It appeared that Besançon was a Frenchman, too; and he and Gouvain had become enamoured of a young French lady, beautiful in person and mind, as well as being favored with quite a sum of money in hand: the lady, who, I suppose, acting with the customary economy of her sex, was, as yet, notwithstanding she had received the addresses or visits, I don’t know which, of both the parties, free from having committed herself to either; and I suppose she was exercising her best discretion whom to elect, Besançon or Gouvain. Thus matters stood, when Besançon, fearing the presence, and good looks, and form of Gouvain, and supposing, as he must have done, that these qualities, added to a good address, were of some consideration to a lady under her circumstances, although she had never intimated by word, act, or deed, that she preferred one over the other; yet Besançon lacked the same or any of the advantages in a measure that Gouvain possessed; and he was fired by jealousy in not being elected as the favored party; he therefore was resolved to try a master stroke of policy in the art of love by ridding himself of his rival, and having the ground cleared from all incumbrances.

This scheme of Besançon’s was now being carried out by me, although I knew nothing of it before, by the arrest of Gouvain upon the action of slander which I was then engaged in. I felt sorry for him, particularly as he had told me he had no friends, and could not, therefore, apply to any one to give bail for him; yet I was determined if I could serve him in his extremity I would do so.

The breakfast being concluded, I observed to him ‘that he had better think over the matter, and see if there were none of his friends who would give the required security.’

‘Me ave no fren; me no sink; me étrangere, Monsieur Sheriff, et pourquoi me sink. No, no, I go wis you, eh; oui, I go to ze prison, eh; and perhaps some bozzy will — vat you call him, eh?’

‘Bail,’ interrupted I.

‘Ah! oui, bail; some bozzy will baile me; bail, ah! bail est charmante!’

I thought that bail would be really charming to my enthusiastic prisoner, but where he was to find that somebody, who perhaps would go bail for him, was beyond my comprehension.

Finding that he had no one to call upon in his extremity, and that every moment I spent with him was a loss of time to me as well as being no benefit to him, I concluded (with his entire concurrence) to take him to jail; and having given him to the charge of the jailer, I bade him adieu, and was about leaving him: he pressed my hand and said:

'Mon ami, Je vous remerci beaucoup, me ver much obligée; ha! ha! Je pense, oui;' and here he put his hand on his breast in order to convince me of the firmness of his faith; 'oui, me sink some bozzy will bail, yes, bail e me.' And I doubted not he felt all he said. 'Adieu! mon ami,' cried he, and I left him; but still I heard, as we parted, the word 'bail' lingering about me until distance drowned it altogether.

Matters remained quiet for a day or two; so also did Monsieur Gouvain, I fancy, cooped up as he was in our barn of a prison in Eldridge street: at least I heard nothing to the contrary. He had been in close custody the time afore stated, when I received an application by a party who agreed to furnish satisfactory bail; and as I was exceedingly anxious to relieve the poor fellow from imprisonment upon what I deemed a frivolous action, I assented to the proposition for bail, and named the time most convenient to the sureties, who might attend before me at the earliest hour they saw fit to fix upon.

The hour was appointed, and the sureties attended and executed the bond for his release. The sureties were ample and perfectly responsible; and I thereupon gave an order for his immediate discharge.

Gouvain was now at liberty once more, and I supposed that he had forgotten me, for I did not hear of him for several weeks: he and his imprisonment passed out of my memory, engrossed as I was in the cares of my office, and I thought no more of him.

I did him wrong, however, in supposing he had forgotten me, for one day he came in my office, and desired to have a private conversation with me, which I readily granted, because I was always pleased with him; and from the moment I first saw him I was favorably inclined toward him. I observed to him:

'Now, Monsieur Gouvain, what will you have?'

'Vat I vill ave, eh?' replied he, in great earnestness, and giving his shoulders a shrug, his hands clasped together, 'Ah, Monsieur Sheriff, me vill 'ave, vat, je crois you vill not give—eh?' And he looked steadily in my eye as though he expected to find there an affirmative to his demand.

'Speak out, my friend,' said I; 'what do you desire?'

'Me desire, mon ami, votre daguerreotype—you portrait, you vill give him to me, eh?'

'You want my portrait—my daguerreotype—do you? Why, I should think you have had enough of me? I thought you had had enough of my face!'

'Non! Non, Monsieur Sheriff. Ah! oui j'oublie,' and he touched his bump of memory with his fore-finger; 'Oui, j'oublie.'

'You forget, Monsieur Gouvain; forget what?—what do you forget?' I asked him.

‘ Me crezzy, me sink. Me marry ; me ’ave charmante lady. Oh ! ah ! ’ and then striking his head and stamping his foot, and expressing by action better than he could by language his disappointment in not being able to communicate his present state of happiness to me in English. ‘ Ah, nevare mine ; je ne parle pas Anglais ! ’

‘ What,’ said I, ‘ Are you married, and to whom ? ’

‘ Me marry ze bail — bail-e ; ah, Monsieur Sheriff, pooty lady, la dame est charmante. Ze bail is ma femme, and Besançon is no bozzy—no vair. Ze bail—bail é, ha, ha !—vair is Besançon ? No vair, ha, ha, ha ! I love ze bail—bail é,’ and he appeared, while uttering his thoughts thus spasmodically, to be in the greatest good humor with every body and thing, except Besançon, whom he occasionally hit by saying that he was ‘ *no where*,’ by which I inferred that he (Gouvain) was, by his adroitness, all over or every where.

The facts of this case now stared me full in the face. Besançon’s stroke of policy in the art of love was fairly illustrated to me. He, in order to remove a rival lover out of his way, consulted with his attorney, and the two had patched up the plan of arresting Gouvain for slander. This would have been a capital trick, if the removal had been sure ; but, ‘ *l’homme propose et Dieu dispose*,’ and the very means he resorted to, by putting Gouvain out of the presence of the lady, was the surest one, if she had any soul, or if she had any regard or love for him, to touch her heart. She heard of Gouvain’s arrest ; she knew his helpless condition, a stranger to our language, laws, and customs. She, like a true woman, responded to the promptings of that little monitor of our souls, and sprang to his assistance and relief. She was happy in having released the idol of her now bursting love ; and then it was that Gouvain experienced the solid pleasure of being elected the favored one.

And then I thought of the intensity of Gouvain’s utterance of the word ‘ Bail.’ He knew — he felt — that if there was any love for him in the bosom of the fair one, his situation, a prisoner upon the complaint of a rival, would bring it out. If he was permitted to remain in jail, why, of course, then she loved Besançon. If he was bailed by or through her interposition, then, as a matter of surety, he was the favored one. This, then, was his test, and it was a sure one ; and Besançon’s effort, aided by his attorney, was an apt illustration of the operations of all blind guides.

‘ Votre daguerreotype — you portrait ! ’ exclaimed Gouvain, addressing me with great earnestness, and awakening me from the train of thought in which I was indulging, ‘ You vill give him to me, eh ? Ah, Monsieur Sheriff, I s’all ’ave ze plaisir, eh ! You s’all say no ; vous m’accorderez la faveur, que je vous demande ne vóulez vous pas, eh ? ’

‘ No,’ I replied, ‘ I will not deny you ; but I cannot see what pleasure there can be in regarding a face that always must remind you of your being in jail.’

‘ Zis affaire, Monsieur Sheriff, est toute differente,’ and he touched his left hand with the fore-finger of his right, convincing me, or attempting to do so, by action. ‘ Besançon will ’ave me arrest — for nossing, eh ! wat I do, eh ? You take me to ze prison ; j’ai resté la for leetle time.

I bail — bailé, ha ! ha ! — ma chère est mon bail. Besançon is no var ; me marry, eh ! You, mon cher ami — my bester fren — me vill 'ave your daguerreotype ; ma femme aussi, you will go wis me for take ze likeness toute suite. Venez partons.'

I could not resist him, so desirous he seemed to be, and particularly, too, as it was his wife's request, also ; and I went with him at once to HAAS, and his desires were satisfied : so I fancied, for he made all the acknowledgments and thanks in French and English he was capable of uttering, for the rare favor I had granted — the privilege of occasionally glancing at the lineaments of one who, in his language, was his ' cher ami,' his ' bester fren.'

The suit of Besançon vs. Gouvain never came to trial : the order for bail was discharged, and a default taken by Gouvain's attorney ; and, as a necessary means of satisfaction, an execution for costs was issued against Besançon, which were never collected, because, as in the event of his not paying the costs aforesaid, a *Ca Sa* would issue, and then he feared the same visitation which he had procured for his fortunate rival ; but, unlike him, as he doubted he would find any fair lady ' to bail, bail é him,' in like circumstances ; therefore, when the *Ca Sa* did issue, my return was, ' Not found.' He had gone from out my bailiwick. I have seen Gouvain often since. He is, doubtless, very happy with his bail. Indeed, he must be, as any one could not otherwise be who had been so fortunate as he was in having got rid so quickly and so opportunely of his rival in matrimonial speculations, and who, by reason of his imprisonment, had procured a rich wife at so cheap a cost, by her becoming ' Special Bail ' in the action *Besançon vs. Gouvain*.

S U M M E R - N I G H T R A I N .

How soft the rain comes down to-night
Upon the grassy fields!
The rose assumes a hue more bright,
And sweeter fragrance yields.

The sweet-briar opes her crimson rings,
The pink her richest bell ;
The morning bee will lade his wings
From many a honied cell.

The old wood waves its freshened leaves
Beneath the faint moon-beam ;
The spider from the hawthorn weaves
His web across the stream.

Silence, save the ceaseless rain,
And cascade's dash afar ;
Darkness, save the feeble moon,
And feebler glimmering star.

The rain comes softly down to-night ;
Half-slumber o'er me reigns ;
How sweet the pattering on the roof,
And on the window-panes !

S P R I N G - T I M E .

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

THE sovereign Sun unbars the icy gates
 To let the Spring with all her train come in;
 But timidly the bashful maiden waits,
 Or flees afrighted from the stormy din
 And elemental strife. While she doth stand
 In hesitance, the soft, warm southern breeze
 Steals from the isles of lime and orange trees,
 And blithely Spring trips o'er the smiling land.
 Hurrah! the buds grow big;
 They burst their swaddling-bands;
 The spiral sprout
 Is shooting out,
 And grass is creeping o'er the meadow-lands.
 Hurrah! ten thousand rills
 Are hurrying down the hills;
 And, sparkling as they run,
 They symbolize the boy
 So over-full of joy
 His very eyes are scintillating fun.
 Hurrah! a fly, a real fly!
 With legs so slim and will so strong,
 So impudent and sly,
 So busily idle all day long;
 Where didst thou hide, the freezing winter through?
 Hadst thou a cosy cell
 Where thou didst dwell
 When the snows fell
 And the north winds blew?
 Ah! have a care, gay chap!
 For many a snare,
 In earth and air,
 Is hidden in a silken trap.

How genial is the ray
 Of this luxurious day,
 That vivifies the bosom like a thought
 Of other days with melting memories rare:
 The young-life days that seem
 But a delicious dream
 That flitted o'er a brain whose vision
 Peered upon a scene elysian,
 Too unreal for a world
 By manhood into chaos hurled.
 A tear! why, sure, there's still
 A living rill
 Beneath the rubbish piled upon the heart
 That bubbles up
 And yields a cup
 Of healing for a bosom smart.

Let's forth, my friend, and wander slow
 Over the fields of tender green,
 Where, as we go,

The earlier flowers are seen,
 With bluish eyes,
 Up-peering to the skies,
 Like childhood looking up to God
 From bended knees.
 How fragrant is this soil,
 Where no o'ershading trees
 Prevent the blessing of the sun
 From coming down,
 With odorous plants to crown
 The lea that erst was desolate and dun :

Companion mine!
 Thou of the musing race,
 Seest thou the beams that round us shine
 Of HEAVEN'S premeditated grace?
 Oh! speak! for thou'rt a master in the speech
 That to the soul's remotest depths can reach;
 A place there is within thy poet heart
 Where heavenly thoughts like holy angels bide;
 Thou drawest at times the hiding veil aside,
 And from its home thou causest to depart
 A living verse to go abroad, and be
 A missionary of good to our humanity;
 So speak thou now in this love-moving hour.
 When new-born Nature wakes in mystic power.

Ah! silent still! I see! I see!
 I find a key
 That opes to me
 The mystery
 Of thy deep silence now: I see
 The cloud that hangs above thy joy:
 Thy memory rests on thy angelic boy
 Who held thy hand when on thy evening walk,
 And by his little talk
 Beguiled thee so
 That life without him seemed an utter wo:
 Thy lamb is safely gathered in the fold,
 The fold eternal, in the better land;
 His hand is in the gentle SHEPHERD'S hand
 And by HIS side he walks, as once of old
 He walked with thee along this beauteous earth.
 His eye, that glistened with a sinless mirth,
 Is brighter now: his voice,
 The sweet resonance of the sweetest bell,
 Is sweeter now in its harmonious swell.
 In that grand hymn wherewith the blest rejoice.
 He cannot come to thee, but thou,
 When God shall change thy brow
 And make thy vision dim,
 Shalt go to HIM.
 What though we turn to clay?
 A spring-time resurrection-day,
 Remember, shall be thine
 And mine,
 And all who follow our dear LORD
 In this brief time:
 Immortal prime
 Is theirs who trust in HIS most holy word.

Let's homeward now: thy face again is bright;
 The spring-time shadows soon resolve in light.

A DAY ON A WESTERN RAILWAY

—
'SINGING through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail.'
—

HAVING occasion to journey by land and water in the wake of the 'Star of Empire,' not long since, I stepped into an omnibus, with my trunks rattling on in advance of us upon a dray, and was at last safely deposited at the dépôt. Having seen my baggage placed in the baggage car, and having received my check for the same, I hastened to the ticket office, and relieving my 'porte-monnaie' of a sum sufficient to insure my ultimate arrival at the termination of the road, provided, of course, no accident intervened to prevent, (in which case, I presume the *body* is at the owner's risk,) I sauntered leisurely along the platform, waiting impatiently the ringing of the last bell as the signal of our departure. Porters were shouting at the top of their lungs, and in their peculiar nasal twang, 'City Hotel baaggidge here unclaimed;' 'St. Charles *Ho*-tel omneebus jest gwaing up;' 'Any owner here for this 'ere ridicule, from the Waverley?' Apple-women and news-boys, venders of cheap publications, James's last novel, and books in *yellow* covers, the which they thrust in your face every five moments with 'Have a book, sir?' '*only* two shillin's.' Here and there a group of German or Swiss emigrants are huddled together, preparatory to their exit from the city in one of the 'hyena trains,' on their way to their new homes, perhaps in Iowa or Minnesota. Their huge, iron-bound chests, brought from the Faderland, stand, with sundry other piles of merchandise, awaiting their removal to the freight cars.

But soon the great bell of the station tolls forth a warning peal, and as it reverberates through the building, the motley crowd hasten pell-mell to secure their seats, and some—for there always will be *some* loiterers—are just starting to see their baggage on board, or 'rushing in hot haste' to the window of the ticket-office. And now the engine-bell rings; the iron horse pants and puffs, as if struggling to free himself of the lengthy train to which he is bound; and the big drive-wheels are in motion. We move slowly from the dark and smoky dépôt; our speed increases, and anon we are in the open air, and leaving the dust and dirt of the city behind us.

Now we enter a long tract of heavy-timbered wood-land. Tall trees, the hickory, beach, and maple, spread their green branches above us, shutting out the sunbeams, while a delightful breeze, redolent of flowers and green-wood perfumes, comes in at the open windows.

Who has not read Saxe's 'Rhyme of the Rail'? It is perfect in its way, and the very metre is in keeping with the puff of the engine. I always think of it when 'riding on a rail,' and involuntarily the verses

fall in and keep time with the monotonous noise of both engine and cars.

And now that we are fairly on our way, let us divine some method to pass away the sing-song hours incident to a railway ride. Our fellow-passengers have each their own peculiar way of amusing themselves, and why should not we? One is reading the morning paper, another a shilling novel; another is satisfying (or endeavoring to do so) the demands of an appetite, not surfeited by a hasty breakfast at a second-class hotel. One burly old gentleman, a very Falstaff in his personal appearance, is nodding over some little volume in very fine print, though it is still so early in the day. He came up on the last evening's boat, and slept not a wink, for the violence of the storm and the attacks of his '*fellow-passengers*' in the same berth.

'Now he snores amain,
Like the seven sleepers.'

A sudden jerk in the motion of the cars awakens him partly, and he resumes his reading, but in another moment is again 'locked in the arms of Morpheus.'

Here, just in front of us, a little group of gentlemen are busily discussing the prospects of 'Scott stock;' there another party are as eagerly engaged upon those of the opposing candidate. Behind us an inveterate old joker is telling a variety of anecdotes to his companion, and, from the frequent bursts of merriment, they seem to be remarkably well pleased with each other. Opposite us two honest-looking farmers, greatly interested in the wheat crop, are commenting upon its appearance upon the farms through which we pass, while behind them their wives are chatting upon their respective household matters at home—the one giving her experience in the art of poultry raising, and the number of eggs her hens have produced thus far the present season; the other is discoursing upon her dairy, how many cows she has, and the quantity of rich, golden butter she has sent to market this summer. Just behind them, a young boarding-school miss languishes. She has just completed her education, and graduated from one of the most fashionable institutions for young ladies in the city of New-York. Her education has not extended to domestic duties, but consists in the superficial accomplishments which every young lady of the present day is expected to possess: a slight knowledge of French and Italian, a faint idea of piano-thumping, together with a few miserably-designed and worse-executed drawings, complete the catalogue of her attainments. She has, perhaps, had a few flirtations, and, in consequence, has had occasion to read some of the sentimental ballads in Byron's 'Hours of Idleness.' She sneers very scornfully at the conversation of the farmers' wives, and rolls up her eyes very tragically at their mention of milking the cows; sighs very often as if anxious to be delivered from the presence of such '*vulgar, horrid creatures*' as they. A city exquisite is closely scrutinizing the damsel from another quarter of the car, and leers and ogles her through his glass, then twirls his moustache and strokes his imperial with an air that expresses an intention to try his fascinations upon her. He flourishes a huge filled ring, in which is set a fiery cornelian, and sucks

the wiry head of his rattan very complacently, now and then jerking from his pocket a white cambric handkerchief, redolent of 'Patchouly' or 'West End.' There, in that remote corner of the car, as if shunning the observation of the crowd, sits a female clad in the deepest mourning. Sombre, indeed, are her habiliments; a black veil, so thick as to be almost impenetrable, conceals her features; but her figure, which is slightly bent, denotes that she is evidently past the meridian of life. She appears to be travelling alone. She holds no communication with any one, and does not raise her veil even when the conductor calls for her ticket. Instinctively, we ask ourselves what friend she has lost. We feel a secret compassion for her, sad and lone as she seems to be.

'HAD she a sister? had she a brother?
Or, was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?'

A few seats in front of her is a youth in the uniform of the United States, whom, from his dashing, military air, and the satisfactory look with which he regards his trappings, we take to be a recent graduate of West Point, just on a trip to visit some Western relatives, previous to his entrance upon the service of his country. By his side sits a 'fellow' wearing the livery of the '*Independent Order*' of B'hoys, decked out in a flashy coat with gilt buttons, a pair of inexpressibles of an enormous plaid pattern — so large, indeed, that there are but two horizontal and one perpendicular stripe in their whole extent. He also wears a very gaudy waistcoat, set off with a galvanised chain, large enough for cable to any North River sloop, and a quantity of seals 'thereunto appertaining and belonging:' and a white hat with a 'weed,' — the latter not as a badge of mourning for any relative, but merely as 'ornamental.'

'STRANGER on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny;
Now the smiles are thicker, |
Wonder what they mean;
Faith, he's got the KNICKER-
BOCKER Magazine.'

And then we have the 'woman with her baby.' There is always at least *one* baby on every train of cars, and more often *scores*. And the said baby never rode *all* of one day on a railway train without giving some examples of his vocal abilities.

On we go, rattling along at an incredible speed, through defiles and green valleys, over high bridges, with rushing streams far down below us, and thriving towns in the distance, with their neat, pretty cottages shaded with ancient elms and lindens. Here we pass a saw-mill, there a grist-mill, with its dusty windows and its doors, out of which the miller, covered with flour from head to foot, emerges to catch a glimpse of the train as it rushes past. Soon the whistle shrieks, and we slacken speed to approach a station. Presently we stop short; the conductor appears, calls the name of the place, and the passengers who are to leave us here make preparations accordingly, among whom are our

farmers and their wives, with the boarding-school miss, who, of course, is highly indignant that *they* should *presume* to stop at the same station.

Here comes a flood of urchins, barefoot and ragged, with baskets of fruit, shingles of molasses candy, cakes, and lemonade in dirty-looking pails; bundles of winter-green, 'only a penny a bunch,' which are thrust under your olfactories in rapid succession. More passengers make their appearance, and, perchance, you will recognize some familiar face. One often does in travelling.

But the bell rings, and people hasten to take their last kiss, and give the parting shake of the hand, and off again we go. Now we shoot through a tunnel under some long, rocky hill, and the cars make a terrible rumbling, *shocking* to weak nerves.

' Bless me ! this is pleasant
Riding on the rail !'

The day wears on. We stop at noon, for a half hour, to satisfy the demands of appetite; and there is a general rush to the dining-hall. Here we meet the down-train passengers, and, of course, there is a great crowd. Snatching a few mouthfuls, we hasten back to the car, fearful that our seat may be taken. Notwithstanding the precaution of leaving our carpet-bag upon the cushion, we find it has been removed, and the seat filled by an over-grown country boy, who seems to consider himself equally entitled to the right of it with ourselves. We politely state the fact of its previous occupancy, and wait a moment for him to vacate it; but he seems loth to abdicate. Finally, after some little remonstrance, he slowly uncoils his huge limbs, and reluctantly relinquishes it, at the same time giving us a look expressive of volumes.

Again the signal is given, and once more we move on. On, by waving fields of corn and wheat ready for the approaching harvest; on, by thrifty orchards, laden with fair rosy-looking apples; over swift little running brooks; now through a wood, now over a small prairie, on which are scattered here and there comfortable-looking farm-houses, at whose doors and windows blooming country maidens look out smilingly as we hurry past, and long for the privilege of a ride in the 'cars.'

Away through that little grove of oak-trees, do you see that church spire glistening in the red sun-light? It seems to be at least two miles distant—and—but there is the whistle of the engine, and here we are at the station of a very pretty village. We stop but a moment, and off we fly again; the spire fades just as quickly behind us, and in a moment more is out of sight. The sunbeams falling upon the crimson plush cushions of the car turn to a deeper orange, and then a red, as the sun sinks down the west. We are fast coming to the end of our day's ride. Look away on ahead, where that silver sheet of water stretches down beyond that distant piece of woods. The sun is just going down, and we could almost fancy that lake his resting-place. A fresh breeze springs up, and the cool evening air is delightfully refreshing to us, weary travellers. Deeper and deeper grows the twilight, and we have composed ourselves for a short nap; but anon are quickly roused by the whistle and the succeeding diminution of speed. Then there is a stop and a jar, and we spring suddenly to our feet. Passengers are all mov-

ing, with cloaks, overcoats, and satchels thrown over their arms; all are intent upon gaining the platform of the cars. Without, a crowd of hackmen, cabmen, carmen and runners are vociferating in an hundred different tones of voice, each for his separate hotel, steamboat, omnibus, or hack. The principal portion of the crowd disperses, and we select one of the omnibus drivers to take charge of our trunks; and stepping into his 'bus, we drive off to our hotel, and thus bid adieu for the time being to the railway train. And this ends our 'say.'

NEBOTA.

Ann-Arbor, (Mich.,) July, 1852.

A M E R I C A

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED' BY AN ADOPTED CITIZEN.

I.

UPON Atlantic wave,
COLUMBUS, wise and brave,
Saw night-clouds fleck the sky;
Hope and the sea were dark,
Restless his men and bark;
When, from the shrouds, a cry:
One little word was echoed by his band;
Heaven's word to the poor mariner — '*Land!*'

II.

The morning's light unfurled
A new, a glorious world —
World of that prophet's dream!
Fruits, at the very shore;
Flowers, where the eagles soar;
Bright wings in sun-light gleam:
He saw how all was good, for man was free;
The very mocking-bird cried, '*Liberty!*'

III.

More lovely now the land:
See! Labor's honest hand
Hath scattered seed afar;
And raised the fruit and corn,
Cities where arts are born,
And dread steam's fiery car.
While human joys, with all good things, increase,
And the day cries, and the night whispers, '*Peace!*'

IV.

Home of the busy brave!
Nobly thy banners wave
O'er million arms that now
Point to the battles won
Through GOD and WASHINGTON!
And beckon to the flow
Of wanderers who, like me, heart-grateful say:
'Hope of the world! Heaven bless *America!*'

C. E.

MY DUEL WITH CAPTAIN ELLIOTT.

‘My duel with Captain Elliott,’ said the Doctor, lighting a fresh cigar, ‘took place during the war with Mexico. But, before I proceed, I must give you a short account of my previous history.

‘Elliott and I had been rivals and enemies from our very boyhood. We were educated at the same public-school. Before I arrived, he was the pet, the hero, the Napoleon, so to speak, of the school; the leader alike in study, in sport, and in mischief. He was a proud, imperious, overbearing boy, though with many generous and endearing qualities; and, out of school, his will was law to the boys, as much as that of the teacher was in school.

‘When I arrived, however, being about his own age, and a lad of considerable spirit, I refused to submit to his authority; and there being many mal-contents in the school, who secretly disliked him, they one by one enrolled themselves under my standard, and we were thus divided into separate factions. Numberless were the pitched battles which we had, as well as the personal conflicts for supremacy; numberless the ‘bloody noses and cracked crowns;’ numberless the reprimands and even more tangible inflictions of the teachers. Elliott and I were, in fact, always at variance, always crossing each other, and agreeing in nothing except in hating each other cordially.

‘When we left school, he went to West Point, and I to the Medical College, and we lost sight of each other for some years. In due course of time, I commenced practising as a physician; but finding it did not pay very well, and being besides of a somewhat roving and adventurous disposition, I applied for and obtained the appointment of army-surgeon, and was immediately ordered to Fort —.

‘I had been there but a short time, when the Commandant, brave old Gurley, whom some of you doubtless remember, died of fever. An officer, of the name of Elliott, was appointed to succeed him; and you may judge of my mortification when I found it was my old enemy. Much as it galled my pride, I was obliged here to submit to his authority; but I did it, I assure you, with a very bad grace.

‘Elliott was essentially changed since I had last known him; the impetuous, overbearing boy had become a grave, quiet, reserved man, who could, if he chose, render himself a very agreeable companion, but who seldom took the trouble to do it. Many of the officers, however, and all the men, liked him very much; but, somehow, there seemed to be an impassable barrier fixed between him and me. I disliked his reserve, which I attributed to pride; and he complained of my boisterousness, as he was pleased to call it. He did, indeed, make some efforts to conciliate me at first, but seeing I repulsed them, he withdrew himself behind his entrenchments, and treated me ever after with a coldness absolutely freezing.

‘Things were in this state, when an uncle of Elliott’s, with his wife and daughter, stopped for a short time in the vicinity of the fort, on their way to Washington. The daughter, Miss Eveline, was a charming

young lady, and every unmarried man in the garrison immediately fell in love with her. It would weary you to enumerate the pic-nics, the water-parties, the drives, the balls that were given in honor of her. A good-humored rivalry prevailed among us for her preference; and bets were taken as to whether Davis, or Jones, or the Doctor, or the Commandant himself, had the best chance.

‘For myself, I was, I do think, seriously in love with the charming girl. To be sure she did not give me much encouragement, but I tried to encourage myself. I rode with her, walked with her, danced with her, and kept by her as much as I possibly could. I saw that Elliott scowled darker than ever upon me, but I did not care for that; in fact I was glad of an opportunity of giving him pain, and showing him that his dislike for me was not shared by all his connections.

‘On the evening before her intended departure, there had been a farewell ball. I had danced with her the whole evening, while Elliott, who did not dance at all that night, sat moodily conversing with her father. I was so fascinated with her, and so grieved at the thought of her leaving, that before I slept that night, I resolved to see her in the morning and make her a tender of my heart.

‘Accordingly, as early as decency permitted, I called, and was by the blundering servant shown at once into her presence, where an extraordinary scene presented itself. On a sofa in the room, her face buried in the cushions, her dress disordered, her beautiful hair, which curled naturally, ‘all in a tangle,’ and her attitude denoting the very prostration of despair, lay the charming girl I had parted from last night in the exuberance of youthful and light-hearted joy. On a table beside her, and on the floor, were scattered innumerable letters, and a portrait, a locket, a blue ribbon, and a withered rose, lay carelessly among them.

‘She rose on my entrance, and would have denied herself, but it was too late. Her eyes were bloodshot with weeping, and her fair cheeks swollen and discolored. I took her hand and with much solicitude inquired the cause of her sorrow. A fresh burst of grief was her only answer, and it was some time before she was sufficiently composed to give me an explanation.

‘It appeared that she had been for a long time engaged to her cousin Elliott; and that he had, in a fit of mad jealousy, returned her letters and tokens, and formally broken the engagement.

‘‘It was my fault,’ said she, sobbing, ‘all my fault. I did wrong to play with his noble nature.’

‘‘His noble nature!’ said I, bitterly; for, as you may suppose, I did not feel in the blandest of humors at the discovery I had just made.

‘‘Oh, Dr. C——,’ said she, ‘you do not know him. He is the best, the noblest of men; and I have lost him — lost him by my own mad folly.’ Here she fell into such a passion of weeping again, that I forgot my own disappointment in my solicitude for her. I suggested that perhaps an explanation could be made.

‘‘Impossible!’ said she. ‘It was my flirting with you, and Mr. Jones, and Mr. Davis, that offended him — and how could that be explained? I am sure it was not that I cared a cent for one of you,’ (fancy my feelings!) ‘but I am naturally fond of admiration. I have

tried to cure myself of it, but can not. Oh! Dr. C——, my heart is broken! Here — read his note.'

'She gave me a piece of paper, crumpled with her burning hand, and wet with her tears, on which I read as follows:

'MADAM: In returning you the letters and tokens, which I have had the honor to receive from you, I wish you to understand that the engagement between us is broken off, now and for ever. You are now at liberty to flirt with whom you please. I can not share a heart with twenty others.'

'Just like him!' said I, with bitterness, when I finished this laconic and sententious epistle; and was going to indulge in a philippic against him, but she checked me with such spirit, that I was fain to hold my peace. I then offered, for her sake, to go to Elliott, and endeavor to explain the matter.

'Alas!' said she, 'you cannot; he went off this morning before daylight, on a three months' furlough, leaving that cruel note and the packet of letters, to be delivered to me on awaking. He has gone, I presume, to New-Hampshire, where his friends reside.'

'Here we were interrupted by the entrance of Miss Eveline's mother; and I took my leave, quite cured of my love-fit, and very thankful that I had not subjected myself to the pain of a refusal.

'But I am spinning out my story too long.

'When Elliott returned from his furlough, he treated me with even greater coldness than before; in fact, we never spoke to each other at all, except when duty compelled us to do so. This made it so disagreeable to me, that I was on the point of applying for an exchange, when the war with Mexico broke out; we were ordered on active service, and private animosities were forgotten in our zeal against the common foe.

'Elliott and I continued on much the same terms, although, in spite of my dislike, I could not help admiring his bravery, his noble daring, his energy and presence of mind, and his fatherly care of the troops under his command. Still, however, the flame was smouldering in our bosoms, only waiting an opportunity to break out. At last the opportunity came.

'Elliott had been left in charge of a large number of sick and wounded, while the rest of the army pressed on toward the Halls of the Montezumas. I of course was there, with several assistants. We were encamped in a picturesque little hamlet, situated in a wild, romantic neighborhood; and the country being pretty quiet, we were in the habit of venturing some distance from the encampment, shooting, sketching, or perhaps flirting; for you know, our fellows did not extend to the Mexican señoritas the hostile feelings with which they regarded the men. For myself, I can not say that I admired them much; some of them were very pretty, to be sure, but that abominable habit they have of smoking cigaritos spoiled them in my eyes. I like a good cigar myself,' said the Doctor, relighting the one he held, which had gone out, 'but I don't like to see a woman smoking. I couldn't fancy Venus herself with a cigar in her mouth.

'Well, one morning I had sauntered forth, port-folio in hand, for the purpose of taking some sketches; and in the course of my wanderings came upon a pretty little dwelling by the side of a waterfall, in a

sweet, sequestered spot. On a mossy bench by the door sat a young girl of wonderful beauty, in a showy but picturesque dress, with a guitar in her hand, the sweet melody of which blended delightfully with the soft murmuring dash of the waterfall, and the gurgling of the little stream beyond it. It was a picture of surpassing beauty and loveliness, and I immediately sat down on a fallen tree to commit it to paper.

‘While thus employed, a man was observed approaching, whom I soon found was no other than Elliott himself. As he neared the cottage, the young girl, who had evidently been expecting him, threw down her guitar and ran eagerly to meet him. He sat down beside her on the bench ; when suddenly observing me, he started as if a serpent had stung him, and hastily approached me. He glared upon me with a look in which all the hatred that had been gathering for so many years seemed concentrated.

‘‘This is the second time, sir,’ said he, fiercely, ‘that you have crossed my path — it shall be the last time ! Follow me if you dare !’

‘‘If by ‘crossing your path,’ said I, ‘you mean an allusion to that young woman, I assure you I have not spoken to her, nor approached nearer to her than I am now.’

‘‘Must I call you coward ?’ said he ; ‘Will you follow me or not ?’

‘I threw down my drawing materials and followed him. He entered the chapparal, and led the way to a clear space near a running brook. Here he turned, and drew his sword. ‘Defend yourself!’ he exclaimed.

‘‘Captain Elliott,’ said I, ‘although I am not conscious of having injured you, I am ready to give you the satisfaction you demand. But had we not better return to the camp, obtain seconds, and conduct the affair in the regular manner ?’

‘‘No,’ said he, ‘I will not wait. I will hold no further parley with you. Defend yourself!’

‘Thus adjured, I drew my sword ; but had scarcely done so when something whizzed past me, a sharp report was heard, and with a wild cry Elliott fell at my feet. I looked for an instant behind me, and saw the dark countenances of half-a-dozen Mexicans as they prepared to reload their pieces, and then fled into the chapparal, ‘tarrying no longer question.’ On — on I sped ; this way and that way, through the tangled thicket, tripping my feet on long trailing vines, scratching my hands on thorns ; until, completely worn out, I climbed up a lofty tree and hid myself among its leafy branches. Here I remained for several hours, and heard my pursuers crashing amongst the under-wood, shouting, swearing, calling to each other ; but gradually the sounds died away, the chase seemed to be given up, and I was left alone in that wild, unbroken solitude.

‘The afternoon was far advanced when, driven partly by hunger, partly by the dread of passing the night in the chapparal, I ventured to descend from my leafy covert, where the mosquitoes had made a feast of me, and the monkeys had chattered at me with their strange, mocking gestures. By the aid of my pocket-compass, I found my way back to the clearing whence I had so suddenly departed. After carefully reconnoitring, to see that none of my Mexican friends were lingering

near — (to this day I suspect that young woman of having sent them after us) — I advanced to the spot where poor Elliott had fallen.

‘He was lying on his face in a pool of blood, his hands clutching the grass, his hair and uniform dabbled in blood, and his fine, manly form (he was one of the finest-looking fellows in the army) pierced with three or four ghastly wounds. ‘Ah! poor fellow! poor fellow!’ said I, as I stood and gazed upon him; for though I was rid of a mortal enemy, I could not help feeling sorry that so brave a soldier should thus perish like a dog, shot down by an unseen foe. ‘But, thank God!’ I ejaculated, with a thrill of indescribable pleasure, ‘thank God! I did not kill him!’

‘I had turned him over on his back, and as I thus stood moralising, I thought I perceived his bosom heave. I placed my hand upon his heart, and found that he still lived. As I knelt by him, uncertain what to do, he opened his half-glazed eyes, and I saw his parched lips try to form the word ‘Water!’ My first impulse was to run to the brook which flowed at a short distance; my next to stop short and consider. Should I restore to life the man who, a few minutes before, had been thirsting for my blood? who had hated me all his life? who had wronged me, slighted me, and even called me coward? No! I would leave him to the fate which his own rashness had provoked. I turned my back upon him; but suddenly, as if traced with a finger of fire, there were borne in upon my mind the words of Holy Writ: ‘If thine enemy hunger, give him food; if he thirst, give him drink.’ And fast upon them came that other Divine sentence: ‘Inasmuch as ye did it not unto these, ye did it *not* unto ME!’

‘I seized his cap and ran to the brook for water, with which I moistened his parched lips, and bathed his gory temples. Taking my case of instruments from my pocket, I then proceeded to probe his wounds. The Mexicans, I forgot to mention, had rifled him of his watch and other valuables; but, in tearing open his shirt, I found a small locket, suspended from his neck by a hair-chain, which had escaped their search. I opened it. It contained his mother’s portrait. (He was her only son, and she was a widow.) ‘Thank God!’ I again ejaculated; ‘that mother’s curse will not light on me.’

‘What to do with my patient, after having dressed his wounds, was what puzzled me. To remove him myself was impossible; to leave him there, exposed to wild beasts, and to the burning rays of the sun, after having partially restored him to life, seemed cruel however, I half but there was no alternative. Before leaving him, and unnatural; carried, half dragged him into the shade of a tree about a hundred yards distant. It would be impossible to describe my sensations when I found myself with my deadly enemy in my arms — the two hearts so lately boiling over with malice and revenge, and all the darkest passions of our nature, now throbbing peacefully against each other; his, poor fellow! with a motion so faint and low as to be scarcely perceptible.

‘Well, I hurried to the encampment for assistance, and soon had him conveyed thither in safety. For many weeks he lay, hovering between life and death; for the pain of his wounds, which were very severe, the

loss of blood, and the exposure to the sun, brought on brain-fever, and nothing but the most unremitting care and attention saved his life. He bore his sufferings with that noble endurance which is true heroism, and which, let me tell you, is a much rarer article than mere courage in the field. In fact, he displayed during his sickness so many admirable qualities, that it was a mystery to me how I could have mistaken his character so completely. Whether it was owing to this, or to my having done him a service, I cannot tell ; but insensibly the hatred all melted from my heart, and in its stead sprung up a feeling of strong regard for him. Curious, was n't it ?

‘ But whether this feeling was reciprocated or not, I knew not ; for, although his manner toward me was peculiarly soft and gentle, and his eyes would light up when I approached his couch, he remained as taciturn and reserved as ever, and never made any allusion to the subject of our quarrel. I felt a little piqued at his silence ; for I could not help thinking that my having saved him from a miserable death deserved at least a few words of acknowledgment. More than once he seemed on the point of broaching the subject ; but he appeared to be waiting for me to begin it, and I, of course, waited for him.

‘ At last, he was so far recovered that my professional services were no longer required. As I rose to take leave at my last visit, I signified as much to him, and added :

‘ ‘ Am I to understand, Captain Elliott, that we return to the same footing as we were on before ? ’

‘ ‘ The same footing ? God forbid ! ’ he exclaimed, with a sudden earnestness that surprised me.

‘ ‘ Because,’ continued I, ‘ if you wish to finish the quarrel so inopportunately interrupted, you will find me ready at any time.’

‘ ‘ Do you wish to renew that unhappy quarrel ? ’ asked he, an expression of deep disappointment overspreading his countenance.

‘ ‘ Who, I ? Most certainly not,’ said I : ‘ but you demanded satisfaction, Captain Elliott, and until that demand is withdrawn, I must, of course, hold myself in readiness to grant it.’

‘ ‘ I withdraw it now,’ said he, speaking very quick. ‘ I ask your pardon for my rash and injurious words. If that will not satisfy you, I will bare my bosom to your sword, but I will never,’ said he with emotion, ‘ raise my hand against the noble, the magnanimous preserver of my life ! ’ Those were his very words. After a pause, he added : ‘ Dr. C ———, we have all our lives misunderstood each other — believe me, had I known your worth sooner, I would have acknowledged it. We have been enemies long enough — let us now be friends. Will you try to overlook what is past ? Will you be my friend ? ’

‘ ‘ My dear Captain Elliott ! ’ cried I, deeply touched by this generous speech, ‘ I *am* your friend. Since I carried you in my arms in that lonely glade of the chapparal, I have become so much attached to you that I would as soon shoot my own brother as lift a finger against you.’

‘ I held out my hand to him, but he threw himself on my breast, and burst into tears, for his nerves were weak with his recent illness.

‘ There was no more coldness after that, no more reserve — all was open and above-board between us ; and I am proud to say that the

more we unfolded our hearts to each other, the more highly did we esteem each other.

‘I had the happiness afterward of reconciling him to his fair cousin, to whom he was still fondly attached, (notwithstanding the little episode of the señorita ;) and,

‘‘ When wild war’s deadly blast was blown,
And gentle peace returning,’

I ‘assisted,’ as the French say, at their wedding, which took place in New-Orleans. The very day after that interesting event, I was seized with yellow fever; and Elliott and his new-made wife spent their honeymoon at my bed-side — the truest, faithfulest, most devoted friends that ever a man had in this world!

‘And that,’ said the Doctor, throwing the end of his cigar into the fire, ‘was the upshot of my duel with Captain Elliott.’

L U N A C I E S .

THE moon is up; the stars have all retired,
As if they feared to break the solitude
Of their calm-loving Queen. One fleecy cloud
Has left the courtier-train that serves the sun,
And put its robe of glory off, to bathe
In the full, o’erflowing fountain of her light,
And strengthen for its journey. A quiet
Rests down upon the earth from the great void,
And soothes its day-time restlessness, and stills
The feverish throbbings of its pulse, as if
The GREAT PHYSICIAN laid his hand upon it.
No sound is heard, save when some passing spirit
Lingers among the trees, and kindly stops,
To whisper, with a pleasing, mournful voice,
Its sorrow for our fearful doom of care,
And the great joy of calm. All doubt, and fear,
Ambition, and the eagerness of hope,
The phantoms that the sun-light conjures up,
To weary us of life, have fled away
From the calm presence of this holy eve.
In such an hour as this, GOD stoops to us
From the deep sky, and kindly makes us feel
How great this soul of ours, how greater far
Than all the littleness of passion.

If we might always breathe this quiet air!
If we could fill the chambers of the soul
With this great calmness, and shut fast the doors,
And give no heed to the loud-knocking cares
That claim admittance with the dawning light!

Alas! that we must let our angels go!
That this half-hour of heavenly whispering
Should be a lotus-island in our way,
Where we can only rest a single night!
The doom of toil is on us, and the hours
That usher in the day will bring again
The burden and the staff, and we must march,
Until our weary feet shall reach the land,
The shadowy, silent land, where life is rest.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE HIVE OF THE BEE-HUNTER. By THOMAS B. THORPE, *pseudonom* 'TOM OWEN, the Bee-Hunter.' In one volume. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE reading public, especially of the west and south, have become familiar with the writings of the author of this very pleasant volume. His characteristics are great clearness and simplicity of style, close observation of nature and character, and a certain dry humor of description, which is especially captivating. His sketch of 'TOM OWEN, the Bee-Hunter' is an excellent illustration of his felicity in this regard; and his picture of 'Wild Turkey-Shooting' is another 'case in point.' We can see, what is the fact, that the writer is an artist, and that in writing, as in painting, a picture is always before him. Observe the following admirable description of the habits of the wild turkey. The way he looks out for himself is 'a caution:'

'WE once knew an Indian, celebrated for all wood craft, who made a comfortable living by supplying a frontier town with game. Often did he greet the villagers with loads of venison, with grouse, with bear, but seldom, indeed, did he offer the esteemed turkey for sale. Upon being reproached for his seeming incapacity to kill the turkey, by those who desired the bird, he defended himself as follows:

'Me meet moose; he stop to eat, me shoot him. Me meet bear; he climb a tree — no see Indian; me shoot him. Me meet deer; he look up — say may be Indian, may be stump — and me shoot him. Me see turkey great way off; he look up and say, Indian coming, sure; me no shoot turkey; he cunning too much.'

'I rather think,' said a turkey-hunter, 'if you want to find a thing *very cunning*, you need not go to the fox or such varmints, but take a gobbler. I once hunted regular after the same one for three years, and never saw him twice.

'I knew the critter's 'yelp' as well as I knew Music's, my old deer-dog; and his track was as plain to me as the trail of a log hauled through a dusty road.

'I hunted the gobbler always in the same 'range,' and about the same 'scratchins,' and he got so, at last, that when I 'called,' he would run from me, *taking the opposite direction to my own foot-tracks*.

'Now, the old rascal kept a great deal on a ridge, at the end of which, where it lost itself in the swamp, was a hollow cypress tree. Determined to outwit him, I put on my shoes, *heels foremost*, walked leisurely down the ridge, and got into the hollow tree, and gave a 'call,' and boys,' said the speaker, exultingly, 'it would have done you good to see that turkey coming toward me on a trot, looking at my tracks, and thinking I had *gone the other way*.'

'They seem incapable of being deceived, and taking every thing strange, as possessed to them of danger — whether it be a moth out of season, or a veteran hunter — they

appear to common or uncommon observers annihilated from the country, were it not for their foot-prints occasionally to be seen in the soft soil beside the running stream, or in the light dust in the beaten road.

'A veteran gobbler, used to all the tricks of the hunter's art; one who has had his wattles cut with shot; against whose well-defended breast had struck the spent ball of the rifle; one who, although almost starved, would walk by the treasures of grain in the 'trap' and 'pen;' a gobbler who will listen to the plaintive note of the female until he has tried its quavers, its length, its repetitions, by every rule nature has given him; and then perhaps not answer, except in a smothered voice, for fear of being deceived; such a turkey will W — select to break a lance with, and, in spite of the chances against him, win.

'The turkey-hunter, armed with his 'call,' starts into the forest; he bears upon his shoulder the trusty gun. He is either informed of the presence of turkeys, and has a particular place or bird in view, or he makes his way cautiously along the banks of some running stream; his progress is slow and silent; it may be that he unexpectedly hears a noise, sounding like distant thunder; he then knows that he is in close proximity of the game, and that he has disturbed it to flight. When such is the case, his work is comparatively done.

'We will, for illustration, select a more difficult hunt. The day wears toward noon; the patient hunter has met no 'sign,' when suddenly a slight noise is heard, not unlike, to unpracticed ears, a thousand other wood-land sounds; the hunter listens; again the sound is heard, as if a pebble dropped into the bosom of a little lake. It may be that woodpecker, who, desisting from his labors, has opened his bill to yawn; or, perchance, yonder little bird so industriously scratching among the dead leaves of that young holly. Again, precisely the same sound is heard; yonder, high in the heavens, is a solitary hawk, winging its way over the forests, its rude scream etherealized, might come down to our ears, in just such a sound as made the turkey-hunter listen; again the same note; now more distinct. The quick ear of the hunter is satisfied; stealthily he intrenches himself behind a fallen tree, a few green twigs are placed before him, from among which protrudes the muzzle of his deadly weapon.

'Thus prepared, he takes his 'call,' and gives one solitary '*cluck*,' so exquisitely that it chimes in with the running brook and the rustling leaf.

'It may be, that a half a mile off, if the place be favorable for conveying sound, is feeding a 'gobbler;' prompted by his nature, as he quickly scratches up the herbage that conceals his food, he gives utterance to the sounds that first attracted the hunter's attention.

'Poor bird! he is bent on filling his crop; his feelings are listless, common-place; his wings are awry; the plumage on his breast seems soiled with rain; his wattles are contracted and pale — look! he starts! — every feather is instantly in its place; he raises his delicate game-looking head full four feet from the ground, and listens; what an eye; what a stride is suggested by that lifted foot! gradually the head sinks; again the bright plumage grows dim, and with a low *cluck*, he resumes his search for food.

'The treasures of the American forest are before him; the choice pecan-nut is neglected for that immense 'grub-worm' that rolls down the decayed stump, too large to crawl; now that grasshopper is nabbed; presently a hill of ants presents itself, and the bird leans over it, and, with wondering curiosity, peering down the tiny hole of its entrance, out of which are issuing the industrious insects.

'Again that *cluck* greets his ear; up rises the head with lightning swiftness; the bird starts forward a pace or two, looks around in wonder, and answers back.

'No sound is heard but the falling acorn; and it fairly echoes, as it rattles from limb to limb, and dashes off to the ground.

'The bird is uneasy; he picks pettishly, smooths down his feathers, elevates his head slowly, and then brings it to the earth; raises his wings as if for flight, jumps upon the limb of a fallen tree, looks about, settles down finally into a brown study, and evidently commences thinking.

'An hour may have elapsed; he has resolved the matter over; his imagination has become inflamed; he has heard just enough to *wish to hear more*; he is satisfied that no turkey-hunter uttered the sounds that reached his ear, for they were *too few and far between*; and then there rises up in his mind some disconsolate mistress, and he gallantly flies down from his low perch, gives his body a swaggering motion, and utters a distinct and prolonged *cluck*, significant of both surprise and joy.

'On the instant, the dead twigs near by crack beneath a heavy tread, and he starts off under the impression that he is caught; but the meanderings of some ruminating cow inform him of his mistake. Composing himself, he listens; ten minutes since he challenged, when a low *cluck* in the distance reaches his ears.

'Now, our gobbler is an old bird, and has several times, as if by a miracle, escaped from harm with his life; he has grown very cunning indeed.

'He will not roost two successive nights upon the same tree, so that day-light never exposes him to the hunter, who has hidden himself away in the night to kill him in the morning's dawn.

'He never gobbles without running a short distance at least, as if alarmed at the noise he makes himself; he presumes every thing is suspicious and dangerous, and his experience has heightened the instinct.

'Twice, when young, was he coaxed within gun-shot, but got clear by some fault of the percussion-caps; after that, he was fooled by an idle school-boy, who was a kind of ventriloquist, and would have been slain had not the urchin over-loaded his gun.

'Three times did he come near being killed by heedlessly wandering with his thoughtless play-fellows.

'Once he was caught in a 'pen,' and got out by an over-looked hole in its top.

'Three feathers of last year's 'fan,' decayed under the weight of a spring-trap.

'All this experience has made him a 'deep' bird; and he will sit and plume himself, when common hunters are tooting away, but never so wisely as to deceive him twice. They all reveal themselves by over-stepping the modesty of nature, and *woo him too much*; his loves are far more coy, far less intrusive.

'Poor bird! he does not know that W — is spreading his snare for him, and is even then so sure of his victim as to be revolving in his mind whether his goodly carcass should be a present to a newly-married friend, or be served up, in savory fumes, from his own bachelor but hospitable board.'

It was the fate of that unlucky gobbler to follow hundreds of his predecessors; and as to 'how it was done,' the reader will learn by perusing the delightful description in the volume before us, which we cordially commend to their perusal.

THE APOCALYPSE UNVEILED: The Day of Judgment, the Resurrection, and the Millennium, presented in a New Light. The Repossession of Palestine by the Jews, and their Conversion to CHRIST as their MESSIAH. In two volumes. New-York: E. FRENCH, 12 Bible House.

To the common reader of the Scriptures, the Revelations is almost entirely a sealed book, and but few among the orthodox commentators have arrived at any thing like unanimity in their expositions. SWEDENBORG, who claims to have been admitted into the world of spirits while yet in this life, has written an explanation, in five large volumes, which we have never had the leisure to read. We know many good men, however, who believe his claims to be well-founded, and who receive his explanations as 'law and gospel.'

'*The Apocalypse Unveiled*' appears anonymously: the writer is unknown to us, and the work would probably have passed without our notice, if our attention had not been called to it by a friend. We have read the work, and without imbibing the author's views, have been interested by it. The illustration of prophecy in the history of the world since the introduction of Christianity, strikes the mind of the reader with a peculiar force. The author believes the 'Last Judgment' to refer to a new dispensation, or epoch in Christendom. He believes in the conversion of the Jews, their return to Palestine, and in the personal reign of CHRIST on this earth, which he says is never to be destroyed by fire, but to be changed or purified, so as to be a proper abode for the REDEEMER, and all the pure and the holy.

It is not our province to pass judgment on a work like this, and we shall not, therefore, attempt any criticism of it. Our object is merely to call attention to the book. No one can read it without being deeply interested, and often startled by the conclusions of the writer, who marches up to them without seeming in the least to fear what any one may say of them.

THE UNITED STATES' GRINNELL EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN. A PERSONAL NARRATIVE. By ELLIHA KENT KANE, M.D., United States Navy. In one volume: pp. 551. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MR. HENRY GRINNELL, a retired merchant of the city of New-York, the noble liberality of whose warm and generous heart is only equalled by its attendant modesty, in the expedition of which the volume before us is a faithful record, has 'linked his honored name to future time.' And a most exposition of the character and incidents of the benevolent enterprise has Dr. KANE given to the public; a work profuse in graphic pictorial illustrations, which enable the reader to follow, with the eye, the course of the voyagers, as he can scarcely fail to do also, when no illustrations are given, beyond the clear limnings of the writer, whose style is a model of perspicuous, simple English. The work has all the interest of a romance. We could not lay it aside, for half an hour at a time, until we had read every word of it, to the last page of the text. While we write, the indefatigable author is in the cold Arctic seas, commanding another expedition, fitted out a second time by the ever-open hand of Mr. GRINNELL. May the generous liberality of the one, and the noble daring of the other, meet with the reward which they deserve! In the absence of extracts, of which we indicated so many as we read, that the 'embarrassment of riches' prevented a selection, we give the following clear and interesting synopsis of the work, from the able hand of the editor of the '*New-York Daily Times*:'

'THE Expedition consisted of two small brigs, the *Adriatic*, of one hundred and forty-four tons, and the *Rioux*, of ninety, completely fitted out by the munificence of the New-York merchant from whom the enterprise takes its name. It set sail from New-York on the twenty-second of May, 1850. Ten days before, while bathing in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, Dr. KANE received an order to join the Expedition. In a week, the overland journey of one thousand three hundred miles to New-York was accomplished; a part of a day was spent here in making a few necessary preparations for the voyage; and in two days more, the vessels were beyond the boundary of the United States. A month brought them to the shores of Greenland, along which they coasted in order to gain the open water lying north of the great ice-pack in Lancaster Sound, their immediate object being to reach the waters which open into BAYLYN'S Bay from the northwest. In passing the 'Devil's Nip,' as the whalers call the mouth of MELVILLE Bay, they were caught in the ice, and five weeks of precious time, when hours were of the utmost importance to the success of the Expedition, were spent in gaining a distance of three hundred miles.

'At last, making their escape from the ice-pack, they made their way westward into BARROW'S Strait, and reached the opening of WELLINGTON Channel, running northward an unknown distance, up which it was supposed the objects of their search had passed. This conjecture proved to have been well-founded; for just at the mouth of the Channel they found remains showing that the veteran navigator had wintered there four years before. Since that time, not the faintest traces of his fate have been discovered, and every day adds weight to the probability that no more tidings of him will ever come up from those icy seas. He had apparently sailed up the Channel so hastily as not to have had time to leave behind him the slightest record of his intended route. But the Searching Expedition vainly attempted to follow upon his supposed track. The Channel was closed by a barrier of ice as impassable to the vessels as the granite ranges which girdle a continent.

'The month of August had now passed, the brief arctic summer had come to an end, and winter was beginning to set in at an unusually early period. All hope of further prosecuting the search for that season was at an end, and it was decided to return to the United States. But this was soon put beyond their power. On the fourteenth of September, the vessels, with sails set, ceased to make their way through the ice which was rapidly forming around them. They were then in the midst of a large island of ice, and left to drift helplessly to and fro.

'Here commenced that marvellous drift, unparalleled in the history of polar navigation, lasting for nearly three quarters of a year. A strong south wind drove the ice, with its embedded vessels, far up that channel which they had just before vainly attempted to penetrate; then the constant southern current slowly bore them back. Thus, for two months, they drifted back and forth in WELLINGTON Channel. Then the drift took a settled direction, and slowly bore them eastward through BARROW'S Straits and LANCASTER Sound, into BAFFIN'S Bay. It was not until June was far advanced that the vessels were freed from their icy setting.

'A large portion of Dr. KANE'S Narrative is occupied with the description of the incidents and perils of this wonderful drift. It is told in the words of his journal, written on the spot and at the time of the occurrences, which are described with a vividness which no subsequent elaboration could have attained. During almost the whole period, they were in momentary peril of being crushed or overwhelmed by the huge masses of ice among which their own island was drifting. Sometimes they would encounter a field of ice moving in a contrary direction, great fragments from which, broken by the tempest, came tumbling along, heaping themselves high above the bulwarks of the vessel; summoning all hands out in the darkness to 'fight the ice.' Other portions would slide under the vessel, lifting them completely out of the water, with one end far above the other. At other times, the ice would bear down upon them in huge mountains, grinding its way through their own island, which was now their sole protector, with a force which nothing could resist, and in a direction which seemed to render escape impossible. On one occasion, a great mass forced its way directly upon the vessel's stern, which it approached so near that a man could scarcely pass between. One half-minute more of advance, and no human power could have saved the vessel and crew. Those few inches of distance were the sole thing that intervened between them and death. The space was not passed; the mass of ice was checked, and soon froze fast close upon their stern, where it remained for five months, a solemn memorial of their danger and their deliverance. Scenes of this kind were of perpetual occurrence; fresh dangers arose every hour; the crew were kept in constant training for abandoning the vessel at any moment and trusting themselves to the ice, in the almost desperate hope of reaching the shore over the floating masses. Four times, in the course of a single twenty-four hours, the author of the Narrative had his Journal secured in a canvas bag, ready to be flung over-board, in case they were obliged to betake themselves to the ice.

'All this, it must be borne in mind, took place during the unbroken night of an arctic winter. To the constant peril, and the perpetual infernal noise of the ice crushing, and grating, and bursting around, was added the horror of unbroken gloom. It was a perpetual twilight. For months, the nearest approach to day-light was a faint rosy streak just crowning the southern horizon. For eighty-six times four-and-twenty hours, the sun never once rose above the horizon. 'Never,' says Dr. KANE, in recording the joy caused by the reëpearance of the great luminary, 'never, until the grave-clod or the ice covers me, may I forego this blessing of blessings again!'

'For weeks after they were frozen fast, they were unable to make any adequate provision against the cold. It was not till the thermometer without had fallen to twenty degrees below zero, that they were able to set up stoves in the cabin; the only artificial heat in their power was derived from smoky lamps, which could raise the temperature only a little above the freezing point. The cold, however, was less insupportable than the constant dripping from every timber, produced by the condensation of the moisture of the atmosphere. At last, when the ice around them had become so solid as to afford something like security, such preparations for comfort as the case admitted, were made. The crews of both vessels were housed in the cabin of the *Advance*, the narrow limits of which became the home of thirty-three persons. Warmth was produced by three stoves; lamps supplied, as far as possible, the place of day-light, and aided in overcoming the cold. Need enough was there of their assistance, for the thermometer had now fallen to forty degrees below zero.

'The discomforts of so small a space, at once the cooking, eating, sleeping, lounging, smoking and dressing-room of so many persons, can easily be imagined. The monotonous way of life, the stifling atmosphere, the enforced want of due exercise, began to tell upon the spirits and health of the men. Their faces grew pale and livid, like those of corpses. They became moody and gloomy. They fancied they heard strange voices around them. One dreamed that he had wandered away on the ice, and had come back laden with water-melons; another had discovered Sir JOHN FRANKLIN in a beautiful valley filled with orange-groves. Then they grew strangely apathetic and careless. Their physical system shared in the depression. Old ulcers, healed long ago, and forgotten, burst out again; old wounds opened afresh; old bruises grew painful again. Dr. KANE, though himself a sufferer, brought all his art into requisition to heal the mental and bodily ills of the old salts among the crew. Some of his extra-professional remedies were equally amusing and effective; so effective, in fact, that of the entire crew not one was lost during the perilous voyage.

'When the vessels at length, after summer had set in, were freed from their icy

prison, they sailed for the Danish settlement in Greenland. The health and spirits of the crew were restored by a brief period of absence on solid ground; and it was resolved to make another attempt to prosecute the object of the expedition. Once more they turned their course to the North; and early in August, they were again braving the perils of the 'Devil's Nip,' where they had been beset the year before. But the ice was still more impracticable than they had then found it. In vain they attempted to force a passage through. The leads were all closed, and the transit across the bay was barred by a solid continent of ice. The season was every way more unpropitious than the preceding one had been; and at last it became evident that there was no hope of winning their way through the ice of LANCASTER Sound. Nothing remained but to return. With no small difficulty and peril they succeeded in making their way out of the 'Devil's Nip'; and set out on their homeward voyage. They reached New-York early in October, 1851; after an absence of eighteen months.'

It is worthy of mention, as an interesting fact, that this book, so creditable in all its externals to the taste and liberality of the publishers, was just ready for publication when the entire edition was destroyed at the fire which consumed their vast establishment. Fortunately, a copy in sheets had been stitched to be sent to Mr. GRINNELL, which had scarcely been gone an hour, when the flames burst out. A most lucky incident, especially for the reading public, who are thus early enabled to enjoy one of the most interesting and instructive volumes of the present year.

SCOTIA'S BARDS: Illustrated. In one volume, Royal Octavo: pp. 563. New-York: ROBERT CARTER AND BROTHERS. IRVING-House Building, Broadway.

PROFUSELY illustrated, exquisitely printed, and selected with great good taste and judgment, this stands before the public as one of the most elegant and desirable publications of the season. It 'does one's eyes good' to see such effusions in such a garb; and surely it could only have been a 'labor of love,' on the part of the editor and the publishers, that has given to us so charming a work. It is well remarked in the preface, that 'the stirring history of Scotland, her struggles for liberty, both civil and religious; her magnificent scenery; the simple manners of her people; their strength of domestic affection and social feeling, all afford ample themes for poetry. Hence, her poets have always excelled in lyrical composition; and no other country can show so large, so varied, or so charming a literature of song.' Selections are here made from thirty-six elder and modern Scottish poets of distinction, to which are added thirty-four 'Miscellaneous Pieces.' Many of the poems in the collection are new to us, and will be, we think, to the general American reader. Our limits compel us to a narrow selection: so that we confine ourselves to the lines on '*Scotland*,' by ROBERT CHAMBERS, of Edinburgh, which is illustrative of the truth of the remarks of the editor in the introduction to his work:

'SCOTSMEN are proverbial for a love of country, which neither time nor distance suffices to abate. 'Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder!' has been more than once the battle cry. No matter how far removed — whether in China or California; in the jungles of Bengal, or on the frozen heights of Labrador — their hearts yet fondly turn to the land of the Thistle and the Heather. They still glory in the achievements of a WALLACE and a BRUCE; a KNOX and a MELVILLE; and in the heroic sufferings of that long array

of martyrs, who testified to the truth with their blood. They are proud to be citizens of a land that has produced REID, and STEWART, and BROWN; BOSTON, ERSKINE, and CHALMERS; BURNS, CAMPBELL, and SCOTT; JAMES WATT, JAMES MACKINTOSH, and FRANCIS JEFFREY.'

'SCOTLAND! the land of all I love,
The land of all that love me;
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me.
Hail, country of the brave and good;
Hail, land of song and story;
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
Of ancient faith and glory!

'Like mother's bosom o'er her child,
The sky is glowing o'er me;
Like mother's ever-smiling face,
The land lies bright before me.
Land of my home, my father's land;
Land where my soul was nourished;
Land of anticipated joy,
And all by memory cherished!

'O Scotland! through thy wide domain
What hill, or vale, or river,
But in this fond enthusiast heart
Has found a place for ever?
Nay, hast thou but a glen or shaw,
To shelter farm or sheiling,
That is not fondly garnered up
Within its depths of feeling?

'Adown thy hills run countless rills,
With noisy, ceaseless motion;
Their waters join the rivers broad;
Those rivers join the ocean:
And many a sunny, flowery brae,
Where childhood plays and ponders,
Is freshened by the lightsome flood,
As wimping on it wanders.

'Within thy long-descending vales,
And on the lonely mountain,
How many wild spontaneous flowers
Hang o'er each flood and fountain!
The glowing furze, the 'bonny broom,'
The thistle, and the heather;
The blue-bell, and the gowan fair,
Which childhood likes to gather.

'Oh! for that pipe of silver sound,
On which the shepherd lover,
In ancient days, breathed out his soul,
Beneath the mountain's cover!
Oh! for that Great Lost Power of Song,
So soft and melancholy,
To make thy every hill and dale
Poetically holy!

'And not alone each hill and dale,
Fair as they are by nature,
But every town and tower of thine,
And every lesser feature;
For where is there the spot of earth
Within my contemplation,
But from some noble deed or thing
Has taken consecration!

'Scotland! the land of all I love,
The land of all that love me;
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me.
Hail, country of the brave and good;
Hail, land of song and story;
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
Of ancient faith and glory!'

We were sorry not to meet, in the selections from MOTHERWELL, his exquisite 'MARY MORRISON,' which we never yet could read without tears; and almost equally regretted not to find among TANNAHILL's pieces that beautiful poem in which he bids farewell, on leaving Scotland, to 'bonny Teviotdale, and Cheviot mountains blue,' and in which occur these expressive stanzas:

'FAREWELL! ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song;
Farewell, ye bonny braes and meads,
And fields I've loved so long!

'Home of our hearts! — our fathers' home!
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam,
That bears us far from thee!'

In the absence of this exquisite specimen of his verse, we present '*The Braes of Gleniffer*,' by the same author, which is replete with simple beauty, both of sentiment and natural description:

'KEEN blows the wind o'er the Braes o' Gleniffer;
The auld castle's turrets are covered wi' snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw:
The wild flowers o' simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree:
But far to the camp they hae marched my dear JOHNNIE,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

'Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and cheery,
 Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,
 And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
 The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
 And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my JOHNNIE —
 'Tis winter wi' them, and 't's winter wi' me.

'Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,
 And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae;
 While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
 That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and me.
 'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
 'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e,
 For, O gin I saw but my bonny Scotch callan,
 The dark days o' winter were simmer to me! '

Many a thought like this filled the hearts of the weeping women who lately stood in tears upon the quay at Liverpool, and saw their lovers and friends, marching amidst the cheers of the populace, to the steamers which were to convey them to unknown dangers in the approaching war with Russia. But we must pause; simply adding, that if we have any Scottish readers who have Scottish friends — and we know we *have* both *among* both — let them purchase, either for their own or *their* gratification the beautiful volume to which we have scarcely awarded justice.

'NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ' OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. With Portraits, Fac-Similes of Autographs, and Personal Memoirs. Edited by Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE. In five volumes. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD.

THE '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*,' which were the great feature in 'BLACKWOOD'S Magazine,' for nearly twenty years, have never been collected in England. An edition, in four volumes, was published in Philadelphia several years since, and has long been out of print. That edition, however, had no notes or illustrations. We perceive that J. S. REDFIELD, one of our most popular and successful publishers, has announced a new edition of the '*Noctes*,' under the supervision of, and annotated by, Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, of whose valuable labors in SHEIL'S '*Sketches of the Irish Bar*' we had occasion to speak favorably in our last number. This edition will be in five volumes; and beside fac-similes of autographs, and memoirs and portraits of the principal writers, (including WILSON, LOCKHART, HOGG, and MAGINN,) it will be prefaced by a history of the rise and progress of 'BLACKWOOD'S Magazine,' notices of the leading contributors, a great number of notes, (biographical, anecdotal, literary, and political,) and the celebrated articles called '*The Contributors in the Tent*,' in which the leading interlocutors in 'The *Noctes*' were introduced, two years before the '*Noctes*' were commenced, and which have never before been published in this country. For richness and variety of matter, and for the wonderful naturalness and poetry of its style, the '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*' have rarely been excelled; and we shall look with 'great expectations' for the editor's notes.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SOUTHEY ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF 'THE DOCTOR.'—We have received the ensuing interesting communication from our old friend and correspondent, Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, editor of SHIEL'S *'Sketches of the Irish Bar,'* noticed at length in our last number. Few men of the present day can boast of so intimate an acquaintance with eminent men of letters in Europe as Dr. MACKENZIE. His collection of autographs (including one of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, in perfect preservation) is very rare and extensive:

'My personal acquaintance with the late ROBERT SOUTHEY commenced in 1836, and was closely and familiarly continued during the following four years, or until he was visited with the mental darkness which was only dissipated by his death, in 1843. At the request of the Rev. C. C. SOUTHEY, his son and biographer, I have already recorded my recollections of the poet-laureate, which are inserted in the Memoir, published by LONGMANS, of London, in 1849-50, and re-published by the HARPERS, of New-York. A great many letters passed between SOUTHEY and myself. A few of them I allowed to be published in the Memoir, by his son, but the greater portion have not yet been printed. Turning them over a few days ago, I came across one which appears likely to interest the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, inasmuch as it touches upon a curious point in literary history, and was elicited by a critical article in that periodical.

'SOUTHEY took a great interest in American literature, and very strongly expressed his regret, when first I met him, (which was in company with WORDSWORTH and Dr. LINGARD, the historian,) that he had been unable to persuade GIFFORD to adopt a more just and gentle tone of criticism in the Quarterly Review toward American writers. In a letter, dated October thirteen, 1837, SOUTHEY wrote to me as follows:

' 'THE state of American literature is indeed singularly curious. I could have had no notion of it but for your letters, and the samples which you have so kindly supplied me with. They interest me much, as the products of a state of society unlike that of any former age, or of any other country; and when you have more to spare I shall be thankful for them.

some and unsatisfactory dinners. The temperance of the French is almost proverbial. Still greater are the social benefits resulting from our art. For how much ill-temper, hatred, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness are the cooks of the Great Republic accountable! I am sure that the good folks who like to vent their spite upon us absentees would be in better humor if they had better dinners. What has increased the profusion and waste of our entertainments till fashionable society has degenerated into a mere round of showy restaurant dinners and suppers? what more than the impossibility of giving quiet little dinners and suppers from one's own kitchen? How many Gothamites would dare ask a friend to take pot-luck with them at an hour's notice, and how many friends would dare to accept such an invitation? Here it is nothing uncommon, which is enough to account for *society being more sociable*.

'What,' says some indignant moralist, 'do you mean to hold up French society as a pattern to us virtuous republicans?'

'By no means, my friend, not as a general rule; only in this particular. But if any man seriously thinks that the immorality of the French is owing to their knowing how to cook good dinners, and eat them when cooked, why then, in the words of THUCYDIDES, 'I felicitate him on his simplicity, but do not commend his cleverness.' You might with as much reason attribute it to their temperance. A certain amount of physiological case might be made out for that paradox. A more plausible objection may be started. I may be reminded that the English, who are the greatest people in the world, excepting, of course, the Americans, and the finest and healthiest-looking people in the world, not excepting even the Americans, are far behind several European nations in all arts pertaining to cookery. The objection looks formidable. But let us 'discriminate the difference,' as a logical friend of mine used to say before entering into any discussion. Let us look at the question from all its points of view. The English are gross and careless feeders just as they are capacious and indiscriminate drinkers. Their moist climate and *the great quantity of open-air exercise they take*, enable them to consume, without injury, a great amount of heavy viands and strong potables. But the diet that an Englishman can thrive on in his own country, would be ruinous to an American, or even to an Englishman in America. The liquids which the former can imbibe like water would set the latter on fire; the solids which nourish the one would *indigest* (to coin a Gallicism) the other. It is very doubtful if our climate *allows* as much exercise as that of England, and quite certain that it does not *encourage* as much. Our people, therefore, require a better system of cookery than the English. All the refinements of the table, it is said, are mere creatures of an artificial state of society. Very true; so are all refinements and improvements in dress, in domestic architecture, in all the comforts of material civilization as distinguished from intellectual cultivation. Is that a reason for despising them? A celebrated novelist has drawn an amusing picture of ADAM and EVE's perplexity and discomfort when transported to a well-spread modern dinner-table; but would they not be equally perplexed at any tailor's or dress-maker's, or, for that matter, inside of any modern house? If the example of our first parents is a precedent for going back to a fruit and cold-water diet, it will equally justify us in adopting their very primitive toilette, or in 'camping out' instead of sleeping on comfortable beds under a weather-tight roof.

'No doubt there is a certain amount of fashion and custom in table-æsthetics, as there is in almost every thing, from crime to mathematics; and these fashions and customs change from time to time. In DEAN SWIFT's day (as we learn from his *Polite Conversation*) the English used to eat soup in the middle of the dinner, which moves THACKERAY's wonder exceedingly. 'What sort of society could it have been?' he asks with natural astonishment. And yet fish, which, according to THACKERAY's countrymen and ours, comes the very next to soup, has not yet had its place perfectly defined on continental tables. The French used to eat it after the *entrées* and just before the roast, although most of them have now adopted the Anglo-Saxon order. But perhaps THACKERAY would be somewhat surprised if he were told that in a part of his own county, at the present day, soup is eaten after meat, namely, at the Pensioner's table of Trinity College, Cambridge, where probably THACKERAY ate it so himself in his undergraduate

days. The reason assigned to me for this practice was, that the meat being put upon the table at the beginning of dinner would grow cold if not eaten first, while the soup, being an extra, might be ordered hot from the kitchen at any stage of the repast. It is not every custom that can give so good a reason for itself.

‘But THACKERAY was right in his question. It is strictly philosophical to begin a dinner with soup, as it obviates the necessity for drinking, which many, perhaps most persons, feel at the commencement of a meal. The preliminary whet of oysters, like the *chasse* after the coffee, must be considered an over-refinement of luxury only suited to great occasions, and not to the dinner of every-day life.

‘And similarly, I believe that most of the rules of a scientific and æsthetic dinner may be explained and defended as *bona in se*, and not arising from any caprice of fashion. Thus, to take a fundamental principle — the division into courses — eating one thing at a time instead of every thing in a heap — does it not commend itself to the educated man’s finer feelings instinctively? There is much barbarism anent this matter in our country; not merely in the frontier regions of it, either. One of my first experiences in New-England, when a lad of sixteen, was dining out, and having seven kinds of meat and vegetables clapped upon my plate at once. Probably my hosts thought it rather a proof of their civilization. I recollect once talking to the ‘gentleman’ who interpreted for some travelling Indian chiefs. He said that these sons of the forest had many habits different from those of civilized people; for instance, they only took one kind of food on their plate at once when dining. Poor man! he little guessed that his barbarous charges resembled, in this respect, the most refined inhabitants of the French capital, who would have put *him* down for any thing but a civilized man if they had seen him eat.

‘For my part, I thoroughly believe that the dinner-cooking and dinner-giving arts have arrived at a state much nearer the perfection of reason and common-sense than many other arts of modern society; much nearer than that of dress, for instance. What, I wonder, will some future and wiser generation think of our ladies’ low-necked ball-dresses, whether as regards decency, comfort, or symmetry? What of the street-sweeping skirts? What will it think of that acme of inaptitudes, the common, domestic masculine hat? You may hear men wishing to live to or through some great epoch till the next French Revolution but three; or till MACAULAY has finished his history, or till the conversion of the South-Sea Islanders. I should like to live to see the conversion of the civilized world — from the absurdity of the present civilized hat.

‘Some of the varieties in the table-æsthetics of different countries may be easily accounted for by the different capacities and temperaments of nations. Thus, the genial Anglo-Saxon custom of post-prandial *sederunts* would be perilous to the Gaul, who is so light-headed as to be unequal to combining the usual consumption of wine on such occasions with the equilibrium necessary for the drawing-room afterward. So, too, in the distribution of wines during dinner. Anglo-Saxons begin with champagne after the soup, or at latest after the fish, reserving the claret for the close of the banquet; in France it is not uncommon to drink the best Bordeaux in the earlier stages of the dinner, and only open a bottle of champagne just before the dessert. Each custom is in accordance with the character of the people that follows it. The Anglo-Saxon, grave and phlegmatic, is excited to a proper spirit and liveliness by the early introduction of the champagne, which would make the Frenchman *too* gay before the close of the dinner; *he* goes on upon his own natural spirits and the quieter red wines, till, when tired of talking and eating, a glass or two of the sparkling beverage winds him up and sets him going again.

‘One thing I never could account for — the German habit of eating sweet puddings *before* the roast. Most dietetic barbarisms can be explained. When the Down-Easter or Backwoods-man heaps from six to sixteen different viands on his plate at once, it exemplifies his promiscuous acquisitiveness and indiscriminating haste. But the German mind is orderly and logical; how could it have admitted the solecism of the misplaced puddings?

‘Although self-debarred at the outset from dwelling on the economic side of the sub-

THEHO, . . .	THEODORE HOOK.
HENECO, . . .	HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE.
THOJAMA, . . .	THOMAS JAMES MATTHIAS.
JOHOFEE, . . .	JOHN HOOKHAM FREER.
WALA, . . .	WALTER LANDOR.
VENARCHLY, . . .	VENERABLE ARCHDEACON LYELL.
VEREVFAWBA, . . .	VERY REV. FRANCIS WRANGHAM, etc.'

‘‘I am much gratified by your praise of the lines which I wrote on the death of my daughter. They literally were composed because I was compelled to give vent to my feelings in *some* manner, and song was the most natural to me.

‘‘Faithfully yours, R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.’

‘In this letter, it will be seen, I by no means *fished* for any opinion from SOUTHEY, on the authorship of ‘The Doctor.’ If it pleased him to keep it concealed, it would have been impertinent and improper for any friend of his to have endeavored, directly or indirectly, to get into the heart of his secret. My communication, therefore, went no farther than to say that such an article would reach him, and that it took a particular line of argument. SOUTHEY’S reply was as follows:

‘‘London, 29 Jan., 1837.

‘‘MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of the eighteenth has found me here on my way back from the Land’s End in Cornwall. Here, too, the newspaper was forwarded to me; that, I mean, which contains your lively account of the scenes at Lancaster.* The other had not reached Keswick.

‘‘The books may best be sent by the steamer to Whitehaven, and the Keswick carrier will inquire for them there: in this way my packages are commonly conveyed. In little more than three weeks I hope to be once more at home; and it will be an additional pleasure to find them there.

‘‘You do well to write poetry, and will do well to collect your poems; for you have the means of making them known through the periodical press, without which assistance the best poems have little chance of success. Authors, and especially poets, are either the better or the worse for their own works, according to the subjects on which they employ themselves, the spirit in which they write, and the end at which they aim. That ‘The Doctor’ should be ascribed to me, I look upon as the greatest compliment that could be paid to any living author; but I shall not take credit for it, as PORSON did for ‘The Devil’s Thoughts.’† The argument which you tell me has been pursued in the KNICKERBOCKER, proves only what is apparent from other circumstances; that the writer wishes it (for the present) to pass for mine, and that he is a skilful imitator. It is evident that he is very well acquainted with my writings, and I have reason to think that, directly or indirectly, he knows something of my *table-talk*. There are indeed some parts, which I should, without hesitation, filiate upon some of my friends, if it were not for a persuasion that they would not have kept the secret from me.

‘‘Believe me, dear Sir,

‘‘Yours very truly, ROBERT SOUTHEY.’

‘If this be not tantamount to a volunteered denial, I am ignorant of the meaning of plain English. Yet, that SOUTHEY actually *did* write ‘The Doctor,’ is a fact as well ascertained now, as that he wrote ‘The Curse of Kehama,’ or the ‘Life of JOHN WESLEY.’ Independent of his own manuscript of ‘The Doctor’ being in existence, (at LONGMANS’, the London publishers,)

* ‘THE *New-York Evening Star*, containing a long account of my meeting SOUTHEY, WORDSWORTH, and LINGARD, at Lancaster Assizes, to which all of us had been summoned to give evidence as witnesses, in what was called the Great Will Cause, (TATHAM vs. WRIGHT,) in which the heirship to immense landed and personal property was involved.’

† ‘THE poem is called ‘The Devil’s Walk,’ and not ‘The Devil’s Thoughts.’

we have the unanswerable evidence of his widow in confirmation of the fact. Indeed, she was in the secret, both as CAROLINE BOWLES, and afterward as his wife.

‘Why, then, it may be asked, should SOUTHEY have taken the trouble of volunteering a denial, and that in a *private* letter? My impression is, that seeing the secret actually discovered by the writer in the KNICKERBOCKER, and knowing that, at the time, I also was a contributor to that Magazine, and was in correspondence with the EDITOR, SOUTHEY endeavored to leave an impression on my mind such as, in all probability, I might communicate to my friend in New-York, to the effect of saying: ‘SOUTHEY cannot be author of ‘The Doctor,’ because he has himself written to me that he is not.’ In a word, I believe he wrote to throw the critic off the scent. At this time, too, only two volumes of ‘The Doctor’ had been published: had Mr. WALLACE seen the whole, he would have accumulated farther proof.

‘As to the disingenuousness of this denial, I say nothing. As in SCOTT’s case, with reference to the WAVERLEY Novels, perhaps SOUTHEY thought that he was justified in preserving his secret, without being very scrupulous as to the manner of doing so; and if the construction be well considered, it will be seen that, after all, SOUTHEY does not say, ‘I did not write it,’ but adroitly leaves me to draw that deduction, if I pleased. It certainly is most ingeniously expressed.’

‘*Down the River, March, 1853.*

‘AGAIN the spring opens, nor are its symptoms without encouragement even in this great city. A few balmy days, like those which have just elapsed, bring out of doors many who have been securely housed for a month or two, until they have become tender by the artificial heat of furnaces, and who would perish if they encountered a blast which would nip a hot-house violet. The side-walks are thronged with cheerful pedestrians, who trip lightly over the dry walks; and the spring-bonnets and gay spring dresses, the selection of which has been a matter of so much moment, are displayed for the first time. The parks and open places are full of children trundling their hoops, and nurses with infants in their arms, sent out to feel the influence of the blessed sun. In the streets there is great depth of mud, but a deficiency of bull-frogs; on the trees the buds are pouting, but the blue-bird is not heard. These welcome signs I miss; nor do I hear the murmuring of the rills released from ices, nor see the first delicious greenness which delights the eye. But here the tide of life is never frozen; it ebbs at night-fall, but it rolls and thunders on through all the day. Strong, and hot, and throbbing is the heart of a great city, which throws its prosperous blood to every part, and roars through every channel.

‘As it behooves every man to adapt himself to what he finds, and according to a cheerful philosophy, to have a sort of enthusiasm for the time, place and circumstance in which he is, in my recent letters I have endeavored to say a good word for the Great Metropolis, and to find some pleasure in streets as well as in fields. It is true that ‘man made the town;’ but as I do not

hold to the doctrine of total depravity, I think that there is much good in the town, although it embraces more evil, and is perhaps the most corrupt work, on the whole, which man ever made. In this the 'old foggy' would not agree with me; but I shall have no more discussion with that old gentleman, as I am going 'beyond the walls' as soon as the crocuses get strong enough to bloom in the open air.

'*Rus in urbe* was never so illustrated in any thick-set metropolis as in the good city of Gotham during the present winter. This has no reference to the number of gardens which may be found. From the Battery up to where the Crystal Palace rises with its superb dome, no such thing as a pleasant garden can any longer be found. The very name of Garden-street has been changed for one more appropriate. WALTON House is burned down, and the beautiful walks and shrubberies, which once extended in the rear to the river's brink, have been shut from the view by Babylonian bricks. RUTGERS' Place and that vicinity exhibit no rustic features any more. A sombre Egyptian prison occupies the spot where the merry skaters cut their names upon the ice in days of yore. Peach and plum-trees, and strawberry-beds have ceased to be planted behind the mansions in Bleecker street. The great STUYVESANT pear-tree is still alive, and its sap is now moving upward from the root; but Country House has become town-house. Many years ago, every inhabitant might glory in a plot of ground about twenty feet square, where a few grape-vines might be trained against the walls, and the eye be fed with a very sparse meal of greens. But it has become the fashion to build the houses three rooms deep, of which the centre room is as dark as pitch; and the luxurious little yards have also been bricked up. Scarce a grape-vine, scarce a rose-bush is to be seen within the precincts. As to what are called Parks, there are none of any extent. They are but nurseries on a larger scale, to which the children remove their toys on a sun-shiny day. They are little square patches of God-made earth, surrounded north, east, south, and west by the domains of MAMMON. Nor has *rus in urbe* any reference to the show of flowers which are exhibited in windows, or in ball-rooms, or dispensed in divers places by those peculiar genii called *bouquet-men*; nor to any bad and obvious pun about the *Russ* pavement which is laid between two beds of mortar. Nor can it be said that a simplicity of manners which belongs to the Green-Mountains, or to the eastern end of Long-Island, or to Squam Beach, has lately been transferred to this exorbitant place, so as to make one realize that he is among the children of nature. Far from it. From the *blazé* boy up to the big buck, who swells out and walks in striped breeches, of which it takes two men to complete the pattern, and whose whiskers are dyed, they have altogether strayed away from the right path. It is next to impossible, without an accomplished knack of picking and stealing, to satisfy the voracious demands of living in this corrupt place. You must not look here for ululating doves or skipping lamb-kins, or the pastoral heart. Here are no chickens.

'*Chickens!* I must correct that. It is the very point to which I am coming. Never were so many collected together in the most extensive farm-yard in the whole globe as lately in the very heart of this great city. It was the strangest anomaly which the eye ever looked on. You could scarcely

believe your creditable ears to hear so many thousand strong-lunged roosters crowing with one consent on Broadway! The Cock-and-Hen convention, (to which, of course, you know that I now refer,) lately convened, really beat every thing which the ingenuity of man has yet contrived in this convention-loving age, and was a triumph which might well be crowed over with the utmost lustiness.

'After the improvement of the breed of men, which has been attempted with indifferent success for several thousand years, the next experiment (which succeeded better) was made upon horses, who, by means of racing, curry-combing, oats, and one thing or other of that kind, were brought to a high pitch of perfection; afterward on cows and horned cattle, who increased in form, in sleekness, and in milk-giving properties, till, finally, the attention of Christian farmer-gentlemen settled down on fowls and feathered creatures. (Fishes are to come next.)

'The common barn-yard cock has not degenerated, it is supposed; but, nevertheless, not advanced at all in generous quality for the last two thousand years, from the time when he signalized the denial of PETER, or rather from when the solitary couple of the species took a sea-voyage in NOAH's ark. In comb, spurs, top-knot, and strength of crowing, he has been about the same, standing erect in a sort of pride and nobility which have not decayed, and casting about the same shadow on his throne—the dunghill. *Excelsior* was the word.

'The first emigration, as usual, began from the East. The Orientals are magnificent and showy; they are proud and stately, indolent and exclusive. The law of their country has hitherto been to stay at home. But great commotion has been lately excited at Shanghai. The inroads of barbarians have shown the latter to have better pluck, and have destroyed the *prestige* of the old dynasties. For the first time since the great deluge in China, trousers begin to travel Eastward, and fowls in pantalettes appear in these parts. It is a good thing both for East and West.

'It was a novel idea, certainly, to bring the cackolds from every part of creation into amicable convention. The effect of it was sublimely ludicrous to the unfeathered bipeds, while the excitement among the downy people reached the most intense pitch. The Shanghai, and Cochin-China, Brama-Pootra, and Chittagong, Black Spanish and Dorking, Buck's County and Earl Derby, Mexican, Guinea, Sea-Bright, and Common Bantam, and last, not least, the ordinary barn-yard fowl, forgot all sectional differences, and sang a chorus unparalleled since the round world was made. BARNUM's Curiosity Shop became the scene of a still greater curiosity. The bearded lady and the petrified man, Queen ADELAIDE's carriage and the Sea-Tiger, THOMAS THUMB and the Happy Family, the Giraffes and the Duke of WELLINGTON, the living skeleton and the woolly horse, and other things too numerous to mention, which are to be seen in that wonderful depository, sank into utter insignificance from the great attraction of this immense family of barn-yard fowls. Many examined the points of a fine rooster with the same interest as they would those of a Durham bull, and admired a beautiful hen as they would an Ayrshire cow. The birds appeared under many disadvantages. The accommodations were limited, and, for the most part, already

appropriated. The air was heated, and the crowd drawn together from city and country immense. The roosters could not strut in their narrow cages. It was a bad place both to cackle and to crow in; yet these vocal exercises were performed from morning to night with the most astounding effect.

'In the course of the exhibition many excellent speeches were made, which were vociferously responded to by all the bipeds. Among other things, it was proposed that the Orientals of every kind should be hereafter known under the designation of Shanghais, which resolution was carried, a few bantams voting feebly in the negative; but the Shanghais, led on by the noble cocks MELVILLE and BENEVENTANO, spoke out with a tremendous cock-a-doodle-doo! which was enough to wake up the dead in St. PAUL's Church-yard. At last the meeting adjourned, after voting that all the eggs which had been laid during the week should be given to the poor. Good!

'When the next Cock-and-Hen Convention shall be convened, we shall look for still farther development of the breeds. In the mean time, let the owners of henneries be of good cheer. Have a sharp look out for the chicken-stealers; keep your fowls clean, feed them well, make their nests of moss, give them unslaked lime, airy habitations, pure water; read the volume of Mr. ABIJAH COCK, and see what can be done during the coming year, in this important branch, for the enrichment of the nation, and the common weal.

BRILLAT-SAVARIN: 'ÆSTHETICS OF THE TABLE.'—With a loud voice we desire to utter the cry, '*Peccati!*' That we should have forgotten our friend 'CARL's' article entitled '*Table Æsthetics*'—say rather that we should not have *remembered* it—while writing the notice of SAVARIN's book; that we should not have recollected that the great gourmet *had* been among us, as recorded in the very elaborate and well-digested paper in question, is, to say the least, surprising: wherefore, for this 'short coming' of our memory we cry '*Mea maxima culpa!*' and 'throw ourselves upon the mercy of the court.' But read our friend's letter:

'20, Rue Barbet-de-Jouy, Paris, February 22, 1854.

'DEAR KNICK.:

'Les absens ont toujours tort.'

'THE proverb may be truer in French than in some other languages, but it is tolerably pertinent in all. Frequently of late has it recurred to me, owing to the non-appearance of the KNICKERBOCKER in these parts; and when, at last, the January number turned up, it appeared that you had been forgetting old friends in more ways than one. For there, in black and white, was to be found this confession: 'It is a curious circumstance, of which until now we were ignorant, that SAVARIN was a political exile in America,' etc. '*Until now we were ignorant!*' O KNICK., it's too bad of you! *Have* you forgotten that article I wrote you in 1848 about BRILLAT-SAVARIN, wherein was pointed out, with becoming emphasis, the extreme modesty of the distinguished exile, whereby, as he says, he made himself so popular among us, namely, pretending *not to be cleverer than the Americans, (n'avoir plus d'esprit qu'eux?)*

'Perhaps you *have* forgotten it; and perhaps you may say to me, or some of your readers for you: 'Here is KNICK. receiving barrels of mss. every week from all parts of the civilized world; publishing thirty articles a month, to say nothing of the unpub-

lished and unpublishable ones; do you think he recollects what you or any one else wrote him six years ago?' To which I must answer as Lord LONDONDERRY did to the British Ambassador at Constantinople. Lord LONDONDERRY (his name is *Vane* LONDONDERRY, a name *phusei*, and not *thesei*, as the Greeks used to say) being at Constantinople, wanted to see all the lions there, and among other things to be presented to the SULTAN; and asked the British Ambassador accordingly:

'My dear Lord LONDONDERRY,' said the Ambassador, 'the operation is both difficult and dangerous, beside being unusual; it is customary to make presents to the SULTAN, but not presentations: as a general rule, I do n't introduce any body.'

'My dear Lord,' (whatever-his-name-was,) said LONDONDERRY, 'I am not *any body*, and am not subject to general rules.'

'So I say fearlessly that I am not subject to general rules, and still less was the subject of that article. For were we not *both* interested therein, with the interest that comes from knowledge and appreciation? Were not the observations of BRILLAT-SAVARIN really *phonanta synetoisin* in our case? Was it not almost the very last thing I did in America to partake of your hospitality, in company, I recollect, with that illustrious man, the editor of the *Bunkum Flag-Staff*, when we discussed various ways of cooking oysters, and oysters cooked in various ways?

'Well, I remember the article, at any rate, if you do n't; and all the origin and getting-up of it; how I was reading BRILLAT-SAVARIN in the library of HENRY BREVOORT, (*sit ei terra levis!*) and casually observed to him that it would be a good theme for a magazine paper; how he happened to meet you next day, and made the same observation; and how the day after came to me a little note from your 'sanctum,'

'DEAR B —: When will that article of yours on BRILLAT-SAVARIN be ready?'

which sudden taking me up on a barely expressed opinion without any intention involved, did not, nevertheless, surprise me in the least; for we were used to that sort of thing. Did n't DUYCKINCK — peace to the *manes* of the *Literary World*! how much of ours and our friends lies buried with it! that's always the way; 'I never had a dear gazelle,' etc., but it was sure not to pay expenses and stop publication, as DICK SWIVELLER might say — did n't DUYCKINCK use to stop me in the street and order an article on MENANDER, for instance, without waiting to ascertain whether I had ever read the classic in question? Then he would add, by way of irresistible clincher, 'You know you're the only man that can do it,' a sort of panegyric ellipsis for 'you know you're the only man that will do it without a con-side-ra-tion.' So *being* used to that sort of thing, we went to work with a will, and were a full week polishing up the article to the best of our small ability. And when it came out in the full glory of KNICK.'s best type, all our æsthetic friends did us the honor to — say they would look at it; and the fame of it spread so far in a certain circle that old BACCHUS, who had never been known to go to any great expense for literature, actually offered to — read the magazine if I would send him a copy; whereupon I incontinently told him that he might go to the — club, and read it there.

'But after all, it is as well that periodical literature should be forgotten from season to season; it gives the same things a chance of being said more than once. Not that I have any intention of so doing, or of inflicting any *rifacimento* of that article on you; but the mention of BRILLAT-SAVARIN naturally suggests some reflections on his speciality to one dwelling in the scene of his most brilliant labors; where, indeed, you are continually reminded of him by the sight or other experience of a cake that bears his name — just as CHATEAUBRIAND, another great celebrity in his way, is immortalized in a particular description of beef-steak, one of twice the usual thickness.

'It is very easy to sneer at the art of table-æsthetics, and not difficult to sermonize against it, which does not in the least prevent its being a valuable product and adjunct of civilization. Having on the already-referred-to former occasion fully set forth the economical advantages derived from a knowledge of the art, I shall now pass over that head *sicco pede*. As to the physical, it is obvious that well-cooked dishes are more digestible and nourishing than imperfectly cooked ones, not to speak of the fearful stimulus given to intemperance in liquor and immoderate use of tobacco by unwhole-

some and unsatisfactory dinners. The temperance of the French is almost proverbial. Still greater are the social benefits resulting from our art. For how much ill-temper, hatred, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness are the cooks of the Great Republic accountable! I am sure that the good folks who like to vent their spite upon us absentees would be in better humor if they had better dinners. What has increased the profusion and waste of our entertainments till fashionable society has degenerated into a mere round of showy restaurant dinners and suppers? what more than the impossibility of giving quiet little dinners and suppers from one's own kitchen? How many Gothamites would dare ask a friend to take pot-luck with them at an hour's notice, and how many friends would dare to accept such an invitation? Here it is nothing uncommon, which is enough to account for *society being more sociable*.

'What,' says some indignant moralist, 'do you mean to hold up French society as a pattern to us virtuous republicans?'

'By no means, my friend, not as a general rule; only in this particular. But if any man seriously thinks that the immorality of the French is owing to their knowing how to cook good dinners, and eat them when cooked, why then, in the words of THUCYDIDES, 'I felicitate him on his simplicity, but do not commend his cleverness.' You might with as much reason attribute it to their temperance. A certain amount of physiological case might be made out for that paradox. A more plausible objection may be started. I may be reminded that the English, who are the greatest people in the world, excepting, of course, the Americans, and the finest and healthiest-looking people in the world, not excepting even the Americans, are far behind several European nations in all arts pertaining to cookery. The objection looks formidable. But let us 'discriminate the difference,' as a logical friend of mine used to say before entering into any discussion. Let us look at the question from all its points of view. The English are gross and careless feeders just as they are capacious and indiscriminate drinkers. Their moist climate and *the great quantity of open-air exercise they take*, enable them to consume, without injury, a great amount of heavy viands and strong potables. But the diet that an Englishman can thrive on in his own country, would be ruinous to an American, or even to an Englishman in America. The liquids which the former can imbibe like water would set the latter on fire; the solids which nourish the one would *indigest* (to coin a Gallicism) the other. It is very doubtful if our climate *allows* as much exercise as that of England, and quite certain that it does not *encourage* as much. Our people, therefore, require a better system of cookery than the English. All the refinements of the table, it is said, are mere creatures of an artificial state of society. Very true; so are all refinements and improvements in dress, in domestic architecture, in all the comforts of material civilization as distinguished from intellectual cultivation. Is that a reason for despising them? A celebrated novelist has drawn an amusing picture of ADAM and EVE's perplexity and discomfort when transported to a well-spread modern dinner-table; but would they not be equally perplexed at any tailor's or dress-maker's, or, for that matter, inside of any modern house? If the example of our first parents is a precedent for going back to a fruit and cold-water diet, it will equally justify us in adopting their very primitive toilette, or in 'camping out' instead of sleeping on comfortable beds under a weather-tight roof.

'No doubt there is a certain amount of fashion and custom in table-æsthetics, as there is in almost every thing, from crime to mathematics; and these fashions and customs change from time to time. In DEAN SWIFT's day (as we learn from his *Polite Conversation*) the English used to eat soup in the middle of the dinner, which moves THACKERAY's wonder exceedingly. 'What sort of society could it have been?' he asks with natural astonishment. And yet fish, which, according to THACKERAY's countrymen and ours, comes the very next to soup, has not yet had its place perfectly defined on continental tables. The French used to eat it after the *entrées* and just before the roast, although most of them have now adopted the Anglo-Saxon order. But perhaps THACKERAY would be somewhat surprised if he were told that in a part of his own county, at the present day, soup is eaten after meat, namely, at the Pensioner's table of Trinity College, Cambridge, where probably THACKERAY ate it so himself in his undergraduate

days. The reason assigned to me for this practice was, that the meat being put upon the table at the beginning of dinner would grow cold if not eaten first, while the soup, being an extra, might be ordered hot from the kitchen at any stage of the repast. It is not every custom that can give so good a reason for itself.

'But THACKERAY was right in his question. It is strictly philosophical to begin a dinner with soup, as it obviates the necessity for drinking, which many, perhaps most persons, feel at the commencement of a meal. The preliminary whet of oysters, like the *chasse* after the coffee, must be considered an over-refinement of luxury only suited to great occasions, and not to the dinner of every-day life.

'And similarly, I believe that most of the rules of a scientific and æsthetic dinner may be explained and defended as *bona in se*, and not arising from any caprice of fashion. Thus, to take a fundamental principle — the division into courses — eating one thing at a time instead of every thing in a heap — does it not commend itself to the educated man's finer feelings instinctively? There is much barbarism anent this matter in our country; not merely in the frontier regions of it, either. One of my first experiences in New-England, when a lad of sixteen, was dining out, and having seven kinds of meat and vegetables clapped upon my plate at once. Probably my hosts thought it rather a proof of their civilization. I recollect once talking to the 'gentleman' who interpreted for some travelling Indian chiefs. He said that these sons of the forest had many habits different from those of civilized people; for instance, they only took one kind of food on their plate at once when dining. Poor man! he little guessed that his barbarous charges resembled, in this respect, the most refined inhabitants of the French capital, who would have put *him* down for any thing but a civilized man if they had seen him eat.

'For my part, I thoroughly believe that the dinner-cooking and dinner-giving arts have arrived at a state much nearer the perfection of reason and common-sense than many other arts of modern society; much nearer than that of dress, for instance. What, I wonder, will some future and wiser generation think of our ladies' low-necked ball-dresses, whether as regards decency, comfort, or symmetry? What of the street-sweeping skirts? What will it think of that acme of inaptitudes, the common, domestic masculine hat? You may hear men wishing to live to or through some great epoch till the next French Revolution but three; or till MACAULAY has finished his history, or till the conversion of the South-Sea Islanders. I should like to live to see the conversion of the civilized world — from the absurdity of the present civilized hat.

'Some of the varieties in the table-æsthetics of different countries may be easily accounted for by the different capacities and temperaments of nations. Thus, the genial Anglo-Saxon custom of post-prandial *sederunts* would be perilous to the Gaul, who is so light-headed as to be unequal to combining the usual consumption of wine on such occasions with the equilibrium necessary for the drawing-room afterward. So, too, in the distribution of wines during dinner. Anglo-Saxons begin with champagne after the soup, or at latest after the fish, reserving the claret for the close of the banquet; in France it is not uncommon to drink the best Bordeaux in the earlier stages of the dinner, and only open a bottle of champagne just before the dessert. Each custom is in accordance with the character of the people that follows it. The Anglo-Saxon, grave and phlegmatic, is excited to a proper spirit and liveliness by the early introduction of the champagne, which would make the Frenchman *too* gay before the close of the dinner; *he* goes on upon his own natural spirits and the quieter red wines, till, when tired of talking and eating, a glass or two of the sparkling beverage winds him up and sets him going again.

'One thing I never could account for — the German habit of eating sweet puddings *before* the roast. Most dietetic barbarisms can be explained. When the Down-Easter or Backwoods-man heaps from six to sixteen different viands on his plate at once, it exemplifies his promiscuous acquisitiveness and indiscriminating haste. But the German mind is orderly and logical; how could it have admitted the solecism of the misplaced puddings?

'Although self-debarred at the outset from dwelling on the economic side of the sub-

ject, I cannot help remarking how much of the animal and vegetable world is wasted in various countries through culinary ignorance. The English use buckwheat only to feed pheasants, being utterly unaware what excellent pan-cakes it affords. Some European nations are equally ignorant of the pumpkin's utility for human sustenance. We Americans make a very inferior pie of it, tasting something like wet ginger-bread — a dish the offspring of necessity in the infancy of New-England when the unfortunate inhabitants had nothing else to make pies of, and which, with their usual *cynanserifying* propensity — that is to say, their habit of making swans out of geese — they have imposed upon the Union at large, as something not only eatable, but palatable. The French have put the vegetable to its right use: they make a most delicious soup of it.*

'I fancy, too, that many ripe figs must be wasted in our Southern States. Now the Southern French have a way of preserving theirs. Dismiss from your mind, I beg of you, all ideas of the Eastern, drum-packed, flat-pressed, mite-nourishing commodity. No, these figs (they are large green ones, like the best Italian) are round and swelling, slightly candied on the outside, yet not so as to disguise entirely their native emerald hue; all fresh and luscious inside with all their original juices — a delight of children, and not to be despised by parents. The sellers of comestibles call them *golden figs* (*figues d'or*), and they well merit the appellation.

'Perhaps some of your unsophisticated country readers may imagine that I am going to enlarge on the value of the *frog* as an article of food, for it is one of our popular delusions (derived from the English, who have long since outgrown it) that this amphibious animal is a usual and favorite Parisian *plat*. I fancy you would be as likely to see a *rol-au-vent de grenouille* at a French restaurant as a colt-steak or rattlesnake fricassée at one of our hotels. Yet truth compels me to say that I once heard a Frenchman (he was an officer and a gentleman, and belonged to the aristocratic *faubourg St. Germain*) boast of having eaten a dish which throws all possible frogs into the shade; to wit, a *fox*! He said it tasted *like game, only more so*! I suspect, however, that he was joking. We had been talking of unusual meats, and I mentioned having eaten *peacock* and *swan*. He probably thought I was quizzing him, and wanted to cap my story.

'And now this indefinite letter has rambled on far enough. *Vale vive que KNICK*, which means, may you live a thousand years, and always have a good cook.

'CARL BENSON.'

THE LATE SENATOR CHARLTON. — We have mentioned the death of Hon. ROBERT M. CHARLTON, of Georgia. He was for very many years, and almost up to the time of his death, a frequent and always welcome correspondent of this Magazine. His were the '*Papers from the Port-Folio of a Georgia Lawyer*,' which were so widely copied all over the United States. Numerous poems from his pen, of great beauty and feeling, also appeared in these pages. He was an eminent man in his native State. At the age of twenty-one he was a member of the State legislature; then United States District Attorney; and at twenty-seven, Judge of the Supreme Court of Georgia. He was twice chosen Mayor of Savannah, and was at last a Senator of the United States. All these trusts he discharged with the strictest fidelity. He was honored and beloved while living, and he is deeply lamented, now that his loss is seen to be irreparable. 'His gentleness, his modesty, his simplicity, his love for the good, the beautiful, and the true, his native gen-

* Some months ago, I had the pleasure (through Colonel PORTER's columns) of calling the UNION CLUB's attention to this *potage*; but I committed a slight error in saying that it was to be prepared like any other vegetable *purée aux croutons*. A slight additional infusion of *cream* is necessary to give it the proper richness and delicacy.

tility and refinement of thought, his belief in God and religion, and his veneration for all things sacred—all these beautiful attributes of his character shine in the pages he has left behind him; but it is only his family who can truly feel how good and how affectionate a spirit has passed from among us to return 'nevermore.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — '*The Last Serenade*,' from our friend, HENRY P. LELAND, Esq., is a capital sketch; and will remind the reader of the old Quaker, who addressed the leader of a party that had been long serenading his handsome daughter, one pleasant night, without the slightest response from the dwelling, in these words: 'Friend, thee has been singing of thy 'home,' thy '*sweet* home'; now, if thee *has* so desirable a place, why does n't thee *go* to thy home?' This 'argument' was a 'clinch,' and the serenading party departed:

'TANCRED TUBS was twenty-three years old, possessed of a fine figure, expressive eyes, and well-turned legs, the contour of which owed their development to his constant zeal, his undivided attention, his *love* for the polka. We speak now of things past. When he danced, anatomists gazed; his heart was completely absorbed in his legs; they were bewildered; they proclaimed it a disease, the diagnosis of which they took down to music.

'But our hero sung. When we say sung, we don't mean he always hummed tunes to wretched accompaniments on bachelor banjos or guitars: no! He sang to pianos played by light or dark-haired, or eyed, ladies. He had, they said, a great volume to his voice; and they all read in it and found, as they did in ALEXANDER SMITH's poems, much sweetness. So the reputation of our ORPHEUS was as wide in 'the world' around him, as his of Mythology, only it was n't so deep, stopping short of the 'Inferno.'

'Now there tarried — do n't find fault with this word; it's of the pure Saxon order of verbal architecture, ecclesiastical school — in the same city, and at the same time, a street-singer, who was born just twelve months before he was a year old, in a town with houses in it; and this was all he knew of his pedigree or parentage; when asked where his home was, he described a circle round him with his right arm, and said, briefly, 'Ze-a-whirl,' which being translated means 'the world:' a fine house, but too many occupied rooms in it. So ERCOLE — for he was an every-day character enough to have a name hanging to him like a bell-rope, the better to call him when wanted — sang night and day in the streets, accompanied by a female page who bore his guitar; for he told me once in *lingua franca*, 'that it was all he could do to carry his *woes*, so he handed the musical instrument over to one whose heart was not so heavy.' ERCOLE sang; his songs were those of many lands; and he had learned them on the spot; so his memory was like a musical leopard-skin. Most of all languages he favored the Italian; and it favored him, bringing in money to his pockets as fast as he pushed it out in songs. He sung airs from all the operas, except the 'Opera Horatii;' it had n't been set to music then! Often on a summer evening I've heard his organ (vocal) squaures off, singing in sonorous voice and full, some favorite air perhaps from 'La Favorita,' or an extract from 'The Elixir of Love,' vulgarly called 'L'Elisire d'Amore.'

'But where is TUBS? He's standing, as every Tub should, on his — dignity; Music and Dancing acting as supporters to bear him on in 'the world.' TANCRED has met, as he confidently told her intimate friend, 'the idol of his soul' — he did n't know how idle she really was — 'one whom he could love with all the fervor of his heart; a heart that beats for her alone,' (regarding her fortune and herself in strict combination;) and quite a number of other epithets equally strange, to be found in every truly romantic heart, ditto novel.

'The temple of TUB's idol was in one of the third-story front-rooms of a fashionable house, at the west-end — the idol being short and stout, resembled the Chinese Joss — so we find TANCRED worshipping like a Pagan, and at last forgetting all 'low-flung' methods, such as pens, ink, paper, post-offices, dispatches, etc., he determines to breathe his love upon the air; to tell her how much he suffered, that he would *die* — if he had added, his whiskers, for her, he'd have told the truth — in plain English, he intended to serenade her, in Italian words — and I do n't know what kind of pronunciation.

'The night came. Eleven, twelve o'clock sounded, and TANCRED beat — a retreat from his chambers, and sallied? No! let's say 'tancreded' out, (he had a walk of his own,) with his guitar, bent on 'smashing' his idol — by music.

'Tink, tink, tingle-ingle-rungitty dingle boom! Tung, tung, tung, tung, toooing! And the strings were screwed up, and run over.

'All right,' soliloquized TUBS; 'now for it!'

'Move on, there! no more of that noise. Did n't I tell you last night' —

'Who are you speaking to?' said TUBS.

'Oh! pardon, Sir; thought you were that 'ere Dutchman as was howling 'round here last night; so dark did n't see 't was a gentleman.'

'And on moved the 'star.'

'Tinkle, inkle, ing. Once more TUBS touched the guitar, and this time commenced *altissimo voce*,

* 'VER ran oh to tea-se ole L'AURA.
He may so spear a lament oh!'

and had advanced thus far *into* that beautiful air from LUCIA, and was just out of air in his lungs, when he heard the window above him open. He sang with renewed animation,

'You'd ratha mark a murmurer!' —

'So I had! so I had!' said a voice proceeding from a lady of undoubted age, in an unmistakable head-gear. 'So I had. There's three cents for you, good man; *do go away now!*'

TANCRED TUBS was found next morning with a bloody nose, broken guitar, and a black eye; also a gold eagle out of pocket.

And it all happened thus: Our young rebuffed by being mistaken for a 'Dutch' street singer, had left his idol's house, using all sorts of reversed blessings, when who should he hear in the next street, but that identical individual singing, if he could believe his ears, the identical air he had so auspiciously commenced, by being told 'to move on — in it! TUBS felt like a Malay about to run a 'muck;' he gave a yell and pitched into the 'Dutchman' as if forty centuries were looking down on him. That vulgarly-called 'Dutchman' was ERCOLE; and thirty years spent among all sorts of loafers, in every country of Europe, had taught him the art of self-defence to perfection. He polished down TUBS in a few minutes, and left him in charge of a 'star,' who politely offered to escort him home; which TANCRED refused, saying he 'was n't at all intoxicated, but proposed getting so at once.' So the 'star' went to light the way to an oyster-cellar, and they made a time of it. TANCRED TUBS that night lost his voice, and has never been able to find it since. REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

'COLONEL PIPES' has sent us from California an amusing letter-press sheet, containing '*The Miners' Ten Commandments*, surmounted by a capital engraving, representing an elephant pointing, with his tusks and trunk, to a copy of them, affixed to a tree. The commandments are thus introduced: 'I am a miner, who wandered 'from away down-east,' and came to sojourn in a strange land and 'see the elephant.' And behold, I saw him, and bear

* VERRANO a te sull 'aura
' I miei sospiri ardenti
L'Udrul nel mar che mormora, etc., etc.

witness that from the key of his trunk to the end of his tail, his whole body has passed before me; and I followed him till his huge feet stood still before a rusty clap-board shanty; then, with his trunk extended, he pointed to a candle-card tacked upon a shingle, as though he would say, 'Read,' and I read.' We quote the third, fourth, eighth, and ninth commandments, as indicated by 'the elephant:'

'THOU shalt not go prospecting before thy claim gives out. Thou shalt not take thy money, nor thy gold dust, nor thy good name, to the gambling-table in vain; for monte, twenty-one, roulette, faro, lansquenet and poker, will prove to thee that the more thou puttest down, the less thou shalt take up; and when thou thinkest of thy wife and children, thou shalt not hold thyself guiltless, but insane.

'THOU shalt not remember what thy friends do at home on the Sabbath day, lest the remembrance may not compare favorably with what thou doest. Six days thou mayest dig or pick all that thy body can stand under, but the other day is Sunday, when thou shalt wash all thy dirty shirts, darn all thy stockings, tap all thy boots, mend all thy clothing, chop all thy whole week's fire-wood, make up and bake thy bread and boil thy pork and beans, that thou wait not when thou returnest from thy long tour, weary. For in six days' labor only thou canst not work enough to wear out thy body in two years; but if thou workest hard on Sunday also, thou canst do it in six months, and thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy male friend, and thy female friend, thy morals and thy conscience be none the better for it; but reproach thee, shouldst thou ever return with thy worn-out body to thy mother's fire-side, and thou strive to justify thyself, because the trader and the black-smith, the carpenter and the merchant, the tailors, Jews, and buccaneers defy God and civilization by keeping not the Sabbath day, and wish not for a day of rest, such as memory, youth, and home made hallowed.

'THOU shalt not pick out specimens from the company pan and put them in thy mouth or in thy purse. Neither shalt thou take from thy cabin-mate his gold-dust to add to thine, lest he find thee out, and straightway call his fellow-miners together, and they hang thee, or give thee fifty lashes and two hours to leave the country, or brand thee like a horse-thief, with **B** upon thy cheek, to be 'known and read of all'—Californians in particular. And if thou steal a shovel, or a pick or a pan from thy toiling fellow-miner, hanging will be too good for thee, and thou wilt be kicked and cowhided for thy pains, and for ever hang down thy head.

'THOU shalt not tell any false tales about 'good diggings in the mountains' to thy neighbor, that thou mayest benefit thy friend who hath mules and provisions and tools and blankets he cannot sell; lest, in deceiving thy neighbor, when he returneth through the snow, with naught save his rifle, he presenteth thee with the contents thereof, and like a dog thou shalt fall down and die.'

Apropos of 'COLONEL PIPES:' our musical readers must purchase of HALL AND SON two beautiful songs of his which have recently been published, viz.: 'Come, Sing that Song Again,' and 'You're all the World to Me,' both charming melodies, with graceful and appropriate words. 'The Colonel' poetizes with much skill. Here is a short parody of his, one of the clever 'PIPE-stems,' which he is in the habit of contributing to a San Francisco daily journal. It 'illustrates' the attractions of the 'FLORENCE's' of that capital:

'I'm sitting in good style, MARY,
With the hot toast by my side,
A' waitin' for a pot of tea,
And a couple of fresh eggs fried;
And probably some batter-cakes,
Some roast duck and some corn,
I'll call for ere I leave, MARY,
As sure as you are born!

This place is a good deal changed, MARY,
For in FLORENCE's saloon
You can now get what you call for
From a snipe to a raccoon!
Mutton chops, fried tripe, dipped toast and dry,
A sardine or a hen,
You only have to 'sing out' for,
Then cut—and come again!

THERE is something wierd and solemn in the following, from an unknown correspondent. At first it seems like a 'rush of blood to the head:'

'BROUGHT to a sick bed, a few weeks ago, by exposure to cold and storm in attending to the duties of my profession, I was disturbed, one night in particular, by the almost constant attendance in my room of the most diabolical, as well as the most uncouth and ludicrous shapes and figures, that ever lent disquiet to the long and wakeful hours of night, to which the sick are so often subjected. Grim giants, tall and muscular, marched to and fro with solemn tread; distorted countenances laughed and leered in my very face; the 'sable sons of Africa' grinned horribly around corners, showing long rows of pearly teeth, in contrast with faces black as Erebus; well-known companions and dear friends were disfigured by bleeding wounds, or with eyes hanging like great red ulcers upon cheeks white as marble; huge bats and owls, such as are pictured forth in the KNICKERBOCKER, perched themselves upon the coverlid, or flapped their wings mournfully above the dim taper that burned in my chamber, and anon were changed into demons with forked tongues, and faces that chilled the blood and sent terror to the heart; children with heads vastly disproportioned to their limbs, swung to and fro upon lines stretched across the room, threw somersets in the air, and, alighting upon the floor, were metamorphosed into shapes grotesque, so differing from any thing animate or inanimate, that I ever saw, read of, or imagined, that description would be impossible, or entirely fail of its purpose; far as the eye could reach, *hoop-poles*, bound together at the top, marched *en échelon*, with all the stateliness and discipline of a regiment of regulars; men, hugely tall, stood upon elevated platforms, dressed in Quaker coats and hats, motionless as death, immovable as statues. And last, *not least*, came the great black traveller, with his cloven foot and breath of flame, who flitted across my vision for a moment, and disappeared in the darkness.

'Of a sudden, the scene changed. As by the wand of enchantment, demons and sprites, and things horrible and disgusting departed, and close by my bed-side, so that I might reach them with my hand, stood, in a circle, a score or more of beings dressed in garments 'whiter than snow,' with faces beaming with love and beauty. As I raised myself in bed, the circle was broken, and there in the midst, upon a little couch, lay the dead body of an infant, dressed in the robes of the grave; a sweet face, smiling in death, and lit up by the radiance that seemed to beam forth from the forms of the sisterhood of angels that bent over the sleeper. Soon, two of these placed their arms beneath the dead babe, and calmly as summer zephyrs, winged their way upward, far, far into the blue vault, followed by their heavenly companions, in their ascent forming a cone of light, and purity, and loveliness, enchanting to the eye, and never to be forgotten.

'A few nights after, our own babe, just beginning to lisp the name of Mother, and to whom our hearts were bound by ties such as a parent alone can feel and know, was brought to me suffering from sudden illness. A few days of intense solicitude, and care, and watchfulness, during which our little treasure was racked with spasms, and all was over. Just as the morning dawned, her sad moanings were hushed in that sleep that knows no waking; and we hoped that the same angelic band that to my eye had seemed real and tangible, had borne her pure spirit to the presence and arms of Him who said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.''

How different the two visions! - - - 'Did you ever spend a March in central Jersey?' writes an unknown friend. 'If you did n't, you can't appreciate what is meant by 'red mud — Jersey mud.' The weather is dark, dull, damp, dreary, dripping, and dolorously dreadful! Up the street and down the street, 'as far as the eye can reach,' 'mud — mud — mud!' But 'there's a silver lining to every cloud.' Just you come out here in June

and such a Paradise you won't find this side of the Euphrates. Or, wait till August. Then come to 'the land of peaches,' and if the sights you shall see don't make your mouth water and your eyes laugh, I am no Jerseyman.' Thanks! — but, not to anticipate, we fear we must rely upon the banks of the Hudson for our summer scenery, and upon our friend Captain HAGGERTY, of the Red-Bank steamer, for our annual basket of the *sans-pareil* dainties of the Jersey soil. - - - 'MR. JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL,' the colored 'Dow, Jr.,' of the New-York '*Picayune*,' continues his weekly discourses. They grow more and more quaint and characteristic. He chooses his themes with a general regard for their timeliness. Thus, the 'Hen-Convention,' at the American Museum, suggested to his comprehensive and original mind a consideration of '*De Rooster*.' Here ensues a part of his 'treatment' of that chivalric bird:

'You will find de subjick on which I spect to substract my exasperashuns dis ebenin, a runnin' round enny ob de barn-yards in de kedentry, and in de koops round de market. He am sumtimes called de 'cock' by pepil who call tings by der rite names, but dose who pride demseffs on bein' extra perlite, call him DE ROOSTER! De reason, I speck, why dey call him dat, am bekase he *will* roost wid de hens nites.

'De Rooster am de he hen; and aldo he lays no eggs, nor hatches no chickens, enny boddy wood tink, by seein' him strut round de barn-yard, dat he laid all de eggs, and brought up all de chickens. He does he best to make you t'ink dat he does it all; fur no sooner does a hen drop an egg, dan *he* sets up as loud a cacklin' as de hen herseff, in order to pull de wool ober de eyes ob us sitty fellers, and make us beleve *he* done it, when he am no more capable ob doin' de same dan I am. How much like sum lazy husbands in dis kongregashun, I cood menshun, who let der wifes do all de work, and take car' ob de family, while dey do all de cacklin'!

'I hab seen a Brig-a-dig General reviewin' his sogers fur de fust time. I hab seen de pollytishun de day arter he was 'lected alderman. I hab seen him, ag'in, de fuss day he entered Congress. I hab seen de new recrute on he fuss parade in de malishus; I hab seen a darkey in a new brass-buttoned green coat, and a cullard lady in a new yeller calico frock; but I never seed enny ting nor enny body so killin' pomptious and proud as de old Dunghill Rooster, when he wakes he brood at day-light in de mornin' wid his shrill trump, and marches dem off to de scratchin' grounds; and wo be to de trange rooster dat chanees to make a call on he nabor! Talk ob 'fuss and fedders'! *dat's* de time to see him in all he glory, as he walks sideways, wid one wing down so as to hide he long spurs, and he hed strate out afore him, up to de stranger, and gibs him a crack side hed fur he imperence. Take de Rooster in he marriage relashon, or in he single blessedness, and he am about as seff-satisfied and pomptious as a monkey in a red frock, wid he mouf full ob chessnuts, and a box ob sugar-crackers widin he reach. Wid dese reflecshuns, we luff him slide dis ebenin'.'

In his discourse upon '*Polly-Tishuns*,' Mr. HANNIBAL is very 'plain-spoken.' He handles the subject 'without gloves,' if his hands *are* black:

'A POLLY-TISHUN hab no opinions ob his own; he am like a straw: hold him up, an' he'll p'int w'ich ebber way de wind ob pop'lar 'pinion blows him. Ef a platform breaks down, it don't hurt him, for he am like a cat dat allers lites on its feet; an' he runs rite up on anudder wun, an' hoorays as ef he allers belong dere. 'Tween 'lecshun times, he is quiet 'nuff, like an ole coon asleep in de top ob a holler tree, libin' on his fat; but, wen 'lecshun kums, he gets lively, like frogs in spring. Den he gits a bank-note changed into sixpences, purpus to spend for treats wid ebbery body. He wares an old hat, to look like a wurkin' man, an' he puts patches on his 'nces. He makes his arms sore, shakin' hands wid ebbery body, an' 'tends to be 'tickler anxious 'bout de helf ob your wife and childern. He is as sly as a possum: see him wid a 'ligious man, an' he'll look an' talk like a minister in a camp-meetin'; meet him haf an 'our after, talk-in' to sum wild feller, an' you'll hear wurd's dat, ef dey ain't swearin', soun' wery much like cussin'.

'His nateral home am de top ob a stump, an' he keeps to it so long sumtimes, dat he looks as ef he growed dar; and no doubt it would be a good t'ing ef he did. But he hates to get off it, 'kase w'en he cums down, he's no bigger dan odder pepil, and not a bit better, nuther. On it, he gits as noisy as a wind-mill, an' he's driv' by the same power — wind. W'en he tauks an' 'rites, he allers picks de longest words out ob de

dick-shun-ary, to kiver up his idees like wid a blanket; an' it 'peers as dough he was at panes to tuck de words in, under, an' all 'round his thoughts, so dat no wun can see 'em, ef he's got enny, w'ich mennu pepil dout—an' with good reason. Or, if ever he lets any idee 'pear, it's allers in sich a dress dat it may be 'splained to mean jist the contrary t'ing.

'Bout religion he never sez much, 'ceptin' dat 'men should be liberal in dere 'pinions,' which he is hisse'f, for he goes to ebbery church in his neighborhood regular, and beliebes in 'em all alike.

'W'en 'lecshun's ober, he grows smarter in his 'pearance, don't ware ole hats enny more, an' puts on whole trowserloons. He berry offen gets uncommon short-sited after dis ewent, and can't see de frens dat was most useful in getting him office. To be sure, dey deserve it, for 'sociatin' wid polly-tishuns, an' I don't pity 'em ef dey is forgot. Sumtimes, he ca n't eben 'member de promises he made 'fore 'lecshun, an' ef he do, why 'suckumstances makes it impossible to kumply.'''

This is 'poetical justice!' - - - THANKS TO 'PHILOS' for his gratifying '*Poetical Epistle to the Editor.*' Such tributes cheer us onward, and give new impulse to our endeavors to *deserre* the cordial commendations of our friends. - - - ONCE in a while we receive a letter from an old friend, which reminds us what manner of a boy we must have been in 'days that were.' A young lady, whom we never saw, to our knowledge, in a recent letter inclosing some verses for the KNICKERBOCKER, says: 'You, of course, do not remember the timid child who, while visiting at Uncle Y——'s, through her aunt made a request that you would fly your kite for her gratification; to which you replied that 'you would raise the kite if she would 'raise the wind,' the lack of which at the time had not been thought of. You won't remember this, perhaps, but I have never forgotten it.' Also an old and esteemed friend, residing near 'the spot where we were born,' in a pleasant epistle accompanying a grateful gift of a barrel of choice apples, (the flavor of the different varieties of which took us back to the very trees on which they grew,) records this reminiscence: 'L——, do you remember breaking an ear of corn, one night at a husking-bee, over the old 'cocoa-nut' of that 'cross-patch,' old J——? He had been charging you with not husking your stack 'clean;' and upon your replying that you 'husked as clean as *he* did,' he said, 'if you could find an ear of corn in any of his husked stacks, you might break it over his head.' Soon after you found a short, tough, 'stubbed' ear, put it in your pocket, crawled into his stack, came out with it triumphantly, stripped off the husks, while the old man pulled off his hat, and you 'payed on' with the butt of the ear! I remember it took you a long time to break it! I suspect you must have had some pique against him.' We *did*, and 'for cause.' He deserved all he got, and more too! - - - WE have received from our old friend JAMES GRANT, now the 'County Register' of San Francisco, an admirable specimen of the pure gold-quartz of California, chastely set in a ring of the finest native gold. It is very beautiful, and greatly admired by all who see it. - - - A NEW work is in the press of Mr. CHARLES SCRIBNER, by the popular author of the '*Up-River Letters*,' bearing the title of '*Crystalline, or the Heiress of Fall-Down Castle.*' We have read a portion of the sheets, and can assure our readers that they have a rich and pleasant intellectual repast before them. It will prove a very popular work. - - - 'ONE day last fall, a ruddy Hibernian dame was seen rushing at full speed to the Jersey ferry, crying in wild accents on her mother: '*O' hone! my mother! my mother!*' arrested the

attention and excited the lively sympathy of the passengers about to embark on the boat; but what was their consternation, when they beheld the disconsolate woman dash forward to the end of the steamer, and leap into the flood! Cries for assistance immediately arose: 'A plank!' 'A rope!' 'A boat!' met a ready response. Two deck-hands speedily launched a boat, and hastened to the rescue of the hapless female, who, instead of sinking, according to the usual law of gravitation on such occasions, was seen buoyed bravely up by her expanded garments, and floating off leisurely with the tide. She was soon drawn on board the small boat, and the eager crowd bent over each other's shoulders to learn the *dénouement* of this unsuccessful attempt to secure a watery grave; while one of the men, who had been adjusting the unhappy woman's garments, drew from her side-pocket and held aloft, without a word of comment, a — *black junk bottle*, carefully corked with a rag! The secret was out; and the painful feelings of the crowd speedily assumed a mirthful channel: the fair unfortunate was drawn up the bow of the steam-boat, amid a loud guffaw.' Thus writes that learned Theban, 'P. J. F.,' whose eyes and ears are always open to any 'good thing.' - - - At Wescott's Daguerrean-Rooms, at Watertown, in this State, an old man and two little boys were 'being taken' on the same plate. When they were got under 'successful headway,' the artist spoke to one of the little boys, telling him to sit still, upon which the 'old gentleman' turns around, and patting the boy on the head, repeats the injunction: 'Yes, sit still, my son!' Of course, the plate was spoilt. - - - 'WHEN in the country some time since, on my way to Pittsfield, I met a drunkard reeling along the road I was travelling. Seeing me, he stopped: 'Hallo, stranger!' he called out. 'Well!' said I. 'I say, stranger,' said he, (*hic*) 'ef you'll (*hic*) find any feller (*hic*) that has a worse opinion of me than I have of myself, (*hic*) I'll adopt his opinion, and forego my own!' Volumes could n't have spoken more.' This comes in a note to the EDITOR. - - - WE are indebted to our old friend 'H. T. B.,' (whom we regret not to have seen when in town,) for the following anecdote, in an entertaining letter from a friend in a flourishing village in northern New-York:

'OUR S — (JIM) ought to go abroad and set up 'ritin' school.' One day, JIM sent the teamster to O —, with an order for loading for his team, and directed him to return home the same day. The teamster was back in half the time allotted for the journey, and bolting into JIM's store, pushed the order in his face, and bawled out:

'What the devil's *that*?'

'S —: (Taking the order, and trying to read.) 'What's *this*? Why, that's your order.' (Holding it toward the teamster.)

'Wall, what on airth do's 't *say*?'

'S —: (Reads, and spells, and studies, but 't is 'no go.') 'HENRY, (the clerk in the store,) what was 't I sent for?'

'HENRY: 'Why, you sent for salt.'

'Yes; there it is, as plain as day:' (spells,) 'C-O-L-T — salt!'

'The teamster, being an *uneducated* man, sloped.'

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'IN one of the neighboring villages in the Hoosier State,' as we gather from a note to the EDITOR, 'not many miles from the banks of the Ohio, lives Judge B —, an eccentric character, who is ever ready to accommo-

date himself or others as occasion may offer. Being invited by a party of friends, whom he chanced to meet while passing a grocery, (one of those establishments peculiar to small towns, where 'tar, treacle, and testaments,' and other creature-comforts are 'sold by the small,') to step in and take a 'little something' for his stomach's sake, he readily consented; and although the variety of liquors was by no means as extensive as may be found in the more fashionable resorts of your great metropolis, yet the freedom of choice was as readily granted; and the question was proposed: 'Judge B——, what will you take?' The Judge, after carefully surveying the stock in trade, for a few minutes, replied: '*I believe I will take a mackerel,*' which, receiving, he politely wished his friends a pleasant time over their 'red-eye,' and retired. He was n't asked to 'take' any thing after that! - - - In a certain 'dry-goods' establishment, not a thousand miles ('say 1000,') from Cincinnati, Ohio, a worthy young Irishman was waiting upon one of his countrywomen, to whom he was exhibiting a piece of Merrimack calico. 'That, Madam,' said he, 'is the very latest thing out; it is called '*The Star-Spangled Banner*' pattern, Ma'am, and will be much worn this season.' The proprietor, overhearing the remark, walked up to his clerk, and very politely observed: 'Let me request that, in future, you refrain from putting on such *National Airs*; for it ill becomes a native of your soil!' The clerk seemed not a little dumb-founded. It was evident that he did not 'take' the 'pith' of the remark. - - - OUR 'Jersey' correspondent is mistaken. The beautiful lines commencing 'I see thee still,' etc., are from the pen of Mr. CHARLES SPRAGUE, Boston. - - - A SINGING-MASTER, in an adjoining State, recently made the following apology to his afternoon class. He spoke with great deliberation, not to say hesitancy: 'I have scarcely been—able—this afternoon—to (*hem!*) to do justice to the subject. A feeble and—afflicted—sister—has required all my—attention, for some—time: but, I hope I shall be refreshed (*hem!*) when the—shades of evening——*come to hand!*' If this be veritable, as we are assured it is, it is certainly to be hoped that the singing-master's voice is less 'broken' in singing than in speaking! - - - 'It was on the morning of the 'Twenty-Second,' at Buena Vista,' writes a Kentucky friend, who cannot write too often, 'that our regiment was lying upon a little hill that the men subsequently christened '*Mount Dodge*,' waiting for the ball to open. SANTA ANNA's morning compliments soon came in the form of a thirteen-inch shell, which passed a few yards over our heads and buried itself in the earth behind us. 'Howly MOTHER!' exclaimed old MIKE S——, 'if the born divil isn't *shootin' his dinner-pots at us!*' On the twenty-fifth, after the battle was over, and while SANTA ANNA was still lingering at Agua Nueva, twelve miles distant, with his shattered forces, divers were the rumors of another battle, and many were the discussions of its probability among the men. I happened to overhear one of these debates in which this same MIKE S—— had, as lawyers say, 'the conclusion.' Some half-dozen of the men had expressed their 'views' and wishes; some were very anxious for another fight; others, and they, too, the men who had behaved best under fire, expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with such glimpses of the 'elephant' as they had been able to obtain on the twenty-second and twenty-third. At last MIKE spoke: 'Well sure, boys,' said he,

'I'll tell you *my* sintimints about the auld wooden-legged divil: if I had but a quart of whiskey in the wurruld, and no money to buy more, and no more in the counthry to sell, sure I'd *give him half of it, if he'd stay away!*' - - - THE following account of *The First and Last Duel in Illinois*, is from FORD's history of that State, just published by S. C. GRIGGS AND COMPANY, Chicago: 'The year 1820 was signalized by the first and last duel which was ever fought in Illinois. This took place in Belleville, St. Clair county, between ALPHONSO STEWART and WILLIAM BENNETT, two obscure men. The seconds had made it up to be a sham-duel, to throw ridicule upon BENNETT, the challenging party. STEWART was in the secret, but BENNETT, his adversary, was left to believe it a reality. They were to fight with rifles; the guns were loaded with blank cartridges; and BENNETT, somewhat suspecting a trick, rolled a ball into his gun, without the knowledge of the seconds, or of the other party. The word to fire was given, and STEWART fell, mortally wounded. BENNETT made his escape; but two years afterward he was arrested in Arkansas, brought back to the State, indicted, tried, and convicted of murder. A great effort was made to procure his pardon, but Governor BOND would yield to no entreaties in his favor, and BENNETT suffered the penalty of the law by hanging in the presence of a great multitude of people. This was the first and last duel ever fought in the State by any of its citizens. The hanging of BENNETT made duelling discreditable and unpopular, and laid the foundation for that abhorrence of the practice which has ever since been felt and expressed by the people of Illinois.' - - - A WAGGISH correspondent in Detroit sends us the following contribution to one of the journals of that flourishing and beautiful city. It was read, 'by a gifted member,' before the 'Young Ladies' 'Phsyconolological' Society:'

'Musing near the class Mammalia,
Feelings pure as albumen,
Antiseptic in their nature,
Wake to my organic ken.

'Ah! Love's amphibolic instincts,
Faithful to their shoddy keep,
But with Spiritual Faunas,
Hopes azoic, slumber deep.

'Breccial fragments of emotion,
Shower with sentimental tuff:
Change the bright aortal blossoms
Into petrifications rough.

'Melancholy lachrymotals
Drop in arborescent forms,
And I see the human globules,
Seated on the boughs in swarms.

'Soon detritals of affection
Change the delta of my thought,
Until I, to this subsidium
Fossiliferous, am brought.

'Take it — as an equisetum
From an intellectual trap,
Where the kingdoms of the senses,
And the mentals overlap.'

How charmingly science and true poetry are blended in these 'lovely lines!' - - - 'THE following droll incident,' writes our friend 'BOB B —', 'lately occurred to a lady of high respectability, residing in one of the avenues of Brooklyn. The lady has a charming little boy, very observant, imitative, and active. The child had noticed the postmen constantly leaving letters, and moving off quick; and he thought it would be a very nice thing to become a postman. So he one day went to his mamma's escritoire and took out some twenty-five or thirty letters, tied them up and sallied forth, leaving one at every house, and moving off quick. The lady was rather surprised when her next neighbor brought her an open letter, which

she said some body had left at the door; but what was her astonishment, when visiting hour arrived, for another, and another, and another lady coming in, all bringing open letters, until her ample parlor was completely crammed.* You need not doubt the mirth and fun grew fast and furious, as each lady entered with the same tale; and the little postman was elated beyond measure to find what a capital postman he was; but the best of the fun was, that every lady, one and all, asserted she had not unfolded or read one word, oh! no, not they; ladies are far, far above prying into other ladies' letters. The fair lady to whom the letters were addressed, is fortunately the mother of a large and lovely family, and the letters were from early friends, school-mates, etc., etc. But only think, my dear KNICK., suppose, instead of a mother's letters, they had been billet-doux, addressed to some lovely belle, from her numerous admirers, with all the soft sighs and soft sawder administered to her eyes, and all the charms which love-sick swains know so well how to plaster and blarney, would she, the belle, have believed her neighbors had not peeped in or read one word? The circumstance put me in mind of a passage in an autograph letter in my possession, written by a once lovely and celebrated comic actress of Covent Garden Theatre. I was very anxious to obtain a letter written by this celebrated lady, and applied to her physician to try and wheedle her out of a note. He complied, and, among other things, asked that question which *no woman will answer*, be she who she may; but you shall hear the response which this dear, kind, honest darling made:

‘With regard to my age, it is a question on which I feel particularly ~~much~~, but if you will kindly promise me not to tell it to more than a dozen ladies of your acquaintance, I shall be satisfied it will remain a perfect secret, and therefore I blushingly acknowledge, I shall be seventy-seven next May; but I would not, for the world, have it talked about, as I have serious thoughts of soon changing my condition.’

‘Now, after this, who shall dare to libel the sweet darlings with curiosity, or that they cannot keep a secret, when one of themselves admits she will be fully satisfied that a round dozen can; or had she said a baker's dozen, I would have believed. Now if twelve can, so can two hundred. Bah! men are a set of abominable libellers: the ladies, bless them, are less curious, and better able to keep a secret than all the long heads or round-heads in all creation.’ - - - Our esteemed friend, ‘Colonel JAMES PIPES, of Pipesville,’ from whom we always hear with pleasure, sends us the annexed description of ‘*Cantrassing for old Knick. in California:*’

‘San Francisco, Jan. 25, 1854.

‘MY DEAR KNICK.: It wos on a brite, barmy, bewtiful, cloudish, luvly mornin’ to-words the lattur end of Janevery, that won Travellur (not ‘Boston’) mite have bean sean, with a nakid eye, wending his weigh to the Lor offiss of JAMES, DOYLE, AND BARBER of this Citty, wen the followin’ konversation insued:

‘‘Good mornin’, gents.’

‘‘Good morning, Col. PIPES: what can we do for you?’

‘COL. P —: ‘Nothin’ in partickular, only I want yer superskription for one ear to ‘Old KNICK.’ — price \$5 — cash!’

‘ANSWER: ‘‘Old KNICK.’ can get five dollars of my money, sure.’

‘From this celebrated firm — all New-Yorkers, and glorious fellers at that — I trudged along — comin’ akross Bankers, Notorious Publikans, Clothiers, Express men, Cigar merchants, Cashiers, Real, Mind, Body and Estate men, Orxioneers, Musick Dealers,

U. S. Assay Bullion Silver ore inspektors, Provision Warehousemen, Piano-Forte Agents, Custom House Collectors, Fisishions, Tooth-dentists, Judges, Kernals, Majors, Captains, Masonic Embroiderers, Claim Soldiers agents, Recorders, Furniture Dealers, *et al genius omnibus*; and they all 'ponied up' like trumps, until abel to go on no further, for the munney nearly broke my back, I rushed to BURGOYNE AND COMPANY's, the big bankers, and got a Sirtiffikate of Disposit for *Two hundred and thirteen dollars*, (\$213,) which I send by this male — Cash. So much for 'Old KNICK.'

'Times have grately changed here. Bildings, magnanimous piles thereoff, grace the streets; Theatres crammed every night, with the alight and fashion; Bathing houses in proffusion at \$1 a barth, kept by your old frend, JOHN SHORT, late of the New-York *P. O.*, (near Italy!) Rich men keeping their Karrages; Hackmen \$5 and \$10 an hour; Boys selling apples at \$3 a piece; Eggs 50 cents a piece; Buckwheat cakes 25 cents a plate; Extra '*Herald*' and '*Placer Times*,' 25 cents; Steamer newspapers, 25 cents; Washing \$3 a dozen by select Chinamen; Seats in the dress-circle at Mrs. SINCLAIR's beautiful Theatre, on Madame THILLON's nights, \$3 each; \$1500 paid Madame THILLON and Mr. HUDSON River as their share the first night of the 'Crown Brilliants;' a \$700 diamond Broach given to Miss HERRING, the Tragedy aktress on her first Benefit; Clerk-hire \$200 to \$250 a month; Chorus singers \$50 a week; Cigars 25 cents a piece; drinks 25 cents a piece; ALEXANDER SMITH's 'Life Drama' \$5 a copy — hard to get at that; BUNNS' 'Old England and New-England' \$2; '*Home Journal*' 25 cents a copy; '*Sunday Mercury*' 25 cents a copy — very hard to get, and greatly sought after. Cleaning Watches \$8 each; Winter Boots \$25 a pair; Boot Blacking 25 cents a head; actors and actresses all making money, and investing it in 'CLARK's Point' Lots. 'Light Comedians,' 'first old men,' 'walking gentlemen' owning horses, and living on '*Ranches*;' 'Chambermaids' owning 'Real Estate;' call-boys buying Lots; some men making fortunes by simply 'looking on' and '*watching* the markets' by a first-rate cronometer. For the ballance I prefer you to my next Kommunication, first asking you if you have received The '*...*' magazine!

'Trooly yours,

'JAMES PIPES, of Pipesville.'

To our friend's last query, we answer that we *have* received '*The Pioncer*,' a monthly magazine of sixty well-printed and well-filled pages, avowedly modelled after the KNICKERBOCKER, both as to matter and manner. The typographical imitation is very close. Success to our young contemporary on the far-distant Pacific shore! May its days be long in the land that cherishes its goings-forth! - - - A FRIEND in Washington has sent us a very curious *Thanksgiving Sermon*, delivered by the Rev. Dr. SMITH, on last Thanksgiving-day, in the Federal City. It is a most singular medley. Such platitudes it is rare to find in a public discourse. Listen:

'A RENDERING of thanks is the act of an intelligent man, who receives a benefit, appreciates the kindness of the giver, and sees the propriety of an acknowledgment of that benefit, as well as of giving a corresponding expression of thanks. This is never done but by intelligent beings, and to none but intelligent beings. It is never done to any of the inferior animals. We never think of returning thanks to animals for what they have done. The PRESIDENT's Mounted Guard, who are here in splendid uniform, seated among you, know the value of a good horse, but none of them ever *thinks of returning thanks to his horse*. The words of the third chapter of the third epistle of JAMES might be quoted on this occasion. It would be a ludicrous sight for a man to take off his hat to his horse and to thank it, although the same act would be proper toward a gentleman or a lady; and the reason of this is, *because a horse is a horse*, and cannot appreciate any service, however splendidly performed! A thousand blessings be upon our worthy Mayor for affording us this opportunity of offering up our thanks.'

To be sure, Dr. SMITH; a '*horse is a horse*;' that is an incontrovertible fact. Also, Boston is not in Bengal, nor are flannel drawers made of tripe. Moreover, an ass is an ass, for that matter; but what have all these things to do with a Thanksgiving sermon? In immediate proximity with such stuff

as this, we find a passage or two of more than common force and significance. Take the following, for example :

‘WHY are we here in our right mind to-day? Why are we not in a mad-house? A gentleman was once visiting an insane asylum, and entered into conversation with a person, one of the inmates, who talked so reasonably upon every subject that the gentleman had no idea that the person with whom he was talking was a madman. Suddenly the latter struck the gentleman a violent blow on the shoulder, and looking him earnestly in the face, but in such a manner as to leave no doubt of his insanity, asked him :

‘Did you ever thank God for your reason? — mine has gone!’

‘Well, we are here assembled to-day for that purpose, to thank God for continuing to us the exercise of our reason. I remember once an instance of a blind man preaching in this church, and was so struck with the deprivation which he labored under, that at the end of his discourse I proposed that all those who had never thanked God for their eye-sight, should now kneel down and thank Him for it. There was not a single person present, I believe, who did not kneel down on that occasion and do so.’

The ‘PRESIDENT’S Mounted Guard’ seems to have formed a subject of especial ‘thanksgiving.’ Doubtless they compose an admirable corps, and do honor to their ‘training;’ but what kind of a place is a pulpit to puff a military company? But *voilà* :

‘In a country and government like ours, we may fight for our existence, but fighting is not our duty. The principle upon which our government rests is that of the BIBLE, of individual responsibility. Among us there are no titles, no hereditary aristocracy to bow down our necks; hence we have no crowned monarch, for the people are sovereigns. It is said that these three boxes rule every where — the cartridge-box, the band-box, and the ballot-box. We believe in all three, but we choose the latter. Our citizen soldiery, of whom we have a specimen here in the PRESIDENT’S Mounted Guard, know how to use all three boxes, and by them we are protected. Our citizen soldiery are our life-guard for every emergency.’

—

ONE of the rarest treats we have lately enjoyed, was the examination, at WILLIAMS, STEVENS AND WILLIAMS, Broadway, of HERRING’S ‘*Glimpse at an English Homestead*,’ certainly one of the most beautiful and comprehensive works of art in its kind that we remember ever to have seen. This synopsis of the composition, from the ‘*Liverpool Courier*,’ will afford some idea of its characteristics. Its execution is perfect: ‘The symmetry of the horses which form the centre-piece is admirable; and it is questionable if HERRING has ever painted any thing finer than the white horse in this picture. His fowls, also — the hen busy with her brood — are life-like in the extreme, while the ducks and the solitary goose attest, by their plumpness and the fineness of their plumage, that the good housewife’s care has not been thrown away on this portion of the establishment. The pigeons, resting on the water-bucket, form quite a feature, and arrest the attention of the spectator by their fidelity of delineation. Seated in conscious security on the saddle, reposes a sleek, demure cat; and, on the opposite side, a comely maiden fondles one of a group of rabbits in her arms. Judging from the side-glances of a stout young farm-servant, who is occupied close by, one is led to the conclusion that if she were to transfer some of her attentions from the rabbits, it might be done with his full permission.’ The picture of ‘*Christ Teaching Humility*,’ by LANDER, the artist who painted the ‘*Trial of Effie Deans*,’ attracts numerous admirers. Both pictures are to be engraved in the highest style of mezzo-tint, and subscriptions for both works will be received at Messrs. WILLIAMS, STEVENS AND WILLIAMS. - - - ‘THERE

must be some truth,' writes a Tarrytown correspondent, 'in the phrase, 'It is all the same in Dutch.' The other day I heard a practical illustration of it. Last summer, on a sultry afternoon, a Dutchman entered my brother's store, and asked him if 'he knew where a man named STEPHEN MOSHES lived?' To which he replied, 'that he knew a man named MOSES STEPHEN.' 'Vell, vell,' said the Dutchman, 'it ish all te same in mine countries.' - - - THERE'S a man, across the way, taking, with his long iron nippers, from out the tail of his waggon a solid block of the crystal ice of Rockland. Not a very suggestive thing is a piece of ice, perhaps, but it has recalled vividly to us the visit which we paid, with a pleasant and genial pic-nic party, to Rockland Lake last summer, and of which an imperfect record was made at the time in this department of our Magazine. Alas! of that pleasant party two have gone hence to be here no more; one, a fair and fragile flower, whose sweet smile and winning grace and tenderness can never be forgotten; the other a cordial, generous, loving husband, father, friend:

'THE church-yard shows an added stone,
The fire-side shows a vacant chair.'

The bereaved mother, the disconsolate widow, the fatherless boy—ah! who shall tell their thoughts as Spring comes on, bringing all things else to life but their beloved ones! They may hide their grief from the world, and endeavor, through a love for others, to suppress their sorrow; to check the 'grief that passeth show;' but there, in their heart of hearts, it broods and rankles. The thought of PERCIVAL comes this moment to mind:

'I SAW, on the top of a mountain high,
A gem that shone like fire by night;
It seemed a star, that had left the sky,
And fallen asleep on that lonely height.

'I climbed the peak, and found it soon,
A lump of ice, in the clear cold moon:
Would'st thou its hidden sense impart?
'Tis a cheerful look, and a broken heart!'

—

A '*Flat-Footed Candidate*' for Justice of the Peace in Palestine, Texas, comes out in the journals with the following address to 'the sovereigns': 'With the issuance of this sheet, is unfurled to the breeze, either in tempest or calm, my name before you as a candidate for the office of Chief Justice of Anderson county, at the ensuing August election. I do it from choice, not from solicitation. I do it, for the office is honorable and profitable. I feel myself competent to discharge the duties of the office. I claim no superior merit or qualification over any one else who may choose to run against me. I would like to run the race solitary and alone; but, if any are desirous, let them pitch in; it is n't deep. I stand flat-footed, square-toed, hump-shouldered, upon the platform of free rights and true republicanism. If you elect me your Chief Justice, I will make the very welkin ring with loud huzzas for the sovereigns of Anderson county! If defeated, I will retire with dignity and perfect good-humor, remembering a most beautiful little song, which I sing remarkably well, called 'I'm afloat, I'm afloat.' - - - 'At a trial or murder in Waukesha, Wisconsin, a witness on the stand, giving in his

testimony as to when and where his line of boats run, and at what times, between Milwaukee, Chicago, Sheyboygan, etc., one of the Jury asked him what time the boat left for Sheyboygan; when the Judge asked the jurymen his object for asking the question. He replied that he wanted to go to Sheyboygan in a few days, and thought it a good opportunity to find out! 'There was a 'model juror' for you! - - - 'OLD TOM YOUNG' writes to ask us if we ever saw a dead live-oak, or a green black-berry? Certainly; and what is more, we heard a man say, the other day, pointing to another over the way, who exhibited symptoms of having indulged in 'strong waters,' 'BLACK, BROWN is 'blue!'' - - - The following letter was recently addressed to Mr. FREDERICK S. COZZENS, author of that charming volume, '*Prismatics*':

'FRED'K S. COZZENS, Esq.:

'New York, February 14, 1854.

'DEAR SIR: If it should be convenient for you, will you repeat in this city, the lecture upon 'American Poetry,' recently delivered by you before the Lyceum at Yonkers, in Westchester?

'The subject and its treatment, in your most entertaining and instructive lecture, have induced the present request, and, in common with your many friends and associates, we shall be most happy to receive an affirmative answer to this proposition.

'An early answer will oblige your friends,

G. C. VERPLANCK,
J. H. GOURLIE,
F. F. MARBURY,
WILLIAM KEMBLE,
EDW. SLOSSON,
J. F. KENSETT,
H. L. PIERSON,
CHAS. M. LEUPP,

JAS. C. PARKER,
JNO. PRIESTLEY,
GEO. G. SMITH,
G. M. SPEIR,
DAN'L S. APPLETON,
L. GAYLORD CLARK,
JAS. A. SUYDAM,
E. M. YOUNG.'

The invitation was accepted, and the lecture was delivered at Hope Chapel, before a large and highly discriminative audience. Mr. Cozzens divided his subject into three parts; treating ably and in detail, of colonial, revolutionary, and modern American poetry. The lecturer's manner was composed and effective, and his performance in other and perhaps more important respects, won the frequent applause of the audience. We are not without the hope to be able to present a few extracts from the lecture in a subsequent number of the KNICKERBOCKER. - - - A SUPERB dinner-service of plate (consisting of thirty-five pieces) was recently presented to ABRAM M. COZZENS, Esq., by a number of his friends and fellow-citizens. The letter which accompanied this costly and beautiful present was signed by WILLIAM C. BRYANT, GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, WILLIAM KEMBLE, CHARLES M. LEUPP, and others. The compliment is highly honorable to Mr. Cozzens, being 'well deserved and well bestowed.' - - - 'On making an accurate measurement of all the matter in type, I find that we have enough of copy in hand to complete the number; so that I shall not require all you have prepared; I return, therefore, what we shall not want.' So writes the 'foreman' of the KNICKERBOCKER from the printing-office this sixteenth day of March, in a note accompanying a parcel of copy, embracing several pages of 'Gossip,' all our 'Little People's Side-Table,' and 'Brief Notices of New Publications.' As our large edition for California must go by the steamer of the twentieth, we can only submit, 'with such grace as we may,' and 'bide our time' until next month.

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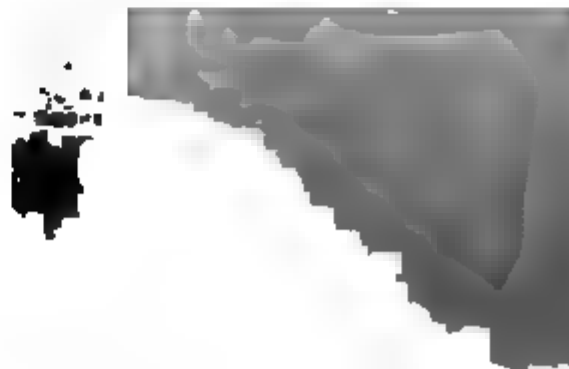
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EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

BY JAMES W. WALL.

CHAUCE R.

THE historical circumstances relative to the lineage and place of birth of 'the great Father of English Poetry,' Geoffrey Chaucer, are wrapped in some obscurity. His biographers have been very absurdly drawn into controversies respecting his origin: whether he was the son of a knight, a vintner, or a tradesman. We think if the poet himself could have expressed an opinion, he would have replied to these controversialists as did Napoleon to the obsequious monarch, who desired to prove him of royal origin: 'I want no ancestry; I am the Rodolph of my race.' As to the place of his birth, it is very probable that London had this honor; for he manifests a deep interest in that city, and hints at having been born there in one of his letters, where, speaking of London, he says:

'THE city of London, which to me is so deare and sweete, in which I was forthgrowne; and more kindly love have I to that place, than any other on earth, as every kindly creature hath full appetite for the place of his engender.'

We find him at the University of Cambridge, as early as his fifteenth year; and scarce a twelve-month had passed, from his entrance, before we have evidence of the dawning of that poetic talent which afterward burst upon the world in all its brilliancy, and filled it with his fame.

While at Cambridge, Chaucer appears to have devoted himself to the more elaborate studies of his age; and his knowledge of astronomy, philosophy, and divinity may be traced in his earlier, and many of his later poems.

Like all the young men of his day, who were in the possession of a competency, Chaucer, upon leaving the University, travelled to France, the Low-Countries, that he might see the world, and enlarge the knowledge he had acquired in the shades of the academy. He spent some time abroad, and upon his return home entered himself as a lawyer; and although, afterward, he never

seems to have manifested any predilection for its practice, the knowledge obtained here was of great advantage to him in after-life.

The court, at this period, was considered the fittest arena for a man of politeness and accomplishment; and after leaving the Temple, we soon find our poet in the capacity of King's page, at the brilliant court of the reigning sovereign, Edward III. Although Chaucer must then have been at least thirty years of age, the office to which he was appointed was by no means inconsistent with his years: at this time, it was a highly honorable office, as it gave constant access to the royal presence, and the opportunity of great familiarity with the monarch. Young noblemen of the first rank eagerly sought the position, and looked upon it as the stepping-stone to honor and preferment. Chaucer seems to have been indebted for this post to John of Gaunt, afterward the famous Duke of Lancaster, with whom he was intimate in his youth, and who ever after proved himself a powerful and munificent patron. There is a poem to be found in some of the earlier editions of Chaucer, entitled, 'Chaucer's Dream.' This poem is nothing more than an allegorical history of the loves of this very John of Gaunt and Blanche of Lancaster, daughter of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, which clearly manifests, by its revelations, that the poet was very deep in the amorous secrets of this prince. This amour appears to have been managed with the greatest secrecy, until by a long train of intrigues and solicitations, all the obstacles in the way of the match were removed, and, with the help of the king's consent, and the papal dispensation, they were married, about the year 1359, which connection, as it was the first commencement of John of Gaunt's subsequent power, so it was the beginning of our poet's fortunes at court.

Shortly after these nuptials, Chaucer himself married a sister of Catharine Sloynford, the widow of Sir Hugh Sloynford of Lincoln. After her husband's death, this lady became a great favorite of the Duke and Duchess of Gaunt, and resided in the family. Upon the death of his Duchess, the Duke married the Lady Sloynford, who had several children by him. One of these children ascended the English throne, under the title of Henry IV.

It was during the residence of the court at Woodstock, famed for its rural beauty, that Chaucer composed some of his sweetest poems, remarkable for the truthfulness of their descriptions of nature. The spring sun grows warm in his lines: the balmy air blows cool in his descriptions: we smell the fragrance of the hawthorn hedges, and hear the music of the feathered choir, whenever we take a forest-walk with him. The hour of the day is not easier to be discerned by the reflection of the sun in Titian's paintings, than in Chaucer's morning landscapes.

On the return of the court to London, from the secluded retreats afforded by the forest-glades of beautiful Woodstock, we find Chaucer receiving more constant and valuable evidences of the favor of his sovereign. A pension of twenty marks is granted to him out of the treasury, and immediately after, the lucrative and responsible office of Gentleman of the King's Privy Chamber is conferred upon him; and, to crown the magnificent generosity of his sovereign, he is honored with

the duty of forming part of an embassy to the then splendid court at Genoa, where he was present at the nuptials of Violante, daughter of Galazzi, Duke of Milan, with the daughter of the English Duke of Clarence. This was a most important period of his life, and left its impress upon many of his poetic productions. Here it was that he made the acquaintance of the celebrated Italian poet Petrarch, and perhaps of Boccaccio, to whose Decamerion he was most unquestionably indebted for the model of his far-famed Canterbury Tales. In those tales, allusion is made to Petrarch, from whom he asserts that he learned the beautiful and pathetic tale of the patient Griselda :

‘LEARNED at Padua, of a worthy clerke;
FRANCIS PETRARCH, the laurent poet,
Highte this clerke, whose rhetorique sweete
Eclumined all Italie of poesie.’

It was while travelling in Italy and France, during this embassy, that he applied himself to the study of the Italian and Provençal poetry ; and this enabled him afterward to do much toward softening and rendering more melodious his native tongue. He is accused, by one of the writers of his time, of having introduced ‘a wagon-load of foreign words into the tongue ;’ and it is certain that he was guilty of the accusation, and, by so doing, made our language more musical.

On his return from the embassy to Genoa, he was received with great and deserved favor by his sovereign, and honored with more substantial marks of his favor, for he was shortly after appointed to the highly-lucrative post of Comptroller of the Customs of London. The poet was soon enriched by the profits of this office, and his reputation very much increased by the satisfactory manner in which he performed its duties.

It was in this halcyon season of his life, that Chaucer composed some of those gay and sportive effusions of his muse, so well suited to the humor of the times, and so happily adapted to its romantic spirit. About this period, he composed the Complaint of the Black Knight, in honor of John of Gaunt’s courtship of Lady Blanche ; and it is one of the most elegant and humorous of his compositions. ‘The House of Fame’ also made its appearance at this time. In the construction of its fable it gives evidence of great ingenuity, and the harmony of its composition is remarkable for the age in which it was produced. Pope afterward unquestionably took it for his model, in that splendid poem, ‘The Temple of Fame.’

It was about this time that his patron, the Duke of Lancaster, espoused the cause of the first reformer, Wyckliffe, who, by his teachings, was then creating a great uproar in England.

Wyckliffe was filling the chair of theology at Oxford, when the boldness and force of the new doctrines taught by him ‘in the very halls of the university, startled all Christendom. He was publicly charged with heresy, and cited to appear before an ecclesiastical tribunal. The Duke of Lancaster and Earl Percy, as soon as they heard of the citation, ordered Wyckliffe to confront his enemies with a bold and dauntless spirit. As Dr. Vaughan in his recent monograph upon Wyckliffe, has given a most graphic description of the scene of this council, and the

'On the morning of the nineteenth of February, in the year 1337, the priests, the dignitaries, and the prelates, who were to constitute the two houses of this clerical parliament, went streaming in, along the narrow passes that led to St. PAUL's. What's afoot is somewhat noised abroad, and you see the dependents of these great ones, and others of the populace of London crowding into the sacred building. The edifice itself is large — larger than the structure which now lifts its head so high on the same site, and is in the old massive style of Norman architecture. The space open around it is also large, if we bear in mind that it stands in the midst of a city within whose contracted walls ingenuity in the way of package has been tasked to the utmost. Soon after the prelates have taken their seats, a noise is heard at the entrance. It approaches nearer, until, in the midst of much disorder and hubbub, a way is opened through the crowd; and the man, JOHN DE WYCKLIFFE, of whom enough had been heard, but few present had seen, stands in their midst with a presence of his own, which bids fair to be a match for any presence. There you can imagine him, a man rising some where above the middle stature. His right hand is raised in the clutch of his tall, white staff. His clothing consists of a dark, simple robe, belted about the waist, and dropping its folds from the shoulders to the waist, and from the waist to the feet; while above that gray and flowing beard, you may discover a set of features which speak throughout of nobleness, and which a man might do well to travel far, even to look at. Behind him, you see his servant, bearing his books and papers; especially, the Book above all books; ammunition for the battle, if this is to be a field-day. On his one hand is JOHN OF GAUNT, (our poet's patron;) on the other, Lord PERCY, Earl Marshal of England. These were bold men all. But COURTENAY, the presiding Bishop, was a bold man, too. He rose in high displeasure, and was the first to speak; when the following fierce altercation arose:

'BISHOP COURTENAY: 'Earl PERCY! had I known what masteries you would have kept in the Church, I would have stopped you from coming out hither.'

'JOHN OF GAUNT: 'My Lord Bishop, he shall keep such masteries, though you say him nay.'

'LORD PERCY: 'WYCKLIFFE, sit down: for you have many things to answer, and you need to repose yourself on a soft seat.'

'BISHOP COURTENAY: 'It is most unreasonable that one cited before his ordinary, should sit down during his answer. He must and shall stand.'

'JOHN OF GAUNT: 'Lord PERCY's motion for WYCKLIFFE is reasonable; and as for you, my Lord Bishop, who are grown so proud and arrogant, I will bring down not only the pride of you, but of all the prelacy of England.'

'Bishop COURTENAY: 'Do your worst, Sir.'

'JOHN OF GAUNT: 'Thou bearest thyself so long upon thy parents, which shall not be able to keep thee. They shall have enough to do to help themselves.'

'BISHOP C.: 'My help is not in my parents, nor in any man else: but in God, in whom I trust, and by whose assistance I will speak the truth.'

'JOHN OF GAUNT: 'Rather than bear these words, I will pluck this insolent Bishop by the hair out of the Church.'

Thus abruptly closed this convocation; and, protected by his powerful patrons, Wyckliffe escaped the fate that, twenty years after his death, did its work with fire and faggot upon those who sustained his noble doctrines. His enemies, then, could only wreak their vengeance upon his bones; these they burnt to ashes, and the ashes they gave to the rapid current of the River Swift.

Chaucer, of course, could not desert his patron; and without being, (as has been asserted,) a follower of Wyckliffe, he went heart and hand with John of Gaunt, in shielding the Reformer from the persecutions of the clergy and the monks. His hatred to this last class had been manifested in early life, having been fined at the University 'for kicking and beating a begging pair;' and he always seemed to delight in the opportunity of exposing their rascality and laziness. There is not any evidence that Chaucer ever became a follower of Wyckliffe, by deserting the Church of Rome.

About the year 1377, Edward having died, the young Prince of Wales succeeded his grand-father as Richard Second; and being but eleven years of age, the Duke of Lancaster, (the poet's patron) was intrusted with the chief share of the administration.

The Duke, thus elevated to the very zenith of power, did not forget his favorite. He offered him several posts of honor and emolument. But Chaucer, satisfied with the lucrative post of Comptroller of the Customs of London, did not aspire to any other.

It was not long after Lancaster's elevation, before his power and influence began to fail. He soon became equally suspected by the king and by the people. The conduct of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and other popular leaders, who rose against the imposition of taxes in this reign, had served to bring the doctrines of Wyckliffe (as their resentment was aimed at the clergy) into great disfavor. The enemies of Wyckliffe, charged him and his abettors with being the plotters of this rebellion. It was about this period that Chaucer took the part of Sir John Cumberton, mayor of London, in his endeavors to reform the city government, upon certain advice given by Wyckliffe. The clergy thereupon stirred up a most violent opposition to the election of Cumberton, and excited such a fierce disturbance that a rebellion ensued. The King made use of force, for the purpose of quieting it: several of the ring-leaders were put to death, and Sir John Cumberton imprisoned. Chaucer, being apprehensive about his own safety, fled to France; but returned shortly after to England, and was immediately seized and imprisoned. It was while in prison, that he gave vent to his sorrows in that most excellent treatise called 'The Testament of Love.'

After his release from prison, which happened after a few months' confinement, he appears to have been restored to favor, and his old official position as Comptroller of the Customs of London.

The loss of the Duke of Lancaster, who died about this period, affected our poet deeply; and he retired to Dunnington Castle, a short distance beyond Newberry, where he died after a few years' residence, spent, to use his own words, 'in indulging grave thoughts in the solitude of that sweet retreat.'

He was at this castle when the great revolution happened, that placed Henry of Lancaster on the throne of England; the son of the Duke of Lancaster, (Chaucer's patron,) and now his brother-in-law. The new king seems to have been disposed to shower honors upon the old poet; but he staid the liberal hand of his prince, preferring to devote the few remaining years of life to the settlement of his private affairs.

He died about the year 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the grand south cross-aisle; being the first of that array of mighty poets whose bones repose with generations of warriors and statesmen beneath the long-drawn aisles of this great national Walhalla.

We may justly affirm of this great poet, that in whatever light he is considered, he seems always to merit and claim our admiration. In his public character, if we consider the time in which he lived, he manifested great firmness of principle, and marked consistency of character; in his private, he won, and richly deserved, the esteem of his contemporaries. If we regard him as an author, he may be well styled 'the Father of English Poetry.' His works abound in rare and unsurpassed beauties of thought and expression. The earliest successors of Chaucer, John the Chaplain, Occleve, and Lydgate, in celebrating the praises, or lamenting the death of 'theire greate maister,' all harp upon one

theme: the eloquence, or 'rhetorike,' as they usually style it, of the departed poet. And this, indeed, is the term which Chaucer himself fixes upon in the 'Clerk's Prologue,' while praising Petrarch. But, if any two poets afford a contrast to each other, and exhibit qualities directly opposite, these two are Chaucer and Petrarch. The latter is the poet of language and of style: the former, the poet of vigorous thought, and of matter.

The term 'rhetorike,' then, although not unaptly applied to Petrarch, will not, in the slightest degree, portray the characteristic excellencies of the first great English poet. Perhaps, indeed, the most striking quality of Chaucer's works, on our first acquaintance with them, will be the beauty and vigor which many of his descriptive passages have attained, notwithstanding the rudeness and imperfection of his metre and language, and even the homeliness of his style and diction. Yet, rude as this language, and unornamented as this style now appears to us, so manifest an improvement was it upon his predecessors, that, from his own day to that of Leland and William Thynne — the one his earliest biographer, the other the first editor of his entire works — this peculiar excellence of Chaucer, trifling as it is in comparison with his real merits as a poet, seems to have occupied the attention of his admirers, to the exclusion of every other. Skelton, in his 'Crown of Laurel,' written in 1489, continues in the same strain with John the Chaplain, Oecleve, and Lydgate: and extols both Gower and Chaucer as the garnishers and refiners of the rude English tongue: and Hawes, in his 'Pastime of Pleasure,' speaks of Chaucer much in the same strain. In the dedication of Thynne to Henry the Eighth, the poet is praised, according to the affected pedantry of the day, 'for his excellent learning in all kindes of doctrines and sciences,' 'and for his sharpnesse and quicknesse in conclusion, in a time when either by the disposition and influence of the heavenly bodies, or by the ordinance of God, all good letters were laid asleepe through the world.'

Up to the days of Thynne, there was but one opinion on the subject. Chaucer was 'the floure of rhetorike,' 'the garnisher of English rude.' Webbe first ventures to hint, that 'the manner of his style may seem blunt and coarse to many fine English eares at these days.' In the time of which Webbe speaks, the English tongue, beside the natural polish which it had acquired from the labors of successive writers, was also affectedly interlarded with artificial ornaments, borrowed chiefly from the Spanish and Italian languages. These 'ink-horn terms,' as they were called, form a frequent theme for ridicule in the comedies of Ben Jonson and Shakspeare. Similar affectations and innovations were encouraged and extended by the 'Euphues' of John Lilye: and Spenser, finding the ornate style, which was then becoming popular, abhorrent, from the nature and subject of his romantic poem, adopted at once the language of Chaucer, as

'A WELL of English undefiled.'

It may be safely said of Chaucer, that he far surpassed those of his time, in all the different styles of verse in which he wrote. In his sonnets or love-songs, when but a mere boy, we discern fire and judg-

ment, great elegance of thought, and harmony of expression. Not the least testimony in praise of Chaucer, is that borne by so many distinguished poets, who in after-times so closely imitated him. Spenser, in his *Shepherd's Calender*, alludes to, and professedly imitates him; and that his admiration did not diminish with his years, we have substantially proved, by the numerous images and descriptions in '*The Faery Queene*,' based upon those of our poet. Many of the allegorical descriptions in Chaucer's '*Romaunt of the Rose*,' remind one forcibly of Spenser's *Faëry Queene*. The image of '*Hypocrisy*' in particular, which so attracted the admiration of Barclay, that in his translation of '*The Shippe of Fools*,' he has inserted it at length, seems to have suggested to Spenser the character of Archimago. The well-known description of trees in the opening of Spenser's great work is taken almost verbatim from that of Chaucer's '*Parliament of Fowles*.' '*Merlin's Mirrour*' seems borrowed from the mirror presented to Cambuscan by the Stranger Knight, in the '*Squier's Tale*;' and the description of the cave of Morpheus in '*The House of Fame*,' or, rather, in the opening line of the *Dutchesse*, evidently formed the ground-work of the celebrated description of Spenser. The original description, from whence Chaucer borrowed his idea, is to be found in Ovid; but the English poet has not followed his favorite Latin author very closely; and Spenser has much enriched his description, by the introduction of the double gates of Sleep, from the sixth book of Virgil's *Æneid*. If Chaucer may be regarded as the master of Spenser in allegorical and picturesque description, it must be confessed that, on the whole, the pupil excels the instructor: although, perhaps, in point of forcible painting and contrast, it would be difficult to produce any passages from the '*Faëry Queen*' equal to the portraits of the rival kings Lycurgus and Emetrius, in the *Knight's tale*. The simplicity of the diction in these passages, as well as in those describing suicide and madness, is so far from destroying the sublimity of the poetry, that it seems, as with Dante, only to heighten it.

From the days of Shakspeare, the comic powers of Chaucer have been the constant theme of admiration, both with critics and poets. In allegorical description, he may have been excelled by Spenser; in pathos, by Shakspeare; in sublimity, by Milton: but in true comic humor, and more especially in the delineation of professional character, he has few equals, no superiors.

Pope, with the intention of selecting a favorable specimen of his comic power, has modernized *The Merchant's Tale*, and the Prologue of *The Wife of Bath*. Dryden, in his choice of *The Nonnes Priest's Tale*, has fixed upon one of our poet's works, which, while it equally abounds in wit, with the selections of Pope, is less objectionable on the score of indecency.

No age is so variously or so minutely depicted in any author, either in prose or rhyme, as that of Edward the Third and his successor, in the works of Chaucer. In the orations of Thucydides, or Demosthenes, we have the knights of Athens; in the comedies of Aristophanes, their squires and the church : in the verses of Menander, the follies and vices of the gentry : in Ben Jonson, every possible variety

of the black-guard of his day: but it was reserved for the wonderful pencil of Chaucer to group all these upon the same canvas.

As portraying the habits, and as participating in the sentiments of the middle classes of his day, Chaucer affords a marked contrast to his contemporary, Froissart. Froissart, throughout his whole life, wrote only for the princes. In his poems and romances, he treats of the favorite courtly topic, the all-engrossing subject of love. In his *Chronicles*, as in the *Iliad*, we have but a variety of the knight, and that rather the hero of poetical chivalry than the true historical knight of Chaucer. In his sentiments, he is true to the old heroic and feudal principle expressed by Horace, when speaking of the *Iliad*:

‘*De lirant reges plectuntur achevi:*’

and he accounts the blood of churls as of no value, when weighed in the scale with the honor of knighthood. In Chaucer, we find depicted the rural dwelling of the Reve, and the lonely cottage ‘of the poure widowe,’ who is described as ‘a maner dey,’ (the lowest class of laborers;) ‘ful sooty was here hal, and eke here bower.’ But Froissart never condescends to smoky rafters; he dwells always in the tapestried halls of princes, and delights to describe their unlimited power, and their costly magnificence.

Chaucer’s greatest work is unquestionably his *Canterbury Tales*; and upon this his fame chiefly rests: the tale of those pilgrims, who, to use the words of Shaw, ‘have traversed four hundred and fifty years, (like the Israelites wandering in the desert,) amid arid periods of neglect and ignorance, sandy flats of formal mannerism, unfertilized by any spring of beauty; and yet their garments have not decayed, neither have their shoes waxed old.’

I have before alluded to these tales, and intimated that Chaucer evidently took for the model of his spirited narrative, the *Decameron* of the Italian poet, Boccacio.

After Chaucer’s return from the embassy to Genoa, the influence of his Italian studies soon manifested itself in his writings. And that influence, after the poet’s death, continued to affect the literature of the fifteenth century, reaching its culminating point during the reign of Elizabeth, and gradually losing its authority during the succeeding century.

Before the age of Elizabeth, all the light of learning which fell upon the world, had come from Italy; and our English literature, like a young and tender plant, insensibly put forth its roots more luxuriantly in the direction whence it felt its invigorating influences; as it grew, it sent its fibres deeper into its own soil, and drew thence, from that time, the nourishment necessary to enable it to assume its full and fair proportions.

The *Decameron* of Boccacio, who was a student of the famous Petrarch, and gifted with much of the genius of his master, was a species of dramatic novel — in the language of all acute critics of the last century, a comedy not intended for the stage.

The action of the *Decameron* is supposed to happen about the year 1348, when a fierce pestilence desolated Florence. We are first intro-

duced to a group of ladies and gentlemen flying from the infected city, and taking refuge in a deserted palace about two miles from its walls. There, in the midst of delightful gardens, murmuring fountains, and all the luxuries that well-stored wine-vaults, groaning larders, and splendidly-furnished apartments could afford, they determined, with true Italian levity, to forget the plague-stricken city, and spend the next ten days in pleasure. They appoint a queen who is mistress of the revels, and on each day, she demands of one of the company a story; and the tales of ten days (hence the title of the poet) constitute his most famous production.

Boccaccio surpasses Chaucer, unquestionably, in the musical harmony of his periods, and the perfect finish of his composition; but he falls far behind him in knowledge of human nature, and the keen anatomy of the human soul, that so distinguishes the English poet, in his *Canterbury Tales*. The Italian poet does not pretend to sketch the different characters who, light of heart, and escaping the hideous scenes of death, had assembled in the deserted palace: while the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* is a portrait-gallery in itself; and in the vigorous and speaking faces that look down upon us from the canvas, all a-glow with the genius of a master's pencil, we can recognize features familiar to us at this day.

The action of the poem, if action it may be called, consists in the contest of the pilgrims for the supper to be given on their return, at the general cost, to the most successful teller of tales. It is projected by the host, that each pilgrim shall tell one tale on the way to Canterbury, and one returning; but the work of Chaucer breaks off before the arrival at Canterbury, and when not the first tale had gone its entire round.

The characters of the pilgrims are strongly painted, for the sake of picturesque contrast. The more worthy characters are raised above the ordinary rank and condition of life: the churls, as the poet himself terms them, are lowered. If time would permit, we should give some illustrations of the descriptive power of the poet, as evinced in this, his greatest work; but we can only refer our reader to the work itself, where, if he possesses the least share of literary taste, he can select for himself, from the rich store-house of the poet.

Chaucer unquestionably stood a head and shoulders above all his contemporaries. None can be found who could stand with him upon the high ground he occupied; and, we make bold to say, for more than a century after his death did any arise who could be classed as his equal. He caught the living manners of the age, with an accuracy of conception and a perfection of finish, that none but Shakspeare ever surpassed. His portraits are never over-drawn; but, instinct with life, and true to nature, they live again in every age. In the men and women of your own day, we recognize the prominent features of Chaucer's living portraits.

In some of his smaller effusions, he becomes the inspired dreamer, sailing away upon airy pinions into the golden light of the fairy land of romance.

Then, again, his riotous spirit rings loud in his quaint verse with the turbulence of human merriment and laughter.

And then it changes into a subdued tone, like the low, plaintive sighing of some autumn-breeze, that shakes down upon your path-way the sober-tinted leaves of autumn.

And now it luxuriates in the midst of the tranquillizing sights and sounds of Nature, with whom the poet often holds 'sweet converse;' and the singing of the choral songsters of the grove are in your ears; the rustling of leaves; the splash of the wood-land water-fall:

'Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass;
Rain-awakened flowers;
All that ever was
Joyous, clear, and fresh.'

There are certain books militant upon the earth; that is, they have to fight for their very existence, and sometimes are lost for ever in the struggle; others, such as the Prometheus of Æschylus, the Iliad of Homer, the Æneid of Virgil — are triumphant; they can never be lost, or incorporated into other creations. A good steam-engine may be superseded by a better; but one lovely valley can never be superseded by another; a statue of Phidias by a statue of Michael Angelo:

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases.'

Human works, the productions of the highest order of genius, never can repeat themselves, never become extinct. At this hour, five hundred years since their creation, the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer stand unrivalled; they never have been surpassed for tenderness, picturesqueness, and life. The man — the people he describes — even their very monuments — are dust. But the poet lives; his soul — the soul of the great Chaucer — is in this, his greatest work, and can never die.

L I N E S .

A LINGERING snow-wreath on a distant height,
In yester-eve's short twilight caught my eye,
As musingly I scanned the landscape seen
From my boys' chamber-window; and I thought
How highest things are purest, most enduring,
And least affected by the powers that work
In lower spheres. The rainy flood bears down,
And mingles with the mire, snow once as pure
As that my eye now rests on; but the sheen
That robed the mountain is no longer white;
Nay, it no longer is! 't was soiled, and then,
It vanished utterly. It will be thine,
In God's good providence, to school young minds;
Teach them, though all things else remain untaught,
The pure in heart shall see their GOD — the ETERNAL!

Bridgewater, March 6, 1854.

R.

T H E L O N E L Y G R A V E .

BY PIERRE VIVANT.

Down by the sedgy margin of the river,
Where pendant willows in its waters lave,
Where, with each breeze, the trembling aspens quiver,
And the long grass stoops down to kiss the wave,
There is a lonely grave.

The river, gliding onward to the ocean,
Washes, with peaceful flow, the silvery sands;
And the warm south-wind waves, with gentlest motion,
The flowers transplanted there by loving hands,
At MEMORY'S fond command.

There, underneath the verdant sod reposing,
Lieth the form of her we idolized;
Who, when beneath DEATH'S seal her eyes were closing,
And tears of stricken ones her brow baptized,
Still earthly joys despised.

There, when the early grass and flowers were springing,
We laid her gentle head in lowly rest,
And thither garlands fresh and fragrant bringing,
We strewed them tenderly above her breast —
The flowers she loved the best.

And while our lives are spared, and recollection,
We 'll bring these floral offerings to this shrine,
To testify to our unchanged affection
For her who doth in heavenly garments shine
Before the ALL-DIVINE.

This spot to us is holy, though the spirit
Abides no more on earth, but, clothed in white,
Celestial habitations doth inherit,
And walketh, with the angels, fields of light,
Knowing no longer night.

And when our earthly pilgrimage is finished,
To Heaven we 'll turn our fondly-longing eyes,
And with affection pure and undiminished,
Renew her loved acquaintance in the skies,
Where true love never dies.

And though we enter through the grave's dim portal,
Though laid, like her before us, in the dust,
Our mortal shall at length put on the immortal,
And soar, unfettered by earth's moth and rust,
To GOD, in whom we trust!

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
THE FUDGE FAMILY

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHTH

A TRIPLÉT OF LETTERS; WITH A MOTTO FOR EACH.

I. 'Cui cum paupertate bene convenit, dives est; non qui parum habet, sed qui plus cupit, pauper est.' LUCIAN.

II. 'The truth she loved above all earthly wight,
Yet could not tell her love; but what she saide
Was certain true, and she a perfect maide.' LORD BROOKES.

III. 'WILHE comes next, who with the tyranny
Of subtle rules, distinctions, terms, and notions,
Confounds of real truth the harmony,
Distracts the judgment.' OLD POET: *apud* Fid. TONY.

My uncle SOLOMON, under the circumstances which just now cast their shadow upon the FUDGE family, is depressed. I observe that his white cravat is frequently tied wrong. I observe that his gold-bowed spectacles repose less frequently upon his serene forehead; and far oftener with a discerning look upon the bridge of his nose. Even in conversation, I notice that they maintain their position here as if they interposed a shield between his secret anxieties and the obtrusive eye of the world. There are times when we all like to set a screen between us and the penetrating look of every body: and blessed is the man or the woman who never feels this liking, or the want which creates it.

As I regard my uncle SOLOMON now-a-days, I reflect with philosophic pleasure upon that independence and high-spiritedness which belong to—nothing: and regale myself with the thought that stocks may be high or low; rich men's sons stultifying themselves in Paris, or elsewhere; intrusive QUIDS starting arrogant claims; large women growing larger and more red; yet I, the bachelor TONY, lively, with good digestion, impulsive, easy-tempered, am disturbed by none of these things; but look all the world straight in the face—having no need of spectacles, or of—Absinthe.

PHŒBE and SOLOMON use monosyllables more than ever. SOLOMON feels that PHŒBE spends a great deal of money; PHŒBE feels that SOLOMON does not make an effective use of money.

'What is the use of burying it in coal-mines?' says PHŒBE. And SOLOMON winces; for he thinks of the Dauphin and the Parker vein.

'If you could n't afford it, Mr. FUDGE, why did you ever come into the Avenue?' says PHŒBE.

And SOLOMON thinks, in a desolate way, of the Axminsters, and frescoes, and Louis Quatorze chairs. I do not know but he begins to regret

the sums which have been lavished upon the French tutelage and harp-practice of Miss WILHELMINA. They may perhaps have made her the envy of other men's daughters; but he does not clearly perceive how they have added greatly to the charms of his fire-side, or brought her nearer to him in the way of comforting his old heart.

For it is even true that there are soft places in the hearts of nearly all the world — even in those of brokers — where quiet hopes grow up of a domestic and tender sort, which, if they be not fed, canker, and consume away painfully. Sentiment may be staved off, and laughed at cleverly enough; and stocks and percentages fill up a large measure of a man's desire; but, ten to one, there will lie in him some where, after all, a longing for pleasant fire-side confidences, where what is left of the boy and the son at the bottom of all his oldness, may speak out and rejoice itself.

I do not think that the brocaded WILHELMINA, who had been paragraphed at Saratoga, and who flirted incontinently, in rivalry of all the SPINDLES and PINKERTONS, touched any such place in the old SOLOMON's heart, or made it lighter when his thought fell on his home in the Avenue. There was an outsideness to the whole matter of his home, his wife, his child, and (I may add) his Dauphin stock, which made him sigh for something which had *inside*. It was all compounded of a struggle *to seem*, and of no effort *to be*.

Howbeit, the outside must be kept good, so long as strength lasts, by those who live in that direction; and I may say that it is just now in the city a very favorite direction. Houses are elegantly *crusted*; education runs to piquancies; and to succeed is to *seem* to.

Therefore, my uncle SOLOMON looks about him to see what pretences he can still hang up between his state real and his state fashionable. The BODGERS' windfall is like to prove no windfall at all. The QUID papers are very strong indeed: so strong that even Mr. PLAINET, his lawyer, advises him to make the best compromise he can. He enters, therefore, manfully upon this scheme; discusses the affair with dignity, in company of Mr. QUID and his lawyer; maintains to the eye of both his character as a man of great means, who thinks lightly of small sums; presses the claims of the widow FLEMING with what seems disinterestedness, and which really would be so were he not overborne with the hope of imposing upon his listeners the belief of his own perfect soundness and security.

The upshot of the affair may be seen in this letter of my uncle SOLOMON, addressed to the widow FLEMING, in his capacity as administrator, being the first of the triplet referred to in the title to my chapter:

I

'MY DEAR MADAM: Duty compels me to inform you that the claims of Mr. QUID upon the estate of your deceased kinsman, TRUMAN BODGERS, Esq., of which I have already given you brief advisement, are very strong. He has shown to me, in connection with my legal adviser, papers which appear to establish beyond doubt, the rights of his son, as heir-at-law. Deeply distressing as this event must be to both branches of the BODGERS family, I see no resource. I would advise you, therefore, to limit your expenses accordingly, as the usual annuity which I believe you have been in the habit of receiving through the generosity of Mr. BODGERS, will now be cut off. I trust you will bear the reverse with resolution.

'I have farther to state, that in view of the strong nature of the claims of Mr. QUID,

and in order to avoid the costs of a long suit, which might in the end prove profitless, I have entertained some propositions from Mr. Quid, with the view of effecting a compromise. He proposes to assign to you a life-lease of the old BODGERS homestead; in which event you might judiciously dispose of your present property; to Mrs. FUDGE he proposes to make an assignment of a certain amount of stocks, reckoned equivalent to the above.

'I have written to Squire BIVINS upon the same subject; and as your consent will be necessary to such a settlement, I must beg of you an early reply.

'N. B. As there has been, I understand, some loose mention, in certain quarters, of the existence of a will, it is best to inform you that whatever engagements of the kind stated might be entered into would be conditional, and would not debar the prosecution of any claim, which might be based upon writings, in the nature of a will, subsequently brought to light.'

In contrast with this cool, man-of-business letter, I now offer a second, being addressed by Miss KITTY, our pleasant little cousin, who wears her heart wide open, to Miss JEMIMA FUDGE, our poetic friend, of the BLIMMER experience :

..

'MY DEAR JEMIMA: I should be very ungrateful for all your kindness if I forgot to write you, as I promised I would, and to tell you all about my country home, which I am *so* glad to welcome again.

'Well, what shall I say? You know how much I love my mother, and how much the old village of Newtown, about which I have talked so often, and very tiresomely, I dare say. The town I find just as it was, but there are people gone whom I used to see, and loved to see. Poor uncle TRUMAN! that he should not march down to the old house to welcome me with his kind kiss seems very, very strange. And the house where he lived is closed and dismal. I have been tempted to step in and train the sweet briars, as I did before; but now I must not; and they say, beside, that it is to pass into strange hands.

'There are others beside who are gone away, since I was last here; some to the city, and some to California — so far off! But why do you care to know this, or any thing, indeed, of our little, quiet place, so unlike as it is to your noisy and splendid streets?

'I do believe I was awake all of my first night here, for the joy of my return; and the second, it was the same thing, because the house and the street were so quiet; and now, dear JEMIMA, it is the thought of your kindness, and that of those about you, which comes to my memory, and keeps me very, very wakeful.

'But I have forgotten, after all, the greatest piece of news, which is, that we are not to be rich, or to have any part of my uncle BODGERS's estate; and my mother has just now told me, in greater grief than I wish she felt, that our little annuity which came to her from my kind old uncle is now to be cut off.

'And who do you think is to inherit my uncle's estate? Prepare for a grand surprise; it is Mr. ADOLPHUS QUID; who, (is it not very queer?) mamma says, is the heir at law; and stranger still, he has offered to us a life-lease of the old BODGERS house! So, I shall perhaps train the rose-briars again.

'I know not what to make of it all. I know only that my poor mother is very sad; says we shall be very poor; I am sorry for that: but thanks to what I have learned with you, I can do something. I have planned it all. In a moment it flashed into my head.

'I will have a little school in a corner of the old BODGERS's mansion; there are plenty of scholars I can find; and I will dress the school-room with flowers, and will be so independent; and if you will come and see us then, I will show you such a rosy-cheeked little company as will make your heart ache; and we will have such nice walks together in the maple-grove; and you and I will cheer mamma, and she shall forget that there has been any change!

'Yet, is it not all very queer? And Mr. Quid, too, who showed me kind attentions (were they not kind?) the last winter! I don't know how I ought to feel in accepting such charity as this. But my mother's wish must be law with me in such a matter.

'I half accuse myself now for having given such answer to our old friend, Mr. BLIMMER, of the everlasting Blimmersville houses, (pray, is the Blimmersville church built yet?)

(Oh! KITTY, KITTY!)

'For he is rich, they say, and might have given a helping hand to us all, had I been Mrs. —! But, trifling apart, have I not done well, JEMIMA, in listening to my own heart, when it said roundly, *no!* instead of listening to any jingle of money? I am *sure* I did.

‘Our own old home, if the change is made of which I have told you, must be sold. This I do not like. It will be hard to see it in other hands; it will be hard to give up the walks we have trimmed, and the flowers we have planted so many, many years! And to think beside that we must accept the charity of a stranger, in gaining only the shelter of that kind uncle’s roof, who I am sure would have done every thing to cheer us and to sustain us in our own old home!’

‘He never thought it would be so; I am certain he never did. We women know nothing of law, to be sure; but are not our hearts judges of what is just, as well as man’s? And are not ties of kindred, and friendship, and love, stronger than — but shame on me! I have forgotten all my brave thought of the school, where the flowers shall hang each morning, with the dew fresh upon them; and where you, JEMIMA, shall come as my lady patroness: *Pensez-y!*’

‘Mr. BLIMMER (I tremble in naming him!) has been to Newtown: what can it be for? Certainly not for me. They say — you know what gossips country-people are — that his visit was to a certain Miss BIVINS, daughter of our ‘eminent’ lawyer; certain it is, that he called twice on her father, the ‘Squire:’ and, farthermore, he sat in his pew on Sunday, and Miss MEHITABLE wore a very conscious air. Who knows? I fear I must give him up. Ah! lack-a-day!’

Just so the honest heart of girl-hood makes sun-beams for itself, which centre within, and radiate all around. It seeks no morbid food to live upon, whether of romance or of crazed hopes; but trusting in HEAVEN’S goodness, and seeing with chastened eye the beauty of honest endeavor, it finds its own joys in the glow of a willing spirit, and in the gush of an open heart.

And now, to complete my triplet, I lay before my courteous reader, another letter, being of city origin, from the hand of no less diverting a writer than my cousin, Miss WILHELMINA. I do not say that it is absolutely genuine; but I do say that the facts therein set forth are many of them to be relied upon, and that it offers an every way ingenuous picture of my pleasant cousin’s thought and chit-chat.

She addresses an acquaintance made last Summer at Saratoga:

III.

‘LETITIA, *ma Chère* LETITIA: After our sudden parting last summer, so very provoking as it was, I have been pining away in the Avenue. I am well enough, to be sure, and take a drive every day upon Broadway with mamma; and the Count is civil and attentive as usual, and the SPINDLES are as jealous as ever, (which is some comfort,) yet somehow it seems very dull. Papa has a terribly long face; more than all, when I ask him for money. Mamma says he is disturbed about his coal-stocks, and business, and all that. What a horrid thing business is! It made us come away from the Springs just as a good set was forming about mamma; and there’s no hope, I fear, of getting it together again. How is it, dear LETITIA, that people will be very kind, and chatty, and attentive at the Springs, and then never come near you in town? I should love to live at Saratoga, that is, provided the Count, and you, and the rest were there, and the set was good.

‘Those hateful SPINDLES are just as proud as ever; although I am sure our house is better furnished than theirs; and our box at the opera was in twice as good a position. Never mind, as BROWN says, ‘our turn will come.’

‘Really, my LETITIA, I don’t know what to tell you about the Count. He is graceful and gentleman-like, and says *such* agreeable things. And in French, you’ve no idea, he is adorable! What a nice thing to be a Countess: there’s not the slightest doubt about the title, for my French teacher has seen it often, he says, in the foreign papers. How it *would* spite the SPINDLES!

‘But then papa — there’s that horrid business again — says he don’t know about his property, and don’t know yet what his profession is; just as if a Count could have a profession: how absurd!

‘I think mamma would like it; and then the *éclat* of it all! Do you ask me if I love him? My LETITIA, my heart knows not what to respond — ah, *mon pauvre cœur!* I ask myself — indeed I do — ‘WILHELMINA, dear one, is it the title, the distinction, the grandeur; or is it the man, the heart, the disposition? Could you live with him in a cot by the water’s side, with only a vegetable garden, and a pure rill of running water? or is it the thought of a claret coach, like mamma’s, with a coronet on the panel that would make the SPINDLES die of envy?’

'I know not what to say; sometimes I think it is one, sometimes I think it is the other. Tell me, dear LETITIA, what *you* think it is?

'Another nice piece of news I have got for you: ADOLPHE QUID, who you remember at the Springs, is to be rich! What do you think of that? There is no doubt of it: papa says so, and he rarely says so of any body. I think the old gentleman would really encourage me to set snares for the *millionaire*. ADOLPHE is very well: but only think of Mrs. QUID! If he was only a Count!

'Yet one might do worse, I must confess: for they say he is of good family: and he visits at the SPINDLES. There's some foreign connection with his name, and he speaks French adorably.

'He was very attentive a winter ago to a pretty little country-cousin of ours, whom we introduced in one or two quiet places; but she, sad thing, is wretchedly poor, and I have just heard is to commence country school-keeping. What reverses in life, oh! dear! Last winter visiting with mamma, and now school-keeping!

Adieu, ma chère.

'P. S. We have just had a letter from brother WASHINGTON, in Paris. I so wish you could see him. He is coming home, and says (although I have n't seen the letter) that a Countess some body is coming home in the ship with him. Mamma is in transports: but papa looks *very* gloomy indeed. Won't the SPINDLES look sour?

Adieu, chérie; porte toi bien.'

A pleasant enough triplet of letters, showing, what I like to show, the inner thought of my pleasant kinsfolk who make up the FUDGE portraits; and the like of whom may be found in many another family, bearing a different name.

To wit: a proud old man, scheming hard to keep full the coffers that sustain his pride, and who has lived so long in the light of money that all else seems dark.

Next, is an innocent young-creature — I will not call her heroine — of country breeding, who looks the world fairly in the face, saying her prayers in humble fashion each night, and doing her duty, with humble zeal, by day; — with all, wearing a heart wide open, and meeting storms with sun-shine.

Last, is a gay daughter of our world-wise metropolis, reared after the newest mode of the newest brown-stone houses, with whom fashion is godliness, and *gaucherie*, sin: and who counts weekly attendance upon the service of Dr. MUDDLETON, who reads his sermons in white, as all of religion that the gospel requires or humanity demands.

I, TONY, am cousin to them all, and therefore know no reason why I should not speak plainly.

T O - M O R R O W .

To-morrow! — 't is an idle sound,
Tell me of no such dreary thing;
A new land, whither I am bound,
After strange wandering.

What care I, if bright blossoms there
Unfold, and sunny be the field;
If laded boughs in summer-air
Their pulpy fruitage yield?

Why deck to-day my pleasant bower,
Upon my own loved mountain-side,
The azure periwinkle flower,
And violet, deep-eyed?

Tell me not of to-morrow: calm
In His great hand I would abide,
Who fills my present hour with balm,
And trust, whate'er betide.

ALFORD.

R O S A : A P L A I N T .

BY THOMAS H HOWARD.

I LOVE all loveliness, but mostly you,
Who are most lovely, ROSA — radiant girl!
And I will string for you, as poets do,
Some thoughts in clusters, like a range of pearl;
Will you sit by me, or must those sweet eyes
Unwatched, watch here the tangles where I lie,
Panting forth plaints, new-born of that surprise
Which leaped thence lately, and now cannot die?

A precious sun-rise streams in floods all golden,
Athwart the depths of my pale sky of blue,
And drowns the day in glories grand and olden:
You are this affluent sun, dear lady! — *you!*
My soul walks out to meet you, all alone,
When dusk-eyed EVE edges the day with fringe;
And these dream-tinted joys, like stars outstrewn,
Surround my soul in sun-set's mellow tinge.

Oh! though unknown to you, call not unreal
These greetings, where my life puts off its rust;
For love is life, and love, in the ideal,
Finds a pure home, and an exalted trust.
May I not love you? I would build above
The clouds my hope — my palace, not of art,
To be enshrined within your world of love —
Feasted for ever on your glowing heart.

May I not love you? Jewels, on the shore
Of womanhood thus garnered, poets prize;
As ocean the great floods, for ever more
My soul would drink the dews of your sweet eyes:
May I not love you? In perpetual rains
My heart pours out its treasures seeking you,
As down soft slopes, through pebbly summer-drains,
The waters seek the ocean, broad and blue.]

You are a dream that lies upon me, making
My soul ache with its glory: let me feast
In that soft splendor, radiant as the breaking
Of a new morn unfolding in the east.
Oh! let me wear you as a mantle, decking
Its folds with unmatched spangles from your heart,
As broad skies wear their stars, so grandly flecking
Their glowing depths with love in every part.

You are an echo from the world of stars;
A symphony — rare, rounded into love:
A book of sweetest music without bars,
Breaking unchecked to hungering air above.

I measure out my passion in vain verse;
 It unwinds from my soul as from a reel;
 But ah! how idly, for none may rehearse
 The soul-born love which only I can feel.

Sweet bird! come, build your nest beyond the storm,
 High under caves that jut from skyey towers;
 The love now pleading for you bright and warm,
 Will glow more warm, more bright in heavenly bowers,
 When centuries shall have piled the past like hours.
 It is not for earth-life AFFECTION builds,
 For hopes earth-bound must perish like earth-flowers:
 The light is heavenly which the rainbow gilds.

New-Orleans, March 4, 1854.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PITT.

BY A. F. PERRY.

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE causes of this triumph must be sought mainly in the character of PITT himself. It is easy to see what circumstances helped him. The determination of the king to have nothing to do with Fox, was one great feature of the case; but then the king's advice would have ruined every thing had Pitt been willing to follow it. Another circumstance was this. Mr. Fox's East India Bill was hostile to the interests of the East India Company, and the influence of that Company was exerted against the bill and against Mr. Fox. WARREN HASTINGS, afterward the theme of so much controversy, was at that moment wielding the highest power of his great abilities over the affairs of the Company in India, and his comprehensive and enterprising genius found the means of making itself felt in England. He regarded the India Bill in some sort as a blow aimed at himself; and at that period of his life no man had attempted to cross his path without consequences not likely to encourage a second attempt. Mr. Fox was no more successful than others had been. But after all, it required the masterly ability and unrivalled aptness which had attracted attention to Pitt from the time of his first appearance in Parliament to arrange the elements of success and lead the controversy to a triumphant issue. The personal qualities exhibited by him made him the natural centre and focus of political action.

In this election, Wilberforce achieved one of those brilliant successes of which he was sometimes capable. He went to the populous and powerful district of Yorkshire, one of the strong-holds of the coalition, to look after the interests of the administration. He threw himself into the contest with so much activity and eloquence, that the constituency raised the cry, '*Wilberforce and Liberty!*' and sent him back to London and to Pitt, as the representative of Yorkshire, a post of responsibility and influence in which he was continued until old age

obliged him to decline it. In this election, also, HARRY ADDINGTON, Pitt's early play-fellow, the son of his father's family-physician, obtained a seat in the House of Commons — Addington, afterward for so many years the Speaker of the House, so much beloved, who succeeded Pitt as Prime Minister, and whose mild, clear, and wise character is so commonly underrated by critics and historians. Would the limits of this sketch permit, it would be pleasant to notice in succession the appearance in the political firmament of many other stars which afterward shone in the constellation of which Pitt was the centre.

Pitt was now firmly seated in the highest position known to a British subject. A large majority of the members of Parliament had been elected to support him. He was admired both by the king and the people of England, and he had their confidence. The army and the navy, and the revenues of the kingdom he held, as it were, in the hollow of his hand. There was no palace in the realm whose doors would not gladly open to him; nor a maiden so proud and high outside of royalty, that she would have felt it a condescension to accept his hand in marriage. Among that eminently practical people no kind of genius is so highly valued as the genius for affairs; no, not even the genius of Shakspeare.

But he had not looked to wealth or luxury as the reward of his ambition; neither did he rest satisfied with having achieved a position. He found the national debt of England to be over eleven billions of dollars, and the annual deficit in the revenue to exceed fourteen millions of dollars more. The three-per-cent. stocks were selling at fifty-six and fifty-seven per cent. Forty thousand persons were supposed to be engaged in defrauding the revenue by smuggling; not merely evading the law, but creating interests and opinions hostile to law, and setting it at defiance. The affairs of the East India Company were deranged and its credit shaken. Peace had then been established nearly a year without a remedy for these difficulties. Mr. Pitt proposed and carried laws to suppress smuggling and to fill the deficit in the revenue. He supplied temporary relief to the East India Company, and then proposed and carried a law for its permanent regulation, taking advantage of the exigency to bring its affairs more within the control of the government, and to subject the Company to the supervision of the Crown. When we glance at the stupendous magnitude of the affairs of that Company in the East, we shall not fail to see that few laws of Parliament could affect a larger extent of property and population. We shall cease to wonder that the failure of Mr. Fox and Lord North to propose a satisfactory law in reference to that Company was held to be a fair excuse for their dismissal from office; and in connection with the other measures of the session, it will show how very prompt and successful was this young man in grappling with difficulties and mastering subjects which had staggered and defeated some of the best heads in the Empire.

At the next session of Parliament his scheme of Parliamentary reform, and his project for commercial reciprocity between England and Ireland were defeated. These were measures of undoubted importance, in which he felt a great interest. But he brought forward another measure which

met with favor, and which he regarded as an enduring pillar of renown — I mean his celebrated law for paying off the national debt through the instrumentality of a sinking fund.

It has been mentioned that when he unrolled his first ministerial budget, it showed an annual deficit in the revenues of over fourteen millions of dollars. Now, after the lapse of two years, he was ready to announce his ability to meet the annual expenditure, and to set aside nearly five millions of dollars to pay off the national debt. In doing this, he looked forward to its final extinguishment, and proposed his plan for that purpose. The general principle which characterized this plan was embraced in every proposition afterward submitted by Pitt for national loans and for the management of British finances. It ran through his whole administration, the most momentous, in a financial point of view, that England ever saw, or that she probably ever will see. He first found the means of applying this principle in his administrative reforms, his revision of taxes, his enforcement of strict accountability, his destruction of sinecures, his warfare upon patronizing government jobs; in a word, in that high administrative talent which brought order out of confusion, inspired public confidence, hurried up the abundant, productive energies of peace hard upon the foot-steps of war, and out of the yawning abyss of a frightful national debt and a yearly augmenting deficit, suddenly rescued a formidable surplus, and announced the commencement of a new era in English history.

That national debt, reaching far back for its origin, had slowly but surely increased its proportions with the growth of English power, and at every new crisis had taken a new coil about the constitution of the realm. By the fickleness or versatility of public men, it had been allowed to assume a great variety of shapes. As interest-paying stocks or annuities, it had ramified itself through every department of the business or social life of the kingdom. It had become the dowry of maidens, the support of widows, the reliance of sickness and old age, the refuge of heroes, statesmen, and authors retired from service. Princes, nobles, and men of wealth hoarded it as their safe reliance; and it was made welcome at the palace of royalty itself.

He who received in marriage the hand of a daughter of Britain, favored of fortune, received with her some shares of national bankruptcy, and considered it wealth. He who, taking leave of this world, sought to distribute among those he loved the means of comfort, bestowed certificates from the same exhaustless fountain of bankruptcy. Soldiers and sailors, spared from the alternate perils of frigid and of tropical climates, from the perils of shipwreck and of battle encountered for the honor of the empire, hoped ere long to find a comfortable repose sweetened by some shares in the common bankruptcy. British charities were endowed with it. In a word, the British rulers having sunk and devoured the money represented by these stocks and annuities, were still living upon it and treating the evidence of its destruction as actual wealth. It was a monster, therefore, all the more dangerous for its powers of fascination. But it was an unceasing and exhausting drain upon the industry of the country. Sometimes its magnitude would be ingeniously hidden or made to seem less dangerous by ministerial devices

and then would follow new loans. It would reappear, grown to larger proportions, and more frightful than before. It had come to be the dread and the stumbling-block of British statesmen, and was regarded with fear and aversion by the people. It was difficult to manage even in times of profound peace and prosperity. Every fluctuation or panic disturbed the hopes and threatened to render less secure the bread of the most helpless classes. And during a war it threw over the wisest plans a dreadful feeling of uncertainty. It hung over the national finances like a poised avalanche, which a single mis-step or misfortune might precipitate, with pitiless ruin. This was what Pitt proposed to grapple with and to subdue. The ring of his triumphant oratory, heard in the great Parliamentary struggle which established his supremacy, had hardly ceased, and while its distant echoes were yet playing to and fro in the rural districts, he gathered up his energies, great in action as in speech, and came before Parliament with the surprising announcement of a full treasury and abundant revenue, and nearly five millions of dollars to spare, and a plan for the extinguishment of the national debt. In unfolding the features of his plan to the House of Commons he was conscious of public sympathy and public approbation. With what fulness of strength did he seem to reach forth to posterity! How his imagination arrayed before him a long line of coming ages, catching up the sound of his voice, and with grateful acclaims echoing his name from generation to generation! The scene became more vivid and real. He was no longer addressing the House of Commons. Uncounted generations stood before him. Historians were arrayed with unsullied sheets, and pen in hand, to inscribe his name in a more favored chapter. Even the venerated countenance of old Chatham beamed on him from the past. 'I am,' said he, 'proud to flatter myself that my name may be inscribed on that firm column now about to be raised to national faith and national prosperity.' From the dreary landscape of national discredit and national disaster, a column was about to rise. It was to be a monumental column to national faith and national prosperity. A firm column, lifting its head serenely toward the clear sky of British honor, around whose solid base might rage harmless the storms of politics and of wars, and on that column successions of passing generations should look up and behold the name of William Pitt, the son of Chatham!

But how little can men choose their destiny! The stoutest will and the largest capacity are but single forces at play among the moral and physical powers of the universe. When these are not propitious, genius is overthrown, and the highest eloquence but an unavailing cry. It was another column on which the name of Pitt was to be inscribed, equally monumental, equally firm and indestructible, but a column of debt, vast, overshadowing; compared with which the former debt was only a mole-hill to a mountain. So that ever since that day, the national debt and the name of Pitt are mutually suggestive of each other. The national debt is a cheap reference with which to load down the name of that great man with opprobrium. It is a topic, therefore, upon which explanations should be made clear. The character of Pitt will be studied in vain until this shall be fairly comprehended. The weak-

ness of his character, the assailable points of his career, will not be found in his connection with the national debt. The fogs and mists of shallow and malevolent criticism on this part of his public character will disappear. It will be found that he never lost sight of the 'firm column of national faith and national prosperity;' that in England's darkest hour, and at the lowest ebb of her finances, he never for a moment faltered in his proud determination to exterminate the national debt; and that, while driven by adverse fate and rolling up liabilities larger than had been dreamed of as possible in the imaginations of Englishmen, he was carefully and resolutely planting by the side of every loan a seminal principle of extinguishment; so that but for the want of nerve and of character on the part of his successors to carry out his principles, the national debt of England to-day would exist only in history. It will be found that had his successors adhered to his system, the whole national debt of England, enormous as that debt is, almost beyond the reach of computation, would have been wiped out in 1843. It will be found that Pitt has been robbed of his just praise. Want of courage and of character on the part of succeeding statesmen, helped on by cheap scribbling and political cant, have thrown over the memory of Pitt a cloud. Time, the avenger, will set all things right. The great moral chancery of public opinion will yet consider that to be done which ought to have been done. The column not erected will nevertheless be seen. Its well-contrived and lofty proportions will yet overshadow the mass of political ephemera which unsettled its foundations and expected to bury it; and on its imperishable height will be graven the yet more lofty and imperishable name of the great statesman.

He expected an annual surplus of one million of pounds, or about five millions of dollars. This was not to be applied to immediately diminish the debt, but to buy that amount of the stocks created by the debt. Keep them alive, bearing interest, which interest should also purchase stocks bearing interest until the entire debt should be purchased. Thus, if you owe one thousand dollars bearing interest, while you regularly pay that interest, your debt cannot grow larger. If in addition to keeping down the interest on the debt you owe, you can contrive to set aside one hundred dollars, so that it will bring you interest, and every year add this interest to the principal, it will accumulate; and your hundred dollars will in the course of time overtake and pay off the thousand. This is the principle of the Sinking-Fund.

But if what you owe, bears the same rate of interest with that which you lend, why not pay off the hundred dollars and reduce your debt? An amount of money loaned at a given rate of interest can never do more than pay off the same amount borrowed at the same rate of interest. Thus, if you owe a thousand dollars on which you pay six per cent. interest, and have a thousand dollars which you lend at the same rate, you are as to those two sums worth precisely nothing, and will remain so. They will make an even race, and all you gain by lending your money at the same rate of interest you are paying for it, is the trouble of taking care of both sums. This again is the principle of the Sinking-Fund. The million pounds per annum which Pitt proposed to

set aside for the purchase of government stocks, could possibly do no more than pay a million pounds on the debt, and might mathematically as well have been applied to pay the debt at once, as to be set aside to bear interest and run a race with a million pounds of debt bearing the same interest. Seeing this to be mathematically true, critics and wits have diverted themselves and made merry not a little over Pitt's Sinking Fund. Historians and political economists have enlarged their mathematical phylacteries to prove that which cannot be doubted, and having done it, pass on with conscious and dignified triumph not unmingled with severity. English economists treat of the National Debt, like theologians explaining The Attributes, always dwell on the subject with a certain unction and solemnity, and when they fortunately find a point upon which arithmetic can be brought to bear, they are impressive. Tried by arithmetic, Pitt's Sinking-Fund was worth very precisely nothing.

But to those who study the character of Pitt, it will appear quite a supposable case, that he understood the subject as well as those who have since diverted themselves with it, and shown up its supposed fallacy with luxurious abundance of figures. The merit of a sinking-fund is doubtless to be found in the fact that politics is not one of the exact sciences. The subject of taxation is one of proverbial delicacy; and all government not absolutely despotic depends upon feeling and opinion. In the management of large financial operations, fluctuation and uncertainty are prodigious evils; and where every thing depends upon the opinions of a multitude, fluctuation and uncertainty are to some extent unavoidable. It is, therefore, of undoubted importance, where a heavy debt is owing, to obtain the solemn and deliberate sanction of the nation owing the debt to a grand scheme of liquidation; so that no new law or new votes shall be required until the object sought be consummated; that a political machine shall be erected with self-propelling power, and so set in motion that no new impulse shall be required until its work shall be done. That the attention of the nation shall be invoked to breathe into it once for all the necessary vitality; that they shall be called upon once for all to command it to move onward, and to pledge themselves once for all not to obstruct or retard its majestic revolutions until its final triumph shall be accomplished; that it shall be a thing agreed upon, fixed, established; to go right on, ever on, without variation or shadow of turning; a spectacle for debtor and creditor, and for the whole world; neither to be denied, cloaked, or doubted; like the great orb of day, not affected by storms or shaken by winds, but fulfilling ever its orbit, leading the seasons and overwhelming all darkness, all gloom, all despair, with a flood of glorious deliverance. It requires less labor and pertinacity to carry out such a plan and retain public approbation for it, than to accomplish the same result by a frequent recurrence to discussions and votes. Once established, it no longer depends upon the nerves of the minister; upon whether his party is in a condition more or less critical; upon whether the business interests of the country are in a condition to render the exaction of taxes more or less popular. Its stability enhances public credit and allays disquiet. The people bear up with cheerfulness under that sort of inconvenience which has been

adjudged expedient after sober deliberation, and which tends to extinguish their burdens. A sinking-fund supplies this want. Rapid as is the accumulation of compound interest, there is nothing magical or mysterious about it. The merit of the sinking-fund consists alone in its fixedness and certainty. It coins no money, creates no new resources, but it gives to national finances the clearness and weight of solid character. The interest is paid on the outstanding stocks, so that the debt grows no larger. It is also paid on the stocks which have been purchased, and belong to the sinking fund, so that by the use of that interest the fund rapidly accumulates. In this way, the outstanding stocks rapidly pass over to the accumulating fund, until at length all the stocks are bought in, and the whole mass is obliterated at a single stroke. It was in this point of view, doubtless, that Pitt expected to find the advantages of his sinking-fund. And Mr. Fox, although opposing at first the separate features of the plan, announced his strong approbation of the general idea of a sinking-fund, and finally allowed his opposition to subside into a tacit approbation of the bill. Notwithstanding all the animadversions expended upon Mr. Pitt's sinking-fund, and upon the idea generally, it has by no means gone out of fashion, but has been used in many modern states having debts to manage. The people of England were chilled and discouraged by unpropitious winds always blowing upon them from that great and growing iceberg of debt. It was thus that the young statesman sealed the triumph which they had bestowed upon him. In his youthful zeal, strongly girded up by their confidence, and beautifully encircled by their affections, he showed them how to command that there should be light, and there was light. He launched upon their financial firmament a star, which going on its ceaseless round, they saw for ever circling the great ice-mountain, melting its huge proportions almost imperceptibly at first, but constantly increasing in radiance, and destined, as sure as the sun in heaven, to melt the whole appalling mass away from their sight. Pitt's sinking-fund gave to the British finances what Pitt himself gave to British statesmanship, and what British statesmanship has given for centuries to constitutional liberty: that is, character.

The general idea of a sinking-fund was by no means new or original with Pitt, but the particular scheme proposed was as an example of its application so conspicuous that it bore his name; and the more because in all the vast amounts subsequently by him borrowed during the wars of the French revolution, he provided for the application of the same principle. It is not yet time to notice the part he bore in those wars; but now, while discussing his sinking-fund, it will be convenient and perspicuous to advance all that need be said in regard to this great feature of his administration. He commenced the sinking-fund when he had more revenue than was needed for the expenses of government, and by applying the surplus to that fund. In subsequent years, when there was no surplus; when, to carry on the vast operations of a general European war by sea and land, a frequent recurrence to loans became necessary; when, the British people were loaded with debts and taxes, till even British constancy wavered and paled at the dreadful exhaustion, he, the most English of Englishmen, wavered not at all, nor

abated one jot of his early abhorrence of a debt to which no end could be seen, and for which no payment could be provided. No financial urgency was so great, no peril so imminent, no clamor of opposition so loud, but that with unflinching and heroic constancy of purpose, he would wring from every loan the one hundredth part of its proceeds to set aside as a sinking-fund. So that when each debt was created, the means were provided for its payment, and the day could be foretold with mathematical certainty when it would be paid ; no new tax being levied or new provision being made for its extinction. It is now more than ten years since, by the pursuit of Pitt's policy, England would have been free from debt. Had she but the constancy of poor Bunyan's Pilgrim, she would, ten years ago, have reached the point where, like him, she would have dropped her heavy and sorrowful burden, and, like him, she might have given 'three leaps for joy, and went on singing.' But Pitt's system was not pursued, and England is loaded and groaning under a colossal debt. When modern British politicians descant upon the enormousness of the debt, and deplore the management by which it was accumulated, one might almost expect the ashes of Pitt to become reanimate, and to hear that clear, melodious voice, once the charm and the pride of British hearts, making the funereal arches of Westminster Abbey resound with indignant remonstrance. One might almost expect to see his erect figure and haughty countenance gliding among the monuments erected to his successors, and demanding to know why they had faltered ; telling them of British constancy in the field and upon the ocean, and reproaching them that in the cabinet alone there had been a want of firmness, which rendered that epoch, the most splendid for British eloquence and British valor, a period of misfortune ; which planted beside those proud standards, radiant with the glory of great successes, the seeds of an everlasting regret. Then turning to the living with a look of pride so high as to seem to exact rather than to render an apology, we might expect him to demand, whether large as that debt is, they would consent to have it wiped out on condition of wiping out with it the glory of Duncan, of Jarvis, of Nelson, and of Wellington, and of exchanging situations with the people of France. Whether they would prefer England free from debt, and timidly holding her place as a third or fourth-rate power as she might have been, to England burdened as she now is, but vexing all the seas with prosperous commerce, her metropolis the centre of wealth and civilization, her military posts encircling the globe, and the glory of her achievements rendering the name of Englishman one of the proudest appellations on earth ! To such an appeal Englishmen would answer now as they did answer when Pitt was alive.

While Pitt was advancing, step after step, in that comprehensive and memorable struggle to reestablish the prosperity and the power of England, a side-scene was enacted which attracted all eyes. He was not the principal actor in that scene, but its results hinged upon his influence as upon a pivot. The reader will, of course, understand that the great judicial pageant of the trial of Warren Hastings is now referred to. It ran through a period of about nine years, and occupied the attention of personages involved in it, as well prosecutors as defendants, during most

of the period between Pitt's accession to power, and the commencement of the wars of the French revolution. The course pursued by Pitt on that trial is to some of his admirers one of the least satisfactory parts of his public life.

Hastings had been very long in India, and, at a very critical period, was charged with the duty of preserving the British possessions there, and of making those possessions productive to the Company. By the loss of her American colonies, and by adverse fortune elsewhere, England had lost her *prestige*. Her East Indian possessions were remote and so situated as to invite aggression. The loss of these would have completed her humiliation, and lowered her to a second-rate power. The success of Hastings' administration in India was scarcely less important, at that critical juncture, to the prospects of England, than the success of the administration at home. Yet he was armed only with limited authority and held in check by a perplexing division of power with other officers. He was not, however, a man to be balked by trifles. He found few laws, and he observed few. Without the authority of a dictator, he found a necessity for dictatorial powers. He therefore circumvented his colleagues and exerted those powers. He saved India, and he sent home to his employers the rupees. It is difficult to say that some of his acts were not atrocious; they were at least eminently condign and tragic. His career so abounded in situations of romance and of peril; in narrow escapes and in the triumphs of genius: his domestic ties were arranged under circumstances so very odd, and preserved with so much tenderness and fidelity; he was so feared and hated by enemies; so loved and trusted by friends, that before his return to England he occupied a large share of public attention. Pitt himself was hardly more talked about. His abdication of power in India, and his arrival in England, were notable events, preceded and followed by a clamor of false, exaggerated, and conflicting rumors. In the estimation of different persons, and seen from different points of view, he was the saviour of India; he was a monster who had disgraced humanity by his frauds and his cruelties; he was a statesman true to his trust, who had manfully surmounted every crisis and every danger; a gentleman of unostentatious and pleasant private habits, free from avarice, who deserved honors and repose; he was a mercenary wretch, loaded with revolting crimes whom British honor and British justice were concerned to punish. As a matter of fact, it is known that his private character was amiable and interesting; that his worst public acts were performed with no view to enhance his personal fortunes; that with more power than others, and more ability, where others amassed magnificent fortunes he was content with a moderate competency; that his chief desire was to be loved and honored; and for the rest, that much must be allowed for the difficulties of his situation. His conduct had been several times the subject of Parliamentary animadversion, and his arrival was the signal for his enemies to renew their attacks.

The exuberant and classic imagination of Burke saw in Hastings another Verres, and in himself another Cicero. He brought forward a formidable array of charges in the House of Commons, and moved his impeachment. Henry Addington, then in the House of Commons, wrote

to his brother : ‘ The evidence, as far as it has gone, has rather tended to refute the charges it was called to support. I am convinced Hastings is not blameless, but I think I see enough to satisfy me that if there is a bald place on his head, we ought to cover it with laurels.’ But Fox, and Sheridan, and Burke, and Lord North, and all their adherents thought otherwise. They pushed their charges with merciless vigor, not only in Parliament, but through all the channels of public influence. They backed them with laborious expositions, with Parliamentary tact and with high eloquence. The friends of Hastings soon discovered that he was in danger. But they supposed, however, that Hastings would be defended by ministerial influence. They knew that the king looked upon the prosecution with abhorrence, and that he made no secret of his regard for the services of Hastings. They saw the forces of the old coalition arrayed against him, and flattered themselves that Pitt was sure to defend him. They did not remember that Pitt was more powerful than the king, and that he won and preserved his power by his regard for justice and his independence. Pitt kept his own counsel, and took his ground only when the occasion demanded. The first charge related to the Rohilla War. Pitt defended Hastings, and he was acquitted. This was supposed to indicate that he would defend him throughout. The ministerial forces in Parliament supposed it would be their agreeable duty to vote straight ahead with a simple negative to the charges. The next charge related to the fine exacted of Cheyt Sing. Pitt’s speech was lucid and masterly, and for the most part a satisfactory and triumphant defence of the right of Hastings to levy a fine ; but at that point he left the defence and announced his purpose to sustain the charge on the ground that the fine was exorbitant. Some fifty ministerial voters, who came there expecting to vote for Hastings, found they were mistaken ; for that when, as they had supposed, he was believed to be innocent, they, in fact, believed him to be guilty. It was a striking illustration of the personal influence of Pitt, and of the ties that bound his supporters to him. Fifty of them, seeing that he intended to vote for the charge, suddenly took their places among the opponents of Hastings. This settled the question. Hastings was to be impeached. Other charges followed, and he was arraigned before the British peers, amidst a blaze of British beauty and British eloquence ; and then followed a succession of scenes and pageants, and a tide of splendid oratory beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame. This was the period in Burke’s life when he experienced its highest flood-tide. For nine long years was Hastings held on trial, to be at length acquitted of every charge, but utterly ruined by the expense of the proceeding.

Few readers of the present day will sympathize with the course pursued by Pitt. But the charges sometimes made of inconsistency, and of low personal motives, are utterly groundless. Macaulay, whose authority one is not apt to question, in his popular sketch of the life and character of Hastings, intimates that Pitt suddenly changed his intentions, after an interview with Dundas, and that it was done to ruin the prospects of Hastings and prevent his becoming a rival. This charge is unfair and unfounded. The truth is, that Pitt’s course was consistent. The very book which Macaulay was professing to review, when he

wrote that sketch. would have shown him that Hastings had resigned his station in India. and come home in consequence of the disapprobation of his administration expressed by Pitt in Parliament. He did not look upon Pitt as a friend, and knew before his return that Pitt had several times indicated a morbid disinclination to shield him from the consequences of his questionable acts. Dundas, also, the most intimate friend of Pitt, and his ablest supporter in the House of Commons, had long before Hastings' return, been chairman of a Committee to investigate his conduct, and had reported upon it in terms of indignant severity. Hastings himself called upon Pitt after his return, and left him under an unpleasant conviction that he could not look to him for help. The friends of Hastings expected Pitt to act from political motives to please the king, and to disoblige the old coalition. He acted inconsistently with their expectations, but not inconsistently with himself or with his professions. He stated, and no doubt truly, that he would be glad to be excused from acting in the matter at all, but his position did not admit of it. Hastings' friends expected him to act from political and personal considerations in Hastings' favor. They now charge him with acting from similar considerations on the other side. It would have been impossible to avoid such imputations on one side or the other. There is no reason to doubt that he intended to act impartially and from his convictions. It is doubtful whether he did not indeed act right. It required a very broad mantle of charity to cover and excuse some portions of the career of Hastings; but the peers thought, and modern readers will be apt to think, that his merits so far overbalanced his faults, and his faults were so much the result of pressure and exigency, that Englishmen at least should have held him excused. The error of Pitt, if error he committed, was in attempting to be impartial. The whole prosecution was so mixed up with political party feelings; the crimes complained of were of a character so interwoven with political necessity, that one is inclined to wish that party power might have been rallied to the rescue. There are times and occasions when impartiality is neither tolerable to gods or men; when it is unnatural and detestable, and when its effects are equivalent to the grossest injustice. Yet impartiality is the besetting folly of just men, and sometimes tempts them to adjust the balance between right and wrong so very nicely as to outrage and shock every ordinary feeling of propriety.

The trial of Hastings has been thus referred to, partly because it was a prominent event in the history of Pitt's career, and partly because it is one of the points where his enemies suppose that his character is most easily assailable. The guilt or innocence of Hastings can have no bearing upon the opinion to be formed of Pitt. There is absolutely no evidence tending to show that he acted from corrupt or dishonorable motives. There was no course he could have pursued to avoid imputations. Had he pursued the opposite course, he would have been charged with justifying great crimes in order to please the king, to attach to his interests a powerful criminal, and to crush the prosecutors because they were political opponents. He met the occasion that was forced upon him. Some of his arguments in the course of the trial excited wonder and astonishment at the clearness of his investigations and the grasp

and tenacity of his memory. Among all the cares of administration, he found time to investigate the testimony for himself; and he pursued his course independently, sometimes refuting charges, sometimes silent, sometimes launching his highest powers of persuasion to secure condemnation where he thought condemnation was deserved. One noticeable effort of this great prosecution was to enlist the chief adversaries of Pitt in a perplexing and responsible business aside from ordinary political topics, and to leave Pitt comparatively free for the duties of administration. They were eager for the impeachment, and conscious of triumph when they got their charges cleverly before the peers. But years wore on, and the prosecution became a stale thing. They were like the man who won the elephant; they would be very much obliged to any one who would tell them what to do with it. Their impeachment finally died an ignoble death, and its authors were obliged to retire from their high-sounding charges, under the chagrin of anti-climax.

T O M A R Y .

I.

‘THINE eyes are blue, heaven’s loveliest hue
Itself in them transcending;
The red and white on thy cheeks unite,
Their varied beauty blending;
Thy dark-brown hair, on thy neck so fair,
In careless grace reposes;
And thy teeth of snow through their portals show,
Like lilies imprisoned by roses.

II.

But oh! whene’er thy voice I hear,
So full of tender feeling,
Each gentle tone sweet Music’s own,
The depths of love revealing;
How can I list, and yet resist
The charms that round thee hover?
Then hear my vow: believe me now
Thy fond, adoring lover!

III.

Let poets raise their incense-lays
To Beauty’s fragile bower;
Far more than grace in form or face,
Is that which is thy dower:
Thy spirit, bright with heavenly light,
Which beams so kindly on me;
Thy mind’s pure charm, thy heart so warm —
These are the spells that won me.

O L D S O N G S .

'Old songs—the precious music of the heart.'

I.

SING not, sing not an idle strain
 That pleaseth modern ear again;
 But trill some quaint, neglected rhyme
 That telleth of the olden time,
 Ere the blind god used gilded darts
 In winning way to female hearts:
 When Truth and Honor gained the meed
 From woman for heroic deed;
 When Merit, and not Golden Store,
 Made titled Pomp unbar the door:
 And, seated in the hall of kings,
 A ruling minstrel* took the strings,
 Wearing a torque of glittering gold —
 Sing me a song of old!

II.

The melodies of yore recall
 Monastic dome and bannered hall;
 The Curfew, signal to our sires,
 Ere resting, to rake up their fires;
 The May-pole, garlanded with flowers;
 Old Christmas, with his merry hours,
 When rang the roof with festal shout,
 Drowning the voice of storms without:
 The Morris-dance and castanet;
 Games where the prince and peasant met,
 Contending stoutly for the prize,
 Cheered by the sheen of love-lit eyes
 Brave deeds delighting to behold —
 Sing me a song of old!

III.

The dulcet flow of modern lays
 Accords with these degenerate days;
 But ballads of a by-gone age,
 Though mildew maketh dim the page,
 Arouse me like a clarion blast,
 Instinct with memories of the past:
 I see, in glittering steel arrayed,
 The champions of the high crusade;
 Plumed warriors rushing to the fight
 With lance in rest, and corslet bright,
 And, in wild pauses of the strain,
 Hear wailing for the knightly slain
 Wrapped, for a shroud, in banner-fold —
 Sing me a song of old!

W. H. C. HOMER.

* Among Celtic nations, the Fear-Dana, or ruling-bard, sat at the king's right hand, wearing a golden torque.

MY CAMPAIGN-REMINISCENCES.

‘But ninety-eight degrees, Fahrenheit — shade! Delightful climate this!’

The exclamation was uttered by my bosom-chum, Tom R ——. As the thermometer then stood — where the shade was, did not fully appear — the assertion did not, in fact, seem quite borne out. Taking a sip of lukewarm water, just enough diluted to qualify it for killing unwholesome animalculæ, the speaker lit a fresh roll of the fragrant weed, and again threw himself upon the soft ground.

We were within cannon-shot of the good city of Vera-Cruz, concealed from the admiring gaze of the Argus-eyed gentlemen who manned the batteries thereof, only by huge, treeless hills of sand, the accretion of long ages of stormy, blustering ‘northers.’ Upon reflection, lest some of my captious old mess-mates might cavil, the adjective *good* is recalled, and any epithet better suited to the true character of the place may be substituted. There was not a particle of shelter from the heat, as the sun beat down in a steady blaze, causing the skin to crack with very dryness, as, like the hot blast of a furnace, it penetrated the tented canvas.

‘Like it! — do you?’ was the sole answer essayed, and that, like its predecessor, was an ejaculatory response, tinged with irony. One’s self-complacency entirely left him as he longed for the cooling shades of the upper country, beneath those trees whose delicious fruits are always in season; and then compared such a state with the forlorn condition of being grilled like steaks. It was decidedly unpleasant. The imperturbability of my comrade was extremely provoking to all the panting multitude who glared upon him from tents which gave but the semblance of shadow, while they excluded any wandering breath of air that might be stirring. With the least puff from the sea, the atmosphere was filled with floating particles of sand and scaly dust. That, and the white, dazzling, arid surface of the loose, fluctuating soil, created a tendency to ophthalmia, which was in no way alleviated by the chilly nights, attended with heavy dews. Well, as we have seen, no body felt any disposition to talk, even; while the majority solaced themselves with the soothing influence of the weed. For the purpose of intercepting any faint stray breeze that should be softly stealing inland, several of the soldiers had crept to the ridge of the high sand-hill; and there, their attention was called to, and riveted upon, some moving object, and two or three of the number imprudently rose at a full elevation.

‘Get down, men! you’ll attract the shot.’

The order was sharply given by an officer. It was promptly obeyed. The upright figures vaulted backward, while all the others went rolling down the hill like so many boys at play. The order had, however, been rendered supererogatory by the sharpness of the look-out in the enemy’s battery opposite, who, seeing the sworn foemen of his country, let fly a shell of heavy calibre. The flash gave barely time for each

of our lads to imitate the example of Lorenzo de Medicis, who, at the siege of Mondolpho, ducked his head, and so saved it. He was counted none the less valiant for his agility; nor were our fellows, who were all good men and true; possessing sufficient judgment to avoid ducking their heads into the way, when too many shots were buzzing around, and the presence of mind to dodge a single one. The shell whisked through the ridge of the hill, the force of the concussion of air tearing up the sand for an extent of several feet, in its rapid course knocking down an officer's tent; then, burying itself in the ground, burst upward, and scattered abroad clouds of scorching sand, and a hail-storm of small pebbles.

In extenuation of their imprudence, the soldiers said that a horseman was cantering across the plain between the doomed city and our position, and, from the coolness and confidence he displayed, while all the time a mark to be fired at from the walls, they argued that he was an emissary from the other army. It was proposed to take him prisoner if he should approach much nearer; and two active men set about the undertaking.

'*Patricio, el soldado!*' exclaimed my native servant, in surprise.

'Nonsense! it's one of our own regiment; see the braid on his uniform!' said another.

The boy was right, and so was the other, who had rebuked him.

'Muchacho, go and tell him to ——'

The cavalier had anticipated any command, as he espied the *pro tem.* chieftain of his company; and he rode up to the place where we stood, mounted on a horse whose fine looks even surpassed the impudence of its rider; and that is saying a great deal. With what consummate grace did that arch-scamp, Pat Noon, salute his officers as he drew up from a gallop!

The fortune of war, and high living, had, by laying my captain temporarily on the shelf, placed me in command of a company; and to it belonged he of the elegant salute and brazen front. I had to sustain the dignity of place by taking the saucy fellow to task. For a few moments, there were serious designs of extra guard-duty for the reckless soldier, who had perilled the lives of so many of his houseless and horseless comrades. It raised one's ire to see what airs the knave took; and the bottle of wrath was speedily uncorked for him. It was but fair play that he should have a hearing before severe measures were taken, and by common consent, the officers desisted from invective to await his explanation. Noon, dismounting, led the well-caparisoned horse to me, and tendered it for my acceptance. That put a new phase upon the matter. The story was short. A Mexican officer was crossing the plain at some distance beyond, and in a laudable spirit of zeal for public interest, Noon had watched his motions. They met; when, with no weapon but a bayonet, the soldier engaged him in combat, and defended himself so effectually, that he had escaped all serious injuries. His jacket was torn, to be sure; but in consideration of his gallantry, he was promised a present of another. Well, to continue, the narrative ended by the victorious knight carrying off the spoils of the vanquished. Had he slain the enemy? No! that would have been base; an act

unworthy of a brave soldier of the Great Republic. He had humanely released him upon his parole of honor ; that was better. In one of the empty holsters were found several pieces of paper, covered with hieroglyphics, and those seemingly-important documents were clutched as great prizes. It was broadly hinted, that they affected the welfare of our whole army ; and despite the sultry heat of the weather, the affair made quite a breeze.

‘How’s that ? a bundle of dispatches seized ? What a glorious turn-up for Pat Noon !’

The captor, like the dumb yet thoughtful parrot, preserved a mysterious silence in regard to the papers ; and in the mean while, the examination of their contents slowly progressed.

‘Written in English ! There’s treason some where, gentlemen — treason ! Come into my tent, and we’ll investigate.’ We did as desired, following Captain S — into his hot-house, where he attempted to peruse the documentary evidence of rascality.

‘I can’t get at the meaning, exactly,’ said he. ‘Suppose some of you try to spell them out.’

One took up one piece of torn paper, and peered into each letter and word ; then spelt the words backward ; shook his head, and gave up in despair. The others were as unsuccessful. The heading seemed similar to accounts or requisitions for forage ; but no one for a moment believed that so many bushels of corn meant just that number, and so on.

‘I see how it must be,’ said the sagacious S — ; ‘some traitor has furnished the number of horses, wagons, and provisions, that we have in our camp, with intent to give the Mexicans an advantage over us. However you may smile, gentlemen, I think it my duty to forward these documents to head-quarters.’

The declaration, pompously delivered, was received with some degree of pleasantry by the listeners ; for they were unable to attach any great importance to a handful of scraps of crumpled paper. The idea could not have originated in any other brain than that of the sagacious S —, and all the others, with one consent, determined to do nothing about the affair. Beside its manifest folly, it might involve the loss of my new acquisition. A slight whisper did the business.

‘A very serious matter, if it should come to the ears of the general,’ suggested one.

‘Very serious, indeed,’ answered another.

‘How so ?’ inquired S —, picking up his gold-mounted spectacles, which he adjusted to look again at the strange missives.

‘Don’t you see, Sir, that these are false dispatches, made out for the sole purpose of misleading the enemy ? It will never do in the world to let it get bruited about. The officers who opened them will be cashiered.’

The bait took. S — was the first who had laid violent hands upon the scraps which had come to be dignified with the appellation of documents ; and his continual dread of being cashiered — which dread, through the assiduous exertions of his subs., had ripened into a monomania — was made the subject of an innocent jest. It was a lucky

piece of business for me. At that time, every body was sighing to become possessed of some beast of burthen or other ; and, in the great efforts that were made for the accomplishment of the object, over-nice distinctions as to rights of property were habitually disregarded. When horses could not be obtained, mules, and even some of the diminutive donkeys which abound in that part of the country, had been pressed into service, as the only substitutes for the more noble animal. The latter species were almost exclusively appropriated by the sailors of the fleet, who had landed with the army ; who, by the by, did not receive any extraordinary amount of benefit from their steeds. School-boys drag their sleds up high hills, with great toil, for the pleasure of sliding rapidly to the bottom again. Jack had often to boost his donkey to the summit of a hill, to the sole end that the most stubborn of all quadrupeds might roll him all the way to the foot ; or, at least, until some sympathizing ship-mate came to the rescue ; when, together, they would carry the fractious little beast to the place from which he had rolled.

A few days previously, I had owned a sleek mule, well saddled and bridled ; but in a skirmish with some plundering rancheros, away back on the plains, it managed to escape from my friend, in whose care it was, and the last glimpse of it I caught as it faded away in the distance. Many times had Tom sighed for any beast of burden, to lighten the fatigues of his perambulations ; and, at the contemplation of my superior fortune, his laments waxed still more plaintive. Indeed, at the first, he had been inclined to cry, 'Halves !' but, as there is no well-authenticated case on record since the time of Munchausen, where a severance of such an animal had been made without detriment to his physical condition, the absurd idea was not entertained.

Vera-Cruz was soon to fall beneath the weight of the force directed against its walls ; for so said the General-in-Chief, Scott ; and he is a man of his word. Busy rumor noised around that our troops were to march inland an apocryphal number of leagues. Tom was sad ; he had no horse. An ill star presided over the destinies of my friend.

'I'll do this,' said he to me one day, in a confidential tone ; 'you can get on the staff, you know, if you choose, and you can then get a horse from the quarter-master ; a horse that can be called a horse,' and looking underratingly at mine — 'none of your mustang ponies, but an animal that's worth having. Here's my fine rifle ; give me the beast — it's yours.'

Now, the elevation of eye-brows and a depreciatory tone of voice did not have much influence on me ; but the barter had. He took my four-footed companion, and I received his much-admired rifle ; one of the kind that can kill its man as far as one can draw a bead on him. Tom rejoicingly sprang upon the back of his purchase, with a suddenly-increased estimate of its value ; and he did not require even a verbal warranty of it. While cantering around among the various encampments which, scattered through the chapparal and among the hills, formed a cordon to guard the devoted city, certain slight misgivings touching the title to the *caballo* crept athwart the mind of the rider. The former proprietor would soon be a prisoner of war, if in the land of the living ; and the courtesies of the profession of arms would

peremptorily require a restoration of the horse. Now, that seemed to my comrade to be quite unreasonable, notwithstanding the laws of nations, of which he only remembered an inkling ; just enough to bring him into trouble whenever they came in question. What did Grotius, Pufendorf, Vattel, and the like, know of such things ? Had such kidney any experience in military life ? They are received authorities, nevertheless. There was one way by which any reference to the publicists aforesaid could be rendered unnecessary. Tom determined to so alter the personal appearance of his horse that his own mother would not have known him, and thus obviate the trifling difficulty. Not that the gallant cavalier would act in an ungentlemanly manner — not he ! but he well knew that our foemen had been extremely forgetful of courtesies on former occasions, and had failed to reciprocate on an appeal to chivalry.

So highly was our hero alive to the tread of his *caballo*, that in the darkness of the mid-night hours the least restlessness of his horse awoke him. Never did neophyte, in prayerful watchfulness with his armor on, at the eve of knighthood, keep a sharper look-out than he did. He was officer of the guard one night, when the sentinel heard steps crackling like thorns under a pot, as some suspicious stranger moved through the brittle underwood ; some thief, Tom thought, watching an opportunity of stealing his cherished animal. Drawing his sword, he bade a soldier follow him in the exploration of the dense thicket ; and into it they struggled as fast as the thorny net-work would permit. Presently, they had approached the prowler so closely that he could almost be reached with a bayonet. The deep shade of the wood alone obscured the form of the knave from the bright moon-light.

‘*Halte !*’ shouted Tom. No answer. The challenger was no linguist, yet his imperfect rendering of brief military orders was at least intelligible ; and if any one was so stupid that he could not understand it, there was an apt teacher close at hand — cold steel ; and he should have a few inches of it.

‘Mexicano, ladrone, you thief, you ! *halte*, I say, or I ’ll fire !’

The night-walker would have escaped silently, but for the vigilance of the grim minister of justice who tracked his foot-steps. Indistinctly seeing the young trees bend, as the person of the fugitive pressed through and between them, the officer renewed his challenge in an admixture of tongues. Although valorous, quick to resent an insult, he was averse to the inglorious shedding of blood unto death, when the simple process of ear-cropping would convey the moral equally well. He made a spring in the direction the game was taking, but the elastic saplings bore him back. One more spring, more cautiously made, and the pliant branches yielded, and the dark head of the pursued was within reach. He grasped him by the throat, when — oh ! tell it not in Gath ! — a miserable little donkey opened his mouth and brayed aloud. Tom withdrew as speedily as possible ; having first given a caution of secrecy, which was not well kept by the soldier. So much for being too vigilant, and so much for the fund of standing jokes of the mess.

Having procured another horse for my own use, I went one morning after parade, to seek my chum. The site of his tent was with some

difficulty ascertained ; for the fluctuating sands, which with each breeze changed their shapes and positions, had nearly covered it. He was about to commence the work of altering the looks of his purchase ; but, in order to give me the pleasure of his company, he kindly consented to postpone the operation, and together we rode away to view the novelties of the country. Leaving the camp-ground, we followed a path leading into the wild grazing-lands, and winding around the varied beauties of Nature until it reached the sea-shore. From an elevated position, we could take in at a sweep a great distance of the comprehensive landscape. In the rear, were masses of wood, broken here and there by a smooth piece of prairie ; and occasionally, the humble, cane-built houses of the poorer class of natives, or more elegant abodes of the aristocratic nabobs who had both the ability and the wit to keep clear of the beleaguered city. It was not for the purpose of obtaining a bird's-eye view of the panorama of nature that we had ascended the height : we had some thing else in view.

At a mansion partaking of the cut of both styles of architecture, a dwelling whose appearance did not denote any great pretensions in its inmates to be better than their neighbors, yet having enough of every thing but society, we halted and dismounted. There was a slight rustling of gauze curtains, and moving of Venetian blinds, and by the time that the domestics had taken the bridles, two young ladies appeared. They were by no means new faces ; for, taking advantage of an accidental discovery of their worthy sire's good opinion of all our countrymen in general, and ourselves in particular, we had made frequent calls upon them. One of the señoritas clapped her hands with glee as she surveyed the figure of my friend. His spurs, whose rowels were just four inches long, made him walk as cautiously as if he were a bantam, treading on eggs. Her sister rebuked the laughing one, but could not repress her own titters, as she glided away to prepare the wherewithal to regale the guests. While we chatted, in came the old Don, their aforesaid parent, smiling with unfeigned delight at our visit. I have omitted to state that we were armed with various implements of war, to wit : Tom had provided himself with a musket and cartridges in lieu of the rifle which was the price of his horse ; his infantry-sword depended from his side, and a bright-bladed knife graced the belt of his waist ; while my rifle and heavy cavalry-sabre, pistols and genteel spurs — they had been borrowed for the occasion — completed our movable armory. As the array of weapons were jammed down or tossed into a corner of the room, with the exception of my pistols, which remained belted, the demoiselles seized upon it as an excuse to laugh audibly ; although it was manifest that a certain pair of spurs had more to do with their merriment.

‘ You see that I am mounted, at last, ladies.’

So said Tom, calling to his aid all the knowledge of the Spanish he possessed. Although his attempt to speak it was in a high degree ridiculous, the politeness of our friends forbade them to notice the errors in pronunciation and grammar, and they feigned to understand all that he said. With unabashed front, he continued to roll out the grand sentences which had been diligently studied ; while I, keeping in mind

a quaint adage, which cautions small boats to keep near shore, answered in monosyllables.

Just then, our animals were led past the wide-open window, in order that they might be properly cared for. Our host, the hidalgo, no sooner saw them than, intently fastening his gaze upon that of my comrade, he vented an exclamation of surprise, and started to his feet. He had recognized it at a glance; and by its neighing, the horse testified its gratification at returning to his old master's domicile. Tom's face flushed as if he had been detected in theft; and the more violent his efforts to appear cool and unconcerned, as he stroked his moustache, in just that proportion he fidgeted on his seat. But his property was not endangered then. The hidalgo had disposed of the horse to an officer of our army, and it was the reflection that its owner had come to harm that troubled the kind old gentleman. All the family had laughed at the recital of the capture from the enemy, and now the tide turned, and they were grieved. They saw it all; the officer, their friend, had been killed; how shocking! They grieved at two circumstances: first, that the American officer, a handsome fellow, had fallen; and second, that the soldier who recaptured the animal had not slain the marauding villain who bestrode him.

After that narrow escape of his movable effects, Tom breathed more freely; yet more than ever resolved that his animal's characteristic outline should be changed.

An alarm was given, that rancheros were prowling in the vicinity; and as our host was notoriously in the esteem and confidence of our government, and his fellow-citizens bore him no extra good-will on that account, we half suspected a surprise. Up we all jumped, nothing averse to a passage-at-arms with the enemy, whose horse-tramps could plainly be heard on the greensward back of, and only concealed from, the mansion by intervening thickets, which were nicely trimmed, and served both as ornament and chevaux-de-frise. Shouts arose in that direction as our host and we two visitors seized our arms, and sallied forth to make battle. The señoritas remained in-doors for safety. Soon they heard the loud report of a musket. Looking through the latticed opening, they beheld the prostrate figure of my chum, Tom; but, like sensible little girls as they were, they did not scream nor fall into hysterics — formerly the approved fashion — but devised means of relief. Scarcely had they turned from the lattice, in pursuance of their design, when the hollow sound of many hoofs galloping across the green recalled them; but nothing more than fresh prints on the grass, and dust in the distance, were perceptible, to tell which way the routed had taken. Instantly, the Don came in with his escopette of ancient days on his shoulder, looking, in his home-costume, not unlike the brigand we see in pictures; and following close behind him, came us two. There was no need of lint, to quench the wounds of my compatriot. He laid his musket in the corner, and quietly sat down as if nothing in the world were the matter. His atrociously-long spurs, each prong of which was as formidable as the steel gaffs of a fighting-cock, were vexatiously unstrapped and thrown under a table, and down sat the hero of the day.

‘ Did they not fire on you ? ’ inquired one of the solicitous damsels, pending the slow-coming explanation.

‘ Not wounded ! — Oh ! how glad I am ! ’ exclaimed the other of the twain, in great delight.

The truth was this : Tom’s long spurs had caught in a running vine, which laid him sprawling on his face ; and the report heard was caused by the accidental discharge of his own musket. All the romance of the affair subsided when the humorous old Don explained farther that the noise of hoofs was occasioned by the breaking loose of the horses belonging to the hacienda, and the hallooing and warlike tumult by the servants in the futile endeavor to drive them into an inclosure. No enemy had appeared in sight. This is told you in strict confidence, my partially-disposed reader ; and it won’t do to let it get around, or our long looked-for promotion will not be hastened therefor.

That very night, the discomfited warrior whom I rejoice to number among my best friends, carried into execution his veterinary project in regard to a certain quadruped who figures largely in these pages. So transformed was it, with the aid of pincers and shears, that the man lived not who could have identified him as the steed which had so gaily trotted into the personal estate of Tom. The strong and full mane which flowed like a stormy river during a freshet, was trimmed and braided into fair dimensions *à la militaire* ; and the bright star on his forehead was obliterated, hair by hair, until scarcely a speck shone to tell what once had been. No longer did he present the appearance of the unshorn rural mustang, but, although his eyes still glowed like living embers, and his free pace was like the light, he looked every inch a staid trooper.

For a few days, the mounted knight feigned that he had an extraordinary number of visits which could not be forgone without incurring the imputation of great incivility. Many of the dragoons in our camp were yet dismounted, and they pined in secret for the society and comfort of their fleet-companions, who still remained on ship-board ; and when the vain possessor of the cropped yet fine-looking animal cantered him thitherward, the chagrined men of horse waxed wroth with fair jealousy. Rosinante, as its master delighted to call it, in imitation of an immortalized one of the race, was sure to attract much attention by his vivacity and beauty, as he outstripped the heavier dragoon horses.

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THE city of Vera Cruz having capitulated, the troops marched out, laid down their arms, and making a *congé*, betook themselves to parts remote. Our colors, amid clouds of smoke which arose from the saluting batteries, were flung to the breeze from the various fortifications in the city, as well as from the castle of San Juan d’Ulloa. Some of our troops marched into the city of sixteen cupolas, but many more encamped on a fine level plain. It was most assuredly a great gratification to make the remove.

The thorny chapparal, with its ten millions of bugs, and the glowing sands, were forsaken with joy. Long lines of white tents were symmetrically arranged on the luxuriant carpet of grass, the sides bounded

by evergreen foliage, which screened from view the naked hills. In front the glistening cupolas and gloomy towers of the city stood out in bold relief against the blue serene, while the foam-crested waves of the Gulf were clearly seen, as, in ceaseless roars, they dashed against the coral reefs. That was all certainly very fine and grand; well calculated to suggest the poetic thoughts which arose in the mind of the romantic cavaliers. While the unobscured rays of Apollo were gradually burning dark the countenance, a delicious movement of air, like the veil of the enchantress, would spring up to fan the sweltering troops. No one more appreciated the few comforts of the coast than my friend Tom. As the surf wildly broke in, and the waves combed the beach, our hero would sit on his saddle and drink in inspiration — and sometimes diluted whiskey. So seldom was he seen without his barb, that one might almost fancy him a modern Centaur. When night extended her dusky wings, he spread himself in his roomy wall-tent, but not until he had carefully picketed Rosinante a few yards in the rear; and, with agreeable anticipations of the morrow's pleasures, his consciousness was wafted away into the realm of balmy slumber.

One morning came: the horse was invisible. Nothing for a time could be learned of his fate; but then came a soldier who had been on guard during the night. The regimental quarter-master, Lieut. G. Bolivar H——, had laid his eyes covetously on the steed. He had scarcely brushed sleep from his lids, when, without so much as inquiring for the owner, he pretended that the property was captured from the enemy, and so properly within his custody. Tom raged furiously. He declared that the said individual must have known that he was trespassing upon private property; and, much as he regretted the necessity, he felt imperatively called upon, for the honor of the service, to bring H—— before a court-martial to answer for such misconduct. Upon reflection, he contented himself with nursing his wrath until he could meet the wrongdoer face to face. Indeed, it had occurred to Tom that any investigation might lead to developments not at all desirable under the circumstances. To avoid that end, legal proceedings were dispensed with, although the sufferer still cherished a fierce determination to call to account, in a private way, the bold innovator of his rights.

As without a horse there is no ride, he of the spurs sauntered into town to while away an hour that, but for the fact above detailed, might have been spent in a far more agreeable manner. There he accepted an invitation to join in a conviviality with a party of officers of all arms, including some of our own and the French navies. At the corner of a long table sat H——, amusing his auditors with one of his droll recitals. His limbs were thrust under the mahogany in a fancy contortion, he seemingly enjoying himself to the utmost capacity — with him a shade beyond the usual run. In answer to the salutation of the merry H——, our bereaved friend angrily demanded why he had presumed to carry off his horse. Was it intentional? If so, it should not rest there; not it, indeed. The grave imputation produced no great sensation; for horse-stealing, called by a much softer name, had been much indulged in among certain fun-loving fellows, who, under the cover of darkness, borrowed many a good, bad, or indifferent quadruped;

and as the memory of the gentlemen was destitute of a particle of tenacity, they entirely forgot to return them. As the animals really belonged to the government as captured property, in turn the receiving-officer, the quarter-master, begged leave to say something in the matter, unless by a beforehand operation some one else relieved said dignitary of the trouble.

‘Horse? horse?’ said H —, thoughtfully. ‘Did I hook your horse? Very sorry, I assure you, if the mistake did happen. When did you lose him? for really, I’ve not the least recollection of ever seeing yours.’

Tom, in rather savage mood, conjured up the night of the loss; and, as he warmed up and his tongue became oily, he gave a glowing description of the beauty, gait, and actual value of his horse.

‘What kind of a’ —

Less in anger than in the fulness of a burdened breast, Tom glided onward:

‘Unmatched in speed by any in the camp; could outrun any thing that was brought against him; extremely vigorous, yet as docile as’ —

‘Yes, yes, but how did he look?’

‘A dark bay, with scarcely a mark of white on it. A pretty, small head; limbs clean, straight, compact; and such eyes! Why, Sir, they sparkled like — like — well, they were very fine. There was a grace and elegance about his throat that no common beast can pretend to; and all over his body the veins swelled; and what a tail! a splendid, flat, bushy’ —

‘Ay, but what kind of a mane? full and long?’

‘It was full, but not very long, for it had been braided and somewhat shortened; and now I recollect that each braid was decked out with a piece of ribbon that the daughters of’ —

H — mused no longer, but burst out into a tremendous laugh.

‘My dear fellow, was that yours? I thought it belonged to the commissary. Ha! ha! Why, the very next day I made it a present to one of my friends in the city here, and he has since left for the country. Upon my word, I thought it belonged to the commissary.’

Commissaries are a class not exceedingly popular in the army, and, with a few shining exceptions, are only tolerated as a necessary evil. Their generally attributed habit of expanding eight ounces into a pound avoirdupois, is the main cause of this. Whether guilty or not of the peculations laid to their charge by growling campaigners on short allowance, it is considered a capital jest to plunder them as they are said to do others. It is a comparatively rare occurrence for any one to overreach them — for they are a sharp set of men — and when it is done, no body sympathizes with the loser.

The roar of laughter which followed from the assembled warriors was too earnest and hearty not to affect the risible faculties of Tom; and in vain did he attempt to refrain that he might appear indignant; but no one laughed with more gusto than the pleasant commissary himself when his attention was called from the viands and *vino-tinto* to the intellectual discussion. Tom soon thought the jest excellent, as he

became assured that the fine little creature which had almost caused a deadly feud, had not been converted into sausages or salt-junk. The reflection wonderfully calmed his mind. The purloiner promised him as satisfaction as good a horse as had been taken by mistake.

Many a tale concerning horse-flesh was served up until it came to the turn of H —— to contribute his quota. He had sent his servant to purchase some little niceties for his table. The man landed at the door of a *tienda*, leaving the horse under the care of a Mexican boy, who, in consideration of a promised *quartilla* — that most diminutive of silver coin — was to guard him. The purchase completed, the man went to the door, when lo ! no horse appeared. He gleaned from the stupid lad that a soldier in the same uniform had tossed on the ground the sum of one dime, nearly quadruple the promised reward ; and as the boy stooped to pick it up, leisurely bestrode the horse, and rode off, the lad not dreaming that he had been deceived.

‘ Now talk of your horses,’ continued H ——, enthusiastically ; ‘ why, Sir, that was a horse ! What a mane and tail ! For my part, I ’ve not seen such a fine creature in the whole country. The worst of the whole matter is, that at the same time I lost some memoranda of accounts, which have cost me more trouble than can readily be imagined ; and in searching every where for some means to supply the deficiency, I soon forgot to hunt my *cheval*.’

Tom began to pay more attention when comparison was instituted, and a smile played over his face as he drew out the remainder of the description.

‘ Could n’t compare, my dear Sir, in looks. Your one had rather a graceful, easy gait, I admit ; something similar to that of mine, but there all comparison drops.’

‘ Had he a white star on his forehead ? ’ carelessly asked Tom.

‘ White star ? certainly he had, and it was as free from blemish or stain as a ’ ——

‘ Long tail, too, I suppose ? ’

‘ Tail ! one of the most magnificent switches you could ever wish to look at. Why, it was a pleasure to ’ ——

‘ Red-skirted saddle-cloth, fringed with blue ? ’

‘ Yes. How did you ? did I tell ? ’ ——

Tom did not immediately reply to the unfinished interrogatory. How could he ? a convulsion of laughter deprived him of the power of speech. His risible faculties seemed to have gone mad. Before he had sufficiently recovered from the paroxysm to account for his conduct, a new scene was enacted. The ponderous door majestically swung open, and our ancient ally, the Don, was ushered into our midst. The good old man was in trouble. The personal attachment which he had conceived for a certain officer of our army, who had been killed or taken prisoner, had allowed him no rest until he could learn his fate. After the victorious issue of the bombardment, he had made no attempt to conceal his solicitude, even from his fellow-citizens, our enemies. One impudent upstart of an official, who had left the humble yet honest occupation of selling vegetables to take up the trade of politics, actually snapped his fingers in the face of the old Don when he inquired of him

concerning his lost friend. Deeply wounded in his most sensitive part by the act of the supercilious ruffian, the worthy Hidalgo made use of the only weapon in his power—the pen. With that keen instrument he wrote a fierce letter to the President of the Republic, in the simplicity of his heart, believing that he would redress his grievance ; while his daughters — kind girls ! — quenched their sorrow for the gallant officer in copious supplies of ink, which dropped from the points of their pens into verse.

Well, the Don came into our merry-making in the city, as above stated, in a different state of mind from ourselves. He had scarcely made a bow when he opened both arms, rushed over to H —, for a second stared into his face, then encircled him with his extended arms, and clasped him to his bosom. The Don had discovered the object of his search, he of whom he had been so long in quest. When the excitement had subsided, Tom finished his story. He gave a brief history of the whole matter from beginning to end ; how the horse had been first obtained, trimmed, and curtailed of his fair appendages. As an incident, he spoke of the scraps of paper which the astute S — had taken for dispatches. A rocket-like explosion of laughter ensued, as, with the suddenness of that missile's going off, the awful truth burst upon the mind of H —, who exclaimed :

‘ Oh ! my memoranda ! my accounts ! ’

He had stolen his own horse !

Not one of that whole company laughed more immoderately than the Don, who was brimful of joy, and with choral song and jollity the time flew by. The best of the joke, after all that is said and done, is, that two or three of my old comrades will remember, when they read this, the part they acted.

W. H. BROWNE.

THE HAPPIER DAY.

How in the sunny fields of youth
We spurn the flowers that bloom around us,
And swayed by the resistless spell
With which some mocking fate has bound us,
We hasten forward on our way,
Dreaming of the Happier Day.

We cannot close our charmed ears
To the soft strains some siren ever
Singeth of an Elysian rest
Which the deceived one findeth never :
And thus we wander on our way,
Dreaming of the Happier Day.

Still glide the inexorable years,
And still the same enchantment binds us ;
We dream away the noon of life,
Till age at last slow stealing finds us,
Still with wrinkled head and gray,
Dreaming of the Happier Day.

When the death-angel, AZRAEL,
Leads us with gentle hand aside
To the dim land where spirits dwell,
Still with our pale and silent guide
We enter on our unknown way,
Dreaming of the Happier Day.

T H E M A R R I A G E O F T H E S E A S .

SUGGESTED BY THE CONTEMPLATED SHIP-CANAL.

A SWEET and gentle angel came near my couch at night,
With wings of downy softness, and eyes of starry light;
And when she spoke I trembled, as aspens in the breeze,
For she brought an invitation to the Marriage of the Seas.

I felt a strange enchantment stealing through and through my mind,
As down the waving forest steals the balmy summer-wind;
I ventured no acceptance, but I bade the sprite 'Away!'
When close she came, and closer, and on my pillow lay.

And now she whispered temptingly, and made me hear her sing,
As quickly o'er my senses she threw her soothing wing;
I fell into a slumber, when a vision bright as day
Played with my raptured spirit, and stole my heart away.

I ventured now acceptance, and I begged the phantom tell
When the nuptial would be ready, and where the marriage-bell?
Ah! then I learned the errand of my pillowed angel there
Was worthy of a queenly crown upon her forehead fair.

She bore no messages of ill, but spoke her noble heart,
As she mourned the separation of nations far apart;
And she said a narrow Isthmus divided sea from sea,
Where the nuptial would be spoken, in presence of the free.

The bride, a mild Pacific maiden, unto the altar came;
Her brow was marble majesty, her heart a sacred flame:
Her bracelet was of richest pearls, her necklace golden hills,
Her treasures jewelled islands, her draughts the mountain rills.

The bride-groom was a hero, with escutcheon of degree,
His bosom bore the record of a noble heraldry;
The Genoese, the Pilgrim Sires, the victories of the west,
These of all others were the 'fields' he loved to count the best.

The wedding was magnificent; the priest, of manly face,
Was the great High-Priest of Freedom — the Anglo-Saxon race:
The witnesses were planets, the halls the spangled skies,
The guests were orient nations — their presents, argosies!

It is a glorious privilege to be a guest this night,
Where moon and stars are chandeliers, and seas reflect their light:
And scarcely have we entered the broad cathedral hall,
When seraphs sing in harmony a merry madrigal:

'Come to the bridal, moon and stars,
Come to the hall of revelry;
Come SATURN, MERCURY, and MARS,
Witness the wedding of the sea!

'Come to the bridal, men and kings,
Come! diamonds though your crowns may be;
And let the gift each casket brings
Be worthy of a married sea!

'Darien mountains bow their heads,
And Isthmus hills are cleft in twain;
The swamps, lagoons, and panther-beds
Are buried by the stalwart Thane.

'The ANGLO-SAXON is the priest —
The matrimonial rites shall be
Performed before the marriage-feast,
When Sea is married unto Sea!

'Come to the bridal, moon and stars,
Come to the hall of revelry;
Come, SATURN, MERCURY, and MARS,
Witness the wedding of the sea!'

The halls were opened, and the guests assembled in a throng,
As summer winds from moon-lit isles came carolling along;
The priest, clad in his flowing robes, thus to the maiden said:
'Wilt thou to-night, PACIFIC maid, be with ATLANTUS wed?'

Her calm consent upon her lip — he to ATLANTUS turned,
And saw within his manly eye a noble passion burned:
'Wilt thou unto thy bosom take this gentle maiden's heart?'
'I'll take her to my wedded wife, and act a husband's part.'

The halls still opened, and the guests assembled in a throng,
And breezes from the southern isles, still chorusing along;
The priest the while, in flowing robes, his solemn sanction gave:
'Ye twain are one in crested surf, or undulating wave:

'In peace or war, through good and ill, I bind ye to your oath;
The world hath claims upon your bond — the nations guard you both:
This tie unites the Pagan and the Oriental world
To shores whose people triumph in a Christian flag unfurled.'

The angel of the downy wing, the sylph of star-lit eyes,
Now left the hall, a messenger of HYMEN to the skies;
And there on record may be found, 'mid heavenly mysteries,
The wedding of the waters bright — the Marriage of the Seas!

THE GYPSIES OF ART.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MURGER'S 'SCENES DE LA BOHEME.'

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

HOW TO PAY THE RENT.

THE three establishments were broken up. Minie was provided for by Viscount Paul; Musette, by another young Viscount; and Phemy had gone some where—no one knew exactly where. The three friends had broken with their mistresses, but they had some money—enough for a week's revel, and they were in the first day of it, while the snow fell thickly out of doors.

Marcel had sent the porter on a commission, and paid him in advance to insure its completion. As he did so, the man was struck with the unusual appearance of a gold piece in the painter's hands, and before going on his errand, hastened to apprise the landlord (with whom Marcel was in arrears as usual) of the important fact.

'Sir,' he blurted forth, quite out of breath with haste and emotion, 'the artist in the sixth story has money—that big fellow, you know, who laughs in my face when I bring him his account.'

'Yes,' said the landlord, 'and who had the impudence to borrow money of me to pay me back part of it. He has notice to quit.'

'Ah, Sir, but he is rolling in gold to-day, and giving a party. I saw them just now. It's a good time.'

'You're right,' said the landlord. 'I will go myself.'

Just as Rodolphe was thundering out a song which he had found at the bottom of his glass, there came several knocks at the door. Marcel, who expected *some body else*, leaped up from his chair and the torpidity of incipient drunkenness, and ran to open it.

A gentleman appeared on the threshold, not so bad-looking, except that his dressing-gown was very clumsily made.

'I am glad to see you so comfortable,' he said, looking at the table on which appeared the remains of a magnificent leg of mutton.

'The landlord!' cried Rodolphe; 'let us receive him with the honors due to his position!' and he commenced beating on his plate with his knife and fork.

Colline handed him a chair, and Marcel cried:

'Come, Schaunard! pass us a clean glass. You are just in time,' he continued to the landlord; 'we were going to drink your health. My friend there, Mr. Colline, was saying some touching things about you. As you are present, he will begin over again, out of compliment to you. Do begin again, Colline.'

'Excuse me, gentlemen,' said the landlord; 'I do n't wish to trouble you, but'—and he unfolded a little paper which he had in his hand.

‘What’s the document?’ asked Marcel.

The landlord, who had cast an inquisitive glance around the room, perceived some gold on the chimney-piece.

‘It is your receipt,’ he said, hastily, ‘which I had the honor of sending you once already.’

‘My faithful memory recalls the circumstance,’ replied the artist. ‘It was on Friday, the eighth of the month, at a quarter past twelve.’

‘It is signed, you see, in due form,’ said the landlord; ‘and if it is agreeable to you’ —

‘I was intending to call upon you,’ interrupted Marcel. ‘I have a great deal to talk to you about.’

‘At your service.’

‘Oblige me by taking something,’ continued the painter, forcing a glass of wine on his landlord. ‘Now, Sir,’ he continued, ‘you sent me lately a little paper, with a picture of a lady and a pair of scales on it. It was signed *Godard*.’

‘The constable’s name.’

‘He writes very badly; I had to get my friend here, who understands all sorts of hieroglyphics and other languages’ — and he pointed to Colline — ‘to translate it for me.’

‘It was a notice to quit; a precautionary measure, according to the rule in such cases.’

‘Exactly. Now I wanted to have a conference with you about this very notice, for which I should like to substitute a lease. This house suits me. The stair-case is clean, the street gay, and some of my friends live near; in short, a thousand reasons attach me to these premises.’

‘But,’ and the landlord unfolded his receipt again, ‘there is the last quarter’s rent to pay.’

‘We shall pay it, Sir. Such is our fixed intention.’

Nevertheless, the landlord kept his eyes glued to the money on the mantel-piece; and such was the fixed pertinacity of his look that the coins seemed to move toward him of themselves.

‘I am happy to have come at a time when, without inconveniencing yourself, you can settle our little account,’ he said, presenting once more his receipt to Marcel, who, not able to parry the assault, avoided it once more.

‘You have some property in the provinces, I think,’ he said.

‘Very little, very little. A small house and farm in Burgundy; very trifling returns; the tenants are bad pays, and therefore,’ he added, pushing forward his receipt again, ‘this small sum comes just in time. Sixty francs, you know.’

‘Yes,’ said Marcel, going to the mantel-piece and taking up three pieces of gold. ‘Sixty, sixty it is,’ and he placed the money on the table just out of the landlord’s reach.

‘At last,’ thought the latter. His countenance lighted up, and he similarly laid down his receipt on the table.

Schaumard, Colline, and Rodolphe looked anxiously on.

‘Well, Sir,’ quoth Marcel, ‘since you are a Burgundian, you will not be sorry to see a countryman of yours.’ He opened a bottle of old *Macon*, and poured out a bumper.

‘Really, I never tasted better,’ said the landlord.

‘An uncle of mine who lives there, sends me a basket or two occasionally.’

The landlord rose, and was stretching out his hand toward the money, when Marcel stopped him again.

‘You will not refuse another glass?’

The landlord did not refuse. He drank the second glass, and was once more attempting to possess himself of the money, when Marcel called out:

‘Stop! I have an idea. I am rather rich just now, for me. My uncle in Burgundy has sent me an appendix to my usual allowance. Now I may spend this money too fast. Youth has so many temptations, you know. Therefore, if it is all the same to you, I will pay a quarter in advance.’ He took sixty francs in silver and added them to the three Napoleons which were on the table.

‘Then I will give you a receipt for the present quarter,’ said the landlord. ‘I have some blank ones in my pocket-book. I will fill it up and date it ahead—after all,’ thought he, devouring the hundred and twenty francs with his eyes, ‘this tenant is not so bad.’

Meanwhile, the other three, not understanding Marcel’s diplomacy, remained utterly stupefied.

‘But this chimney smokes, which is very disagreeable.’

‘Why didn’t you tell me before? I will send the workmen tomorrow,’ answered the landlord, not wishing to be behind-hand in this contest of good offices. He filled up the second receipt, pushed the two over to Marcel, and stretched out his hand once more toward the heap of money. ‘You don’t know how timely this sum comes,’ he continued. ‘I have to pay some bills for repairs, and was really quite short of cash.’

‘Very sorry to have made you wait.’

‘Oh! it’s no matter now. Permit me’—and out went his hand again.

‘Permit *me*,’ said Marcel; ‘we have n’t done with this, yet. You know the saying ‘when the wine is opened,’ and he filled the landlord’s glass a third time.

‘One must drink it,’ and he did.

‘Exactly,’ said the artist, with a wink at his friends, who now understood what he was after.

The landlord’s eyes began to twinkle strangely. He wriggled on his chair, began to talk loosely, in all senses of the word, and promised Marcel fabulous repairs and embellishments.

‘Bring out the big guns,’ said the artist aside to the poet.

Rodolphe passed along a bottle of rum.

After the first glass, the landlord sang a ditty, which absolutely made Schaunard blush.

After the second, he lamented his conjugal infelicity. His wife’s name being Helen, he compared himself to Menelaus.

After the third, he had an attack of philosophy, and threw up such aphorisms as these:

‘Life is a river.’

‘Happiness depends not on wealth.’

‘Man is a transitory creature.’

‘Love is a nice thing.’

Finally, he made Schaunard his confidant, and related to him how he had ‘put into mahogany’* a damsel named Euphemia. Of this young person he drew so detailed a portrait, that Schaunard began to be assailed by a fearful suspicion, which suspicion was reduced to a certainty when the landlord showed him a letter.

‘Cruel woman!’ cried the musician, as he beheld the signature; ‘it is like a dagger in my heart.’

‘I have furnished a little *entre-sol* for her,’ said the landlord; ‘pretty, very pretty; it cost me lots of money. But such love is beyond price; and I have twenty thousand francs a year. She asks me for money in her letter. Poor little dear, she shall have this — hullo! where is it?’

The money had disappeared.

‘It is impossible for a moral man to become an accomplice in such wickedness,’ said Marcel. ‘My conscience forbids me to pay money to this old profligate.’†

By this time the landlord was completely gone, and talked at random to the bottles. He had been there nearly two hours, and his wife, alarmed at his prolonged absence, sent the maid after him. On seeing her master in such a state, she set up a shriek and asked ‘what they had been doing to him?’

‘Nothing,’ answered Marcel; ‘he came a few minutes ago to ask for the rent. As we had no money, (there was none visible now,) we begged for time.’

‘But he’s been and *drunked* himself,’ said the servant.

‘Very likely,’ replied Rodolphe; ‘the most of that was done before he came here. He told us that he had been arranging his cellar.’

‘Good heavens! what *will* Missus say?’ exclaimed the maid, leading, or rather dragging off her master, who had a very imperfect idea of the use of his legs.

‘So much for him!’ ejaculated Marcel.

‘He has smelt money,’ said Rodolphe; ‘he will come again to-morrow.’

‘When he does, I will threaten to tell his wife about Phemy, and he will give us time enough.’

The four friends re-commenced drinking and smoking.

CHAPTER TWELVE — AND LAST BY THE TRANSLATOR.

THE adventurous reader who has kept up with the sayings and doings of civilized gypsy-dom, may perhaps have suspected occasional, or more than occasional gaps and erasures in our narrative. Such, indeed, is the case; and now that we are arrived at the latter half of the book, it is really impossible for us to go any farther. Not so much for fear of shocking the puritanically disposed by any too spicy details — although there are a good many passages which would read rather oddly in English — but from our own sense of self-respect and of respect for art, which revolts at a wanton profanation of sentiment. For, to take the

* Furnished an apartment for.

† What a good anti-renter MARCEL would have made!

first omitted chapter as a specimen, a young man, under the impulse of sheer animal passion, attaching himself to the first eight-day courtesan he can pick up, and then making out of this ephemeral connection a romantic episode in his life, what is this but an utter perversion and profanation of sentiment, no matter how the coarse points may be glossed over, and the story made amusing? Very true in the *realist* sense, no doubt, but a hideous falsification of all ideal and principle. Nevertheless, we cannot pass altogether by this portion of the work; it is too characteristic. We will say a word or two of it, and our word or two may perhaps be not altogether without a moral. The latter half of the *Scènes de la Bohême*, is, as we have hinted, chiefly devoted to *Mesdemoiselles* Phemy, Musette, and Minie, the respective favorites of Messrs. Schaunard, Marcel, and Rodolphe. Phemy, as the coarsest of the three, is naturally associated with the 'rough-and-ready' musician. She is the farcical character of the book, a woman who is confounded by the usages of decent society when she happens upon people who eat and dress in a civilized way. Schaunard thrashes her habitually, and when they finally part company, gives her, as a farewell present, the pieces of the cane he has broken upon her. In America, thank God! such a story would be unnatural. In England, one hears of such things being done by the drunken ruffians who figure in police-reports. But Schaunard is an artist, and is left on the high road to distinction. Nor, by the way, is this the only case in the book where similar proofs of affection are hinted at. This, again, may be very *true* in a certain sense — a legitimate expression of the realist school, but none the less revolting.

Musette is a grade higher, the perfect type of the Parisian grisette, pretty and pleasing, elegant and amiable, withal passing from hand to hand nearly as often as a piece of money, certainly much oftener than a respectable horse. Marcel's first acquaintance with her is made when she is giving a party *in the court-yard* of the house where she lodges, her furniture having been seized for rent and taken down stairs by the sheriff's officers, who are to remove it next morning. After she has quitted the painter, solely on account of his poverty, he, finding himself one day unexpectedly in funds, invites her to come and participate in the revel consequent on his good fortune. She leaves her aristocratic entertainer, (telling him quietly that he loves her as he would a fine horse in his stables, and she him because she loves noise, glitter, and luxury,) and runs off to her *sentiment*. On the way, a snow-storm drives her to take refuge with the actress Sidonia, who is engaged in the *third day* of a game of lansquenet. From this party, she goes off with a young man whom she had never seen before, and five days after recollects Marcel, who, of course, by this time, has eaten, drunk, and smoked up all his temporary wealth. Nevertheless, she stays a day with him, and then goes back again to her protector. Ultimately she marries — not Marcel, you may be sure. This again is *real* enough, but what a disgusting waste of talent to beautify and render interesting such a creature!

Lucile *alias* Minnie, is the heroine of the party, as Rodolphe — ap-

parently by an after-thought of the author's—is the hero.* She is described in the most enchanting colors: a delicate, aristocratic-looking beauty, with exquisite hands. This ethereal creature, after various infidelities, settles definitely under the protection of the young Viscount Paul. But the sight of a copy of verses addressed to her (in the columns of a magazine) by Rodolphe, brings back her thoughts to the poet. The Viscount refusing to buy the magazine for her, she leaves him and earns the money requisite, herself, as a model; in doing which, she becomes consumptive, and goes back to Rodolphe to die—in a hospital. It must be owned that the last scenes of her life are depicted with much true pathos. An ordinary misconception of the French romancer—perhaps we might say of the French *man*—is here strikingly displayed. A sinful woman makes sacrifices out of vanity, or pique, or revenge, such as a virtuous woman might make to preserve her virtue: the suffering being similar, the merit is therefore assumed to be equal.

The book has had a great success, not unattended by practical consequences, something like those of Jack Shepherd. It is said that many young men were seduced by it into leaving respectable positions and turning into vagabond artists or writers, not for true love of literature or art, but for love of this hap-hazard life in which every meal is more or less of an adventure. Yet the author himself allows that the euthanasia of the *Bohemian* is to become a man with a position and a fixed income. Here is the last glimpse we have of the four friends.

A year after Minnie's death, Rodolphe and Marcel, who had kept together, were celebrating their entrance into the official world. Marcel, having found his way into the exhibition at last, had sold one of his pictures to a rich Englishman, an old friend of Musette's. With the proceeds of this sale, and of an order from government, he had liquidated a portion of his debts, and furnished a comfortable lodging. Schaunard and Rodolphe had got before the paying and reputation-giving public; the former, with an album of melodies which were sung at all the concerts; the latter, with a book which kept the critics busy for a month. As to Barbemuche, he had given up Gypsy-dom long ago. Colline had inherited some property and made a good match; he gave parties with music and cakes!

One afternoon, Rodolphe, seated in *his own* arm-chair, with his feet on *his own* carpet, proposed to Marcel, who had come to talk over old times with him, that they should dine that day for twelve sous at their old eating-house, 'where we were always so hungry when we had done dining.'

'No indeed!' replied Marcel. 'I like to regard the past, but it is across a bottle of good wine, and seated in a good arm-chair. I *am* spoiled, I confess it. I only like what is good.'

The conclusion sounds like a satire on, and condemnation of, all that preceded it. The *Bohemian* ends, like the German student, in

* This is more conspicuous in the dramatized version where RODOLPHE is represented as a young man of good family and prospects, with a wealthy uncle, (very different from the stove-maker, MONETTI,) all which he gives up to join the gypsy-club.

becoming something very like *the Philistine* he despised. The landlord who asks for his own, was represented as a brute and a butt ; the artist who squandered in a drunken orgie the money that might have discharged his rent, was a hero ; yet the artist is last seen paying his way

‘ Como qualquier buen Christiano,’

perchance even marrying.

Would that we could hope as much of all anti-renters and repudiators !

CARL BENSON.

S I L E N T W O R S H I P .

FIRST BOOK OF KINGS : CHAPTER NINETEENTH : VERSES ELEVENTH, TWELFTH, AND THIRTEENTH.

Ox Horeb's brow the prophet stood,
To hold communion with his God,
When, with tremendous rush, the wind came roaring,
And shivered mountains while he bent adoring:
Hurled rifted rocks in air,
Crashed through the woods,
Upheaved the floods;
But yet, HE was not there !

The earth-quake shook his slippery stand,
And scattered ruin o'er the land;
Tossed the rent ground like foam upon the billow,
And rocked huge acres o'er their granite pillow:
Aghast, the startled seer,
As low he knelt,
Too surely felt
JEHOVAH was not there !

Then burst the subterranean fire,
To him the world's funereal pyre;
Through countless seams its lava-streams descending,
Till, land and sea in primal chaos blending,
He wept o'er NATURE's bier;
Yet wept he more,
That, 'mid the roar,
His SAVIOUR was not there.

He ceased: a still, small voice, at last,
Its gentle whisper through him passed;
He knew the POWER, whose light, itself revealing,
Breaks in a flood upon the world of feeling:
Then, veiled in secret prayer,
Serene and still,
Prostrate his will,
GOD communed with him there !

M Y T W I L I G H T H O U R .

BY J. HONEYWELL.

I WAS quietly sitting last night by myself,
Thinking partly of poetry, partly of pelf;
Of what would be said of my yesterday's rhymes,
And how I should weather these 'very hard times: '

When, by easy transition, THOUGHT wandered up-stream,
To the time when young Life was a beautiful dream,
And amid the remembrances, some how or other,
Came the spectacled phiz of my stately grandmother.

Ah! well I remember those silver-rimmed specs,
And the sharp eyes behind them, my plans to perplex;
And the quaintly-crimped cap, bordered neatly with lace,
That so daintily edged her benevolent face.

Fine gold were the beads that her neck gaily bore,
Though long out of fashion, yet treasured the more;
For they were dumb speakers, and whispered of him
Whose fond recollections her eye could bedim.

Her hair had been black, but TIME has a way
Of touching such locks with his pencillings gray,
Although neither he nor his yoke-fellow, CARE,
Could conquer her will nor its action impair.

Well skilled in the art our wild natures to school,
Now mild in her sway, and now stern in her rule;
Oh! well did we boys, in those juvenile days,
Know her promptness to punish, her proneness to praise.

But the Spoiler o'ertook her at length in the race,
And the power of his grasp left a visible trace:
Her strength from long buffeting finally failed,
And her spirit before the new enemy quailed.

Ah! well: she has gone where her troubles are o'er;
Where SORROW'S dark wing casts a shadow no more;
And there she has met with *my* fountain of joy,
My own lovely angel, my darling, my boy!

And are they together, my young love and old?
Do her arms my lost treasure in rapture enfold?
Oh! eyes of my dear one! look down from the sky,
And tell me those arms are around you on high.

Ye stars — homes of all that we mourn here as lost —
Send a ray to my heart, that with anguish is tossed;
And tell me that I shall yet meet, where you roll,
The dove-eyed young cherub now torn from my soul.

Like the tide, in its surgings, throb wildly, O brain!
 Beat, beat, O my heart! till you burst from your chain;
 While, mentally stretched on this torturing rack,
 I madly, imploringly, call for him back!

THE STORY OF MALDONATA:

OF HER LIONESS AND HER WHELPS.

RELATED AT M. PIPELET'S AFTER THE BEST AUTHORS.

BY HENRY P. LELAND.

You must know that in the native land of monkeys and of parrots, called Brazil, (from whence comes *brazier*, seeing it's so hot there,) the Spaniards were once besieged by the natives — very naturally.

When there was nothing more to eat in the city, the Governor had the happy fore-thought to station sentinels at all the gates to prevent the evil-disposed from carrying away victuals, or going out to get any, which greatly rejoiced the undertakers.

Now Maldonata, a brisk young woman, about twenty-five, who had a huge appetite and a digestion in proportion, seized her snuff-box, and said:

'We'll go and see!'

Then she presented herself at the gate:

'Good morning, sentinel.'

'No one basses here.' (He had a slight accent.)

'Thank you. Do you take snuff? Vlan!' (and she flung the snuff into his face.)

'Atsom — atsom — atsom — tsüü!'

'It's good! it's good! God bless you!'

Maldonata was far away before the trooper had finished sneezing and rubbing his eyes.

In a quarter of an hour, when she was hardly three leagues from the city, she saw a cavern in the middle of a plain; what you might call an oäsis in the desert. But perhaps you don't know what an oäsis is? Well, just imagine that you've been trotting round for three or four days without any thing to eat or drink, when suddenly you stumble over a little country tavern, with water *à discrétion*, rabbits in the courtyard, and hay to lie down on. *Voilà*, that's an oäsis.

'Well, well,' said Maldonata, 'I've always adored caverns, I have. Perhaps I should like a beef-steak better just now — but bah! can't I keep shady here? Dam! one can't get every thing! Let us crawl in.'

She entered, and drew out her handkerchief to wipe her forehead. It was so hot!

'Hallo! who's there?' she suddenly cried out.

At the bottom of the cavern, Maldonata saw a couple of torch-lights

blazing away, red as the eyes of a merry capuchin ; at the same time, she was half drowned with a cloud of steam, just as if she lifted the top from a tea-kettle of boiling water. It was a lioness breathing.

Maldonata stopped as short as if she had been grabbed in four places at once. Had the devil tickled her all over, she would n't have laughed. Fact !

' Mon Dieu, do n't be afraid.' Thus spoke a great, hoarse, croaking voice. ' My dear charitable lady, take pity on a poor mother of a family who has no children, but who's striving, like one of the possessed, to get some.'

Saying which, the lioness writhed on the ground, rolling, and heaving sighs that would have blown down the towers of Notre Dame — only by good fortune they were n't built at that time.

A thousand others, in the fair Spaniard's place, would have swooned with fear ; but she, never winking, boldly said :

' When it comes to a point like this, it's our duty to help neighbors in distress ! What name shall we give the baby ?'

Behold three little loves of lions, who threw themselves on all fours to bless HEAVEN for their happy deliverance. In a moment, their ' mamma ' rose up, her forehead bathed in perspiration, (it was so warm,) and shaking her hair from head to foot :

' Brrrr, is that all ?' said she. ' Perhaps madam has n't dined yet ; let's see if there is any thing in the kitchen.'

They searched all over the bottom of the cave ; absolutely there was nothing there except two *tibias* of a horse, and a dromedary's hoof.

' There ain't enough in this restaurant for me,' says the lioness. ' Wait a minute. Young ones, come kiss mamma !'

The young ones grovled ; their ma started off with a straight tail ; Maldonata sat down, exclaiming :

' Well, it is funny ! Spite of all, I'm deuced hungry.'

An hour passed away — but hunger did n't. All at once, the lioness sprung into the middle of the society, holding in her jaws a roasted kid, piping hot ; and under each arm a basket of provisions, which she generously spread out on the floor. Simplicity of the golden age !

They had, upon my word of honor, a four-pound loaf of bread, radishes, fresh butter, and — tooth-picks !

When they had swallowed every thing, excluding tooth-picks, but including the kid, the lioness said :

' Let's see, while we take coffee — suppose we talk over our affairs. As you can perceive, my good woman, we ain't ' badly off ;' and if the table suits you, suppose you put up here ? Possibly you've got into that confounded bad habit of sleeping in a bed, but bah ! you need n't be any tenderer than the Spanish soldiers, who, to keep the *grounds* of others sleep on the *earth*, eat black bread, and let themselves be shot into the bargain.'

Maldonata found this argument conclusive. As she had no other house, she gave the preference to one she was in to the rest.

Affairs went along smoothly for some time. Every morning after her toilette, the lioness led out her little ones — that grew enormously — and the four did not return until the vesper-hour, loaded with food, but no liquor — that was n't their *forte*.

During their absence, the fair Spaniard composed romances, or tamed lizards ; but alas ! one fine morning, a corporal's guard surprised her, and led her before the tribunal of the intelligent governor.

'Morbleu,' said he, 'madam, you have violated my sentinel ; you've thrown snuff into the teeth of my authority ; this can't pass thus. Prepare yourself. You have treated me like a beast, and now I'm going to treat the beasts with you.'

No sooner said than done ; they undressed my young daughter ; they led her out again to the plain ; they tied her to a stout post, planted there expressly for people abandoned to the lions and flies, (*mouches* !)

May-be you think her history ends here ? No, you don't : there are seventeen columns more of it in the Spanish *Moniteur* ; but as it is a paper which has to talk a great deal to tell a very little, I'll arrange it for you, short order.

Three days afterward, a patrol of city police were walking in the country.

'Tron de l'air,' said the corporal, 'what do I see ? A division of tigers trying to kick up a row, *bagasse* !' with a battalion of lions — if they ain't lionesses. Eh ! Mossu, the Governor, has ordered me to keep order, tron dé l'air ! let us surprise the enemy ! En avant, fistons !'

'Hurrah !' they screamed in Spanish, and immediately threw themselves — flat on their bellies, which manœuvre so surprised the enemy that tigers fled with lions at their heels ; but the lioness remained crouched at the foot of the post.

At length, half with half against their own wills, the soldiers slowly advanced, little by little, step by step, like a cat eyeing a canary-bird in its cage. Maldonata, who saw them coming, said to her lioness :

'Go ! I must converse hold with all these *gentlemen* !'

And the lioness obeyed, like a poodle.

'Tron dé l'air, my princess, this animal's received a splendid education,' said the corporal ; 'but *sandis* ! here you are again in contravention to the authority ; eh ! Mossu, the Governor, had you planted here to wilt, and not grow *green* again. Come along, my girl, there's something suspicious under all this — eh !'

'Ah ! ha !' said the Governor, hearing the tale of Maldonata, 'you've got *lions* who don't want to live on you, have you ? Well, this thing must end some where ! sangbleu ! tubleu ! ventrebleu ! Ah, bah ! I pardon you. Go, change your clothes, and, above all, your habits.'

What a kind governor ! A cord round her neck, back naked, ditto all over, clothes with a vengeance !

On her dismissal from court, a fat banker of the place, who under her light dress found the guilty one to his taste, laid his coffers and his hand at her feet. Times were bad. Maldonata picked them both up. They had a good many infants, but never one quarrel.

MORAL REFLECTION.

THIS, gentlemen and ladies, makes you see, firstly, how useless it is to say that any one is ever eaten up by hunger, since it is forbidden by authority — Spanish ; lastly, that a good way to prevent being devoured by beasts, is to have half a dozen among your acquaintances.

T H E R E A S O N W H Y .

INSCRIBED TO F. R. C.

I.

You wonder why my playful muse
 Has been so coy of late ;
 As if impulsive PEGASUS
 Might never stop to 'bait.'
 Beside, while rhymes are blossoming
 One's hopes may run to seed,
 And so I paused in my career,
 And dropped the lines — to feed !

II.

Two sides there are to human life ;
 The dreamy one I've tried.
 And now I tread, with sturdier step.
 The bread-and-butter side ;
 Along the paths of Merchandise
 My cautious way I feel,
 And turn my thoughts to selling iron.
 And sometimes even — steel !

III.

Repress you, rising smile, O friend,
 Nor spoil my bit of fun ;
 A metal pen may be allowed
 A sympathetic pun.
 And since I've put with madam TRADE
 My faculties to nurse,
 Thought bourgeois, and o'erruns the bounds
 And paths of sober verse.

IV.

Yet 'quips and cranks,' that once were rife,
 Grow scarcer on my lips ;
 The light that hovered o'er my pen
 Has suffered an eclipse.
 I wear an unobtrusive hat,
 A Linkinwater coat,
 And memories of an earlier age
 Around my waistcoat float.

V.

Folks speak of me as a sedate
 And proper kind of man ;
 They overlook my youthful freaks,
 Or do so — all they can ;
 Indeed, I more than half suspect
 It *was* some other boy,
 And not my very self, with whom
 The muses used to toy.

VI.

For if one's known to jingle *rhymes*,
Men vote him but a flat,
And pass him with a sidelong bow,
And cold enough at that;
But the melody of jingling *dimes*
Is quite another sound;
That lifts the beavers from their heads
In deference profound.

VII.

Gain is the Ogre of the age,
That changes men to churls,
That swallows up aspiring minds,
As oysters swallow pearls:
They leave the bar, the bench, the desk,
The academic shade,
And, harnessed in alluring bands,
Become the slaves of trade.

VIII.

Behold, with solemn 'charges' filled,
Those folios o'er my head;
Charges against all kinds of men,
And some against the dead!
These are the records of my life,
For weary days and years;
A sort of sea, that long has swayed
My shifting hopes and fears.

IX.

Yet is my nature not subdued
To that in which it works:
Mine is a sort of holy war,
Like NICHOLAS with the Turks!
Like him I quit a peaceful realm,
And seize the battle brand,
That I may add to my domain
My neighbor's rood of land.

X.

Rhymes are not rhino here; but trade
Adds to one's private *weak*,
And bids e'en beef and puddings smoke
Upon my bit of deal!
So, when your kindly questions come,
As come they do by dozens,
I answer in this way to all
Inquiring friends and COZZENS.

XI.

A '*nom de plume*'s a clever veil
For writers weak and shy,
Wherein the private eye can meet,
Nor fear the public I.
I lift the mask for *you* to peep,
But charge you not to tell
What Pagan or what Christian phiz
Is worn by HONEYWELL.

LETTERS FROM POPLAR HILL.

LETTER FOURTH.

Poplar Hill, August, 18--

DEAR EMILY. I am at home alone, mother, her friends, and the children, having gone to Warren to make a few purchases. When you and Harold were here last night, I expected to accompany them, but was disappointed. I longed to take you into my own room, and tell you all that had occurred during the last week, but could not on account of the visitors. My only resource is a pen and paper; and now that I am wearied with reading, and have partaken of an early dinner, I am delighted to seat myself in the shadows of the east porch, and bring you near me in thought, at least.

I am anxious to know what you think of our visitors. Aunt Eliza, as I have familiarly called mother's maiden sister, is insufferably amiable to me. When I enter her presence, she is pleased and affable, takes an astonishing interest in my opinions. I sometimes think she desires to be rejuvenated, not only in costume — for her French milliner has admirably accomplished that — but in her thoughts and manners. She was a profound mystery to me at first, but circumstances have revealed a depth of astuteness in her character, that I little suspected. I meet her in obscure parts of the house, in long-closed rooms, but never fail to receive the same unembarrassed smile and repartee. She says little to my father, but has long conversations with mother behind closed doors. She is dignified and austere before strangers but at home quite different — goes all over the barn with Elsie, swings with her under the willows, crowns the child with garden-flowers, and brings her home to us, exulting in the fright her absence has caused. Her niece, Helen Yarrell, is more prepossessing. Her face and figure are pleasing, her suavity of manner fascinating. Her disposition is good — we agree very well, although our habits and tastes are widely at variance. Her conversation is pedantic. I always feel when she is present, as if she were making an effort to be agreeable, and as if she were labouring for the simplest of themes. I have learned to value her more for her quietude and her love of the simple life, than for her fine accomplishments.

Since they have been here, I have never felt so comfortable.

Yours truly,
Emily

heart swelled in my breast ; I turned away slowly, and retraced my steps. How wearily my feet moved up the stairs ; I clung to the banister, and reached my room feeling tired and in the way. I reviewed every occurrence of the morning, strove to recall any hasty act of which I had been guilty, but could find none. My irritated feelings were not calmed in the solitude of my own room, and readily fired at the slightest remark.

After you rode off in the evening, Helen remarked that your brother Harold was a splendid looking man, and of very agreeable manners.

‘ Granted,’ said mother, ‘ but, Helen, you would never think of a man in his position. He is only a minister’s son.’

‘ He seems very pleasant. Is his father worth any thing ? ’ asked aunt Eliza.

‘ His father is pastor of the church in Beverley,’ replied my mother, ‘ and supports two daughters on a small salary. I do not know that this young man has an occupation ; his father brought him up in idle habits. The family are respectable ! ’

‘ *Respectable !* ’ I exclaimed, indignantly, ‘ any lady in the land might be proud of his attentions ! ’

‘ It is very evident, Bertha,’ said mother, ‘ that you know nothing of the world. You have a naïveté of expression quite fresh.’

She laughed as she concluded, which stung me to the quick.

Later in the evening, Helen was speaking of an ornamental pastry she had recently learned to make, and mother asked if Helen would teach her the process. She then complained of her failing health, saying she was fond of household occupations, but feared she must soon give them up altogether.

‘ Why don’t you let Bertha do such things for you ? ’ suggested aunt Eliza.

My patience was almost exhausted, and when mother said, ‘ Bertha never has time, she cannot even dust the parlors,’ I could control myself no longer, and exclaimed :

‘ You *know* that is false, mother. I have several times assisted you ; and when I have attempted to make cake, you have watched me as you would a child. It was only day before yesterday that you told the cook to take the biscuits from my hands or I would spoil them. And as for the parlor, I dusted it regularly until you ordered Susan to do over what I had done.’

I was frightened when I ceased. The pause seemed so long and deep. I could hear the beatings of my own heart, and feared the rest heard them, too. So I went up stairs, cried until I was calm, and with hearty resolutions to redeem my character on the next day, I went to bed, sad and humbled.

This morning, at breakfast, nothing was said about the ride to Warren. The carriage was at the door, and the ladies dressed when I came from the garden where I go every morning for flowers.

‘ What portion of creation have you favored with your presence this morning ? ’ Helen asked, as I came up the avenue ; and mother coming out, said I was very dilatory, and they could not wait for me to dress.

So they went off without me ; and as father went early to Sparrow-

bush to spend the day with old Stephen, I have been alone all day. The solitude is very pleasant, after so many exciting scenes. It is a luxury to sit here and think. I have just been looking at the serene Catskills, and the clear undulations have, by their similitude, brought vividly before me the cemetery at Beechnuts, and a dear grave on the brow of the hill. Oh! pure and quiet sky, bending so lovingly over it, weeping calm tears from out thy holy eyes at nightfall, how I envy thee! There are who feel consoled with the thought that the departed are hovering near them, but to me the idea is repellent. It would sorely grieve me to know that my aunt Mary witnesses all my weakness, all my error, all my sin.

I hear a horse coming up the road; it has turned into the avenue; I must know who it is.

NIGHT. — When I stopped writing this afternoon, I went round the house, and had scarcely turned the angle before I met Harold. He had a book for father, and merely stopped to leave it, but finding me alone, concluded to stay awhile. He fastened his horse, and we sat down on the steps. He was interested to know of my pursuits; and in answering his kind questions, I lost my timidity and conversed naturally. Then we wandered to the garden, and, when wearied, to the grape-arbor, where Harold took a copy of Virgil from his pocket, and asked if he should read to me. I was delighted. Its perusal had long been my ambition. I had read Caesar, but had not confidence to attempt this exquisite poem. Harold translates beautifully. The deep, mellow tones, and smooth, flowing lines, stole like sweet music to my soul. Every sense was wrapt in the thrilling tale. I was on that beautiful southern sea; I heard Juno plead with the mighty Æolus; I entered that tranquil bay where the waters 'lay safe and silent.' I had no thought for the flying moments; I became too much absorbed to follow the translator, and sitting down at his feet, looked up into his face and drank in the glowing words. In a subdued voice Harold was reading how Æneas, by dint of stratagems, sought to inspire the Carthaginian queen with the flame of love; and when he pronounced the words

'Occultum inspires ignem, fallasque venens,'

I asked in a clear, although suppressed voice:

'Is love a poison?'

The leaves beside me rustled as I spoke, and looked around to meet the eyes of mother and Helen.

'A very unfortunate intrusion!' exclaimed the former, as I started to my feet; 'shall we retire?'

Harold was not in the least embarrassed; he addressed them cordially, and said he was so interested in the book he had not heard their approach. Helen asked the name of the volume, called it her favorite, saying she had read the twelve books, and how many had Mr. Montearth read? Harold had read but eight; so Helen tossed her head triumphantly, and we went back to the house. It was seven o'clock. Harold declined an invitation to sup, and took a hurried leave of us.

Father found opportunity to write to you. He wished I would henceforth receive your

must have told him what she overheard. Was it wrong to sit at Harold's feet and listen so attentively to his reading? I cannot believe it. The attitude expressed earnestness only. But those words of the poet still haunt me, and I mentally ask, 'Is love a poison?'

Good-night, Emily dear. Your own

BERTHA ELLICOTT.

MY HEART'S SPRING-TIME.

BY JENNY MARSH.

I.

My heart is budding with the spring,
With forests and with flowers;
And o'er the wastes where snows have lain,
Hope plants her summer-bowers:
The buds that withered when the hand
Of Autumn's gleaner came,
Are cast aside, and pruned the bush
That it may bloom again.

II.

The skies grow bright, and o'er my path
The golden sun-beams fall;
The daisies spring beneath my feet,
And wild-birds to me call:
I will forget the winter-time,
That passed so weary by;
Nor will I think these rosy buds
Have only bloomed to die.

III.

My heart has seen its May before,
Hath known the sun-beam's kiss,
And had its garden wake to bloom,
But not so fair as this:
For now a gentle hand hath taught
Its roses where to climb,
Hath cast aside the ranksome weeds,
And girded up the vine.

IV.

hat cheered my heart
wild:
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ere this, the
Have for
ere this

v

But all was drear and o'er the waste
 A snowy shroud was flung.
 White naught but sorrow round it crept,
 And her wild daisies sing
 No purple wine or golden sheaf
 Was garnered to my store;
 My heart had been a garden wild;
 Its summer now was o'er

vi

But when the Autumn comes again
 Shall naught to me be given?
 Shall I not know that I have placed
 A foot-print nearer heaven?
 Shall I look o'er my garden then
 And find its fair flowers dead?
 And Love and Faith with lifeless stalks
 On a forgotten bed?

vii

Shall I behold the vine that Hope
 Had taught to reach the sky,
 With withered leaves and tennils torn,
 Crushed on the earth to lay?
 Shall I behold the lovely grove
 That Peace had planted there,
 Choked up with weeds, while winds have cast
 Its petals on the air?

viii

Prayer shall be returned in the midst
 Of all my thowens so far?
 And I will ask that angels bring
 Messages from their
 For that will I not ask them to
 Forget the garden I love
 And that we may all share its heart
 And keep its garden fair?

viii

Schediasms.

BY PAUL SUGGOK.

OUR STREET.

I LIVE in one of the upper wards of the city — not very far up, either, say above the second belt of the island, Twenty-third street. My drawing-room windows look into a tract of vacant lots on the opposite side of the street.

It has afforded me not a few reflections on the mutability of human affairs, to watch the chances and changes this spot has undergone. Two years ago, it was a beautiful green meadow, carefully protected by a substantial fence, and now, by the mere progress of events, and without any particular design of any person, and apparently without human agency, it has become an uncommonly common common; in short, a 'howling wilderness.' One morning, I missed a plank from the fence; a few days later, the night having been severely cold, another plank disappeared. Doubtless some forlorn tea-kettle boiled stealthily that night by virtue of the larceny; or may-hap some poor devil slept on the soft side of the fugitive plank, and so had 'bed and board' together. At all events, one by one the parts of the fence dropped away, until the inclosure was as bare of fence as a prairie or a desert. Then the house-maids in the neighborhood discovered it was an admirable place to deposit their coal-ashes; this was soon followed by dirt-cartmen, occasionally digging and taking away a few loads of earth. The house-maids made a series of little mounds of ashes, and the cartmen dugged little pits all over the ground, giving it quite a variegated appearance. Soon after, it was found to be a useful place for some builders in the neighborhood wherem to haul their rubbish from the street, and thus by imperceptible degrees it has become the common dumping-ground of the upper wards of the city. Indeed, there now seems to be a strife among the various members of the animal kingdom around these parts, which shall put it to the basest uses.

Well, why don't I abate the nuisance? Why don't I petition the Common Council to have the vacant lots fenced? That is just what I am about to tell you. I know something about the Common Council, and the fate of petitions of such obscure persons as myself. *Haud inexpertus loquor.*

I am a great enemy of dark streets; and although in favor of equal rights, I dislike *dark piers*. I like a shaded room, and a shaded light, and shady places, but I have a horror of dark streets. From childhood I have thrilled with horror at a thousand horrid outrages perpetrated under the protecting cover of the darkness of our streets. By constitution and association, and from early conviction, I have always been a stickler for well-lighted streets.

myself to a thread, about the dark street. Still, I was so confident that each day would bring gas-lights, that I did not think of attempting to hasten it. Other streets, above us and on each side, by degrees were lighted ; we escaped. Surely, our turn would come next. But it did not. And still other streets, more remote, were lighted, and we were left in Cimmerian darkness. Finally, it became a desperate matter, and I set about it seriously, to remedy the evil, and went to see the Gas Company. Great was my wrath ! I prepared a short catalogue of the horrid accidents that had occurred mainly from their neglect of their own pecuniary interest, too, in not putting gas-lamps in the streets. Judge of my indignant surprise — it was not their business at all ! I might have waited until doomsday for them to move ; they had nothing to do with it ; wished they had ; the lamps would soon be up if it was their business ! I must apply to the Inspector of Lamps and Gas !

I swallowed my rage, and went to see the Inspector of Lamps and Gas ; and there learned that I must petition the Corporation. I petitioned the Corporation ; all my neighbors signed the petition : we got our alderman to present the document. It was sent to a committee, and now, surely, thought I, we shall have the gas immediately. When I read in the morning-paper that the Common Council had heard our prayer, and sent it to a committee, I felt as though the thing was done. At night, I looked to see if the lamps were up, and then chided myself for my impatience. I went through this game for some days ; then weeks passed, and I began to grow impatient. I instituted an inquiry at the City Hall, after the Committee and our petition, and learned the Committee had not yet ‘sat upon it.’ Heigho !

Well, I waited weeks longer, and then months ; wrote to the Inspector of Lamps and Gas, scolded the Corporation Attorney, defamed the Chief of Police, made caricatures of the Mayor, and joined in the general hue-and-cry, in blowing up the City Government generally. All was unavailing. Winter passed away, and summer and winter, and summer again : the gas did not come. At length — long, however, after I had abandoned the project — the new Common Council went into office, or the old one went out, or the gas-company found us out and took the matter in hand, or the Committee became a stock-holder in the Gas Company, or somehow, one morning in February last, I was awakened earlier than usual by a sound in the street of men at work ; and behold ! the gas lamp-posts were actually being set ! — and, after waiting about a month longer for the lanterns, and a month longer for the pipes to be made to connect, in the month of April, Anno Domini 1854, after a probation of upward of thirty months, ——— street was lighted with gas. And so ended my first and last petition to the Common Council.

‘ I N E X O R A B L E F A T E . ’

‘ With equal foot, rich friend, impartial FATE
Knocks at the cottage and the palace-gate ;
Life’s span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years.’

A P O E T I C A L A U T O G R A P H L E T T E R .

THE gentleman whose name appears in the following lines, having frequently applied to the lady-writer, for an autograph letter written by her, she lately gratified him in the annexed lines.

INVOKING each spirit of earth and of air,
 For a subject before never thought on,
 And listening for rappings from table or chair,
 I address you, my dear Mr. LAUGHTON,
 Resolving at once, I will candidly own,
 To rely on my own mental forces,
 The marrow and pith of my thoughts to make known
 Without any wooden resources.
 I shall ask you a riddle: What 's this I have found?
 A treasure that ne'er will deceive me;
 That pleases all senses: and you, I'll be bound,
 When I tell you its name, will believe me.
 But ah! Sir, not yet will I make you so wise;
 You must guess, while I state its perfections;
 It has beauty, wit, grace; form, feature, lips, eyes!
 Do you guess? But there's more recollections:
 What is it which makes your best hopes still more bright?
 Your stubbornest whims to surrender?
 That covers your faults with its mantle of light,
 And makes your tough nature *quite* tender?
 Do you guess at my riddle? methinks in your glance
 A spirit there merrily glistens,
 Which without conjuration, or mesmeric trance,
 Takes in the whole truth while it listens.
 Yes, yes, my dear Sir, 't is your MARY I mean,
 The wife and the friend beyond prizing,
 Whose influence is felt like the star-light serene,
 Or wind from the violet rising.
 Long, long be it thus; and when old age shall come,
 May young *star-beams* and *zephyrs* still brighten your home;
 May your face have no wrinkles these two hundred years;
 Your bright eyes no dimness, no deafness your ears.
 The same to your wife, although I'm afraid
 That TIME, who so many old ladies hath made,
 Will ne'er let her pass without touch of his claw
 When wanting a bon-bon to stuff in his maw.
 With this horrible fantasy darkening my mood,
 I'm ashamed to write farther, and therefore conclude,
 Expecting no answer, at least, not until
 My merits appear by a clause in your will,
 Some few thousand dollars, house, horse, or piano,
 In proof of your friendship for MARY BALMANNO.

P. S. If these trilling objects for others you save,
 I'll accept e'en a 'gold-mine,' or small 'treasure-cave,'
 Where pirate Sultanas at ease have reclined,
 Curled their tresses in bank-notes, and left them behind.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

APHEILA, AND OTHER POEMS. By Two Cousins of the South, Miss JULIA PLEASANTS and THOMAS BIBB BRADLEY. In one volume: pp. 272. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

WITH much that is not of a very high order of merit, this volume contains examples of very fair poetry. The defects are, mannerism, and a certain want of originality and vigor. And yet the work is a work of promise, and proves that the authors who sometimes write so well, are capable of even better things. As specimens of the writers' powers, we present a poem from each, which impressed us most favorably among the contents of the book. The first, '*Lines on receiving an Eagle's Plume,*' is by Miss PLEASANTS:

'An eagle's plume! an eagle's plume!
How bravely hath it battled back
The rolling clouds, the tempest's gloom,
And swept the sun's meridian track.
A thing of air, it proudly spurned
The earth-born storm, the levin's glare,
And like a thought, for ever turned,
In starward triumph, through the air.

'An eagle's plume! in wheeling flight,
Swift as a clarion's note it rose
From some untrodden mountain-height,
Of purple mists and shining snows.
And far across the desert sky,
It winnowed plains of azure dearth,
And bore the camel-bird on high,
A herald from the lowly earth.

'An eagle's plume! the skies grew dark,
But o'er the sea it fleetly sped,
The sea where many a gallant barque
Before the driving tempest fled.
And through the zenith, blue and gold,
It soared above the sulphurous cloud,
While fast the rushing waters rolled
O'er stem, and stern, and swelling shroud.

'An eagle's plume! an eagle's plume!
It burst through floods of fiery rain,
When culverin's crash and cannon's boom
Broke madly o'er the battle-plain:
A starry standard floated there,
Above its folds it quivering hung,
And loudly on the leaden air
The deafening shout of 'Victory!' rung.

'An eagle-plume, from FREEDOM's wing;
It skirts the hills of Northern Maine,
And bathes in every golden spring
On California's mountain chain.
It rises, like a glorious star,
Where wild Atlantic surges roar,
And flies, in swooping circles, far
Along the lone Pacific shore.

'An eagle's plume! would that my soul
Might burst as chainless and as free,
Above the stormy clouds, that roll
Across this life's tempestuous sea.
And oh! when Life's dark goal is won,
That it might spurn the vanquished tomb,
And soar beyond the flaming sun,
An eagle's plume! an eagle's plume!'

'*A Sister's Reverie*' is by Mr. BRADLEY. His efforts with a longer measure are very creditable, particularly *The Dream of Ponce de Leon*, in three 'parts,' but it is too long to quote entire. We cite the first-named:

'SAD vesper-bells! how sweet your chimes,
Thrilling my soul like poet's rhymes,
Sung low at tranquil even!

The light of childhood round me plays,
And MEMORY muses o'er the days
When earth seemed nearer heaven.
In younger years I often strayed
Where silver streams wreathed man a braid,
And there, subdued and still, I staid
To hear their waters sighing.
I would the sounds my spirit craves,
The dulcet sounds of rippling waves,
May float to me when dying.

'E'en now, I hear a gentle tone,
So soft, so clear, 't is music's own;
It stills my panting bosom!
My sister's voice! I've heard it ring
In green-wood bowers, when rosy SPRING
With kisses oped the blossom.

'Then, ere mild evening's rays were flown,
Ere stars were o'er the blue arch strown,
How gay we culled young buds unblown,
To see them bloom the morrow!
Then Joy, the silver-cinctured maid,
With lovely eyes our hearts betrayed,
And smiled away each sorrow.

'And when the kingly crest of morn,
Upon his dappled courser borne,
Shone o'er the dark, dim mountains,
Like glad sun-shine, we sought for flowers,
And lowest laughter from our bowers
Flowed like the flow of fountains.

'Until the broad, blue blaze of noon,
Fond hours, that fled all too soon,
Softly glided as a tune
Heard when the moon-beams glimmer.
Alas! we were too young to know
That fairest cheeks soon lose their glow,
That brightest eyes grow dimmer.

'And when the summer's tardy hours
Brought rolling clouds like moving towers,
And swift, strong winds, and slanting showers,
And purple rain-bows arching;
While falling drops soft echoes gave,
We read old tales of heroes brave
To fields of valor marching.

'How often o'er the lake we sailed,
Ere twilight's varied colors paled,
The still, blue waters dyeing!
That lucid lake, how clear it seemed,
With undimmed depths where white shells gleamed,
Like pearls in beauty vying!

'My sister's face! I see it now,
As when she stooped low o'er the bow,
Her joyous eyes, her snowy brow,
Her unlooped tresses flowing!
When, strown with lilies, our fair boat
Slow o'er the crystal wave did float,
With kindly zephyrs blowing.

'Blest morns, bright noons, sweet evening hours,
And boat, all garlanded with flowers —
Again I'll see them never!
All, all are gone; my sister sleeps;
Death her dark-fringed eye-lids keeps
Closed o'er her orbs for ever!

'Ah! soon, his touch will heal my breast
Of sorrows, sighs, and sad unrest;
And then in funeral garments drest,
I'll cross the deep, cold river.
But oh! upon the other side
I know that radiant angels glide,
And golden sun-beams quiver.'

We shall have an eye upon these young cousins, as we doubt not they will upon one another; 'favorable eyes,' we fancy, too. This writing poetry in wedded authorship is dangerous business. It may lead to a matrimonial interest in the copy-right of the book, if 'women's-rights' are conceded.

THE LAMP-LIGHTER. In one volume: pp. 523. Boston: published by JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY. Cleveland, Ohio: JEWETT, PROCTOR AND WORTHINGTON.

WE are not at all surprised to learn that this work has met with extraordinary success, for it eminently deserves it. It is one of the most original and natural narratives we have encountered for many a year. Nothing could be more simple and unaffected than its delightful style; investing its incidents with an interest so deep, that it is impossible to lay aside the book until its perusal is accomplished. Let us glance briefly at the character of the story: 'GERTY' is an orphan, under the charge of an old hag, who ill-treats her in every possible way; and the only pleasure of the poor little child is to sit upon the door-steps at night-fall, and watch an old lamp-lighter as he comes along the street with his ladder and torch, to light the city-lamps. One night, he sees her shamefully abused by her mistress for a trifling accident, and kindly gives her a little kitten to solace her grief. Her devotion to this pet is admirably described:

'How much she came in time to love that kitten, no words can tell. Her little, fierce, untamed, impetuous nature had hitherto only expressed itself in angry passion, sullen obstinacy, and even hatred. But there were in her soul fountains of warm affection yet unstirred, a depth of tenderness never yet called out, and a warmth and devotion of nature that wanted only an object to expend themselves upon.

'So she poured out such wealth of love on the little creature that clung to her for its support, as only such a desolate little heart has to spare. She loved the kitten all the more for the care she was obliged to take of it, and the trouble and anxiety it gave her. She kept it, as much as possible, out among the boards, in her own favorite haunt. She found an old hat, in which she placed her own hood, to make a bed for pussy. She carried it a part of her own scanty meals; she braved for it what she would not have done for herself; for she almost every day abstracted from the kettle, when she was returning with the milk for NAN GRANT, enough for pussy's supper; running the risk of being discovered and punished, the only risk or harm the poor, ignorant child knew or thought of, in connection with the theft and deception; for her ideas of abstract right and wrong were utterly undeveloped. So she would play with her kitten for hours among the boards, talk to it, and tell it how much she loved it. But when the days were very cold, she was often puzzled to know how to keep herself warm out-of-doors, and the risk of bringing the kitten into the house was great. She would then hide it in her bosom, and run with it into the little garret-room where she slept; and, taking care to keep the door shut, usually eluded NAN's eyes and ears. Once or twice, when she had been off her guard, her little playful pet had escaped from her, and scampered through the lower room and passage. Once, NAN drove it out with a broom; but in that thickly-peopled region, as we have said, cats and kittens were not so uncommon as to excite inquiry.'

This little kitten, so loved and so tended, the cruel old wretch, in a

moment of ungovernable passion, throws into a tub of boiling water, and scalds it to death. 'GERTY' resents this cruelty with a violence that causes her to be turned out of the house. Previous to this, however, let us quote a pretty child-sketch:

'WHEN GERTY first found herself locked up for the night in the dark garret, GERTY hated and feared the dark; she stood for a minute perfectly still; then suddenly began to stamp and scream, tried to beat open the door, and shouted: 'I hate you, NAX GRANT! Old NAX GRANT, I hate you!' But nobody came near her; and, after a while, she grew more quiet, went and threw herself down on her miserable bed, covered her face with her little thin hands, and sobbed and cried as if her heart would break. She wept until she was utterly exhausted; and then, gradually, with only now and then a low sob and catching of the breath, she grew quite still. By-and-by, she took away her hands from her face, clasped them together in a convulsive manner, and looked up at a little glazed window by the side of the bed. It was but three panes of glass unevenly stuck together, and was the only chance of light the room had. There was no moon; but, as GERTY looked up, she saw through the window, shining down upon her, *one* bright star. She thought she had never seen any thing half so beautiful. She had often been out at hours when the sky was full of stars, and had not noticed them much; but this one, all alone, so large, so bright, and yet so soft and pleasant-looking, seemed to speak to her; it seemed to say, 'Gerty! Gerty! / or little Gerty!' She thought it seemed like a kind face, such as she had a long time ago seen or dreamed about. Suddenly it flashed through her mind, 'Who lit it? Some body lit it! Some good person, I know! Oh! how could he get up so high?' And GERTY fell asleep, wondering who lit the star.

'Poor, little, untaught, benighted soul! Who shall enlighten thee? Thou art God's child, little one.' Christ died for thee. Will he not send his own angel to light up the darkness within, to kindle a light that shall never go out, the light that shall shine through all eternity?'

Uncle TREV, the 'lamp-lighter' of the story, finds her, on the bitter night in which she was turned out of doors, homeless and suffering with hunger and cold; and although old, and alone in the world, he takes her to his desolate home; where, with such care as himself and a female neighbor, assisted by 'good blind Lady EMILY,' an admirable character, she is taught to know right from wrong. The death of her first friend, 'Uncle TREV,' and her grief at his loss, are most pathetically depicted. She is however adopted by a noble spirit, who proves a 'friend indeed.' The joy she brings to the poor, blind girl, whose spirit is so pure and holy; the separation from her little friend WILLIAM, who goes to India, that he may secure the means of supporting his mother and grand-mother in comfort; the determined, self-sacrificing spirit in which she leaves a luxurious home, to aid, by school-teaching, in supporting WILLIE's mother and grand-father, who is rapidly passing away; all these will attract the admiration of every reader. Nor will the kind-hearted, fire-loving Dr. JEREMY, or the quaint and original PATTY PAGE, whose very costume describes her character, fail to receive high commendation. The plot is well-sustained, and every character is a finished portrait-like are the pictures drawn of the *heroes* of our *glorious* the description of a visit to Saratoga and the thrilling incidents it involves beauty and power. A true woman can appreciate this noble book. You will find its perusal like a lamp.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER. In two volumes: pp. 751. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD.

THE readers of this Magazine are no strangers to the high poetical merits of the author of these volumes; for Mr. Hosmer has for a long series of years been an ever-welcome and favorite contributor to its pages. Much, indeed, of the poetry which goes to make up these two very handsome volumes has been widely copied from the KNICKERBOCKER into the journals of the Union, and not a few of the briefer effusions into those of Great Britain. And of the more extended efforts, which have appeared elsewhere, and republished, have been reviewed in our pages. Of the longest of these, '*Yonnondio*,' we have already 'said our say.' It is a noble poem, descriptive of events which happened in the valley of the Genessee, during the summer and autumn of 1687; of the memorable attempt of the Marquis DE NOUVILLE, under pretext of preventing an interruption of the French trade, to plant the standard of Louis the Fourteenth in the beautiful country of the Senecas. '*The Months*,' on their appearance from the press of Messrs. TICKNOR, REED and FIELDS, were reviewed in this department. In his preface to the '*Poems relating to the Indians*,' Mr. Hosmer thus replies to the objection sometimes made, that it is impossible to invest the character of the Indian with the charms of poetry, and that the theme itself is unpoetical:

'In this age, there seem to be two schools of poetry in vogue: one which is content, not disdaining the old and admired masters of the art, like them to look for its objects and imagery in the many-leaved book of nature, and in a study of that restless thing, the human heart. The other, its admirers would fain make us believe, wings its way into a higher atmosphere of song:

' 'ABOVE the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth:'

and when it condescends to alight again, brings with it ethereal visions, unsuited to the grosser comprehension of mortals. 'These mystical wise men,' says old WILSON, in his Art of Rhetoric, 'will speak nothing but quaint proverbs and blind allegories, delighting much in their own darkness.' To poets of this description, who have no archetype, unless it is in the metaphysical school, made so renowned by the merited chastisement which it received from the pen of Dr. Johnson, the wild American, that Columbus found 'begirt with feathered cincture,' with no instructor but the Great Spirit, and uninitiated in the mysteries of atheistical philosophy, is no fit subject for the lyre. To another class, both of poets and readers, whose tastes and judgment are formed upon quite a different model, no object in 'this breathing world' affords such rich and varied attractions for the magic pencil of the muse as the primitive inhabitant of the forest.

'They behold a being exhibiting in the wild independence of his native retreats all the prominent passions and affections of which human nature is susceptible, in their most vivid expression, nerving him into action and graving themselves indelibly on the features of his face; a being of matchless grace and beauty, standing 'in nearer kindred' than themselves 'to the elements'; rivalling the shaggy denizens of the woods around him in their respective qualities of physical superiority: the elk in fleetness; the panther in agility; the fox in cunning; the hawk in watchfulness; the beaver in wisdom; and the gaunt wolf in endurance of cold and pinching hunger; with an intellect quick, clear, and strong, and speaking a language that can imitate every vibration of Nature's harp, abounding in metaphor, pleasing the ear by its euphony, and which the muses themselves would utter, were they upon the earth. In our own 'Land of Lakes,' as the region, now imperial New-York, was styled by the Aborigines, the features of external nature, though picturesque, receive an added charm from their association with Indian dialects. Every river, fall, cloud-kissing hill, wooded point, indented bay, and wave-zoned isle, bear names, conferred long ago by their former proprietors, whose signification is poetry, and whose true accentuation is the richest music. How descriptive and melodious are the following: Ta-ha-wus, a high peak, (he

splits the sky;) K'is-kong-sha-di, a cascade near the sources of the Hudson, (broken water;) Te-yu-svo-wa, stream among the bass-woods.)

'Though migratory in his habits, how strong and soul-rooted are his local attachments! The graves of his ancestors are as precious to him as they were to the dying patriarch who, making a last request to his son, exclaimed, with a torrent of old recollections rushing on his heart, 'Bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt, but I will lie with my fathers, and thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burial-place.' The prayer of the Hebrew was granted; but the poor Indian's cry, 'Bury me with my fathers!' is drowned by the crash of the falling forest, and the roar of advancing multitudes.

'The clannish feeling that burns in the breast of the killed Highlander has a home also in his proud, impulsive heart. In common with the former, his hereditary animosities are quelled only by death, and as dear to him were the groves of his childhood, as the heather to Rob Roy.

'There are other considerations why the red man is worthy of lyric celebrity. The mystery that hangs, like a brooding shadow, over his origin; his marvelous religious ceremonies, the feast, the dance; his sagacity in the chase, and on the war-path; his self-reliance in adversity and extreme peril, his dauntless bearing at the stake, his song of defiance, and the stirring incidents, without number, which chequer his roving life, render him the highest conceivable object for artistic use; the very centre of poetical attraction; and which even determined I'ope, at one time, to make him the subject of his polished verse.'

This is well and forcibly put; but our friend has a better argument. He has *proved*, by his own numerous and beautiful legends, that Indian characters and traditions are full of poetry, and that of a high order. Having plundered and robbed the 'red man of the woods' until there is nothing left for us to steal, we might at least concede that there is something about them worthy of record; something not unfitted for the poet's muse. From '*The Months*,' we give the lines to '*May*,' being not only timely, but picturesque and beautiful:

'Airs from the clear south-west have borne
A fairy hither on their wings,
And pining grief forgets to mourn,
Transported by the psalm the songs.
Pale WAX, in rugged, thin attire,
Who found no faggot for his fire

When howled the wintry storm,
Quitting his desolate retreats,
Looks forth, and with a blessing greets
The sun-light free and warm.

'The deep, orchestral wood gives ear,
Thrilled to its heart by joyous song;
And in the laughing fields I hear

Old voices that were silent long;
In a rich suit of gold and black,
The Oracle hath wandered back,
To weave her hammock light;
And the brown thrush, a mimic wild,
For many weary moons exiled,
From bough to bough takes flight.

'A sea of verdure over-spreads
The rushy banks of pond and cove,
And wild-flowers lift their jeweled heads
Frail, air-swung censurers of the
Tall blue-bells, in my wood-land
Nod gracefully their heads

In welcoming
With hush
Their cups, &c
Allure the

'The
Hush

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T

In white the plum and pear are dressed,
Infusing color round;
Detached, in orchards, by the breeze,
The painted drapery of the trees
Falls, carpeting the ground.

'Our fires threaded forth from cot and hall
When, sooty and grotesque of look,
Round May-poles, garlanded and tall,
His bells the morris-dancer shook:
By loyal hands a queen was crowned,
And manly pastime labor found,
While cloth-yard shafts were drawn;
With laughing sky and festal earth
Comported well that scene of mirth
Upon the daisied lawn.

'The merry-making games of old
Unlocked the portals of the past,
And rarely man is a home-seeker
For booty in the crowd
When Wot appealed
Turned the tie of
Without dis

'Bright drops on floral cup and bell,
When breaks the first fair morn of May,
No longer, blest by fairy spell,
Can charm the freckled mole away;
But, ah! this season of delight
Hath magic yet to make more bright
The tomb-stone of the Past;
And MEMORY 'a-Maying' goes,
Reviving many a withered rose,
In gardens dim and vast.

'Called by the flowery Queen of Spring,
Dispensing bliss without alloy,
The sportive insect-tribes take wing,
And Nature's holiday enjoy:
Oh! not in gaudy trappings clad,

Alone the proud and mighty glad
At her bright court are made;
Alike upon the great and small
Her royal favors freely fall —
Her sun-shine and her shade.

'Thou art the MAY of other hours;
Undimmed thy locks of golden sheen;
And still, with dandelion-flowers,
Is starred thy plaid of living green;
But time, alas! in me hath wrought
Drear changes, both in form and thought,
Since boyhood's blissful time,
When, lulled by bird and running stream,
I couched me on thy flowers, to dream
Of Heaven's unshadowed clime.'

Right well pleased should we be, did our crowded limits permit, to present specimens of Mr. HOSMER's genius from the other poems contained in this well-edited collection. They are embraced under the divisions of 'Historic Scenes,' 'Martial Lyrics,' 'Songs and Ballads,' 'Funeral Echoes,' 'Sonnets,' and 'Miscellaneous Poems.' We must content ourselves, however, by warmly commending the volumes to the hearty favor of the public. They contain a great amount of true poetry, and they are thoroughly American and original. The publisher has performed his part with his accustomed liberality and good taste; and the work is rendered still farther attractive by an excellent portrait of the author, engraved on steel. As our departed friend INMAN has said elsewhere, it is 'a screeching likeness.'

MINNIE HERMON: or the Night and its Morning. A Tale for the Times. By THURLOW W. BROWN. In one volume: pp. 472. Auburn and Buffalo: MILLER, ORTON AND MULLIGAN.

'MINNIE HERMON' was commenced two years ago, in the '*American Temperance Magazine*,' but abandoned by the author in consequence of more pressing duties. The writer declares that every chapter in the book is drawn from life, with the necessary change of names and dates. The style is *level*, not being sufficiently marked either to rise above or sink below a very moderate standard. Some how or other, our temperance-writers fail to aid the noble cause they espouse, by oft-repeated tales, all of which have a family resemblance so strong that when you have read one, you have read all. It is the same thing over and over again; the variations being only less or additional platitudes interpolated into the 'same old story.' There are some good sketches of character in 'MINNIE HERMON,' and among them one of a cast-iron religious bigot, more common when we were a boy than in this more liberal and enlightened age. We present the portrait of 'Elder SNYDER,' that his like, if recognized any where, by any of our readers, may be duly despised:

'No, I'll not forgive him. He's a wilful boy, and has disobeyed me thrice in this matter. He has shown himself a child of the devil, and he must go out. He is no son of mine, and this is his home no longer!'

'Nay, WILLIAM,' pleaded the tearful wife, 'he is our only child. Do not turn him away, but forgive him. He is wayward, but not vicious. Years and kindness will cool

his fiery nature, and he will be a blessing in our old age. God will not leave him; we must not. The act may be his ruin, and plant sorrow in our old hearts for life. Our SAVIOUR was forgiving, WILLIAM, and the earnest woman laid her hand gently on the arm of the stern man before her, 'and should we not bear longer with the only one now left us?'

'Tempt me not, woman! Your mother's heart clings wickedly to an unworthy idol. The boy has wandered from the fold and our hearth-side, and sought intercourse with the ungodly. He is lost, but God's will be done. I must not shrink; for we read that if the eye offend, we must pluck it out. ALFRED is determined to inflict disgrace upon us and the church. His mouth is filled with cursings, and his heart with disobedience, and I can harbor him no more.'

'But if the prodigal should return,' continued the now weeping mother, 'you surely would welcome him to our home?'

'Enough of this, MARY; it is wrong to repine. It is ordered that our child should be cast out from among the righteous, and it is ours to submit.'

The angel-hearted mother would have still plead for her wayward boy, but she looked in the face of the stern, fearless father, and with a quivering lip turned away to weep as only a mother weeps, and left that frowning man to walk his study with a firm tread and a compressed lip.

Elder SNYDER was a Christian of iron mould. No penance-doing monk was ever more exact and rigid in the performance of his religious duties, and more unforgiving toward the wayward and ungodly. He looked upon the least sin with no degree of allowance, and felt it a solemn duty to heap the fiercest condemnation upon all who did not square by his standard of faith. His was a cast-iron creed, unyielding and unforgiving. He was once a persecutor of the saints; but now a minister of the gospel, who dealt only in the fierce, red incagery of hell and its torments, in his Sabbath ministrations. He never spoke of the love of the child-like SAVIOUR, nor wept as that SAVIOUR wept; never forgave as that SAVIOUR forgave. He never smiled; but, cold, passionless, and stern, stood like an angel with a flaming sword, to drive out the erring for ever; never, like the meek REDEEMER, to forgive and pardon on the cross, and welcome to heaven the praying and penitent thief. He was ever dark and forbidding, and his sermons were ever woven with the sombre texture of eternal wrath. The mild, winning light of our blessed religion never warmed or irradiated his dark nature. He esteemed joy and laughter a sin, and passed among his people with a countenance as rigid and unbending as though no heart throbbed beneath that stolid surface.

Such was the father of ALFRED SNYDER, for whom the mother plead in the beginning of this chapter. The young looked upon him with awe, but not with love and veneration. There was nothing in his manner or conversation to win the affection of the youth, or to attract them toward him. From the ball-play or the ring he turned away with a frown and a sigh. His prayers were ever of a chilling solemnity, and breathed only denunciations against the impenitent. And in the chamber of the dying, he never wore that smile of hope and faith, which burns like a beacon above the silent wastes of a shoreless ocean. Childhood shrunk away in whispers from that cloudy brow, and hushed the laughter of its joys.

We need not detail the history of an education at such a hearth, and by such a teacher. His treatment of his family chilled every warm impulse of his children, and taught them that all earthly joy was a sin. All but one of his children had passed away, but the iron man never wept; it would have been sinful to have wept over the providence of God!

And so the mother wept alone in her heart and chamber over the wasting of her idols.

Thus ALFRED SNYDER grew up to early manhood, looking upon his home as a prison-house, and his father as a stern, hard keeper, and upon the world as a bright realm which lured him to pleasures he could not enjoy. Even the most innocent amusements of childhood were denied him. The tide of young life's buoyancy was frowned back to its fountain, where its pent-up strength struggled against the unnatural and unreasonable restraint. The Bible and the catechism were the only books; the rod, the devil, and perdition, the only motives in life. The result of such a system of training upon a fiery nature, need not be told. ALFRED inherited all his father's firmness, with the buoyant, sunny nature of the mother. His heart was full of the sunshine of life, and of the nobility of manhood. He turned kindly to every one, and eagerly sought the pleasant associations of youth. He was frank, impulsive, and generous; and from a cold and uncongenial home, turned involuntarily to catch the sun-shine he found not at his own hearth-side. Thus, step by step, without dreaming of wrong, he crossed the first circles of youthful pleasure. Instead of striving to make home pleasant, and to blend instruction with amusement, the father was harshly stern and unforgiving.

This 'pious' elder beats his son, drives him from his home, is cruel to his mother, but at the same time 'keeps clean the outside of the platter,' and is

considered an 'exemplary' Christian. Whip us *such* 'Christianity!' In the foregoing extract, we have given what strikes us as the best specimen of 'composition' in the book; and with this 'act of justice,' we take our leave of it.

CRYSTALLINE, OR THE HEIRESS OF FALL-DOWN CASTLE. A Romance. By F. W. SHELTON, Author of 'SALANDER and the Dragon,' 'Rector of St. Bardolph's,' etc. In one volume: pp. 250. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

A PURELY imaginative and very charmingly-written romance is 'CRYSTALLINE.' It will enhance the already high reputation of its author. We have followed the little heroine through all her reverses and triumphs, with unabated interest; but it is not our purpose to let the reader into her secrets. We prefer that he should gather them from the book itself; and if, when he arrives at the end, he ascertains that the closing incident has been employed before, he will nevertheless find that *genius* has clothed the story with unwonted charms. The style is singularly graceful and winning; in proof of which we quote a single passage, all, unfortunately, for which we can find present space:

'IN CRYSTALLINE there was a remarkably developed sentiment in one so young. She had an affection, and that of the tenderest kind, which engrossed her thoughts, and imparted a certain hue to all her conduct. Nay, it might have been the secret influence so impressing her, as to have excited a just alarm in the breast of those to whom she was dear. Perhaps you may not understand the idea exactly, but if I refer to an erotic tendency, even that is not a thing unknown at such a tender age. But this has no reference to the subject. A holier feeling, perhaps the less unusual, but still true, had taken possession of her mind, and actuated her from day to day, wherever her steps were turned; and this had sprung up without fostering, without observation, like a true instinct of the soul. In the ancient tower of the castle she had a furnished apartment of her own, to which she was wont to retire at will; a place, by reason of its solitude and desolate situation, entered by no intruding step, and where she kept those treasures which children sacredly preserve. But if you had privilege to enter there, it looked like no baby-house of a little girl. Its walls were hung with needle-work, and many specimens of the art of delicate embroidery which were made long ago, with blistered pictures rescued from some old garret, but precious still, with many fanciful lists of ancient tapestry, scissored out around the spots where the moths had made great havoc; while on a high and slender toilet-table, covered with purest and finest linen, was placed the WORD OF GOD.

'Oh! consecrated tower!—if ever a spirit hovered around that ancient castle, it seemed to dwell there still among the ruins. Into the windows the vines insinuated their green tendrils, and birds built their nests about it, and oft-times voluntarily encaged themselves in the little room. It was a lovely spot after you had once reached it by the fatiguing stairs; for underneath, the river glided, and the vale wound between the lofty mountains, and over a thousand acres, without an intervening fence or hedge, the wheat waved. Far beyond, you could behold the sea and its white-capped breakers, and the sails of ships ploughing the deep; for this chamber was in the uppermost part of the tower. The lower rooms were occupied by the farmer and his wife. CRYSTALLINE had among her treasures a little cabinet of rose-wood, kept sacredly locked, and it contained a miniature of ivory, set in a plate of gold. Sometimes she would gaze upon it for hours in silence, and seemed to pass into another world; and then she would pass to that part of the castle where the chapel had once been, and stand till poor ANNETTE was sent to call her home. And this was the picture of little RALPH, her brother, who died before she was born, and who was buried in the vault beneath the chapel, a ruin among ruins. It indicated a peculiar organization to have formed an attachment so intense for one whom she had never seen, never known, and the impress of whose moral features had not been made. She did not love the memory of her brother; that could not well be: she loved her brother. For her he had never died; and she had developed by degrees an imaginary form and character suitable to those lineaments on which she loved to gaze. He was, in fact, her play-mate, her companion, the co-occupant of her tower, her twin-spirit, growing up together with her, linked to her by some angelic

bond. Her smiles were reflected from his, her gladness was borrowed from another sphere; in the grove and in the garden, she walked together with him. Yet how account for this, when the knight never opened his lips about his son? only the mother, when she showed the picture to CRYSTALLINE, had only told her that she had a little brother in the skies. But the manner of his death she mentioned not; she made no allusion to the curtain of blood. From the moment that she possessed this knowledge, CRYSTALLINE was like a child who goes through winding allies and walks, seeking diligently for her play-mate, and calling him often by name; until at last by the hyacinthine borders, she finds him with exceeding joy, and they wander ever after through the sweet garden, hand-in-hand. Enshrined in his transparent form, and finding purity on earth, this heavenly messenger, if such he were, must have dearly loved his mortal sister. For in her eyes beamed forth the calm expression of requited passion; a passion such as common lovers never know.'

We commend 'CRYSTALLINE' to all our readers, 'here, there, and elsewhere,' as a little work whose purity of style and diversity of incident will amply reward perusal.

THE SAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS. By PETER MARK ROGET, Author of the 'Bridgewater Treatise on Animal and Vegetable Physiology,' etc. Revised and edited by BARNABAS SEARS, D.D., Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education. In one volume: pp. 468. Boston: GOULD, KENDALL AND LINCOLN.

If the reader has ever sat and scratched his head in the vain pursuit of a word which should be the synonym of some other, and so avoid that unpleasing feature in literary composition, repetition, he will welcome the volume before us as a work which supplies a very important desideratum. It is the first work of its kind that has appeared in the history of our language, and in the completeness of its plan, and the fullness of its details, leaves little to be desired. The American editor does not claim too much for it when he remarks, that it may be taken up advantageously by the student of English composition as an ample vocabulary, furnished for his especial use. 'The body of our noble language is, in this invaluable manual, anatomized, as it were, and distributed, not under any merely philological arrangement, connected with the mechanism and structure of language, but classified by the wants of the mind, with reference to the purposes of expression, and the actual demands of written or oral communication.' The purpose of an ordinary dictionary is simply to explain the meaning of words; the object of the volume under notice, however, is exactly the converse of this; the idea being given, to find the word or words by which that idea may be most fitly and aptly expressed. For this purpose, the words and phrases of the language are classed, not according to their sound or their orthography, but strictly according to their signification. It is to those who are struggling with the difficulties of composition, that the work before us holds out a helping hand. 'The assistance it gives is that of furnishing on every topic, a copious store of words and phrases, adapted to express all the recognizable shades and modifications of the general idea under which those words and phrases are arranged. The inquirer can readily select, out of the ample collection spread before his eyes, those expressions which are best suited to his purpose, and which might not have occurred to him without such assistance. In order to make this selection, he scarcely ever need engage in any critical or elaborate study of the subtle distinctions existing

between synonymous terms; for if the materials set before him be sufficiently abundant, an instinctive tact will rarely fail to lead him to the proper choice.' The matter is clearly classified and arranged, and the work carefully printed.

A HISTORY OF ILLINOIS, from its Commencement as a State in 1814, to 1847. Containing a full account of the BLACK-HAWK War, the Rise, Progress, and Fall of Mormonism, the ALTON and LOVEJOY Riots, and other important and interesting events. By the late Gov. THOMAS FORD. Chicago: S. C. GRIGGS AND COMPANY. New-York: IVISON AND PHINNEY.

THIS volume is introduced to the public by Gen. JAMES SHIELDS, who informs us that the author resided in Illinois more than forty years. After practising the legal profession for a considerable period, he was elected an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, and discharged the duties of that responsible station with distinguished ability. He was then chosen Governor, served in that capacity four years, retired to private life, and died in 1850, leaving this History to be published for the benefit of his orphan children. It will be seen from these statements, that Gov. Ford enjoyed rare facilities for the preparation of his work, and it is not surprising that it should be one of absorbing interest.

The reader will be greatly amused with the account of those non-committal judges who presided in the earlier days of Illinois. To avoid giving offence to either party, they left every thing to the jury without comment or instruction, unless expressly called for. This trait of judicial character is amusingly displayed in the following passage:

'I KNEW one judge, who presided at a court in which a man named GREEN was convicted of murder, and it became his unpleasant duty to pronounce sentence of death upon the culprit. He called the prisoner before him, and said to him: 'Mr. GREEN, the jury in their verdict say you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hung. Now, I want you, and all your friends down on Indian Creek, to know that it is not I who condemn you, but it is the jury and the law. Mr. GREEN, the law allows you time for preparation, and so the Court wants to know what time you would like to be hung?' To this, the prisoner replied: 'May it please the Court, I am ready at any time; those who kill the body have no power to kill the soul: my preparation is made, and I am ready to suffer at any time the Court may appoint.' The judge then said: 'Mr. GREEN, you must know that it is a very serious matter to be hung; it can't happen to a man more than once in his life, and you had better take all the time you can get: the Court will give you until this day four weeks. Mr. CLERK, look at the almanac, and see whether this day four weeks comes on Sunday.' The clerk looked at the almanac, as directed, and reported that 'that day four weeks came on Thursday.' The judge then said: 'Mr. GREEN, the Court gives you until this day four weeks, at which time you are to be hung.' The case was prosecuted by JAMES TURNER, Esq., the Attorney-General of the State, who here interposed, and said: 'May it please the Court, on solemn occasions like the present, when the life of a human being is to be sentenced away for crime, by an earthly tribunal, it is usual and proper for Courts to pronounce a formal sentence, in which the leading features of the crime shall be brought to the recollection of the prisoner, a sense of his guilt impressed upon his conscience, and in which the prisoner should be duly exhorted to repentance, and warned against the judgment in a world to come.' To this, the judge replied: 'Oh! Mr. TURNER, Mr. GREEN understands the whole matter as well as if I had preached to him a month. He knows he has got to be hung this day four weeks. You understand it in that way, Mr. GREEN, don't you?' 'Yes,' said the prisoner; upon which the judge ordered him to be remanded to jail, and the Court then adjourned.'

The book is neatly got up, and was appropriately published in Illinois. We have seen no history of any of the newer States, that possesses more *matériel* for an entertaining work, or that was more deftly put together.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Down the River, March, 1854.

'MARCH!'—The 'moneth' of March in this climate is most trying to the tempers and constitutions of men. I think that it is, without exception, the most dreary season of the whole year. Every artificial appliance which people who are 'well-to-do' in the world can command, is necessary in order to modify its disagreeable character, and make it pass away with any degree of comfort. Tight houses, double windows, Liverpool and Anthracite furnaces, steam-pipes, flannels, cloaks, over-coats, shawls, gloves, mittens, clogs, etc., are most needed at the very time when you have been tempted to dispense with their use. It wants the sharp and stinging atmosphere of winter which makes the spirits brisk, and arouses all the physical energies to meet it. It has its snow-flakes, but they are soft and melting, not dry, and crystalline, and creaking. The merry sleigh-bells are no more hung about the necks of horses, nor do the latter neigh and squeal like blooded colts, as in the exhilarating air of Januarius. In the country, all the gutters run, the slush penetrates the pores of the finest leather, and rises above the uncomfortable gum-shoes which cling to the feet. The mud is ankle-deep. Woe be to him whose daily walk is over the red clay of the 'Jarsies,' which sucks off the shoes of horses, however well the blacksmith has nailed them down! Woe be to him whose habitation is on a romantic hill-top in one of the river-towns! I paid a visit, on invitation, to my friend C —, who lives in an elevated position, selected with a choice taste, for its commanding view of the Hudson, and the opposite Palisadoes.

'It was toward evening, when, in company of a timid woman, we entered a vehicle which had seen hard usage, and commenced an ascent which, for half a mile, brought back a forcible remembrance of the terrors of Mount Blanc, or, to say the least, of the dreadful post-roads over the Alleghany mountains. It required an artistic dodging to keep the carriage in balance. It groaned painfully, the driver rolled upon his seat, the horses strained their muscles to the utmost, and more than once, as the wheels sank deeply in some hidden gulley, we were fain to clench our fists spasmodically at the speedy prospect of being sepulchred in mud. Arrived at the top of the hill in safety, we alight, while JRUU, whose abilities had been taxed to the very

utmost, remarked that the man who would build a house in such a place, was worthy of a residence in Sing-Sing prison:

‘Ah! few can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar.’

It was as a preliminary exercise and training of the limbs, no doubt, in the noble race of ambition, that my friend has fixed his temporary abode as high as Crow's nest. After we had got up, and got in, and became refreshed, and warmed, and hung up our votive chaplets, what was my surprise to hear him propose that we should presently descend again into the valley to attend a lecture at a country lyceum! Moreover, a thick fog began to distil in copious rain. The feat was resolved upon, but it looked like one of unparalleled rashness; and what motive could there be to make so tremendous an effort? Were not lectures a drug in the market? Was there any prospect of being treated to a single novel or original idea? None, whatever. Still it is necessary to stand by and encourage associations of the kind. We moved onward in single file, four in number. C —— held the lantern, and swayed it around, so as to illuminate a tolerable circumference, leaping from tuft to tuft, from log to log, and from rock to rock, and from ditch to ditch. We followed suit. At last we reach the low-lands, where muck and mud still abound.

‘But after all, the city, with its paved streets and municipal regulations, is not a whit better off in this respect. The little sweepers who, with bare legs, ply their brooms at the crossings, and stretch their supplicating palms for pennies, alone mimic the laborious HERCULES, who could perform the job of cleansing such an Augean stable. The metropolitan mud is, moreover, a most filthy compound, which no chemist could analyze, except into its constituent parts of decayed potatoes and vegetable things. The multitude of smells which lurk therein or hover around the sepulchral heaps raised up jocously to the memory of some luckless functionary, are destitute of names or parentage. No one can find out what begat them, or whence they came, except that they are denizens of the city.

‘Hope is soon dashed by despair in this treacherous month. Warm and genially the sun shines for a few days, the skies are blue, and the streets are thronged by gay pedestrians, and in the exhilaration of the feelings produced by such a change, we begin to say, ‘The winter is past, the rain is over and gone.’ Presently, from snow-mountains comes on a violent and most exasperating easterly wind, cutting you to the bone with a far sharper severity than the still, zeronian cold which we might think intolerable, and howling over the earth for a week incessantly, carrying with it, through the streets and thoroughfares, clouds of dust which destroy the clothes, fill the eyes, nose, and mouth with grit, and penetrate the pores like the fine particles swept along by the simoon or the sirocco. You put your head down like a camel in the desert, and in the corner of a street you stand to strengthen your position, as a ship casts anchor in a gale. In the broad avenues you see the yellow, murky cloud advancing, and turning your back as an obstacle, it wheels around you, and, separated into columns, rolls on till it shall meet some other barrier. Arrived at home, you must change every particle of dress upon you. Your linen is unfit to be seen; your cloth must be thrashed

and beaten ; and to get your face and hands clean, and make your finger-nails irreproachable, and your locks free from powder, is the work of one good hour. That being done, your temper, which has become peevish and irritable, is perhaps soothed down by the very nature of cleanliness, to a more amicable and Christian condition.

‘Small elements these, however, in the character of our martial friend. On his furious wings he carries the sleet and peppering hail ; and if he does not whiten the earth again with immaculate snows, he gives you ‘slush’ in abundance, (*slush*, which the very name expresses,) a little softer than mud, and a little thicker than molasses, but at the same time, as it is mostly made in winter, somewhat colder than either. This slush does not bring into play that judgment and careful foresight required in the process which we call ‘picking one’s steps.’ In a muddy region, by pausing a moment and looking before, you find a chip, a stone, an elevated ridge, a dry spot whereon you may leap, and so get over a nasty spot to the opposite brink without having your boots soiled. But the surface of slush is a dead level, almost as much so as that of water. There is no choice to be exercised in crossing, but all you have to do is to pull up your pantaloons, if you are a man, or your skirts, if you are a woman, fix your eyes on the distant shores, and cross the ford in the quickest time possible. Take your course in a direct line. Whether you go ankle-deep, or knee-deep, is immaterial, or at least doubtful. Your business is to get over.

‘When sleet has been dashing against your windows all night, you fancy that the wind will veer about, and that the next morning will bring a change of weather. You are not wrong in that supposition, although you may be disappointed in a hopeful augury. When the day dawns, it will not be known to you, unless you creep out of your bed at mid-night, ascend the house-top, and carefully wait for its first beams, like a watchman from his tower. If you remain snoozing, you may not be aroused except by the tintinnabulations of the most clamorous breakfast-bell. As to a change of wind, there is none, except that apparently there is no wind. In whatever direction its impalpable current may sweep would not be indicated by the most downy feather. A dense fog, such as might come from a smouldering forest, rests upon land and sea. You can almost smell the smoke, and could not see the face of your best friend so far as you could pitch a barley-corn from your thumb-nail :

‘ ‘Far as a little candle casts its rays,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.’

Thus speaks the great bard, but an heroic action would stand little chance of admiration if it shone before men through such a medium, which is impenetrable by the most vivid light. Gases are surrounded by short-going rays, extending no farther than the spokes of a wheel. Boats and barges move about stealthily in the river, jostle one another, or, in spite of the scrutiny of pilots, ran butt against the wharves. The most accomplished PALINURUS is as good as stone-blind. The overhanging vapor remains all day, and the perpetual sound of dripping is heard from the eaves ; but at mid-night, if awake, you will once more hear the easterly winds howling with such ferocity as to tear the slate or shingles from the roof, and presently

comes solemnly booming on the ear the sounds of the great bells in the iron towers: ONE — TWO — THREE — FOUR — FIVE. FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

‘No articulate voice is more intelligible, or more quickly caught by the sharp ear. In short, all the elements practice their greatest mischief, singly and combined. The little sparks which lie among the ashes, pretending dead, rise up with dazzling wings, and with the swiftness of electric fire, flit off to some ambitious roof. They wake when all the city is asleep, and court the wafting winds, rebound against the asbestos spots, and couch themselves in nests of shavings, or dodge among the sticks of pitchy pine. Their treatment is like that which men receive — respected not for their essential principle; treated, it may be, with profound contempt as merely sparks; but looked upon as powerful despots, when they have reached the magnitude of flames.

‘Toward the end of the month, after a long interregnum, when the winds have ‘cracked their cheeks,’ come two or three genial days again, and the peach-buds grow plump, and the pink-blossoms begin to show themselves. Better for those who love the pulp of fruits and luscious juices, if they would stay behind, else they will turn black, and fall to the ground, when the ponds are glazed with thin ice in the nones of April, and the markets will be impoverished, and the tables will want the ruddy cheek of Peach to blend with golden pears and purple grapes in autumn. But if all this is in a complaining mood, what puts a man in a more unenviable humor than in an exacerbating, easterly wind, to have his hat rudely knocked from off his brows and rolled away, defying all his speed to overtake it, until it lodges in a filthy gutter, or is crushed beneath a cumbrous wheel, and all the while spectators watch the race with outright laughter, or with smiles unmannerly?

‘All sorts of diseases now abound. The spotted and speckled form of incipient small-pox walks abroad unconsciously in the streets, exhaling its contaminating breath, and darting its poison into the lungs of the jovial pedestrian, who knows not that he entertains the seeds of the plague, and that the portals of the hospital, which perhaps he has just passed, must soon open to receive him in his loathsome estate. Scarlet-fever, that dread enemy, comes with all its complicated phases, to take away the darling child. The milder measles asserts its reign. An incomprehensible mumps, for which there is nothing to be done, causes the glands to swell. Reiterated and hacking coughs annoy the speakers in public assemblies. Lungs are inflamed, throats sore, noses run, the eyes weep rivers of tears. Many complain wofully at night that they have a ‘bad code id der head;’ they take a dose of molasses and vinegar, commonly called ‘stewed Quaker,’ and retire disconsolately for the night.

‘The subjects of a hectic fever look forward to this period with prophetic dread. Now the pale cheeks become more wan, and the limbs feebler, and the eyes shine with a more glassy brilliance, and they no longer reply each day in hopeful accents, ‘better, better.’ They betake themselves to their beds, never to leave them again until the feet of those are without who are to carry them away. But if perchance they survive the cutting blasts and cold tempestuous weather of the season, then they suppose, alas! perhaps

with too much confidence, that pale DEATH has given them a respite until succeeding March. Cheerily and chirpingly they go forth into the sun-shine, and feel on an equality with other men.

'O thou cold, cheerless, heartless, and inhospitable month, situate midway betwixt an Arctic winter and the blooming spring, when wilt thou pass by, and cease to disappoint our kindlier hopes? As those who through a lengthened night sigh for the first streaks of the coming dawn, we wait for sobbing April, and the advances of the lovelier May. Welcome, ye violets, faintly breathing! O for the days when roses bloom again with wildest luxury, and honey-bees begin to browse through fields of clover, and bobolinks shall carol on the wing, and when the heart takes up the exulting song, 'The time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land!''

F. W. A.

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF 'UNCLE REUBEN.' — Our entertaining biographer has furnished us with another instalment of the history of that good-hearted man, but inveterate old joker, 'Uncle REUBEN.' He must have been a rare wag. It is quite easy to see that he is a *real* personage; and doubtless his counterpart will be recalled by many a reader:

' 'UNCLE REUBEN' was not much of a politician, although he generally voted with the Federalists; but he would often 'bolt,' and carry the town with him.

'A county senator was to be nominated. Mr. DRAKE, a rich and unscrupulous man, was the candidate of thirteen of the twenty-five towns. 'Uncle REUBEN' had personal knowledge of his dishonesty, and was indignant at such a nomination, solely because he employed more men, held more mortgages, and could carry more voters to the polls than any man in his town. Mr. PEARSON was his rival; a public-spirited, high-minded man, and eminently qualified for the office. But PEARSON wanted one more vote in convention to secure his nomination. But could it be procured in such high party times? It was barely possible. When 'Uncle REUBEN' declared, with more warmth than usual, '*He shall have it!*' his friends considered it settled. They *believed* it would be done, for 'Uncle REUBEN' never missed the mark. But the canvasser reported again and again, 'Thirteen DRAKE men to twelve PEARSON men.'

' 'Uncle REUBEN' stood looking out of the shoe-shop window, when a DRAKE delegate came in sight, driving his loaded team toward the shire-town where DRAKE resided.

' 'There is my man!' said 'Uncle REUBEN.' 'He loves a dollar better than his child.'

'Forth went 'Uncle REUBEN,' and accosted Mr. SNOW.

' 'To the shire-town, Sir?'

' 'Yes, Sir.'

' 'Well, then, could I get you to do a little errand for me?'

' 'Certainly, Sir.'

' 'It is a small matter, but what is right is right. I wish you would call at Mr. DRAKE's counting-room, and get a small balance of account due me — only nine-and-sixpence. It is hardly worth *going* for, and my neighbors have never got it for me. As soon as I saw you, I thought you was just the man, for you always *do* what you undertake. Mr. SNOW, a man of energy, promptness, and perseverance, is my delight. I love to shake hands with such a man, and I am sure you can get the nine-and-sixpence if *any body* can. Mr. DRAKE well knows I have no book-account to which I can swear in court; but tell him I can't think him so a bad man as to take advantage of *that*. He will swell up, and play bluff, Mr. SNOW, but you stick to him; and here is a half dollar if you will faithfully attend to the matter.'

'Mr. SNOW objected that nine-pence was a plenty, but said 'Uncle REUBEN:'

'You don't know Mr. DRAKE as well as I do. You will have a chance to *earn* that money, Mr. SNOW; *that* you will, Sir — yes, *earn* it.'

'Mr. SNOW, with great energy, promised faithfully to do the errand, and, what was more, he would not leave the shire-town without the money, unless old DRAKE's purse had the 'empty belly-ache.'

'Uncle REUBEN' walked along by the team, praised the oxen, and worked into Mr. SNOW's good graces as none but he knew how to do, and bidding him good-morning, said he would set up for him as he returned that evening, as he should be anxious to have an account of his interview and success.

'Mr. SNOW, during his journey, had his mind almost entirely upon the method of approaching Mr. DRAKE, and what he would say if he demurred. He had a hundred answers to imaginary questions, and even got quite excited, and gesticulated vehemently as he walked by his oxen. It never occurred to him that 'Uncle REUBEN' *had no account against Drake!*

'After he had disposed of his wood, he sought the counting-room:

'SNOW: 'Good-mornin', Mr. DRAKE.'

'DRAKE: 'Your servant, Sir.'

'SNOW: 'I called, Sir, in behalf of Mr. REUBEN P —, to get a small balance you owe him.'

'DRAKE, (*thoughtfully*): 'REUBEN P —? REUBEN P —? Mr. BOOK-KEEPER, look at the ledger.'

'BOOK-KEEPER: 'No such name on the book.'

'DRAKE: 'Have n't you got into the wrong pew, Mr. —? Where does REUBEN P — live?'

'SNOW: 'I hope, because he lives ten miles away, Mr. DRAKE, that that is no objection to his being paid his just due.'

'DRAKE: 'Certainly not. You have made a mistake, Sir.'

'SNOW: 'I am not to be put off in this way, Sir. Mr. P — is well on in years, and it is a long way for him to come on purpose for nine-and-sixpence. It is a small sum: but what is right is right.'

'DRAKE: 'But, Sir, I do n't *know* any such man.'

'SNOW: 'Well, *I* do; and a finer man does not walk the earth.'

'DRAKE: 'I dare say he *is* a fine man; but what and where is his bill? Show me his bill!'

'SNOW: 'You know well enough, Mr. DRAKE, that REUBEN P — keeps no books: but are you the man to take advantage of *that*? He can't bring his books into court and swear to them, for he *has* none, and that is a sufficient reason; and nine-and-sixpence is the price by which he is to be defrauded. Let me tell you, Sir, that REUBEN P — does n't treat *his* creditors in that way. No; the veriest rascal in Edenton would be ashamed of it, and so ought *you* to be, Mr. DRAKE.'

'DRAKE: 'Don't you insinuate that I am a rascal, Sir, in my own house!'

'SNOW: 'I ain't to be skairt at bluster, Sir, and I shan't leave the room till the nine-and-sixpence is paid. You may bet high on *that*! And in the mean time, if you want to 'fist it' a little, or take a back-hug, or a side-hold, or arms'-length, I am just the man for it.'

'DRAKE: 'Well, Sir, just step into the street, and we will settle the question.'

'Whereupon, SNOW stepped into the street, and took off his coat, when DRAKE shut and fastened the door. DRAKE then appeared at the window and told SNOW that unless he drove that poor old horse out of town, he would have him put into the pound, and regaled as he had not been for a year. Whereupon, the stopple of SNOW's temper flew out, and all the violent, saucy, and slanderous epithets he could conjure up were hurled with terrible violence toward Mr. DRAKE. Some of DRAKE's neighbors said it was mostly true, but the nine-and-sixpence remained where it was.

'Now, can you imagine how it happened that, in the Convention, PEARSON had the majority of *one*? SNOW, of course, voted with his party.

'Of course he did.'

'When PEARSON was elected, and by the President of the Senate named as Chairman of the *'Committee on Accounts,'* a very undignified sensation was produced in a body so august.

'At the special request of 'Uncle REUBEN,' Mr. SNOW was 'jumped,' and Mr. DRAKE elected a member of 'The Trade-Sale Company' as a 'reward of merit!'

'Now I might go on, and tell you how it happened that the story of General WASHINGTON's death was circulated long before it happened, and how divers old men and women were shocked that it occurred 'while he was climbing a pine-tree to get a stick to whip his negroes with!' How the church-bell was tolled by witches, and how many prayers were made as the parson entered the church, and what extraordinary courage 'Uncle REUBEN' evinced, by going into the belfry in advance of all others, and cutting the string that was tied to the clapper and a thousand other like stories.

'There was a cross-path from the county-road to 'Uncle REUBEN's' house, which he frequently passed. As a Mr. ROSE climbed over the fence across the path, he placed the bar in such a position that it would easily slip out, and whoever next climbed over it was sure to catch a fall. Mr. ROSE, however, returning, forgot his own joke intended for 'Uncle REUBEN,' and was victimized himself. 'Uncle REUBEN' ran to his relief, and fearing that he might be suspected of perpetrating a joke that hazarded life or limb, he utterly denied it. Whereupon, Mr. ROSE owned up that the bar was set by himself for 'Uncle REUBEN.' Mr. ROSE not being injured as much as was at first feared, 'Uncle REUBEN' concluded that he was not fully paid for his wilfulness. He also recollected that he had sold him some very bad herrings for a very good price.

'Uncle REUBEN' was one day in that same old shoe-maker's shop, and saw Mr. ROSE close to the door, with his arm in a sling.

'Now,' said 'Uncle REUBEN,' 'Mr. STANDISH, mind your eye. Here comes a rose in full blossom. Herrings is the text.' [*Enter Rose.*]

'ROSE: 'Sir, your most.'

'REUBEN: 'Sir, your quite.'

'STANDISH: 'Yes, *Sir*; the herring-fisheries are worth more to this town than all the capitation taxes.'

'REUBEN: 'And *isn't* that Mr. COBB the luckiest man you ever saw? That whole family are always blundering into good fortune. Would any man but a COBB ever have thought of such a thing? It makes me think of Lord DEXTER sending warming-pans to the Indies on a speculation.'

'ROSE: 'What are you talking about, gentlemen?'

'STANDISH: 'How much do you think he will make by it the present year?'

'REUBEN: 'Oh! he will probably make more this season than any hereafter, for every body that has a pond will go into the business.'

'STANDISH: 'Well, it does beat the Dutch, and the Dutch, you know, beat the d—l.'

'ROSE: 'And what the d—l are you talking about? Why don't you enlighten the rest of us?'

'REUBEN: 'Nothing but Mr. COBB's herring speculation.'

'ROSE: 'What! Miller COBB?'

'STANDISH: 'Yes, yes.'

'REUBEN: 'The select-men of this town say he will clear nine thousand dollars this year; and I should n't wonder if it was nearer double that amount. At any rate, herrings will be cheaper after this.'

'ROSE: 'Come, now, this is Greek to me.'

'REUBEN: 'Why don't you take the papers?'

'STANDISH: 'Or get up earlier in the morning?'

'ROSE: 'Come, out with it.'

'REUBEN: 'Can you keep your tongue still?'

'ROSE: 'Yes, *Sir-r-r*!'

'REUBEN: 'Well, Mr. COBB has made a great discovery. It occurred to him that there were a million eggs in the roe or spawn of a single herring. He therefore saved

all the roes. Some he took out before cooking, some after. These, with some old herring, he threw into his pond. Now, it is not known whether the cooked or uncooked spawn produced the innumerable herrings in his mill-pond, but certain it is, there is not a foot of water there that does not hold many herrings. When the mill-wheel goes, it is turned by the weight of herring. Boys for miles around come with their bags and baskets, wade into the water up to their knees, and throw them out with their hands. Parson SAUNDERS says it is a miracle, and that he could hear the flap of their tails many rods from the pond.'

'STANDISH: 'Do n't you see the carriages passing to-day more than usual, all going there?'

'ROSE: 'Why, yes.'

'REUBEN: 'I never would have believed it had I not seen it myself; and Mr. COBB says he should have thought nothing of having thrown the roes into his pond, had he not seen and heard the herrings after the ice had thawed.'

'ROSE: 'By the lord HARRY, I'll go over there this blessed day!'

'REUBEN: 'What! — with your lame arm, and in this drizzling day, when you can't get back till night-fall? Goodness! I would not walk four miles and back this weather, for all the herrings I could carry.'

'ROSE: 'By gracious, Mr. STANDISH, lend me that basket!'

'STANDISH: 'Take it and be off, and remember to leave half a dozen herrings at the door as you return; and don't blab all you know to every fool you meet.'

'Away went ROSE; and when he came to where the pond had formerly been, not a drop of water was to be seen, for the stream had been turned; and it was literally true that there were herrings for every foot of water!

'After he had returned from his wearisome journey, eaten his supper, and was reposing soundly in bed, at eleven o'clock, a heavy rap at the door awoke him. It was a long time before he was wide awake enough to go to the door and let in the visitor. At last, PAUL BRYANT gained admission. A light was struck with the tinder-box, a fire started, while ROSE was shivering in his night-gown.

'PAUL: 'Important business only would bring me out this stormy night, I assure you. Now, Mr. ROSE, I have always taken you to be a friend to me, and I — No, Mr. ROSE, no body is dead: guess again. No, nor sick. No, nor am I come by the command of the sheriff. But ah! Mr. ROSE — How pale you look! You won't hold any hardness toward *me*, will you, Mr. ROSE? Well, I'm glad of that. Now be quiet, and I'll tell you as soon as you are sufficiently composed. Do n't glare at me so, for HEAVEN's sake! Shall I go on, Mr. ROSE? Well! I came through this hail-storm for the purpose of communicating to you — No, I do n't want your wife to be called. You can break it to her after I am gone. I came to inform you that you was elected a member of the Trade-Sa. —' [*Exit in haste.*]

'ROSE: 'Goodness! gracious! if PAUL BRYANT had n't gone like lightning, that flat-iron would have hit him in the head instead of knocking the panel out of the door!'

'I might go on and tell you how polite Mr. ROSE was afterward to 'Uncle REUBEN,' and how, at his special request, he met him at the blacksmith-shop to turn the grindstone for him to *grind his saw*, and how bad he felt when the smith told him he had concluded to *file* it! But here is too much already.'

We have taken a good deal of interest in the quips and quirks and eccentricities of 'Uncle REUBEN.' We once knew just such a good-humored, just-minded old wag, when we lived in the country; and when he departed this life, he had the largest funeral 'ever known in those parts.' Some day or another, 'when we have nothing better to do,' we intend to attempt a sketch of him; but doubtless we shall not come within gun-shot of him, he was 'so very peculiar.' In fact, 'none but himself could be his parallel,' or describe his own counterpart.

REMINISCENCES. — Keen blows the cold March wind without the sanctum to-night, and blinds 'rattle and bang' along the street. But all this only makes it the more cheery within. Even the cat, as she lifts up her head from her extended paws, stretched toward the glowing grate, seems to 'possess herself in great contentment,' as she hears the wailing of the fitful gusts. Well, we are about to desert the sanctum; the place, reader, whence for many years we have sent out to you numerous messages, and received diverse others in return; so that we have come to seem to *know* each other, although we have never met, and perhaps never may meet, on this side of the grave. After long metropolitan house-holding, we are going to enjoy 'country-life within easy city-reach' on the banks of the Hudson; and if our hopes do not deceive us, it will not be long before we and 'those whom God has given us' shall be enabled to 'sit under our vine and fig-tree,' amid the 'pleasant places' of beautiful Nature. And yet it has made us sad to-night to think of leaving the 'old familiar place,' where so many precious hours have been spent or mis-spent. And now that we are about to depart from *all* town-sanctums, we have been wandering back to the three we have occupied since we rose to the dignity of a 'family-man and a house-holder,' and all the events which will render ineffaceable the memory of the dwellings of which they formed a part. Let us remember *aloud* to you, reader.

If you please, we are in H — street, on the east side of the metropolis. In an upper chamber, looking out by two windows upon long rows of pleasant gardens, abutting upon each other from the rear of two streets, is our first sanctum. It is a cheerful spot, and has been decorated by the hand of Art. Paintings and engravings adorn the walls, and above all, 'it is *so* cosy!' That's what all the lady-visitors used to ejaculate, upon entering it. The roofs of the whole block of three-story basement-houses, of which ours was one, were surrounded by one entire balustrade; and when the sun had gone down, in the hot season of mid-summer, we used to take up chairs, and sit in the cool air that swept over the bay, and read the evening newspapers, interrupted only by the pattering feet and joyous prattle of the little folk, who always used to be with us on such occasions.

One sultry evening in the summer-solstice — while we were engrossed in the perusal of a new and interesting work by Miss SEDGWICK — one of the 'wee people' aforesaid, a little girl of some five years, scampered with an elder sister along the nearly-level roof, laughing and romping as they ran,

'TRYING to mirth
All things of earth,
As only childhood can.'

Presently there came a crash — a jingle, as of broken glass; and the elder of the two sisters came screaming to our side, with wild terror in her eyes: '*M — has fallen through the sky-light!*' To rush down the three intervening pairs of stairs to the street — bringing the affrighted mother from the nursery, with a young infant (with 'no expense for clothing' at that hurried moment) rolled up in her apron — was the work of an instant. Into

which of the neighboring houses had she fallen? We had forgotten to look. How frantically we rushed up the steps of our neighbors! — with what agony we saw that the blinds of some of the houses were drawn, the door-plates dingy — the houses locked — the occupants in the country! At length a key turned, and a servant-girl stood in the door with our little girl in her arms; the blood streaming from her face and temples, and her great dark eyes staring with terror. 'I didn't *mean* to do it, father!' was her first exclamation. Dear child! — as if a thought of *blame* could be in our hearts at such a moment! She was quickly taken home; and the first thing to be ascertained was, whether her head was injured; but, beyond a cut over the eye-brow, from which the blood flowed profusely, the head was found uninjured. 'Thank God!' was our united exclamation; 'after all, she is unhurt!' She was carefully undressed for bed; but in doing so, her left leg swung backward and forward, like the pendulous leg of a doll. It was broken in two places above the knee. How the surgeons came and replaced the broken bones; how the little sufferer lay for nearly three months with her limb 'knitting' with pain, in a surgical boot; how at length the bandages and splints were removed, and it was found to be as strait and firm as its fellow; how we all 'rejoiced and were exceeding glad,' it 'boots not now to say.' But reader, to have such a miracle as a beloved child suddenly precipitated thirty-six feet into an open hall, falling, in her descent, upon two bannisters, and escaping with both life and limb, is not that *one* incident sufficient to make a dwelling memorable?

And herewithal comes back also the memory of the dear little baby-brother — so bright, so lovely, so *spiritual* in his transcendant beauty, that it was often predicted that he would be early called away — who was brought home one bitter day from his brief sojourn by the sea-side, and lay in his little coffin, his hands cross-folded upon his silent breast, and flowers, pure as his innocent spirit, bedecking his lifeless form :

'Oh! these are recollections
Round parents' hearts that cling;
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft-awakening.'

But very vivid is the recollection of many another event which occurred there. There it was that we had the pleasure to welcome two 'new-born babes;' it was there where 'many friends we met,' some of whom 'are not,' but others, thanks to a good God, still 'live, and move, and have their being' in this beautiful world. We recal a dinner-gathering there, the only sadness in the memory of which is, that dear friends who were then present have gone from among us for ever. The author of '*The Sketch-Book*' enjoys a sunny life, that only goldens toward its setting; the biographer of 'OLIVER' and 'Little NELL' 'expands and bourgeons;' the hand that traced 'FANNY' and 'MARCO BOZARRIS' has as cordial a grasp, and the eye of the poet is as bright and his smile as genial as ever; he who wrote '*Thanatopsis*,' we saw but yesterday, 'in the full strength of years;' and the beloved bishop, who with these then sat at meat with us, still 'goes about

doing good' among the churches over which he has been made overseer; and the quaint and refined 'JOHN WATERS,' yet in active life, seems no whit the older. But where are H. I., the beloved and accomplished artist; S. D. D., the old, and cherished, and generous friend; D. G., the warm-hearted companion and eloquent advocate; where H. B., the life-long friend of GEOFFREY CRAYON—the friend of all who knew him? 'Gone—all gone!

But these reminiscences have so multiplied, that we must resume our theme in subsequent numbers. The wind has gone down; the fire has dwindled low; the cat got up just now, yawned till his head seemed to be turning wrong-side out, elevated his back to an acute angle, and retired: and now, if it please you, *we* will 'ruminate bed-ward.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Law-students and lawyers who have *been* students, will smile at this '*Scene in a Court-Room*,' where 'examinations for admission to the bar' are going on:

'EXAMINER: 'Mr. —, what is Law?'

'STARTLED STUDENT, (*striving to collect scattered faculties*): 'Law? Law, Sir, is — (*under-tone*) I wonder what the devil law is!' Law is — did you ask, Sir, what law is?'

'EXAMINER, (*getting crusty*): 'Yes, Sir.'

'STARTLED STUDENT, (*getting wild*): 'Law, Sir, is — is — is — it's a rule, Sir, of civil conduct, prescribed by municipal regulations.'

'EXAMINER: 'What?'

'STARTLED STUDENT, (*in agony, and becoming desperate*): 'A rule, Sir — oh! I'm sure I don't know what it is.'

'EXAMINER, (*solemnly*): 'What are treaties?'

'STARTLED STUDENT: 'A treatise, Sir, is a book — it's judicial reports — I mean reports of judicial decisions, collected together, and forming what is called unwritten, or common law.'

'EXAMINER: 'A what?'

'STARTLED STUDENT: 'A book, Sir! — a book, Sir, is a collection of leaves of printed paper, sewed together, and when pasted to a thick cover, it is called 'bound,' and when it has only a paper-cover, it is denominated a pamphlet, Sir.'

'EXAMINER: 'Do you intend to say, Sir, that *treaties* are books?'

'STARTLED STUDENT: 'Treatises — you mean treatises, Sir: yes, Sir, treatises are books, (*a light dawns on bewildered mind*) — oh! you mean *treaty* — treaty spelt with a 'y,' not with 'ise:' oh! yes, Sir, a treaty's a different affair. A treaty, Sir, refers to the law of nations; or rather, Sir, it's got something to do with the law of nations and war; that is to say, when the law of nations is at war, then the treaty do n't come in; but when there's peace, treaties generally ensue.'

'EXAMINER, (*sternly*): 'What is a summons, Sir?'

'STARTLED STUDENT, (*feeling hopeful*): 'Oh! yes, Sir; a summons is subscribed by the plaintiff and directed to the defendant, and requiring an answer thereof within twenty days, or else to be barred thereby, and liable on said contingency to have judgment entered up against him.'

'EXAMINER: 'What is a complaint?'

'STARTLED STUDENT, (*more encouraged*): 'A complaint, Sir, is a statement of facts: the name of the court is put up at the top of the page, and a line drawn under it; and then you write the name of the county, and then draw a line again; and then there are two or more names, frequently more, generally put with a flourish on one side and two

letters, '*vs.*,' between them; but I never knew what '*vs.*' meant. I suppose, however, it's a mere form, and is probably used in the case of a formal complaint.'

'EXAMINER: 'How, Sir, would you commence an action in a court of law?'

'STUDENT, (*radiant*;) 'Oh! Sir, I would first serve a summons on the sheriff, by leaving a copy with him, and making an affidavit that he was the individual known and described therein, and that I knew the same to be the same, and requiring him to hold and execute the same by demanding a delivery of the property, and in case it was shut up in an inclosure, if there was n't any person inside, or the property was n't delivered up forthwith, then straightway to demolish said inclosure, and seize the same, and allow him the privilege of calling in the '*posse comitatus*,' although those words always 'knocked me,' and I do n't know to this day what they mean!'

'EXAMINER: 'That'll do, Sir!'

WE honor the heart of GEORGE S. HILLARD, of Boston, for the beautiful (although unusual) sentiment embodied in these remarks: 'I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not 'succeed in life,' as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill-success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good; from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say with a living poet, that 'the world knows nothing of its greatest men;' but there are forms of greatness, or at least of excellence, which 'die and make no sign;' there are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; there are heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.' - - - In former days, when RETURN J. MEIGS was Postmaster-General, he had occasion to address a letter to a newly-installed deputy, in a small town 'down-east.' The deputy made out to read the body of the letter, but could make nothing of the scrawl at the bottom. After puzzling over it, and scratching his official head for an hour or two, he could make only a peremptory order, '*Return your Mugs.*' He applied to his predecessor and to all the justices of the peace, and *Quorum* and *Custos Rotolorum*, the school-master and the parson, but they could give him no satisfactory elucidation of the new order. He determined to take a journey to the shire-town, and there to consult with the learned lawyer, who was the post-master of that growing town, and was well posted up in all the rules and mysteries of the law of letters. Upon stating the case, this able civilian, having obtained his reputation by never being at a loss on any subject, at once informed him that there were many post-offices in the county in an intermediate state between the large cities and the small towns, and in which they had not quite risen to the dignity and importance of having regular and fixed boxes for individuals, but used *mugs* instead; and each man had his designated mug, into which all his letters were placed! This was clear and satisfactory, and the deputy returned home much enlightened and comforted. And ever after, at the bottom of all his quarterly returns he added a '*nota bene*:' '*No mugs used at this office!*' What particular construction was put upon this oft-recurring note at the 'department,' was never divulged. - - - 'FAMILY QUARRELS,' as a general thing, do not form what is termed good 'read-

ing matter;' but a highly esteemed correspondent at Auburn, Indiana, has sent us a specimen that is decidedly 'rich.' Mr. GEORGE DROWLY, 'an injured man,' sends to the village newspaper a long communication, setting forth his domestic troubles, his wife having left his bed and board. The editor publishes it in a modified form; whereupon Mr. DROWLY waxes wroth, and threatens that unless the *whole* article is published he will sue for a return of the money he had paid for its insertion. The editor, therefore, gives the communication entire, and '*verbatim, et literatim, et spell-atim.*' Here is the conclusion of the document; and really, there is something very touching in the allusion to his dying child. It is evident, however, that 'whiskey,' that bane of domestic peace, had something to do with the separation:

'For the first few months she thought i was an angel then she thought i was nothing more than a Common Man Next i was a fool and did not know any thing and last i was a devil and she could not live with me we are Both to Blame i say so. 'the Case stand Just like this spose me and my wife Build afire in the middel of my house and it burns good i cannot put this fire out alone she does not help me But Every littel wile throws a nother stick on till there is so much fire and smoke she cant stand it any longer of she goes and tell the Folks DROWLY has set the house on fire i have tried all i can to stand it i have fit fire and smoke and wasted my strength and Good will to no purpose i wont live there any longer i say good by, and When she has run her rase on Earth may God rest her soul in some secret plase out of quarling distance of any of her three husbands is al the harm i wish her For she is the most Contentious Woman that i Ever was quainted with now i can say to al Men i am the same as i have Been for these last Seven Years Exsepting age and wear and tear these are the word of my Child when she lay on her death bed she cald the Children and kist them and told them thay must be good to poor Old pap they might have her play-things she should not want them any more then she says pap Come and let mee kiss you you have Been a good Father to me and i cant doo any more for you this i Can prove by more than one these statements are facts and many of them i Can prove.'

'I INCLOSE you,' writes a correspondent from a town on the border of a certain north-western State, 'a rare specimen of Indian oratory and inductive reasoning. It was delivered at a missionary meeting by an eccentric Indian, who for years has labored in the missionary cause, and is well known in the vicinity where it was delivered. The copy I send you was taken by a person who was upon the spot:'

'MR. CHAIRMAN: You know what old beaver do when he want to build dam? Well I tell you: old beaver he always swim away up creek, till he come to good place to build dam: there he lift his head up out of water, and take his tail, and slap, slap, slap, just so, right on water: (*cheers and laughter.*) Then beaver they lift their heads up out of water and go where he is. They know he going to do some great work: then old beaver he go to work, and show how to build dam, and all beaver they go to work too. That's the way beaver, he build dam.

'Now, Mr. CHAIRMAN, you just like old beaver: (*cheers and laughter.*) You 'boss' here this meeting; and if you want to show that you much interest here, you must do just like old beaver; you must take your tail and slap, slap, slap, just like beaver: (*roars of laughter.*) Then all folks here know you going to do something. May be you think I wrong; but I tell you, if you go to work your tail, and all folks here do just same, then I tell you we soon have plenty of good time, this country!' (*Tremendous cheering and roars of laughter, during which the speaker took his seat.*)

'Last evening,' writes 'J. H. A. B.,' from Ohio, 'a merchant from the 'interior' journeying Gothamward, enlivened our usually sedate and practical office with the following yarn: 'A sedate old blacksmith, originally hail-

ing from the 'Keystone State,' but who had long made his residence among the tabernacles of the Buckeyes, was expatiating to an admiring auditory on the Pennsylvania anti-rail-road policy, and wound up as follows: 'Y-a-a-s, these rail-roads are bad things. In my younger days, Pennsylvanians had to travel a-horse-back ten or twenty days to reach Ohio, and then they l'arned something on the way: now the rail-roads carry them in as many hours, and set them down *as green as when they started!* Y-a-a-s, rail-roads are bad things!' - - - 'WHAT do you think,' asks a town-correspondent, 'of the plan of teaching children by rote? SOUTHEY, in his 'Doctor,' exclaims: 'Oh! what block-heads are those wise persons who think it necessary that a child should comprehend every thing it reads!' Some things, of course, they cannot understand, but are we not too content with teaching them *sounds*, and not *thoughts*, '*vox et præterea nihil?*' Some things which have come under my own observation on this topic may not be uninteresting: One who is now a missionary, Rev. CHARLES STODDARD, at Orooniah, in Persia, had been taken when a boy to visit a travelling menagerie. On his return, he asked his mother, before he 'said his prayers' at night, if he could not say, 'Now I *camel* down to sleep?' He was tired of saying, 'Now I *llama* down to sleep.' I have always been a regular attendant at church from childhood up; but in my juvenile years church-time was spent either in reading Bible-stories, or more usually in seeing imaginary sights, and doing imaginary wonders in the land of 'Miz.' If you don't know where 'Miz' is, recall the words of the fourth commandment: 'In six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is.' This last clause I had twisted into 'all that's in the Miz.' I had heard and read of fairies, and such like. They did not live in the sea, nor on the earth, nor yet in heaven: where else then could they live, but in the 'Miz,' *between* heaven and earth? MARY HOWITT, in her autobiography, says she was under the same delusion; and I have met acquaintances whose childish imaginations had created the same fairy-land. I well remember, (it was in my fourteenth year,) when I seemed to wake up to a consciousness of existence, when there dropped from my eyes, 'as it were, scales.' My mind seemed to make a jump from the cerements of educational routine into a world of beauty, wisdom, and goodness. Yet, after all, can children learn words without ideas? Our correspondent's childish experience is our own - - - THE '*Spiritual Harbinger*,' a paper printed in Rochester; and advocating the spiritual-rappings mania, has the following: 'In the twelfth hour, the glory of God, the life of God, the LORD in God, the Holy Procedure shall crown the Triune CREATOR with the perfect disclosive illumination: then shall the creation in effulgence above the Divine Seraphenial arise unto the Dome of the disclosure in one comprehensive, revolving galaxy of supreme created Beatitudes.' After copying the above, the '*Cayuga Chief*' responds as follows: 'Then shall block-heads in the jackassical dome of disclosive procedure, above the all-fired great leather fungus of PETER NIPNINA, rise unto the dome-disclosive, until all coëqual and extensive and conglomerated lummuxes in incomprehensible mux, shall assimilate into nothing, and revolve like a bob-tailed pussy-cat after the space where the tail was!' Slightly transcendental, that! - - - A FRIEND

in Jefferson county, Virginia, sends us the following '*Complaint in Rhyme*' of a little boy, who really seems to have 'a hard row to hoe.' It is from the pen of a lad in the vicinity of Leesburg. The soliloquy runs as follows:

- 'I wish I was a boy again,
I often hear old people say,
What do you want to be a boy for?
Tell me the reason now, I pray.
- 'If you would but think of the hardships
A poor boy has to endure,
I think you would be content with your manhood:
You *would*, I am very sure.
- 'If, when you have been hard at work,
Be scolded for attempting to rest,
I think you would not wish it again,
But think you are wonderfully blest.
- 'Sometimes I am scolded for not sweeping the mill;
Sometimes for sawing the logs;
Sometimes for not currying the horses,
Sometimes for not feeding the hogs.
- 'If I attempt to go in the house,
They scold me for not cleaning my feet;
And I expect to hear, some of these days,
They'll scold me for the victuals I eat.
- 'If I go out into company,
And they hang on my name a 'Mister,'
They are just as sure to laugh at me,
My father, my mother, my sister.
- 'If I attempt to wait on the girls,
Of me they make fun enough:
My sister even goes so far as to say,
I must wait till my chin gets rough.
- 'Perhaps it was not so in the olden time,
Or when you was a boy:
May-be your parents did the work,
And you your life did enjoy.'

It hardly seems possible that the subjoined specimen of '*A Pulpit-Exercise in Terses*' can be authentic; and yet we are informed by a brother-editor in that region that it is entirely true, he himself having heard it delivered: 'One of those zealous preachers who draw illustrations from every thing, and suffer no opportunity to pass at all admitting of a moral, arrived at his log-church one morning quite late, and took for his text, '*Marvel not*;' and then went on in the following strain, in his peculiarly drawling, nasal, half-singing voice: 'My friends, the Scripture says, '*Marvel not*;' and hence it is wrong to marvel-er. As I was a-riding along this morning-er, on my way to this place, I happened to look up, and I seen a parcel of boys a-playing marbles-er. There was a lean boy, so thin that it seemed as though, ef he had been a little thinner, the wind, when it blew, would blow him away-er; and there was a fat boy there, so fat, that if he had been a little fatter he would have looked almost as broad as he was longer-er. And they were playing marbles-er; and I heerd what they said-er. And soon I heerd the lean boy, so thin that it seemed as though ef he had been a little thinner the wind when it blew would blow him away-er, say, 'I'm fat.'

And he lied-er; for he was no more fat than I was-er. And then they played ag'in-er; and I heerd the fat boy, so fat that ef he had been a little fatter, he would have looked almost as broad as he was long-er, say, 'I'm lean.' And *he* lied-er, for he was no more lean than I was-er. And there come up a little boy, who was very spry, as spry as a cricket-er. And he kept running about, and jumping, and shouting-er. And he played with the rest; and in a little while, I heard him say, 'By golly! I'm dead!'-er. And he lied, for he was no more dead than I was-er. Now, my brethren, the Scripture says, Thou shalt not lie-er; and you see 'marbleing' leads to lying-er. And you see how very wrong it is to 'marble.' And therefore, I say again, 'MARBEL NOT-er!'' - - - A CORRESPONDENT has forwarded to us the following *Negro Love-Letter*. It is a veritable epistle, in the 'color'd pusson's' own hand-writing, and bears date 'Huntsville, Walker county, Texas, June 26, 1853':

'DEAR MISS it avails me great pleasure to write you a fuv lines to let you know that I am well hoping these fuv lines may find you enjoying the same blessing when first I fell in love with you, your feachers I did gain: I would like to cort you Miss HULDA if you have know objection the first time I saw you I thought you was the pink of the world I do know that I love you bitter than any person in this world. If I could just call you mine, I would be willing to dye you are so prety in the face and so slim in the wast If you love me like I love you thare is no knife can cut our lov in 2. I have seen all the Girls in Huntsville, but thare is non can come up with you LORD bliss my soul! I love you more than Gold Of all the girls I ever see HULDA is de Gal fore me!

'JACOB SKELTON.

'Kind Miss, my heart is very much broken about you My dear miss I would like to have a kiss from you as I made my remarks a bout my heart being broken I cant possible do my duty for my heart is very near broken Miss HULDY I would give my heart head and hand to peep at you onc more O miss HULDY do lit me in, for the way I love you is a sin O could I but call Miss HULDY the darling of my heart I would bid fare well to this vain world and wipe my weping eyes de sun am set, dis Nigger am free: de colired gals I am bound to see. CARLES BIRDWELL sends his love to you: sais de way he loves you is a sin

'When this you see remember me — affectionate JACOB SKELTON. Roses is red violets blue sugar is sweet and so are you JACOB SKELTON.'

There's 'colored fervor' for you! - - - THE last number of the '*Southern Literary Messenger*,' an excellent issue, let us add in passing, of an uniformly excellent magazine, has a capital portrait of a kind of military SKIM-POLE, in Tennessee, embraced in a sketch entitled '*General Gymm and Colonel Burrows*.' The General is one of those characters who 'follow the profession of a gentleman;' who 'never degrade their talents, or prostitute their accomplishments to any ignoble calling.' 'He lived on the Gentlemanly:'

'He cultivated the Gentlemanly as Count D'ORSAY sculpture — as an elegant art, an exquisite study — yet as a means of livelihood; bethinking him, that, like a grateful child or pupil, it should pay the way of its august protector and patron. . . . There were some idiosyncrasies in the General which gave his character an agreeable relish and a refreshing piquancy: his views were large and original; he thought in a peculiar vein on many subjects. Among these were the nature and extent of the obligations imposed by a contract. He held that these obligations being the mere creatures of society, were only conventional; that society had prescribed in what way these contracts were to be enforced; and if they could be so enforced, well — if not, well, too. The idea of moral obligation as connected with, or involved in the payment of, a debt, he was disposed to regard as a superstition rapidly becoming obsolete, and having its

origin in barbarous times. The furnishing of articles of convenience and luxury to a member of society, by those who had more of such articles than they had use for, he was strongly to regard as a social courtesy for which it was unreasonable, if not somewhat churlish, to expect payment in vulgar coin. He preferred reciprocal courtesies; to make the business arrangements of society go on upon the basis of an exchange of commodities such as could be most conveniently furnished; as at a barbecue, where each contributes to the common stock of such things as he can best spare. The General was always ready to throw in of *his* best; but what more could be asked of him?

This condensed sketch of 'General GRYM' will enlighten the reader as to what manner of man he was. 'Colonel BURROWS,' however, is in marked contrast, being a merchant of wealth, remarkable sagacity, acute, practical, well-informed, and thoroughly imbued with the wisdom which such faculties gather from a long intercourse with the world, and uncommon powers of observation:

'He had learned to read men like books, and, however fine the print, had no difficulty in deciphering the most illegible scroll of character. Eminent as a financier, he had succeeded in extricating himself from many a difficulty which would have proved insuperable to less expert and adroit men. He saved debts, which in other hands would have been hopeless losses; and while on a visit to his friends in Alabama, amused his leisure by securing claims, due the firm of which he was a dormant partner, which had foiled the address of the home-managers. So successful had he been in these enterprises, that he was in the habit, when in a pleasant mood, of twitting his partners upon their negligence and inefficiency in this most important department of the mercantile mystery. Indeed, he was incredulous of all excuses for failures of this sort. He was in the habit of saying that no debt, in *such* a country as this, *could* be lost unless by the negligence of the creditor; and would chuckle with delightful and amiable humor when coming into the counting-room with a paper in his hand representing a debt secured which before was in rather a doubtful or even desperate condition.'

Among the assets of the firm in question was a note of 'General GRYM's,' long laid by as hopeless, and the amount placed to the account of 'profit and loss.' The 'Colonel' was requested to try his hand at collecting this debt which, if he accomplished, might well be considered as the most brilliant trophy of his financial prowess. The Colonel declared his willingness to make the effort, and even went so far as to stake his reputation upon his success in the adventure. Accordingly, armed with the note, he sallied forth like another Knight Errant in quest of a victory over this giant of Insolvency:

'THE Colonel esteemed it a fortunate circumstance that he found the General on the street. He was walking toward him with the low and commanding dignity which distinguished his movements. The champions of their respective creeds and castes approached. The meeting was like that of TALLEYRAND and METTERNICH when they met to do that little job for the EMPEROR. Such politeness, such dignity, such compliments nearly exhausted the manual of diplomatic salutations. From the cordiality of their greetings one might suppose that two friends had met, who had been parted for a long time and had renewed a correspondence which had been the pabulum of life to each other. The conversation, after some general remarks, took the direction the Colonel intended as introductory to the business in hand.

'What a beautiful country, my dear General, you have. I have never seen it equalled. The resources of the country are enormous, too. Really, it is astonishing with what facility the means of life are procured here, and how easy it is for any one who desires it to support himself in credit and respectability.'

'To all which the General assented with readiness and unction.

'And yet,' resumed the Colonel, 'there are some objections, not to the country so much as to the manner in which business is conducted: now, for instance, General, it is difficult to have business done here properly in consequence of this same facility in the raising of money. Want of punctuality in meeting engagements is the bane of commerce, General. It is not so much the fault of the debtor as the creditor class. But it injures the character and interests of both. Now, to illustrate, General, what do you suppose occurred this very morning? Why, my dear Sir, I was looking over some of the assets of our firm here, and what should I see, General, but your note for some two hundred dollars due several years ago; doubtless suffered thus to remain from the

sheer carelessness of my clerks. I felt shocked at the injustice done you: indeed, I felt somewhat indignant. 'What,' said I, 'the note of General GRIM, a man of his respectability and distinction, (the General here bowed in acknowledgment,) given for a few necessary articles, to lie over for years, subjecting him, if unhappily the fact should be discovered, to the imputation of suffering such claims to be dishonored! Give me the papers,' said I, 'and I will go at once and make the necessary apologies to the gentleman, and repair the injustice done him, by receiving the money and closing the unfortunate transaction.' And so, General, I have come with it that it might be immediately rectified. I hope you will find the calculation of the interest on the back of the note all right; and I trust you will take no offence at this remissness, as I assure you that nothing of the sort was intended.'

'The General took out his snuff-box, rapped it two or three times, offered it to the Colonel, who took a pinch, and proceeded to assure the Colonel of his entire satisfaction with the explanation offered. 'And now,' remarked the General, 'I will tell you something of a personal character bearing a little on the matter in hand. Colonel, I had an aunt in the State of Georgia; a remarkable woman she was, too. Indeed, I hope I may say without any indelicacy, she was one of the cleverest women I ever knew.'

'COLONEL BURROWS: 'Indeed, I can well believe *that* from her relation to *you*, General.'

'GENERAL: 'Thank you — yes, a remarkable woman. She was a lady of great enterprise and many manly virtues. Unfortunately, she was addicted to politics. Her stump-speeches were the most eloquent in Georgia.'

'COLONEL: 'But, my dear General, although this is certainly a very interesting piece of biography, yet, may I ask, what connection it has with the subject we were discussing?'

'GENERAL: 'We shall see presently. My aunt, as I said, was a politician. She ran for the Legislature. She was elected, having first, however, to horsewhip the opposing candidate for some slanders he put out against her when they were treating at the grocery. But she was elected. She went on and took her seat. And she came near being elected speaker. She would have been elected but for the foolish squeamishness of some of the members who objected to addressing the presiding-officer as *Mrs. Speaker*. Do you observe?'

'COLONEL: 'Why — ah — yes, but, General, really I don't see yet what all this has to do with the note — eh?'

'GENERAL: 'The application you will see. If my dear aunt had been elected speaker, she would have been entitled to eight dollars *per diem*, and I was her heir; so that if she had received the money, *I* would have received it, and thus been enabled to pay this small debt. Good-morning, Colonel.'


'And the General passed on without cracking a smile, leaving the Colonel looking after him in a state of astonishment at his overpowering impudence.'

After the Colonel's return to the counting-room, he is asked if he had obtained the money, as he had expected: whereto the Colonel, not a little irate, replies: 'No, Sir — no, Sir, I did not: the man is incorrigible. Sir, the man is deranged. I can collect money out of any sane man, but, Sir, I never pretended I could collect money out of a crazy man!' It was the 'method' exhibited in the General's 'madness,' however, that seems to have exasperated the Colonel! - - - We have had the pleasure to look over several private letters of our friend the lamented HENRY INMAN, addressed to an old and tried friend in this city. They have reminded us very forcibly of his conversation, always so pleasant and winning. The following passage is from a letter dated at London, in July, 1844:

'We visited the Italian opera the very first night of our arrival in London. The piece was '*Otello*,' in which you may remember GARCIA's fine tenor. We saw GRISI as *Desdemona*, MARIO as *Otello*, LA BLACHE as the *Doge*, and FORNASARI as *Iago*. In the ballet afterward we saw our old friend FANNY ELSSLER, and the new and younger dancer, the famous CERITO. So you see that, with the exception of TAGLIONI, if we were to hunt Europe through, we could not have a finer feast in the way of music and dancing than we enjoyed on the very first day of our stay in London.

'After hearing the overture to '*OTELLO*' played by an immense orchestra, which 'can't be beat' in the world, the opera commenced. Before I speak of the singing, let me observe, that the *acting* alone, in the hands of these perfect vocalists, seemed but

the natural enjoyment of the music, while the recitation appeared to be the only proper means through which to convey the expression of the passions. GRISI is certainly all that I can imagine of perfection in singing, with a voice like silver: powerful when necessary, sweet and plaintive when tenderness is required; and all this combined with a truth as true as truth, and an execution without a fault, no matter what of eccentricity there may be in the passages; all this with an action that is grace itself, may give you some notion of what we must have enjoyed. Now for LA BLACHE: *Supposed* *Thou shalt* is all that I need say about his singing. Although he is a great fat man, his expression and action are always appropriate and graceful. He is altogether great -- great! Just imagine our gratification at hearing a quintette composed of GRISI, LA BLACHE, MARIO, FOENASARI, and an alto part by COVELLI, another delightful voice, which I forget to mention. When we came out of the opera-house, going home by a back-street, I met several wheel-barrowers in fragments, whose hearts had evidently been broken by beating against the walls of the theatre while such music was going on!

Some of the letters contain admirable pen-and-ink and pencil drawings. In one, dated at Mount Holly, (New-Jersey,) in February, 1834, he says: 'I send a book for you to look at. It treats of a subject which has, and I hope always will have, for us a great charm. The next excursion we take together we will take it along, by way of helping to pass the time between the 'bites.' I mean to beat you all, next spring -- so look out!  See the smallest I mean to catch!' Then follows a picture of the successful fisherman, staggering under the weight of a regular 'sockdolager.' Writing from Philadelphia in 1832, where he was then engaged in painting some of his best pictures, he says: 'I have completed my whole-length portrait of Col. V——, and must come on with him to see him 'hanged.' He is already 'drawn,' and I suppose the critics in the fine arts will show him small 'quarters.' It is pronounced a screeching likeness.' Poor INMAN! 'He should have died hereafter.' - - - Boys are great wags, and some of them very wicked ones, too. We 'laughed consumedly' over an anecdote which has just been related to us, in which the latter class of 'boy-wags' played a conspicuous part. Down in Frankfort-street, hard by to William, lives a Dutch pork-seller and sausage-maker. Some rude boys in his vicinity had annoyed him with taunting inquiries as to the *matériel* of which his 'links' were composed, and he had 'trounced' one or two of them rather roughly for their impertinence. The 'whirligig of time,' however, soon 'brought about their revenges.' They went down, one morning, into 'the Swamp' and collected a long string of the huge rats that infest the stores of that sunken neighborhood; and while two or three boys, by dint of joke and taunt, seduced the butcher to pursue them down the street, another entered his shop and hung up the string of rats on a nail in his show-window, between the tempting festoons of his savory sausages! By-and-by, people began to stop before his shop, and stare into his window; then roar out laughing, and pass on. Presently a large crowd collected, and the butcher came out to ascertain what it was that attracted their curiosity. 'Is *that* the kind of stuff you make sausages of?' asked one, pointing to the string of rats: 'Got any rat-steaks?' inquired another: 'Send me over a rat-spare-rib!' added a third, until the man, livid with rage, shut his door upon the crowd, removed the 'incumbrance' from his window, and 'sat him down and wept,' like a big Dutch baby as he was. - - - THE

REV. SYDNEY DYER, of Indianapolis, Indiana, has written a good many clever songs which have been set to music. He understands the art, for it is an art, of which terseness and simplicity are important features. The following, '*My Father is Here*,' is from his pen:

'In the hush of the evening alone,
A mother sat watching her child,
When a light o'er its fair features shone,
And its lips in soft murmurings smiled.
She listens to catch every sigh,
And joy takes the place of a tear;
For it talks of the angels on high,
And whispers, my Father is here,
My Father is here!

'And her heart grew so calm and serene,
As she gazed on the vacant old chair,
Where so often the loved one was seen,
For she knew that his spirit was there:
Then she pressed the soft lips of her child,
And felt that an angel was near,
For it woke to her pressure and smiled,
And whispered, my Father is here,
My Father is here!'

SAUNTERING 'with pleased delay,' the other morning, (having just left the National Academy,) through the renovated and beautiful establishment of Messrs. EVANS AND DICKERSON, publishers, importers, and book-sellers, one door below Fourth-street, in Broadway, west side, we came across an 'antique,' which at once arrested attention. It was a small volume, upon dingy yellowish paper, and the oldest of old-fashioned types. It was 'imprinted at London, for J. MARSHALL, in Grace-Church-street, in 1758, and is intitled,' '*The New Help to Discourse, or Wit and Mirth Intermixed with more Serious Matters*;' including 'pleasaunt, philosophical, physical, historical, moral, and political questions and answers: with proverbs, epitaphs, epigrams, riddles, posies, rules for behaviour,' etc.: 'the ninth edition, with many new additions.' In a long 'discourse' touching the history of paper, Mr. WILLIAM GENT, the author, informs us, that our paper, 'made of ragges, succeeded to the *Ægyptian papyrus*: the author of the modern invention our progenitors have not committed to memory; the more is the pity, that he who found out the *use* of paper, should not have his memory preserved *by* paper.' Information, 'in this style,' as cheap artists say, in shop-windows, is conveyed upon all sorts of subjects. For example:

'Q. *Wherein consists the Praise of a Country-Life?*

'A. The Countryman is thrice Happy in this, that he plays not with his Wings in the Golden Flames of the Court, nor setteth his Foot in the busy Throng of the City, nor runneth up and down in the intricate Mazes of the Law; but resting contented in the Winter to sit by a Country-Fire, and in the Summer lay his head on the green Pillows of the Earth, where his Sleep is soft Slumbers, and his Waking pleasaunt as Golden Dreams. His highest Ambition is to get up unto the Mountains, where he thinks himself a petty King: the greatest Trees bow to do him Reverence: the Willows that bend at every Blast he may count his Flatterers, and the Valleys humbled at his Feet, his Slaves. No Prince Keeps more skillful musicians: the Birds are his Consorts, and their Instruments yield ten thousand several Tunes.

'Q. *Why should a Man chuse a little Wife?*

'A. Because too much of one thing is good for nothing.

'Q. *What answer was given to him that dissuaded one from Marrying a Wife, because she was no wiser?*

'A. 'I desire,' said he, 'my Wife should have no more Wit, than to be able to distinguish my Bed from another Man's.'

'Q. What Reply was made to him that said he did not use to give the Walk to every Countryman?

'A. 'But I do, Sir!' and so gave him the Walk.'

JOHN RANDOLPH has always been credited with this rejoinder, but our 'GENT' of 1753 is 'ahead of him.' The Epigrams are introduced to the reader with this distich:

'THOU that read'st these, if thou commend'st them all,
Thou'st too much milk — if none, thou'st too much gall.'

The first proposition is quite true, for some of the examples are indifferent enough. The three that ensue are the best:

'THE Liar and the Thief have one Vocation;
Their difference is but only in their fashion:
They both deceive, but diversely proceed:
The first deceives by Word, the last by Deed.'

'WE to ourselves most partial judges be,
And faults in others, not ourselves, can see:
Our Enemies, we fain would have 'em Haltered;
But when we judge ourselves, the case is Altered.'

'THE World's an Inn, and I her Guest:
I eat and drink, and take my rest;
My Hostess NATURE doth deny me
Nothing wherewith she can supply me:
Where, having staid awhile, I pay
Her lavish Bills, and go my Way.'

They could scarcely have been much more refined and polite, a hundred years ago in London, than are our metropolitan citizens of the present day, at least, if we may judge from a few of the '*Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour*' here set down. As for instance:

'SPIT not on your Fingers, nor pull them as if you would make them longer.

'It is a Point of Cleanliness to wash one's Face and Hands in a Morning, when also comb the Head!

'Gaze not on the Marks or Blemishes of others, and ask not how they came.

'T'is not handsome to spit the stones of any fruit upon a Dish, but take them from your Mouth with your Hand.'

Thus much for Mr. W. W. GENT's 'New Help to Discourse.' And *apropos* of rare old books, we would commend to book-readers and book-buyers a call upon Messrs. EVANS AND DICKERSON. They have monthly importations from London and other cities of all that is rare and valuable in English standard literature, together with those choice morsels, 'quaint and curious volumes of almost forgotten lore,' for which LAMB-like epicures have so keen a relish; while all new American works may be found upon their shelves and tables. They have also published a series of very instructive and entertaining books for children, profusely and beautifully illustrated. Four of these, '*Pleasure and Profit*,' and '*How to Behave*,' by Mrs. MANNERS, '*The Pet Bird, and Other Stories*,' by 'Cousin ALICE,' and an illustrated '*Book of Songs for Children*,' have been read and re-read by our own little ones, with pleasure and profit. The same publishers issue monthly a well-edited and liberally-illustrated juvenile magazine for children, called '*The School-fellow*,'

which, like GRACE GREENWOOD's admirable '*Little Pilgrim*,' has acquired deserved popularity. - - - THE '*Bovine Melodies*' are touching. They must have been written after a surfeit of veal-cutlets:

‘SAD bleating fills the ambient air;
Young calves are dying every where;
The household board is *over*-spread
With ‘j’int’s’ of those already dead:
‘Bla-a!’

**'The cows in slow procession pass,
Funereal to the last degree,
Chanting, with swallowed 'cud,' a mass
Sacred to butchered infancy:
 'Bla-a!'**

‘Each mother’s son and daughter dead ;
Each mother quits her strawy bed
To gore with horns the bloody *realain*,
That’s killed her calf, devoid of feelin’ :
‘Bla-a!’

'Calf, too, doth form perennial diet,
As all can vouch who're doomed to try it;
For when you trust 't is gone — 'all but,'
'T will reappear as 'chick.' or 'mut. :'
 'Bla-a !'

**'Our books and boots are bound in calf;
Yes, bovine is the world one half;
Sick-abled now by veal undone,
Quadruped soon we must become:
 'Bla-a!'**

**'If I was born for 'weal or woe,'
Which all the marriage contracts show,
Give me, for one, the joyful 'woe,'
And let the 'weal' to 'pot-pie' go!
 'Bla-a!'**

THE '*National Academy of Design*' was open but for a brief space this season, owing to the sale of the property upon which the building stands; and as it will close before the present number can come before our town-readers, it would be useless to call attention to the exhibition. We cannot forbear the expression, however, of our admiration of certain of the pictures in the gallery. DURAND never painted so well before. His picture of a passing storm, over a charmingly diversified landscape, is the very perfection of nature. KENSETT, who copies nature like a daguerreotype, had one fine picture, and no more. GIGNOUX's '*On the Hudson*' was greatly admired. HUNTINGTON exhibited a large picture of the '*Good Samaritan*,' which had no great originality as a composition, but the coloring was very fine and harmonious. Among the portrait-painters, BAKER, HICKS, and ELLIOTT, were the most conspicuous. HICKS' large picture of a Quaker, standing by a public school-house, with numerous subdued accessories in the back-ground and middle distance, won for him much commendation, but we should have preferred his portrait of '*Bishop WAINWRIGHT*,' had he not made him *quite* so stern. '*The Gypsy*,' by the same artist, is a pleasing, harmoniously-colored, well-conceived picture. On the whole, however, we saw nothing of Mr. HICKS' this year to equal his female Quaker-head in the exhibition last year. BAKER had specimens of his faithful likenesses and charming coloring, and GRAY's portraits had many admirers. But ELLIOTT, as usual, seemed to '*bear the palm*.' His portraits of BRYANT, Mayor KINGSLAND, and others, were almost universally extolled, by the press and the public. The '*Herald*' remarked: '*In our opinion, ELLIOTT leads the portrait-painters; and although he has many imitators, none of them approximate him in the delineation of expression — that mysterious charm which leads one to sit half an hour before a portrait, and ever and anon be carried away by the idea that it is really the man, and not the 'counterfeit presentment,' which entrances you.*' And the '*Courier*:' Grace, ease, freedom, and facility of execution ELLIOTT possesses in as high a degree as any artist among us, perhaps in as eminent a degree as any that ever lived. His heads are put upon the canvas with the

accuracy and confidence of a reflection in a mirror. There is not the least appearance of effort in any thing he does, nor any indication of his falling a hair's-breadth short of the effect he aims at.' The '*Albion*,' which is conservative in its opinions, and in general somewhat chary of its praise, says of this eminent American artist: 'In his happiest efforts, ELLIOTT has no rival in this country, and few living rivals any where.' This is high praise, but it is *just* praise, as all visitors to the Academy can testify. CHURCH has one of his glorious sun-set scenes, in which his pencil stands unrivalled. Among the other landscape-painters, Mr. WILLIAM HART is conspicuous. 'His pictures,' says Mr. WHITLEY, of the '*Hoboken Gazette*,' a capable and appreciative critic, 'reflect great credit on his endeavors to delineate the charming features of Nature in her most harmonious and soothing mood. His picture, '*Peace and Plenty*,' is an undeniable evidence of the possession of genius and judgment; and what is rather uncommon among painters now-a-days, partakes but very little of the manner of any other master. He seems to view Nature and her operations with a peculiar vision, and that singularity of perception is so adroit that it enables him to give a transparency and undulation of atmosphere far more perfect than we are accustomed to see on canvas. He has a grace and boldness in the disposition of his tints and handling which sweetly deceive the sense, and we are inclined to admire him the more as he departs farther and farther from the finikin style of more laborious but less ruminating artists. Mr. HART has several other pictures on the walls of the Academy, which ought to procure commissions from 'the oldest and best families' on the American continent.' - - - MR. 'W. HOPKINS,' who writes for the '*Dayton (Ohio) Journal*,' is close upon the heels of Mr. K. N. PEPPER. He is very patriotic, his theme being '*America*.' The 'Great Republic' is very much obliged to him. We annex a 'sample' of his warcs, not a 'specimen:'

'AMERICA! land of the noble free!
High-flown words are spoke of thee:
Of thy Union, and its ties,
For songs of Freedom rend the skies.

'From east to west, from north to south,
You will hear the words in every mouth,
That freedom reigns in singular strains,
And God this liberty maintains.

'Her fame hath spread both far and near
And nations greet the coming year,
When their monarchs shall be o'erthrown
And despotism utter his last dying groan.

'Oh! then shall come that happy time,
When freedom will extend to every clime,
And give the nations all to know,
That it is not a mere vain and empty show,
But something sacred and all-sublime
In such a character as we define:
No nation can so proudly boast
As America, of the literature which line her coast:
She lifts her towering head toward the skies,
And bids degraded Europe to arise
And seek an asylum from torment given,
In a land where King and Queen doth hold no realm.'

'Thank'ee,' Mr. HOPKINS: for, as a small part of the 'literature that line

our coast,' we consider the KNICKERBOCKER poetically complimented, and are duly grateful accordingly. - - - MESSRS. H. LONG AND BROTHER have removed their establishment to the new and splendid white marble store in Nassau-street, near Beekman, where their facilities for the transaction of their large and increasing business are very greatly extended. These gentlemen, by a course of honorable enterprise and liberality, have built up for themselves a book-trade which promises to give them 'as much as they can do, and more too,' although their 'premises' were even more capacious than they are. - - - 'OUR worthy Governor, HORATIO SEYMOUR,' writes a metropolitan friend, recently from our State capital, 'having vetoed, as every body knows, the so-called '*Maine Liquor-Law*,' has since received many letters from the friends as well as the opponents of that measure. Among others, 'A strong Advocate of Temperance, but no Maine-Law Man,' wrote him to the following effect: 'I have read your message vetoing the 'Maine Law' bill with great gratification. I am a temperance man, and I hope I am a moral man. I also claim to have some knowledge of fundamental law; and in my opinion your views are fully sustained by law and good morals. I have been a diligent reader of the Old Testament, as well as the New; and in the former I find that the use of wine was countenanced by the wise and good of the olden time. Even LOT, the only 'just man' in Sodom, carried his prejudice in favor of a 'social glass of wine' so far, that he became intoxicated. (See GENESIS, chapter nineteenth.) And in the New Testament we are told that our SAVIOUR and His disciples made generous use (without abuse) of the 'wine benign;' and on one memorable occasion, by a miracle, He even *made* wine from water, for a wedding-party. Now, as I have said, I have been a diligent student of the Scriptures; I have read the BIBLE from Genesis to Revelations; and I can find no mention of but *one* man's calling for water; and he was in h—ll, where he *ought* to be!' So far our correspondent. The ingenious '*argument*' cited will remind the reader of the sermon against the style of a certain ancient head-dress called 'top-knots,' which was preached from the text, '*Top-knot, come down!*' It was the last part of the sentence: 'And let him that is on the house-'*Top-knot, come down!*' - - - WE could wish there were more '*Humbugs*' in the world than there are; that is, if either BARNUM is one, or GENIN another. Look at what the former has done with the 'Crystal Palace,' and the latter with Broadway! Such men are public benefactors, and deserve the full confidence of the public. GENIN is our next candidate for Mayor of the city! He shall have our 'unanimous' vote! - - - MR. SAMUEL HUESTON, Number Three Hundred and Forty-eight Broadway, (KNICKERBOCKER office,) will shortly publish '*PUDDLEFORD AND ITS PEOPLE*,' with beautiful illustrations from original designs. This book gives a graphic and very amusing description of society in a village of the West, in the early settlement of that country. Several chapters of the book have already appeared in this Magazine; and those who have read '*The Bee-Hunt*,' '*A Court-Scene at Puddleford*,' etc., will be likely to send for the entire work. It is by an old correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER, Mr. H. H. RILEY, of Michigan. His descriptions are real *daguerreotypes*, 'taken upon the spot.' - - - WE have received a daguer-

reotype of 'Bishop STEVENSON,' of Pittsburgh, not as he appears when disposing of his 'esansis' on secular occasions, but in his robes, as he exposes himself when preaching on the 'criminality of crime,' and other deep themes. The portrait entirely comes up to our expectations. What loftiness of features! — what refinement of manner! The lifted brow, the 'white choke,' the compressed lips; it *must* be the 'Bishop' himself! It 'seems as ef we never know'd a man as know'd as much as what he *seems* to know;' and yet we have never *heard* him. 'Sech is 'Genus!'' - - - The following 'explains itself.' Its records are simple, but they are true. They are from the '*Porkville Trumpet of Freedom*:'

'**MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE.** — An exciting incident occurred in this village on Thursday last. Mr. PIPKIN's little apprentice-boy, JOSEPH ROBBINS, had ascended a ladder, and was in the act of painting a sign which had been placed under the eaves of Mr. BLACKLOCK's new and splendid store. He was just in the act of correcting the letters 'T R,' when an avalanche from the roof (as the snow had fallen to a great depth) suddenly fell as he held the brush in his hand, casting him down with the bucket, and killing him on the spot. Mr. 'G. W. P.,' our village poet, has written the following exquisite verses, to commemorate the event:

'ON THE DANGERS OF EARLY RISING

'A LAD stood on a ladder tall,
A-painting of a sign,
A new short sign; and Lang Syne Auld
He whistled; the sun did shine.

'And tunc or sun moved snow on roof,
Unused to melting mool;
It slid and peeped o'er eaves above,
Eaves-dropping where he stoal.

'He, gazing down on Miss beneath,
Dreamed not mischance was near
But held his bucket in his hand,
And brushed away a T R.

'He was a painter's 'prentice-boy;
I need not print his name;
He came of high descent indeed,
But now 't is all the same.

'For ah! the snow! too soon it fell,
As if with fell design;
He kicked the bucket, down he dropped,
He died and made no sign!

Mr. SCHOSS, Number Three Hundred and Three, Broadway, has just published a large and very timely engraving, namely: *Portraits of the Queen of England, the Kings of Austria and Prussia, and the Emperors Nicholas of Russia and Napoleon II. of France*, all on one sheet. The likenesses are well authenticated, and the engraving is of the best order of lithograph. They are 'at it' now, and it was high time, for 'talk' had been exhausted. As old SHIRLEY says:

— 'THESE businesses of fighting
Should be despatched as doctors do prescribe
Physical pills, not to be chewed, but swallowed:
Time spent in the considering dulls the appetite.'

The 'public' on 'our side' will be glad to look upon the 'heads' of the great actors in this awful world-drama. - - - 'We perceive that our old friend, W. F. BURGESS, who has been engaged in the publishing and general book and stationary business for the last fifteen years, has formed a co-partnership

with Mr. F. W. DAY, and the business will be conducted hereafter under the name of BURGESS AND DAY, at Number One Hundred Nassau-street. A number of new works are announced as in course of publication; and the reputation of both members of the firm, as energetic and enterprising business men, is such as to assure their friends and the public that they will prosecute their business with vigor and success.' 'And so say all of us,' who know the new firm as well as our contemporary, from whom we quote the foregoing. - - - How very characteristic of SYDNEY SMITH, is the following passage from MOORE's diary, describing a breakfast with the witty clergyman, and other eminent persons, at SAMUEL ROGERS': 'In talking of the stories about dram-drinkers catching fire, he pursued the idea in every possible shape. The inconvenience of a man coming too near the candle when he was speaking: 'Sir, your observation has caught fire.' Then he imagined a parson breaking into a blaze in the pulpit; the engines called to put him out; no water to be had, the man at the water-works being an atheist. Said of some one, 'He has no command over his understanding: it is always getting between his legs and tripping him up.' Called with him at NEWTON's, to see my picture; said, in his gravest manner, to NEWTON, 'Could n't you contrive to throw into his face somewhat of a stronger expression of hostility to the church-establishment?' - - - PEOPLE who 'love their country' and their country's products, should step into the extensive establishment of Mr. FREDERICK S. COZZENS, Number Eighty-five Chambers-street, and taste the different varieties of LONGWORTH's *Ohio Wines*. We may be partial, but in our 'umble' opinion, the 'Sparkling' and 'Still' Catawba juices are not excelled by any foreign wines of a kindred description. - - - Is not the following passage, taken from a friendly letter, too felicitous to sleep in a pigeon-hole of a private secretary? We think so: 'Is it not beautiful, this pristine freshness of the heart! Valuable for its rareness, if for nothing else. It is unnecessary for me to say, 'Let us *strive* to keep it thus,' when thus it will remain, without the aid of effort or of will. NATURE does not exert herself to cause the flowers to bloom in beauty on her grateful breast; they spring to greet the sun, and all the liberal airs of heaven, because they *must*; and thus will they remain, blest and blessing, until comes the blight of death, and at its coming only do they perish.' - - - We have omitted to mention until now, the presentation of a massive silver pitcher to Mr. GURNEY, Broadway, for the '*Four best Daguerreotypes*,' for which a prize of five hundred dollars had been offered by Mr. E. ANTHONY, the principal manufacturer in the United States, of Daguerrian instruments. Professors MORSE, RENWICK, and DRAPER were the judges. This is a high honor, and worthily bestowed. - - - We have no recollection whatever of receiving any communication entitled '*The Back-Biter*.' We have raked and scraped our memory until it is sore, but must say, with MACBETH, 'There's no such thing.' Our correspondent, we cannot but think, *must* be mistaken, or the article has miscarried. - - - The following '*Tribute to the Memory of Ogden Hammersley*,' a young man of great promise, who died suddenly while travelling in South America, is from the fertile pen of Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. The lines were written after hearing the lecture on 'American Poetry,' re-

cently delivered by the father of the deceased, Hon. WILLIAM JAMES HAMMERSLEY, of Hartford, Conn. The son himself had a deeply-poetical mind, and a little while before his death wrote two short effusions, especially for the KNICKERBOCKER. One of these appears in the present number. We take the lines from the '*Waterley Magazine*:'

- 'WHILE lips of eloquence portray
With classic force their chosen theme,
Steals not some lingering thought away
To far La Plata's sounding stream?
- 'To one, who 'mid that sunny clime
In life's fair flush laid down to die;
Yet his young bosom hid sublime
The elements of pocsy.
- 'The warm enthusiastic zeal,
The upward impulse nobly kept,
The heart to prompt, the nerve to feel,
The hand the tuneful lyre that swept.
- 'Gleamed not that image o'er the eye
On which a listening audience gazed?
Breathed not for him the father's sigh,
Even when our country's bards he praised
- 'With ardent tone? It may be so —
Though nought disturbed the speaker's grace,
For deeper tears the heart doth know
Than those that overflow the face.
- 'Alas! along this pilgrim way
Where budding hopes at morn were spread,
How frequent, ere the closing day,
Our thorn-choked flowers lie pale and dead!
- 'Yet tenderly their faded bloom
Instructs us from the hallowed sod;
And the low whisper of the tomb
Allures us gently near to God.'

THE February issue of '*The Pioneer*' monthly magazine of San Francisco, edited by F. C. EWER, Esq., has been received, and fully sustains the promise of its first number. Its original prose articles are various and interesting, while its poetry is selected with good taste. They have little time, as yet, in California to 'court the coy Muse.' Our friend 'Colonel PIRES,' we perceive, continues his amusing 'Friendly Chit-chat,' in which we find the following anecdote of 'Big BOCHSA,' the harpist:

'I WANT to jot down a rather characteristic anecdote of BOCHSA, from which it would seem that there is another 'BOURBON in the field.' It seems that an Alabama paper lately affirmed that BOCHSA (who has quite the BOURBON features) was son of EGALITE, Duke of Orleans, and consequently half-brother to the late LOUIS PHILIPPE. Our witty musician being asked if the report was true, (for he seldom loses the opportunity of a joke,) answered seriously:

'Now, Sir, I will tell you, (drawing himself up to his full height and breadth,) I am King of ze harp, and recog-nished the legitimate heirs to King DAVID! My government is *based* on harmony and concord; my policy is to keep my instrument well in tune, and please indiscriminately Vigs, and — vot you call 'em, eh? — Dem-o-cats — eh? My ministers at home and abroad (the music-sellers and hotel-keepers) spread far and wide my name and fame; my relations with foreign powers are most friendly; and when I recently visited the crowned heads of Europe, they paid not only great attention to my so-los, but even METTERNICH, WELLINGTON, and Alderman MESSEROLE applauded my *fantases*, and bowed to my *caprices*! My proclamations are only good, showy concert-bills; my *coups d'état* aim solely at getting from Italy the best cat-gut string. I am at

war with no body. The *bands* I conduct (with no other weapon in my hand than a small baton) do no harm; and if they commit murder, it is only on ze musical works they are attacking. So you see I am a happy monarch, and should be a block-head — wot you call, eh? — to wish to change my situation.'

'How brightly the moon shines through my window as I write! — and the night is as mild, the atmosphere as balmy and delightful as in June. Oh! a glorious climate, truly, is this same California! Already the Spring seems to be upon us, and the trees are putting forth their leaves; and the short grass peeps up to view the light. Wild flowers, too, are opening their petals to the sun, and the young birds chirp among the branches.'

They beat us in weather in California. What a contrast must their March have been to ours, if such was their February! - - - For some twelve years, more or less, we have submitted to the tonsorial and 'shave-atory' operations of Mr. AUGUSTUS BLESSING, barber and hair-dresser in Ann-street; and a lighter hand never left a 'chin new-reaped.' He has recently removed to Number Twelve, in the same street, which he has fitted up with all the modern fixtures and 'fixings,' and is justly proud of his new and improved premises. He is assiduous to please, and has ready and capable assistants, who worthily emulate their superior. - - - A FRIEND sends us the following authentic account of '*A Night with the Spirits*.' If you peruse it in the right 'spirit,' reader, it will make you 'sick.' It beats 'table-moving' all to nothing:

'WELL do I remember that night! — and I think I am not likely soon to forget the singular sensations it left on my mind. It seems but yesterday that my friend 'Gus.' came into the office, his face beaming with the intelligence that a few friends from Charleston were to dine with him that day at DELMONICO'S; 'and, my dear boy,' said he, 'you must come. You *must* be one of us, for this night.'

'I was very much attached to 'Gus.,' as who that knows him is not? — but I experienced a pleasing dread, (if there be such a feeling,) at the idea of 'a night' with some of our Southern bloods; but I had promised, and I was obliged to go; and there I joined a few of the finest fellows it has ever been my fortune to meet. We had a glorious dinner, and began to feel cheery with the merry 'news from Cork' of the champagne-bottles and their contents, when a visit to the theatre was proposed and unanimously carried. I should have said 'theatres,' for I believe we were in nearly every place of amusement in the city that night; and, in order to see the sights more clearly, we had (not between the acts) between the theatres another bottle or two of HEDSICK, to vary the amusement. At last we became tired, and landed at FLORENCE'S, where, having dispatched an excellent supper, and a few more bottles, we considered ourselves in capital order for any thing, and as sober as judges.

'I cannot tell you all the places we visited that night, or how many bottles we finished. It is probably better to bury this in oblivion; but I have a faint recollection of parting with my friends, and going home. I have no idea of how I got there, but my memory begins to dawn again. I rang the bell: no answer. I tried the shutters: no answer. I now began to feel a little angry, and I gave the bell a violent pull. I heard the window opening, and some one sang out:

'What the d — I do you want here?'

'I told the man to come down, and I would show him; but before he came down, I saw the curly head of our MARY looking over the railing in the next house. I said something about 'the wrong house,' and 'a mistake,' and was not long in getting up-stairs into my own room.

'I managed to get off my coat, and sat down to get off my boots. I made several attempts, but all unsuccessful: at last, I made up my mind to get into bed as I was. My head grew dizzy; and, on looking up, I saw the bed distinctly moving toward me! I waited until it should come round, determined to get into it; but no; there it was, still coming; and what struck me as very extraordinary was, that it continued going

round, and although I placed myself exactly opposite to it several times, it came no nearer.

'I could stand it no longer. I made a run, and tumbled right into bed. For a moment, all was still; but I had scarcely laid my head on the pillow, when it commenced going very slowly around! I now felt sure that some infamous scoundrel had got underneath. I lay, planning how I should fix him; but, in the midst of my resolutions, the bed began to go very fast, and at last to fly around! A kind of fear crept over me, and I heard a loud crash!

'This is my last remembrance of that night. When I awoke in the morning, I felt a shivering coldness all over me, with a burning thirst, and a curious feeling of dread. I was lying on the floor, my head close up against the door. I got up: the bed looked as if I had been on it; but how or by what means I came on the floor, is one of those singular 'phenomena of the spirits,' only known to the initiated, and, I sincerely trust, will never be known to you, my reader. A. E.

What would our friend not have given for the 'Maine Law,' on that memorable morning? - - - 'Love among the Chickens' is felicitously set forth in '*The Poultry-maniac to his Mistress*,' from the pen of a favorite correspondent 'i' the north:'

'A MERRY-THOUGHT I have: O thou decided
Joy of my heart! let you and me divide it,
'Ere it be snapped and picked by some arch prowler,
Philo-perist, fowl-fancier, or fancy-fowler.
'Tis this: since all that's dear has found a standard
In costly fowl, dearest, *some* think, when brandered,
'Bright-feathered epithets shall you and I, love,
Pick from their moults, and on each other try, love.
'Winged words — called by the ancient Greek who meant a
Flight telegraphic — *ἔπεα πτερόεντα*.
'Wend we our way, then, darling of air *distingué*;
My BANTAM thou — I thy protecting SHANGHAI.
'Nor, though some diamond-duchess sparkle finer,
For her will I forsake my COCHIN-CHINA.
'Waking or sleeping, dreaming, or walking, or talking,
Laughing or weeping — let me be thy DORKING.
'And mine the task, from glance of ogle-shooter
Jealous thine eye to guard, my BRAMAH-POOTER!
'Thus chant I clear thy praise; my pulses quicken;
Soon shall all mine be thine, my GUINEA-CHICKEN!
'And should thy parents, love, bring costly present,
What's thine be mine, mine all, my GOLDEN PHEASANT!
'Kiss me, thou peerless! matchless in face and form;
Fair as a new-laid egg, and oh! as warm.'

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THE following sly but hard 'hit' at ambitious young artists is from the '*Hoboken Gazette*,' (which deserves, and we are glad to hear is achieving success,) edited by Mr. T. W. WHITLEY, himself an artist, and well-known as the art-critic of the '*Home Journal*':

'SINCE the death of the illustrious statesman, DANIEL WEBSTER, the picture-shops of the city of New-York have been inundated with his portraits. A noticeable instance of this puerile ambition is now in a picture-store in Broadway. Mr. WEBSTER was famous for the majestic look of his countenance. We apprehend that the beams of that divinity which is said to hedge a king, dazzle the optics too forcibly of every artist

who attempts to paint them. The figure of Mr. WEBSTER appears unamiable, presuming, and repulsive. Yet all this may be the effect of tremor. The calm dignity which should appertain to such a personage, is not discoverable. It gives the idea of a conceited philosopher, looking savage to avoid looking silly, presenting himself for admiration under the consciousness of being unusually impressive, and not as the representation of the embodiment of Senatorial dignity. As Mr. WEBSTER was not noticeable for effrontery or vanity, the portrait is by no means adequate to our idea of the Senator from Massachusetts.

The '*Robin Red-breast Papers*' are very lively and clever. Here is a pun from the same columns, which will bear transplanting:

'Tis not often that a joke is cracked on the head of an artist; but it so happened a few days since, that a distinguished literary gentleman and military officer on a visit to Mr. RANNEY, the historical painter, had the temerity to indulge in one. On arriving at the lodge of Mr. RANNEY, which is penned in by a neat fence, he found the artist lustily employed with his maul-stick in wallopping some cows out of his inclosure. 'So ho! Mr. RANNEY,' said one of the party, 'I expected to have found you employed on the Siege of Yorktown; but I see you stick to the 'battle of the cow-pens.' Mr. RANNEY has given the world some fine historical pictures on the Revolution.'

WE regret to hear of the recent death, at Buffalo, of Captain FREDERICK S. WHEELER, formerly of the lake steamer the '*Saint Louis*,' on board of which splendid vessel we first had the pleasure to meet him. He was a man of the noblest personal qualities, and by all who knew him, was beloved. 'For the past six months,' writes a friend, 'he has been settling his worldly affairs, and preparing for his departure. It was a lesson to us all, the calm manner in which he awaited 'final orders.' His manifest was full, and no smuggling had been attempted; all he waited for was the signature of the Collector to his clearance, and, with the GREAT PILOT in whom he implicitly trusted, he had no fears of a prosperous voyage, and a cheering welcome into the destined haven. No murmur ever escaped him, no yearning to return to the struggles and joys of life: satisfied with the prospect before him, at peace with all mankind, surrounded by his nearest relatives and friends, he gently dropped *asleep*.' - - - THERE is, to our conception, a great deal of 'the father,' in this brief but touching passage from a letter of the late Rev. Dr. JUDSON, describing his approach, on his last voyage, to the scene of his missionary labors and sufferings: 'The wide expanse of the ocean is again crossed; the Maulmain mountains loom in the distant horizon; the Kyaik-a-mee pagoda indicates the promontory of Amherst; and now, on the green bank beyond, I discern, with a telescope, the small inclosure which contains the sleeping-place of my dear ANN and her daughter MARIA. Like my missionary associates, the members of my own family are scattered far and wide; for the mounds that mark their graves stud the burial-places of Rangoon, Amherst, Maulmain, Serampore, and St. Helena.' - - - It was pleasant to see the *esprit de corps* among the book-sellers at PUTNAM's great Trade-Sale. Liberality, enterprise, and high-minded dealing were recognized and honored as they deserved to be. Mr. PUTNAM, whose course has been thus marked, continues to issue many of his most popular editions, and at the same time has more leisure to devote to the interests of his excellent and popular Magazine. - - - OUR '*Little People's Side-Table*' is crowded with dishes; but we must 'pretermit the juveniles' for the present. - - - Our friend 'W. E. R.,' of San Francisco, shall hear from us, and our readers from him, in the next KNICKERBOCKER, if we are alive and well. The same of 'E. S. A.,' of Washington Territory. - - - WE have much matter remaining over.

Brief Notices of New Publications.

'THE RECALLED: IN VOICES OF THE PAST,' with 'Poems of the Ideal,' is the title of a handsome volume from the press of JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston. It is from the pen of Mrs. JANE ERMINA LOCKE, and although of very unequal merit, it contains single poems of rare excellence. We are sorry to notice the treatment of unoriginal themes in two or three instances. 'The Theban Maiden' was suggested by HORACE SMITH's 'Address to a Mummy,' and 'The Scattered Household' by Mrs. HEYMAN's 'Graves of a Household.' Who could hope to improve upon either of those performances? 'The Aged Inebriate' is better than a temperance-sermon: it is full of solemn and effective warning. The following, also, entitled 'Epile,' is vigorous and solemn verse:

'One day of all the year I keep
From the gay world apart;
While mournful 'Ave's' ceaseless sweep
The chambers of my heart.

'It is not in the winter-time,
When snow hath paled the earth,
And flowers have drooped beneath the rime
That gathers to the hearth:

'It is not when the autumn drifts
The withered leaves along;
And wind on forest-harps uplifts
Its deep-toned funeral song:

'Nor is it when the burdened year,
Beneath a pall-like sky,
With anthems swelling on the ear,
Slow goeth forth to die:

But 't is amid the summer's balm,
While dew-drops crown the flowers;
And laughing morn, and sun-set calm,
To joy lead up the hours.

'Then from the festive world I keep
One day alone — apart;
And shut, as to a whisper deep,
The windows of my heart.

'While out from its hushed vesper aisles
A mournful requiem breaks;
And, as from holy rituals, whiles,
A solemn service wakes.

'Just so as on a long-gone day,
Where one in boyhood slept,
While changeless pallor o'er him lay,
And a dread chillness crept;

'A dirge swept o'er me drearily;
My heart a service said:
And deeper than the world could see,
Made mourning for its dead.

'I saw, as then, the coffin set;
The pall above it thrown;
And, just as then, my cheeks are wet
With sorrow and with moan.

'For 't is the day — the very day —
The month amid the year,
When from my heart they bore away
A flower-strewn, burdened bier!

'And, as the dark hours wandered there,
The night-airs came in gloom,
Through open casements, to a bare,<
A changed and silent room!

The volume is embellished with a portrait, the features of which seem to indicate past mental suffering. Mistaking the initials, many of the effusions in the volume have been widely circulated under the signature of 'L. E. L.,' Miss LANDOX, afterward Mrs McLEAN, who died at Cape Coast Castle.

THE BRITISH POETS, FROM CHAUCER TO WORDSWORTH. — A truly magnificent literary enterprise has been started and rapidly carried forward by Messrs. LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY, of Boston, whose agents in New-York are Messrs. EVANS AND DICKERSON, Broadway, near Fourth-street. It is nothing less than the publication, in well-printed, convenient, and handsome volumes, of the '*British Poets*,' from CHAUCER to WORDSWORTH, with biographies, notices, and glossaries. An engraved authentic portrait of each writer accompanies his works. The whole series is to be completed in about one hundred volumes, under the general editorship of Professor F. J. CHILD, of Harvard College. We fully endorse the commendations by a contemporary of this superb edition:

'An edition of the British poets in volumes of a judicious size, neither too large nor too small for comfort, well-edited, well-printed on good paper, in clear, large type, and embracing every poet of note from CHAUCER to WORDSWORTH, is a service to literature that cannot be well estimated in words. But the volumes, like those before us, must be made for our fingers. We must take them to the fields, or enjoy them by the fire-side, or, in case of sickness, thrust them under our pillows, and not be inconvenienced by the angles. The present promises to excel every previous edition — JOHNSON'S, ANDERSON'S, CHALMERS', the Chiswick edition, all editions, in short, that were ever projected — in the wide range of its plan, in the judicious selection of its authors, in the catholic

spirit which will inform the editors, in the convenient size of the volumes, in the beauty of their typography, and in the elegance of their general appearance. Taking the Aldine edition of the London publisher, PICKERING, as their model, or rather as their starting-point, for they are determined to improve upon it, the publishers of this edition have projected a series of the classic poets of Great Britain, which is really astonishing, even in this age of enterprise. A noticeable feature of their plan is the rapidity with which they issue the volumes. Less than a year has elapsed since the commencement, and thirty-one volumes are already published. These contain the works of BUTLER, CHURCHILL, COLLINS, COWPER, DRYDEN, GOLDSMITH, GRAY, MILTON, POPE, PRIOR, THOMSON, SWIFT, and YOUNG. We are assured that all that is of interest and paramount value in English poetry, from CHAUCER to WORDSWORTH, will be included. The prospectus tells us that 'several volumes of fugitive and anonymous poetry will be added, beside what may be taken from the publications of RITSON, PERCY, ELLIS, BRYDGES, PARK, etc., of the Percy Society, and other printing clubs. Particular care will be bestowed on CHAUCER, on the English and Scotch ballad-poetry. Pains will be taken to secure a correct text; and each work will be accompanied with biographical, historical, and critical notices, and with glossaries, where such assistance is needed. An edition conducted on these principles will, it is thought, deserve to be called, in all essential respects, a Complete Collection of the English Poets.'

'ANNALS OF TENNESSEE.' — MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO AND COMPANY, Philadelphia, have published, in a large volume, *'The Annals of Tennessee, to the end of the Eighteenth Century.'* The work comprises a history of its settlement as the 'Watauga Association,' from 1769 to 1777; a 'Part of North Carolina,' from 1777 to 1784; the 'State of Franklin,' from 1784 to 1788; a 'Part of North Carolina,' from 1788 to 1790; the 'Territory of the United States South of the Ohio,' from 1790 to 1796; the 'State of Tennessee,' from 1796 to 1800. The author is J. G. M. RAMSEY, A.M., M.D. His labors bear the marks of careful research, and he has arranged his abundant and interesting materials with the skill of an apparently practised hand. One scarcely knows, till he has read the details which are contained in such works as this, and FORD's 'History of Illinois,' how much of romance and stirring adventure there is in the history of our later sister-states.

SURENNE'S FRENCH AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY. — The Messrs. APPLETON have done a good service to the public, in presenting, on fair, clear type and good paper, a new and enlarged edition of this excellent and complete work. It is in two parts: the first in French and English, and the second in English and French. The first part comprehends words in common use, terms connected with science and the fine arts, historical, geographical, and biographical names, with the pronunciation according to the French Academy, and the most eminent lexicographers and grammarians: the second part contains all English words authorized by eminent writers, with the pronunciation according to the best authorities; the whole preceded by a practical and comprehensive system of French pronunciation.

ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY. — MESSRS. GOULD AND LINCOLN, Boston, have issued in a closely-printed volume, an *Annual of Discovery, or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1854.* It exhibits the most important discoveries and improvements in mechanics, useful arts, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, meteorology, zoology, botany, mineralogy, geology, geography, antiquities, etc., together with a list of recent scientific publications; a classified list of patents; obituaries of eminent scientific men; notes on the progress of science during the year 1853, etc. The work is edited by DAVID A. WELLS, A.M., and he has discharged the laborious task he had in hand with great credit to himself.

'RUSSIA AS IT IS.' — The momentous events occurring at this moment on the great battle-ground of Europe will conspire to make this book a desideratum for thousands of readers. Indeed, we learn that a thousand copies of the work were sold by the Messrs. APPLETONS in one day. The author, Count A. DE GUROWSKI, writes from a 'full mind;' he describes 'that which he saw, and part of which he was;' and he is thus enabled to impart to his sketches that undoubted air of truth, which is so essential to a work in its kind. It is replete with information which makes the reader, as he goes on, well acquainted with the past, present, and future of the gigantic empire of Russia.

GUIZOT'S HISTORY OF OLIVER CROMWELL. — We have in two well-executed volumes, from the press of Messrs. BLANCHARD AND LEA, Philadelphia, *'Guizot's History of Oliver Cromwell and the English Commonwealth, from the Execution of Charles the First to*

the Death of Cromwell. The translation is by ANDREW B. SCOBLE, and is evidently faithful, in a rare degree, to the original. We have never known the eventful story of the 'Lord Protector' and his great contemporaries to be better given than in these volumes.

'SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.' — We like even the *title* of this book, recently from the press of GOULD AND LINCOLN, Boston, and are fully prepared to enjoy the work, when we shall find leisure for its perusal. Its themes are very fruitful; and from what we know of the writings of the author, (HUGH MILLER, author of 'The Old Red Sand-Stone,' 'Foot-Prints of the CREATOR,' etc.,) we infer their effective treatment. *Who* does not go back to his 'schools and schoolmasters?'

'SKETCHES OF THE CAMPAIGN IN NORTHERN MEXICO.' — We have seen no more spirited account of the Mexican campaign, in 1846-7, than is contained in this work, from the pen of an officer of the first regiment of Ohio Volunteers. The incidents are many, and described in a style of equal force and simplicity. Spirited reports of battles form very attractive reading with a large portion of the community; wherefore we predict for this volume a wide circulation.

ADDISON'S COMPLETE WORKS. — Mr. PUTNAM continues the publication of this excellent edition, with his accustomed care and good taste in externals. Each volume is embellished with a very fine engraving, and the printing and paper are unexceptionable. The first volume is devoted to the 'Poems and Dramas,' the second and third to 'Miscellaneous Prose,' and the fourth to 'The Spectator.'

'POEMS, BY JAMES T. FIELDS.' — Such is the modest and only title of a little volume, a perfect *bijou* in its externals of print, paper, and binding, which Messrs. METCALF AND COMPANY, of Cambridge, have lately put forth. Refined sentiment; true feeling, simply expressed; ease and grace of versification; and moreover an air of *heartiness* in every thing, are the prominent characteristics of this charming little *brochure*.

R E M A R K S .

THE PUBLICATION OFFICE of this MAGAZINE will hereafter be at Number THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT, BROADWAY, over the new and splendid Bookstore of the Messrs. APPLETON. Letters for the Editor, L. GAYLORD CLARK, and for SAMUEL HUESTON, Publisher, should be addressed as above.

Several of our book-sellers and publishers remove, this spring, from their long-established quarters. STANFORD AND SWORDS, one of the oldest book-houses in the country, have removed to Six Hundred and Thirty-Seven, Broadway. FOWLERS AND WELLS remove their PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET and PUBLICATION OFFICE from Old Clinton Hall in Nassau-street, to Three Hundred and Eight, Broadway. The business of this popular house has increased so rapidly within the last three years, that they find their present quarters entirely too straight for them. They publish the 'Phrenological' and 'Water-Cure' Journals, at one dollar a year each — circulation, EIGHTY THOUSAND copies; and the 'Hydropathic Quarterly,' at two dollars a year. They have also all works on Phrenology, Physiology, Hydropathy, and the Natural Sciences generally.

LAMPORT, BLAKEMAN AND LAW change their firm to SHELDON, LAMPORT AND COMPANY, and remove from Park Place to Number One Hundred and Nineteen, Nassau-street, in the new and splendid marble-front stores lately erected between Ann and Beekman-streets.

Mr. E. H. FLETCHER, known mostly as a publisher and Book-seller for the Baptist denomination, will remove to Number One Hundred and Seventeen, Nassau-street.

Mr. T. J. CROWEN has removed to the corner of Broadway and Fourth-street.

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LIFE ON THE YUBA.

OR, PASSAGES FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF A TRUANT HUSBAND.

‘TO-DAY I escaped from the scene of my daily life, and, in company with a friend whose eye can see the beautiful, and whose soul can feel the grand, I sought the solemn solitude of mountains. For two hours, we rode through the dark, silent forest. About us and above us towered mighty pines, whose roots had been grappling, for ages, stronger and more firmly among the seams and fissures of the gray granite hills, and in whose branches many generations of century-living eagles had built their nests, and taught their young to soar far into the deep-blue heaven. No trace of man’s worldliness had yet defaced that solemn forest. The blows of impious axe-men had never echoed from those mountain-sides. There we rode in the old, yet fresh and glorious world which God made; and whose creation made the stars rejoice, with the deep gladness with which a happy and loving family welcomes a new birth into the household; a new segment in the circle of love.

‘We were sobered. Gradually we ceased to talk of the incidents of our common life; and as the ‘still, small voice’ which swept evermore through the green miracles above, awed us, we grew silent and wistful, as if we had passed into the future, and were in the presence of the UNSEEN!

‘After an hour of perfect silence, we found ourselves upon the summit of a high mountain, from which Nature revealed all her loveliness and grandeur to those who sought her truly. We tied our mules to the drooping branches of great firs, and gazed upon the grand picture around us. As I have said, we stood upon a mountain-top. Grasses, and ferns, and crumbled, mossy, storm-worn rocks, and delicate, strange plants, were all about us. And old pines and firs stood unbent, though bearing the weight of long centuries; and their brown trunks were covered with yellow moss, that seemed thus to wed its feeble growth to the all-enduring life of these mighty trees. And some trees there were, which showed that the brow of that old mountain smiled not always as it smiled on us. Thunder-bolts had erewhile broken the deep silence

which then reigned ; and lightning-flashes had scorched and riven the tall cones of some of the oldest and mightiest of those trees. And there they stood — those thunder-stricken trees — stretching their leafless, barkless boughs far upward into the heaven which looked so lovingly upon all the rest, but had been so pitiless to them ! And other trees there were, whose lofty tops had vainly tried to meet the wind-shocks that had sometimes come upon them from the wide valley beneath, and the ocean beyond. And there they stood, still strong and green, but broken and humbled among their fellows ; as if trees, too, might grow proud, and needed, as some men do, to have ever before them the examples of misfortune. This was the mountain-summit ; and it was grand ; well worthy the study of a day. But below, and around, stretched miles of greater wonders.

Toward the south and south-east, the view was boundless. As far as the eye could reach, stretched the lovely valley of the Sacramento, until it seemed continuous with the heaven that stooped down between the two mountain-ranges, to let its angels revel in the green beauty of that valley, and walk amid the groves that dotted it everywhere. Near by, say within twenty miles, were many fields, whose stubble showed at that distance like gold, dazzling and glistening in the sun-shine. Toward the west, at a distance of forty miles, perhaps, was the beautiful range of coast-mountains, lofty, but undulating with graceful curves, and so decked with green pines that no thought of mountain-ruggedness occurred while looking at them. They seemed as peaceful and lovely as the valley at their base ; and imagination readily filled their untroubled solitudes with all imaginable beauties, and those unimagined and yet yearned-for delights, which one *will* believe the earth can afford, if only one knew where and how to seek them. The western sun shone upon some of their sides, and gave a golden tinge to the deep-green tree-tops ; while shadows fell on others, darkening and making solemn their color without giving them the smallest look of sadness. The eye would follow this great mountain-range, rising and falling with the massive 'waves of beauty,' until the deep-green grew blue at last, and melted into the all-covering heaven.

Eastward, was a scene beyond all this : too grand for description, too wonderful for painting. The high peak from which we gazed went rapidly down, faster and farther than we could follow it with our eyes. In the gorge at its base grew great trees ; much greater, probably, than those about us ; and their lofty tops filled the narrow space, and kept us from seeing the river that must have roared and fretted over a chaos of rock below ; for, at the height we were, its voice came to us softened and mellowed by the distance, until it mingled in harmony with the breeze which made holy music in the pines above us. Beyond this chasm, the mountains rose high and higher ; but with gentle slopes, so that the reddish-yellow clay, at this season bare of grass, contrasted not unpleasantly with the green trees. Higher and higher rose the mountains, until we saw, beyond the sources of the rivers, the great majestic masses of the Sierra Nevada. Here rose giant cones, far above the mighty hills about them, but still green with their fitting crowns of pines. Between them, far in the faint distance, rose others yet higher,

whose proud summits bore no tree, but were decked with white, shining snow; purest of earthly things, and fittest to rest against the blue heaven. Below — that is, south of these conical mountains — stood a bare, grand, rocky, broken mountain, which seemed to have received upon its splintered crest all the shocks which a defied heaven had hurled upon it for six thousand years. And yet it stood — battered and broken into a thousand crags — as bold and defiant as ever, trusting in its granite strength to out-last the wrath of storms, and weary the omnipotence of HEAVEN.

‘Many things I have omitted in this outline. I have not told you of two eagles, which soared far above these mountains, and stooped not for hours toward their loftiest summits, as if even that glorious world were unworthy of them, And I have not told you how we sat upon gray rocks, and lay upon the fern-leaves, and thought upon the past, and remembered those we love; and threw off, there in that holy place, much of the stuff that gathers on men’s souls in life’s tiresome travel; as barnacles gather upon the keels of vessels, in their weary voyages through briny seas. And how we turned from each other there, and walked apart among the grand trees, to feel such emotions as men are unwilling to own, except to the great God.’

‘This, and more than this, you will have to imagine. It cannot be told. My pen fails me when I try to write it, even to you; to whom I would open my deepest and most secret thoughts. Beyond all that I have tried to sketch, there was much well fitted to touch and soften our hearts, had they been harder and colder than they are. Over all the wide world we saw between it and the clear, blue heavens, enwreathing and yet not obscuring every hill, and valley, and tree, was an almost imperceptible haze. It was delicate as the subtlest dream — more beautiful than the sunshine — softer than the sky. It added a thought to the depth of the mountain shadow; it veiled the glare without lessening the glory of the sun. It waved and trembled in the breeze. You *knew* it, yet saw it not. It was as the constant flight of angels. It was an atmosphere of crowded love. Could it have been the kind thoughts of unforgetting friends which had gathered to us there upon that mountain-top? Could it have been loving words of prayer, breathed afar off for us by loved ones who remember us before the God we are prone to forget, that gathered about us there, in that spot so near heaven; and wooed us to good thoughts, and made us long to be pure as the sky over us, the air around us, and the spotless snow we looked upon? I know not that it was any of these; but I know there was something about that-mountain top which seemed as if it might be either. And I know that it found its way to our hearts, and mingled with our memories of home, and blended with our love for the dear absent ones, and made pure and sweet our thoughts of the blessed dead.

‘O E——! I cannot tell you how that dream-like element touched me. But if ever, among the cruelties of life, you should be taken from me to the better world, I should wish again to sit upon that mountain-top, and believe it to be your love lingering upon the world with me. And then, while that should surround me, sweetening all memories,

sanctifying all hopes, it seems to me that I might at last become worthy of you, and leave that place only to join you again.'

'Would you like me to write you a little about the Indians? This morning, in company with J. P., and Mr. K., I visited one of their encampments, distant from this place about one mile. We found some fifteen or twenty wigwams, but only a few Indians; the most of them being on a fishing excursion to the Yuba river. The notion commonly entertained of Indians by young ladies is a good deal more romantic, or at least more beautiful than true. But it is still interesting to go among them. The wigwams are made by sticking poles into the ground so as to make a cone some ten or twelve feet in diameter at the bottom, and, say about six feet high in the centre. All the furniture I could find in any of them was a basket or two or three, of different sizes and shapes, and a machine to which they lash their papooses and stand them by the side of the tent, just as you would stand a stool up by the chimney-wall: or, if they are going anywhere, sling them over their backs.

These baskets are about as nice pieces of workmanship as you can think: braided of wood of different colors, into pretty patterns, with an ingenuity one could never expect from them. They are made perfectly tight, so as to hold water as well as any bucket. Some of the baskets, at least one for each Mohélé. (woman, pronounced mohalah,) are in form like a very large funnel, capable of holding nearly a bushel. In these baskets they carry their provisions from one place to another on their backs, in the same way as they carry their babies.

'Some of the Mohélés were preparing acorns to mix with their fish, to make soup. I will try and describe one; and 'from one learn all.' She was a young and rather pretty woman, despite her dirt and want of clothing. Certainly what 'beauty' she possessed was quite as 'unadorned' as any one could have wished. Her dress consisted of a dirty, knit woolen under-shirt, such as I used to wear, and a cotton cloth, likewise dirty, worn in the same way mothers in the States are accustomed to tie up their babies for security against little disagreeable accidents. Add to this some beads and a jewsharp strung around her neck, and you have the costume of the Indian maiden. She was seated on a large granite rock, her legs (beg pardon—her limbs) stretched as far asunder as convenience permitted, and between them, in a little hollow in the rock, was a pile of dried acorns which she was pounding with a stone, and sifting every now and then in a peculiar manner, which would take too much time to describe. After watching this damsel awhile, and seeing her occasionally sweep, with a small brush she had, the dust of the powdered acorns off her bare legs into the rest of the pile, and also blow her nose every now and then with her hands, and other innocent, unsophisticated ways of hers, I concluded, in case I received an invitation to eat, to plead a poor appetite. The girl pounded away for a long time without deigning to notice us or seeming to know that we were about. All at once her tongue became loose enough, and in a mixture of Mexican and Indian words she contrived to tell us she was very busy, had to get her acorns all pounded by the time the sun got round to a certain tree, so the Americans *couldn't*

court her that day! From this little speech I inferred that the little Mohélé's opinion of her charms was as good as the reality warranted; and that probably she was quite a belle in the society to which she was accustomed.

'You should see an Indian woman cooking soup! They make a broad, shallow hole in the ground, which they pound until it is hard; then fill it with water, into which they put their meat. They then heat rocks in a fire and boil their soup by putting the rocks into it. When boiled enough, they thicken it with their pounded acorns; of which they collect sometimes one or two hundred bushels.

'Some of the Indian women were mourning for their husbands recently dead. They expressed their grief by having their heads, (the hair closely cut,) necks and part of the face covered thickly with *tar*! But enough of Indians for now.'

K I N D R E D S P I R I T S .

BY A. FLOYD FRAZER.

GENTLY as the weeping-willow
Sighs responsive to the breeze,
Or the morning-zephyrs whisper
To the half-unfolded leaves —
Bend the chords of kindred spirits,
Wakeful to each other's strains;
Each, the other's impulse sharing,
Knows its joys, and feels its pains.

Sweetly as the wind-harp trembles,
Swept by fairy hands unseen,
Where the genii haunt the bowers,
In the summer wood-lands green —
Speaks the silvery voice confiding,
Breathing through its tranquil tone
Thoughts, whose depth of latent being
Stirs the fountains of our own.

Fondly as the waking flower,
From drowsy air of night,
Smiles to greet the pleasant morning,
With its cheerfulness and light —
Turns the lonely heart from sadness,
Yielding to the mystic tie,
Which transmits the sweet assurance
That a sister soul is nigh.

Pure the source, O KINDRED FEELING,
Whence thy sweet impulses flow;
Lending hope, and joy, and gladness,
Man, without thee, ne'er might know:
Thou dost preach of love immortal —
Love beyond the sphere of Time;
Thou hadst, sure, thy birth in heaven!
Earth is not thy native clime.

F A N N Y R O S S ' B E A U X .

BY LYSANDER FREDER.

No person in this world can have a greater dislike or more hearty contempt than I have for that class of persons denominated scandal-mongers ; a set of sneaks who take delight in circulating the mishaps or peccadilloes of their neighbors, generally with embellishments of their own, and who will inform you in a low tone, and with injunctions of great secrecy, of the unhappy difficulties between my wife and me, and the next moment will enlighten me on the subject of your propensity for drink, or on the causes of your recent unfortunate failure. Such despicable Echos are beneath the notice of any honest man, though I am afraid that too many of us often lend a listening ear to these retailers of mischief and seldom condemn them unheard.

I make the above remarks to give the reader an idea of the estimation in which I hold such individuals, and to assure him that in relating the following occurrences I am actuated by no mean or spiteful motive, but simply by the intention to point a moral, and in the hope that it may prove a wholesome lesson to whom it may concern.

Harvey Ross was a merchant-prince in every sense of the term, whole-souled and generous, a man of large heart and open pocket. He had arisen from nothing, and had attained by his prudence, industry, and perseverance, the eminent position of senior in the great house of Ross, Anderson & Co. ; and much to his credit, be it said, he had successively taken in partnership, three of his clerks, young men of merit, and made rich men of them ; a noble trait this in Mr. Ross' character, and one worthy of imitation ; a sentiment I take upon me to say reciprocated and applauded by more than one book-keeper grown gray over his employer's ledger.

In addition to these fine qualities, Mr. Ross was immensely wealthy ; there is no telling exactly how much ; but as Jack Sharp said, ' I have no doubt that I could have made a snug fortune by buying him out for half a million, provided, of course, the purchase-money were advanced me ; ' in fine, Harvey Ross, reader, was such a man as you or I would have liked for a bosom friend, and whom we would have loved and respected as befitted his worth and virtue. But better than all this — better to me, I mean, Mr. Ross had a daughter, an only daughter, whom he idolized and doted on. She was about sixteen when I first became acquainted with her, and ———. It would be useless for me to attempt to describe her minutely, as my pen is inadequate to the task ; suffice it to say, that Fanny Ross was a fresh, lively little beauty, who had rosy cheeks, not proceeding from red flannel* or vile cosmetic, as their changing blushes testified ; and from her plump, white throat and

* For the benefit of the uninitiated, it would be as well to mention that the damsels blend the hue of the rose to their lily cheeks by rubbing them with red flannel, which produces a very natural tint.

firm, round ankle, tapering into a Cinderella foot, it was evident that Fanny was not indebted to her dressmaker for her graceful charms of person. I have a daguerreotype likeness of Fanny's face now. 'A daguerreotype! how common-place!' I hear you say.

'Very true, madam, and so unromantic!' I tried once to compose a few stanzas on the portrait, intending to introduce the idea of '*Phæbus' glowing pencil*' and all that sort of thing, but it would not do; the confounded name spoilt all; however, there it is, and how can I trace thy Hebe bloom and satin skin in this dark, cold, steel imprint? Sweet Fanny Ross! Down with Daguerre! say I; give me the glowing, life-like tints of the dear darling miniature, painted on the thin section of an elephant's tooth.

But to resume: with all his wealth, Mr. Ross' ambition did not extend to that ostentatious display and show which so generally characterises the *parvenu*, but he lived in a plain, sensible way, and enjoyed that solid comfort which is not measured by Avenue houses and gaudy furniture, although this might be owing in part to his wife's inclinations, a quiet, good old lady, somewhat illiterate, (she had been a seamstress, or something of that sort when she married Ross,) who did not take that pride in her parlors which is one of the recognized traits in the character of the American female, but confining herself principally to the basement, and to her own room, deputed to her daughter the task of entertaining the guests, and dispensing the hospitalities of the mansion. I may as well mention here, the only other member of Mr. Ross' family, his sister, Miss Euphemia Ross, an elderly maiden lady, no favorite of mine, but entitled to a little notice on the score of relationship to Fanny; you were always sure to see Euphemia when you visited the house, and she was an intolerable bore, popping in the rooms at inopportune times, and driving you distracted with her endless chatter.

You may rest assured, that with all these attractions, Fanny was not without suitors; and although probably a large portion of them were as sensible to the advantage of having a father-in-law of Mr. Ross' excellence of heart, and magnitude of income, as they were to the fascinations of his handsome daughter, no such calculating passion possessed my heart; and I can honestly say that I loved sweet Fanny for her own dear self. I am of course above such silly notions as love in a cottage, dining off a crust of bread, etc., and would not refuse the portion with the belle; still I am not insatiable in my desires; the girl of my heart, a snug country-box, neat town-house in winter, a pair of bays, and I am satisfied; for after all, is not contentment the great secret of happiness?

As I was saying, there was no lack of visitors at the family mansion in Fifteenth-street, and hardly an evening passed without bringing a detachment of finely-dressed courtiers to pay their homage to our enchanting little queen; and what a group for Hogarth's pencil would one of these *reünions* of wooing gallants present; their starched politeness and superb indifference to each other, their smirks and smiles to Fanny, and airs of dashy recklessness or of immense grandeur, were beautiful to behold, and so charming a spectacle would have delighted

me beyond measure had I been in a frame of mind to enjoy it. And thou, Sir Michael Angelo Titmarsh, most potent knight of the satirical stylus, how thou wouldst have pinched, slashed, and scarified, with a few dashes of thy trenchant pen, this nest of full blown-snobs : there was Sinythe, in light, silky moustache, and who entertained strange ideas about French ; and having acquired the Parisian dialect during his three months' stay in the capital, was continually paying compliments in that idiom to Fan ; she, of course, (having graduated from one of our most fashionable seminaries,) being perfectly conversant with the language. I do not pretend to be the best judge in the world of this matter, but I must say I prefer the short, clipping way in which French people speak, to the drawling tone that pervaded their conversation.

Then, there was also Barker, tall, and with the splendid tenor voice, who always wore pants of startling plaid, encasing legs of a rather Shanghai-like symmetry, and was great in the aria from the tomb-scene in ' Loocher,' as it was called. Fan would trill the keys of her piano most brilliantly, and Barker would roar to his great satisfaction and our annoyance. Another one of these worthies was Fred Fanshaw, a small, contemptible fellow, with trim, black whiskers, tiny boots, seal-ring and charms ; this was the dandy beau, and Fanny would appeal to him as a man of taste. Save the mark ! I would lay the Koh-i-noor to an aqua-marine that his quantum of brains would not suffice for a sagacious peacock. I am afraid I hated him. I remember once picking in the conservatory a delicate moss rose-bud, which I placed in Fanny's chestnut curls, and which she wore all the evening to my great delight ; but, before leaving I noticed my gift dangling at the button-hole of the little simpleton ; I would not have been half so annoyed had a sensible man received it, but I sought consolation in the thought that it has always been, from time immemorial, the privilege of pretty girls to flirt and tease, and that there is no accounting for woman's taste ; *vide* the husbands of handsome women, mostly insignificant men, as we all know. As a case in point : my friend Dallison was rejected not long since by a young lady said to possess wit, sense, and beauty, who took to her arms a black-eyed booby, and jilted Dallison because dizziness prevented him from waltzing, and his nose was fashioned more on the Ovidian model than modern taste dictates ; and yet my friend is a man of excellent qualities, and his late translation of the ' Clouds' of Aristophanes, with critical annotations, is the admiration of the lettered world. The thought has occurred to me more than once, that my wearing glasses was rather an impediment in the way to a successful termination of my suit in the present instance, though I have no positive evidence of the fact.

Like most persons of refined feelings and susceptibility of character, I am passionately fond of music ; and tradition has it in our family, that while a child in arms, I have displayed, by my infantile gyrations, extreme pleasure, and greeted with ready penny, those troubadours of our age, yeapt street-organists ; even the monkey who generally officiates as collector on such occasions, being but a secondary attraction to the dulcet strains issuing from those melodious boxes : this taste has grown with my growth, and now, though I do not pretend to artistic

excellence, I flatter myself that I am a tolerably good musician, and with a better appreciation of the divine art than falls to the lot of most men ; not like those hypocritical and fastidious people who feign agonizing tortures if a singer skips a quaver, or the piano needs tuning. No, by the pipes of Pan, my tympanum is made of sterner stuff, and, grateful for small favors, does not shrink from a little discordance ; I must even cordially admit that I derive great gratification and renewed elasticity of step whenever passing the delectable balcony opposite St. Paul's, and go on my way rejoicing, humming the Prima-Donna, and blessing Barnum and the gentlemen of the orchestra for the delightful filip to my sensorium. In fact, to speak figuratively, I am a species of harmonic bee, culling melodious sweets from reed, string, and sounding brass.

Fanny had a very superior musical education, and played and sang extremely well ; she was indebted for this to her preceptor, Fraschetti, a teacher much in vogue then ; an Italian, said to belong to a noble Florentine family ; he was a political refugee ; not one of your hot-headed impetuous democrats, but a mild, quiet republican, of rather an aristocratic bias, as a man would naturally be, who, though allied by blood and taste to the patrician order would be led by the impulses of his heart to sympathise and act with the plebeians, he had an aversion to the 'reds' and socialists, but spoke of Kossuth and Mazzini in approving terms. Altogether, he was a gentlemanly revolutionist, and as it was understood that he had lost a fortune in the cause of freedom, and being a man familiar with several languages, and possessed of a large stock of anecdotes, gossip, and scandal, of all the courts and *salons* of Europe, beside having been personally intimate with many titled personages, he was considered quite an interesting individual by the fair sex, and was greatly courted and admired by many ladies moving in the first circles. This exiled lion was about forty-five years of age, middle-sized, stout, thickly bearded, and moustached in black, glossy locks to match, and with a small, round, bald spot on the crown of his head ; he displayed white teeth as he grinned and lisped his Tuscan-English ; dressed always in black, and carried a bamboo-stick like a doctor. I did not like the man the first time I saw him ; but he was so confoundedly polite and affable, that it was impossible to be unsociable to him.

Time passed on, and not one of the many beaux ardently sighing for Fanny's little heart, could boast of gaining any advantages over his fellow-aspirants ; and Fan's blue eyes greeted us all with the same happy, cordial look, and she remained to all appearances fancy-free. I, who was in that state of deep despair and blissful ecstasies—that *mélange* of the emotions exquisitely painful and bitterly sweet, called love, which you undoubtedly know all about, reader, better than I can tell you, and if you do not, you certainly will at some period or other, — I who was in that condition just mentioned, determined to bring matters to a crisis. I had had an interview with Mr. Ross on the subject, but had received but little encouragement ; he said he did not wish her to marry at present ; that he considered her yet too young to leave him, etc., etc. ; however, nothing daunted, I meant to come to

an understanding with my charmer, state the case in a plain, unadorned way, and if I could get but the shadow of encouragement, to besiege her father with my supplications, and proffer my willingness to wait six months, or even a year if necessary, for so rich a boon as his daughter's hand. I called on Fanny one afternoon, and being alone with her, I pleaded my suit with all the ardor, tempered by quiet and gentle affection, that should always pervade a gentleman's courtship. I was a little surprised at the way in which my address was received, as she burst into a ridiculous peal of laughter, and said that she never imagined for a moment I entertained any such ideas — (the little hypocrite) — she 'esteemed me greatly as a friend, and as such would be always glad to see me,' and much more to the same purpose; I retired in no way discomfited, and with the determination that it would be no fault of mine if the 'profound friendship' did not, by devoted and affectionate attentions, ripen into something more akin to my own feelings.

I was reckoning, though, without my hostess, as you will presently see. The next visit I made to Mr. Ross' house, and to the usual inquiry 'Is Miss Fanny at home?' the servant announced, 'She is gone.'

'Gone out?' said I.

At this moment, Euphemia appeared in the hall and cried, 'Oh! come in, Mr. Feeder, come in! I wish to speak with you.'

From some cause or other, the thought struck me that some accident had befallen Fanny; and affrightened, I walked in, and seating myself by Euphemia's side, I tremulously awaited what she had to impart.

'Oh! Mr. Feeder, we have had such a time! Fanny has gone off!'

'Gone off where?' said I.

'She ran away last evening; ran away, and has been getting married!'

'Fanny married! it is not possible; to whom?'

'To —— Would you believe it, Mr. Feeder, that she has run away and married her music-teacher, Frascetti? and we have had such a time; when Mr. Ross knew it, you may imagine there was a scene. I never saw any one so affected in my life. I really thought it would have killed him; he did not storm much, but we had to send for the physician, and he was bled; he appears to be much better now, though he declares he never will see her face again.'

And so it was; Fanny, our sweet little Fanny, had run off and married Frascetti and his forty-five years, and I was jilted, rejected, scorned, despised for a ——

I, who ——

But how foolish I am! But the thought that while I was dancing attendance, and dangling in the train of this imperious, capricious little duchess, this fellow was enjoying unlimited opportunity, in his capacity of teacher, to accomplish his designs, and with his infernal grin, 'expressive' eyes, his scraps of Tasso, and his Petrarch and Laura, had so worked on the plastic mind of this child of sixteen, that she thought — as every girl thinks of her first love — that he was a compound of every thing great, good, and noble; and so, one fine morning, Miss and her

beau crossed to Brooklyn, and were married, and the happiness of the bride was only equalled by the good fortune of the groom. Fanny returned to her home for a few days ; but fearing to divulge her marriage to her father and mother, while there, she left the house and went to live with her husband ; a note left on her table explained her absence, and begged her father's forgiveness, who would, she was certain, be reconciled to the match when he became sufficiently acquainted with him.

As you will readily believe, the blow was a heavy one to the father ; she was his only child, whom he had loved beyond any thing, and he could not realize that she had committed so disobedient an act ; but it was not long before he relented and wished to see her ; he was an old man and still considered her but a little child, and I verily believe that he would have forgiven her, if she had married Haynau ; as for the old lady, she cried more at seeing her husband's distress than at any distinct idea of a misfortune having befallen Fanny.

When the old man saw his ungrateful child, he begged and entreated her to leave the rascal, the child-robber, as he called him, and return home ; that all would be forgiven, and Frascchetti pensioned off with a liberal allowance, on condition of his never attempting to see her again ; and I have no doubt, that the wily rascal would have joyfully acceded to this proposition, but Fanny would not listen to it, and with a high head, exclaimed, that death only should part her from her heart's choice ; and she had chosen to exercise her own judgment in a matter so interwoven with her future life and happiness, with many more phrases to the same purpose ; hackneyed arguments of all girls in similar circumstances, and who hold the independent and high-spirited doctrine, that all young ladies should select their own husbands ; that the heart is the best guide, and if father and mother approve of their choice, well and good ; if not, why they cannot help it, as they are the ones who have to live with the man, and not their respected parents.

At last the old man consented to receive this interesting couple in his house, and now we have Frascchetti installed in his father-in-law's comfortable quarters, and all difficulties being settled, every thing went smoothly on ; perhaps a little petulance on the part of the bride and some newly-discovered traits in the character of the bridegroom may have become apparent ; but such trifles being of common occurrence, particularly where disparity of age and habits exists, it is hardly worth while mentioning.

About seven months or so after the nuptials of the gallant Frascchetti and the enchanting Fanny, a gentleman of foreign accent, evidently an Italian, and following, as he stated, the respectable occupation of barber and hair-dresser, called upon Mr. Ross at his office down town, and requested a few moments' private conversation with him on an important subject ; after introducing himself as a friend of Mr. Ross' son-in-law, Mr. Frascchetti, he proved it by informing Mr. Ross of the gratifying fact that he was also the friend of Mrs. Frascchetti, not, he wished to explain, of Mr. Ross' daughter, but of Mrs. Frascchetti the first, a lady still living near Florence, and in the enjoyment of excellent health, though supporting herself and family in a precarious manner by straw-

braiding, and who would be delighted, he was certain, to receive news of the good fortune of her excellent husband.

I leave the reader to imagine what effect this cumulative shock of misery had on the old man, and I wish to cast a veil over the future of this unhappy family. They live in a retired manner at a little distance from the city. What has become of Frascchetti I know not; it turned out that he had been originally a chorus-singer, and being a cunning man, of some ability, he was also employed as a government-spy, and subsequently turned adventurer, gambler, cheat, and what not, and Fanny, while innocently and trustingly placing her rosy palm in his tainted hand, pledged her hopes and affections to as arrant a knave as ever was eliminated from the dregs and lees of European vagabondage.

While standing on the steps of the 'New-York' the other day, talking with my Parisian friend, Percalin, now on here with samples from a large house in the *Rue du Sentier*, who should pass but the fair Miss Amelia Hallworth, accompanied by a slender, handsome young man, elegantly dressed, and of unexceptionable bearing. I had hardly time to raise my hat, when, with a graceful nod, she sailed magnificently on.

'*Qu'elle est belle!* and who is she?' said my friend.

'That charming girl who has just passed, is the daughter of one of our wealthiest merchants, and has a fortune left her by her grandmother, of some one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and that young fellow you saw with her is a Cubano, Don José Menil y Peña, he calls himself, and his name is on the black-list of the fashionable tailors; the boot-makers know him to their cost, and I understand that he left Havana, because the place was made too hot to hold him. Miss Hallworth, the young lady, met him at Saratoga last summer, and seems to be quite taken with his pale face, and large, black eyes.'

'*Bah!* It cannot be possible; do her parents permit this?'

'Her parents do not know any thing about it; and again, my dear Percalin, you must know that an American mother knows her station too well to be impertinent or inquisitive in her daughter's affairs; and as for her father, if the old gentleman should happen to go in the parlor when Miss and her beau are there, Amelia will say, 'Pa, allow me to introduce you to Don José Menil y Peña.'

'Pa will shake hands with him, and say: 'Happy to make your acquaintance, Sir. Hope I see you well?' and then will walk out of the room where he was intruding. This is probably the only interview they will have until the wedding-day—if then.'

'*Mais mon cher, c'est ici le paradis des beaux garçons*; this is the promised land of fortune-hunters,' exclaimed Percalin, stroking his moustache; and since, I have noticed my friend assiduously promenading Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and darting killing glances at the fair occupants of all equipages that pass; and I am told that he is seeking introductions to young ladies of fortune, and as he is a jaunty little fellow, not bad looking, nor lacking audacity, why his chances are not so bad.

In that case, I don't see what is to become of Little Eugenie, his

cousin, with her *trente mille francs de dot*, and to whom (Eugenie and the francs,) he was betrothed six years ago, and was to marry next spring.

And now, my respected Mrs. Standard, permit me, with all due deference to your superior wisdom, to address you a few words; allow me to indulge the hope that when little Bel, whom I saw tripping along in neat drab leggings to Miss Montflathers' school this morning, arrives at that all-important period in girl-hood, her 'coming out,' you will not relax, but continue to extend over her that ever-watchful care which you now exercise so vigilantly; and above all do not permit her to keep or have 'company' that is not your 'company;' in other words, to have no friends or acquaintances unless under your seal of approbation, and thus may Bel be saved from much unhappiness, and you from a *mésalliance* which a caprice of Miss and a facile clergyman, would render no way impossible, but which would cause you more vexation and grief, I am sure, than to lose the two front-teeth, from that row of pearly pegs, that garnish your beautiful mouth.

F R A N C E .

In foreign realms, far o'er the surging sea,
The human heart unshadowed throbs with glee.
The gay Parisian, with rejoicing eyes,
Pursues the phantom PLEASURE, as it flies;
Seeks for each day some new delight to gain,
Some novel pageant with its gorgeous train.
When morning gilds the Pantheon's golden dome,
The joyful bell invites him forth to roam;
The clang of arms, the squadron's gay parade,
Allure the willing truant from his trade:
Intent the cup of present bliss to share,
He leaves the future for itself to care.
Though clad in rags, a torn and tattered wight —
Though gemmed and gloved, resplendent to the sight,
'Tis all the same, the voice of PLEASURE calls,
Nor calls in vain within Parisian walls.
Forth to the dear Elysian Fields he goes
To gaze in transport on its sights and shows.

Life is to him one gilded round of joy;
Woe may not dim, nor bliss his senses cloy;
His charger scours the woods of St. Germain,
His meerschaum smokes in Versailles' grand domain;
Stretched at his ease beside its marble fount,
Whose showery jet refreshes glade and mount,
He cons his print, or wrangles in debate
O'er the vexed question of the king and state.
And when the day with fading glory shines,
And blue eve comes, as twilight's bloom declines,
He seeks his Vaudeville, or the nightly throng
Where ELSSLER whirls, or GRISI weaves the song.

Vain, heedless jester! charmed with childish straws,
 Or prompt to waste his life-blood for his cause;
 One royal edict aimed against his right
 Will rouse our triller, harnessed for the fight;
 Fierce glows his heart as waves his flashing steel,
 Undaunted still though thrones and empires reel;
 He delves the trench, heaps high the barricade,
 Sweeps the red rampart with his dripping blade;
 Storms with his axe the leagured palace-gate,
 And spurns the throne with all its purple state;
 Or pours his heart-blood, with his dying groan,
 To raise a third Napoleon to a throne!

Proud, gallant nation! rash, impetuous race!
 Thy pastime, battle, thy repulse, disgrace;
 The sword thy plaything and the gun thy toy;
 The charge, the onset, thy terrific joy;
 The clanging tramp, the shattering crash of arms,
 These, these, alas! for thee have dearest charms.
 Land of the Gaul! so flushed with generous zeal,
 May no dark storm eclipse thy shining weal;
 May ne'er the beauteous fabric of thy state
 In fire and carnage seal its final fate.
 Think of thy past, with each heart-rending scene,
 Thy Reign of Terror, and thy Guillotine!

When royal LOUIS, hapless ANTOINETTE,
 'Neath the red knife their fate relentless met;
 When France poured out from many a precious vein
 Her lavish blood the soil of France to stain,
 'Twas a dark scene, and at this distant year
 The mind recoils the awful tale to hear.
 When brutal passion and demoniac hate
 Rage with mankind, farewell the doomed state!
 Youth, blooming virtue, manhood, reverend age,
 All sink the victims of the assassin's rage.
 Even valor then all vainly may extend
 His guardian shield the helpless to befriending;
 MERCY as vain may plead in tones sublime
 To melt the adamant heart of crime.

Learn the dear truth that rosy-girdled PEACE
 Alone can bless the blooming realm's increase:
 Sheathe the red sword, enwreath its shining blade
 With fruitful vines that drape the pastoral glade.
 Yield the sharp lance and Conquest's martial sheen
 For shepherd's crook, and reaper's sickle keen.
 On history's page see woe and carnage writ;
 O'er its blurred scroll see haggard phantoms flit;
 Recall the past, when Europe rang with arms,
 Each realm a camp, resounding with alarms;
 When 'Victory's Child' his crimsoned flag unfurled,
 And wasted France to subjugate the world.

Gaze where his dead he heaped along the Rhine;
 The gallant dead that sleep beneath the vine:
 See where the grassy hillocks of his slain
 Like billows heave o'er soft Italia's plain;
 By Arno's bank and Tiber's yellow wave
 The herdsman shows the Frenchman's frequent grave.
 See how they moulder thick as autumn leaves
 Where Spain's mild breeze its sigh of sadness heaves.

'Neath Douro's wave and Gaudalquiver's tide
The white bones glimmer where his legions died ;
And oft the plough-boy spurneth with his heel
By Salamanca's wall their rusted steel ;
Far in the north trace out o'er Russian snows,
His bleeding cohorts belted round with foes ;
Where the swart Tartar rages with his spear,
And savage Cossacks ride in mad career ;
See the red heaps of Borodino's fray,
And mourn for France so childless made that day ;
O'er Moscow view the tempest-sea of fire,
The Kremlin's flame, ambition's funeral pyre.

Last scene of all, view Gaul's imperial flag
Torn from its staff, a soiled, dishonored rag ;
Her armies humbled lowly in the dust,
Her eagles trampled, and her sword in rust,
Napoleon's self in exile o'er the sea,
A crownless king, his spirit only free.
Read the red scroll, and con the lesson well
That glory's trumpet proves a wailing knell.
Weave then the dance, prolong your festive sports
In rural grange, or proud ancestral courts,
Nor strive to stretch the sceptre of your pride
Beyond the Nile, far as the Danube's tide.

'Mid softer scenes, where flows the sparkling Seine,
Through verdurous meadows pastoral and serene,
The Norman boor as joyous still we find,
With radiant brow reflecting forth his mind :
Villa and hamlet, grange and gay chateau,
With gay-hued groups and jocund brows o'erflow.
Calm scenes of beauty ! Widely spreads the wood
A solemn shade, a sylvan solitude ;
High heaves the elm its dense imperial screen,
The regal oak waves out its vestments green,
The dark pine lifts its sombre banner high,
And giant chestnuts challenge with the sky.
Soft spreads beneath the green and grassy floor,
With color'd blooms all gaily sprinkled o'er,
With odorous wild-flowers dazzling as the light
Of spangling stars that gem the brow of night.
Hard by, a brook pours out its crystal stream
O'er its stone font, where milk-white pebbles gleam
O'er moss-grown rock and antique root it flows,
With liquid accents singing as it goes :
The willow leans enchanted o'er its brink,
And the lithe alder bendeth low to drink ;
Thick-woven ivies, woodbines steeped in dew,
Since the creation there their blooms renew,
Twine their light garlands and festoons to drape
The peaceful glades, commingled with the grape.

In such fair spot the Norman peasant dwells,
His heart unsullied as his crystal wells ;
He tends his flocks, he fells the woodland tree,
And rocks at eve his infants on his knee.
'Neath the gnarled elm that shades his rustic home
Each eve the viol bids the dancers come,
And thus roll on each morning, noon, and night,
In healthful toil and innocent delight.

ISAAC MACLELLAN.

BAPTISTE MONTAUBAN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

'I SHOULD be sorry to leave these pleasant hills,' said I, as I took leave of my hostess at the gate, 'without having visited my father's worthy old friend, M. Dubourg. It is only seven o'clock: nine miles are a mere nothing in such weather as this, and I can spare at least one day without putting myself out much. I'm sure M. Dubourg would take it unkindly of me were I to leave this part of the country without visiting him *en passant*.'

'He would never forgive you,' replied my hostess; 'every day for the last week, he has sent over here with inquiries as to whether you had arrived.'

'Beside,' resumed I, 'it would never do to lose so good an opportunity of testing my prophetic gifts. Five years ago, I predicted that Rosalie, his daughter, then in her twelfth year, would grow up to be the belle of the community. I am curious to see whether the little gray-eyed brunette has belied me.'

'Don't you be afraid of that,' said Madame Gauthier; 'you might travel to Besançon — ay, or to Strasbourg.' (*her equivalents for the antipodes*.) — without meeting her like, and as good as gold she is; gold, or jewels, or pearls. But don't you go fall in love with her, now, and then come back here all moping and heart-sick, as you have done before. It an't no manner of use, nice young man or not; for she's going to be married, and that soon.'

'Hang it! Madame Gauthier, you *will* call me a young man, although I'm past four-and-twenty, and occupying a very serious position in society! Do you suppose that a man on the eve of being called to the bar, is capable of abandoning himself to his passions like a mere student, or a love-sick lawyer's clerk? Be calm, mine excellent hostess, and do me the favor of putting me on the road to M. Dubourg's country-house, of the locality of which I am unpardonably ignorant.'

'The first half of the road is easy enough,' said she; 'you must stick to the little beaten path running through the meadows, there, and by the willows along the brook; but when you get to the foot of the hill that shuts in the valley, it will be another story: for then you'll find yourself in the wood of Châtillon, through which you must pass to find the château. The wood-cutters have made all manner of cross-tracks there, in their comings and goings, and, indeed, strangers have got lost there, before now; but there are several hovels and huts on the borders of the forest, so that you have only to shout, to bring a guide to your assistance.'

Full of this useful information, I shook hands with my hostess, and, following the direction indicated by her, walked rapidly away, spouting verses as I went — bits of bombast for my tragedy — with that unbounded pleasure which a young author feels in playing with the child-

ren of his fancy. In about an hour, I found myself a good way from 'the little beaten path running through the meadows, and by the willows along the brook;' and it was lucky for me that the hill, which was my only land-mark, had not also been fascinated by the tragic muse, and strayed from his position in following her.

Having kept along the edge of the wood for some distance, according to my instructions, forcing my way through brushwood so tangled that there was hardly room for a hare to pass through it, I suddenly came in view of a small, white, rough-cast cottage, leaning against the forest, as it were, and looking like an oratory crowned with foliage; about which there was a square inclosure, fenced in with a rustic, trellised pallisading which was twined and festooned with thick, luxuriant vines, and other climbing plants, interwoven with woodbine in full blossom. A young man was seated upon a bench, close by the door. He was apparently too much occupied by his own thoughts to be aware of my presence, so that I had an opportunity of regarding him well, and have often since remembered the extraordinary interest and curiosity which his appearance excited within me. I am not of a romantic turn; my worst enemy will admit that; but the place, the circumstances, something in the expression of the youth, conjured up a train of sentiment that drove my tragedy out of my head. Seated there, absorbed in his own thoughts, he was like a creation from the dream of a Greek sculptor, sleeping upon a good action. He appeared to be of delicate frame, and even weakly; but his pale and handsome face, around which clustered thick, waving locks of fair hair, wore, nevertheless, a remarkable expression of resolution, mingled with one of habitual and profound meditation.

He slightly turned his head as I approached, and, looking at me intently for an instant, made a movement as if about to rise from his seat; but I hastened to prevent him, for he seemed to me to be ill and weak.

'Excuse me,' said I, 'for having approached you so abruptly; but can you, without inconveniencing yourself, point out to me the path leading through the forest to the house of M. Dubourg? It cannot be far from this.'

He looked hard at me, again; but his countenance had passed from an expression of passive gentleness into one of alarm and distrust. Then, after appearing to reflect for a moment, he exclaimed, as if endeavoring to recall some confused memories:

'The house of M. Dubourg? — Dubourg? — M. Dubourg's house? Ah! ha! yes! there *was* such a house, once upon a time; a pretty house, where I lived when I was young. It was there that I first saw angels; those angels who have taken upon themselves the forms of women. It was there I learned to love the flowers in their seasons, and the birds, and their songs. But that was n't in this world, though.'

And he hid his face in his hands, as if altogether unconscious of my presence. Was he an idiot, or a lunatic? While I considered him, the door of the cottage opened, and there appeared on the threshold a woman of about fifty, better clad than the generality of the peasantry of the district.

‘How now, Baptiste,’ said she; ‘you forget to welcome the stranger with an offer of fruit and milk, and of such shade and rest as our poor cottage can afford to a traveller?’

‘Pray, Madame,’ cried I, ‘do not be angry with him; I have been here but a moment, and have already received such a welcome as I shall not easily forget.’

But poor Baptiste had not even heard his mother’s voice. He had gone back to his reveries; and, sitting with his arms crossed upon his breast, and his head hanging down, uttered, in a low voice, some incoherent and broken sentences.

I followed the good woman into an apartment of tolerable dimensions, and very neatly furnished—the best room, evidently—where she placed me in the chair of state, a plaited structure of blue and white straw, while she drove into the next room a perfect swarm of little birds of different species, which showed hardly any signs of fear at my approach, and seemed to obey her in a manner wonderful to behold, so completely domesticated were they. She renewed her offer of refreshment, but, on my declining it, she seated herself near me, asking in what manner they could be of service to me, in the white cottage of the woods!

‘That was what I was telling your son, when you came,’ replied I, ‘but the poor lad did not seem to be aware of my address. He must have met with some terrible affliction, Madame; has he been long in that condition?’

‘No, Sir,’ answered she, repressing her tears, ‘and even now, he is not always in that state of mind. He is ever sad, poor Baptiste; as sad as he is good: but he is sensible enough in his ideas at most times, and when people are careful not to talk on certain subjects before him; I am particular about that, you may be sure, for the least word of that sort always brings the melancholy fit upon him. He was once so happy, poor child! that my hopes were all with him, and I looked to him as a future honor to my declining years: but God, who is good, has changed all that!’

At these words her tears flowed unrestrained. I took her hand, and asked her pardon for having thus renewed the traces of her sorrows.

‘Since you appear interested in Baptiste,’ resumed she, when she had become more calm, ‘I must tell you something about him. My husband, Joseph Montauban, was one of the best workmen employed upon the buildings of the Grand-Vau. Nevertheless, we were poor, because the times were bad for mechanics, and my family, of a rank above that of my husband, had paid to the events of the day, a tribute still more painful. We scarcely knew where to turn ourselves, when a wealthy and respectable gentleman of the neighborhood intrusted my husband with the construction of a large house, which you will see, probably, on your way through the forest. When the building was erected, my poor husband mounted to the roof-tree, to plant there, according to custom, the bouquet and flag of honor. He had arrived nearly at the top, when a loose timber gave way, and he was precipitated to the ground. Thus he met his fate. M. Dubourg, the owner of the house, was greatly moved at this unfortunate calamity; and, as some compensation, he

caused this little cottage to be built for me and my son, allowing me a pension, beside, to keep us beyond the pressure of want. More than that, he took charge of the education of Baptiste, who was then about five or six years old, and a great favorite with every body, on account of his spirit and his handsome face. And so my boy was brought up in M. Dubourg's house, with the same care, and under the same masters, as the beautiful daughter of his benefactor. This went on for ten years; and Baptiste had profited so well by the instruction given him, that, as I have heard folks of learning say, few lads of his age were better fitted for beginning life creditably. M. Dubourg himself came here to tell me so, adding, in a serious, but kind tone of voice: 'You see, Madame Montauban, that it is now time to separate Baptiste from my Rosalie. He is sixteen years old; she is thirteen, past. The young people are arrived at an age when love begins to make his appearance; and so, my good friend, we must send the boy home to you, and leave him with you until I can obtain for him the position which he merits, either in some family still more opulent than mine, or in some creditable academy. It will be advisable, believe me, thus to accustom them to live apart from one another, so that they may feel the privation less when they come to be parted for ever. Tell Baptiste that I shall never alter my regards for him; and explain to him — as a mother best can explain — my reasons for now removing him from my house. Exact a promise from him, also, not to return to the château; and, indeed, since the mere sight of my house might conjure up fruitless regrets, embittering his sojourn with you, perhaps it will be as well to bind him not to wander farther from the forest, in our direction, than the place called the Open — the bend of the river Ain, where the sweep of the road is marked by two rows of tall elms. You know that the first peep of my park-wall is not to be had until one has followed this road for some distance. Don't be afraid of his disobeying you; he'd rather die than break his word.'

'I was thunderstruck at what M. Dubourg said, because it was a thing I had n't been expecting: and yet it all seemed to me to be so right and so reasonable, that I contented myself with thanking him, as well as I could, for all his past kindness.

'*"I know,"* continued he, as he rose to go away, 'that this step will increase your expenses, for a while, at least; but Baptiste is well and favorably known to a great many of my friends, and I am daily expecting to hear of a good situation for him. Meantime, accept this, which will enable you to obtain for him such little conveniences as he has been accustomed to;' and he placed in my hand a purse, containing a hundred golden *louis*, which he insisted upon my retaining, in spite of my efforts to return it to him.

'It was about this time of the year that Baptiste usually came to pass a few weeks with me, bringing with him his books and instruments. I was so happy, then! And so he came to join me at the cottage, without any misgivings; indeed, he seemed pleased and happy, as he always was upon these occasions. Never had I seen him handsomer, more full of spirits, more satisfied with life; although, from his infancy upward, he would now and then fall into fits of melancholy. My only

fear now was, that he would overwork himself, and injure his health by continual study ; a fear which turned out to be only too well-founded. ' You will have time enough, now,' said I to him, one night, ' to turn over your favorite books, for you are not to leave me again until you get your new situation ;' and then I told him all that M. Dubourg had said. When I had finished, Baptiste smiled, and he soon after quietly retired to rest.

' A week had passed — it is going on four years ago, now — when I thought I saw trouble on his mind. Oh ! I had foreseen this, when he persisted in working, working at his books, in spite of me. He gave them up now, though ; but it was too late. At times, he used to talk wildly, muttering to himself words that I could not understand ; and sometimes he laughed, and sometimes he cried, spontaneously, as I may say, and without motive. He seemed happiest when alone, talking all the while to the trees, and the flowers, and the birds, as if they understood him ; and, what is strangest of all, so strange that I would hardly dare tell it to you, if you were not here to see for yourself, the birds *do* seem to understand him ; for they let him catch and handle them as no body else ever could. May not the bountiful Providence, Sir, who has gifted them with instinct to avoid their enemies, have also taught them to recognize and love one who loves *them*, and protects them from injury ?'

I was much moved at the good dame's recital ; and so would you have been, too, if you had but heard her tell it in her sad and simple manner. But my musings upon it brought no satisfactory result ; and so I neither attempted to console her, nor to tell her what I thought of the matter.

After a short silence, she resumed : ' I fear I have tired you with my long story : pray, now, tell me how we can be of use to you.'

' In nothing, madame, farther than showing me the road that leads through the forest to the house of M. Dubourg.'

' You could not have fallen into better hands for that, Sir, for we are close by the path ; although, indeed, it is no easy matter to find it. Baptiste will guide you thither. Not a day passes that he does not go as far as the Open of the Ain, although not beyond a certain spot there, which I have forbidden him to pass. Pray be careful not to mention the name of M. Dubourg to him, for any thing that recalls his sojourn at the house of his benefactor seems to me to disturb the mind of my poor boy.'

' What token of gratitude can I offer you for your kindness ?' asked I.

' Ah ! Sir !' replied she, smiling, ' you will hurt me, if you talk of that. So far from having need of any thing, we are fortunate enough to be able to assist the poor wanderers who sometimes find their way to our cottage, when straying through the forest.'

Then she clapped her hands twice, at which signal the troop of little birds that I had seen on my arrival, came crowding and fluttering back into the room, chirping and twittering in full chorus.

' Ah ! naughty ones,' said the dame, ' what a hurry you are in ! But you must wait a while : your seeds are not picked yet, and your troughs

have to be cleaned ;' and she clapped her hands a third time, upon which Baptiste entered.

'My poor child ! — is he not handsome, Sir ? Go, Baptiste, put on your red plush leggings and your Polish cap with the golden tassel, and guide this gentleman to the Open, where you will wait for his return. I need not tell you not to go any farther with him.'

I looked with some interest at Baptiste, to see what effect these last words had upon him, for I suspected that I had discovered the mystery of his life in the narrative which his mother had related to me ; but there was nothing in his expression to indicate the working of his feelings. So he put on his smart Polish cap and red gaiters, and, having kissed his mother, he walked away before me, whistling, the birds of the wood-side following him as he went along, and chirping and fluttering about him ; so that I could easily imagine that nothing but my presence prevented them from perching on his shoulders and gold-tasselled cap.

In about half an hour, we approached the huts of the faggot-makers, from which out ran a host of children, crying : 'There goes Red-gaiters, going a-bird-hunting without nets. Success, Bap. ! bring us back some birds, won't you ? — a big, blue-winged jay, with moustaches, or a black-and-yellow daddy oriole, or one of those rogues of wood-peckers that spoil the trees with boring holes in them !'

'No !' replied Baptiste, 'you'll get no more of *my* birds, I promise you ! I wish I had never given you any of them. What do you want with them, but to cage them up, and cut their wings, and make slaves of them ? You'll get no more birds from me. The spirit of God is in the free, flying bird, not in the cruel boy that cages him and plucks him — yes, and kills and eats him, as you have done with some of mine ! The little birds of the air are my brothers. *You* are our enemies !'

And poor Baptiste went on his way, followed by shouts of laughter from the rude young foresters, which vexed me so that I had half a mind to rush in among the urchins, and thrash them soundly. When the Open of the Ain broke upon our view, Baptiste stopped suddenly, as if a bar had been placed across the path. Then he turned back toward the wood-side, calling to the birds which followed him :

'Here, pets ! here ! Come to me, Rosette ! come to me, Finette ! Where are your sisters ? — the owl has n't eaten them up, has he ? There !' said he, throwing down his cap upon the grassy bank, 'nestle there, my little ones, and fear not men, nor bird-catchers, nor snakes ; for I will watch over you, like a mother over her children.'

Curious to see the effects of Baptiste's words upon his little companions, I approached the cap on tip-toe, and saw that several of the birds had actually hopped into it, and were nestling and chirping there, and pluming their little wings, as confidently as they could have done in the tallest tree-top in the forest. Fearful of disturbing them, I stepped softly back, and said to my guide :

'I hope to find you here, Baptiste, on my return ; but, if any thing should prevent our meeting again, I should regret having parted from you without having left you some token of my regard. Accept this

silver watch, then, as a remembrance of me ; or, if you like it better, this double gold napoleon, with which you can buy something more to your taste.'

'A watch!' exclaimed Baptiste, grasping my hand, and looking earnestly at me, 'what should I do with a watch? the sun is watch enough for *me*! And gold!—my mother has enough of that for both of us, and my birds want it not.'

'Is there nothing, then, that you will accept from me, Baptiste, as a *souvenir* of my friendship?'

'Nothing ; unless, indeed, you could give me a knife!' and his eyes gleamed with a peculiar light, as he fixed them upon me.

My blood ran cold at the suggestion. 'A knife, Baptiste!' said I, 'Heaven forbid that I should give you a knife! My good old nurse has told me, a hundred times, that such a gift severs friendship. Beside, what should people like us, my friend, carry knives for? Leave that to butchers; knives for cut-throats and assassins! I never carry them!'

At this, Baptiste went and seated himself by his cap-full of birds, and I had turned to take a last look at him before pursuing my route, when I heard my name shouted out by some of a group of horsemen who were following the same direction.

'Hallo, Max!' cried one: 'Max sentimentalizing on the banks of the blue Ain! Who should have thought of meeting *you* here, jolly comrade of other days? But you must put your best foot foremost, if you are bound for the wedding-feast of fair Rosalie Dubourg; for it is already high noon, and we shall be hard set to get there, ourselves, in time to witness the marriage-ceremony.'

I did not reply, so fearful was I of the effect of this ill-timed announcement upon Baptiste. He looked toward the stranger, for a moment, with the same wild gleam in his eyes as when he had asked me for a knife. It was but for a moment, however; and he turned to his birds, again, and talked to them smilingly, as before. I waved a farewell to him, as he lay there upon the green turf, and then I joined my friends in the cavalcade, and went thoughtfully along with them, on our way to the wedding.

It was like all other weddings I have ever been at; gay and sad, sparkling and sorrowful. The bride-groom superficially jocular, as men always are, on the eve of being 'turned off.' The bride beautiful and sad; more beautiful, even, than my 'prophetic soul' had painted her, and sadder still than brides are bound to be on these joyous occasions. It was a kind of retrospective sadness; a recurrence to the past. It jumped with my humor, and I enjoyed it amazingly. I was delighted with the bride-groom, too; a most eligible young man, the pattern of what a *gendre de convenance* ought to be: healthy, and wealthy, and noisy, and not over-wise. Altogether, it was a very successful affair; but I stole away from the revel as soon as I could do so without being observed, and hastened to rejoin my friend Baptiste on the borders of the forest.

When I arrived at the spot where the limpid Ain opens upon the view, I was surprised at seeing it covered with a little fleet of fishing-boats,

which I had not remarked there in the morning : perhaps they were market-boats, freighted with provisions for the festivities at the château. They were all making for the shore, and, as each boat reached it, the boatmen landed hurriedly, and grouped themselves around some object lying upon the bank.

'It's he,' I heard an ancient fisherman say, as I approached ; 'I know his red leggings : it's good-wife Montauban's crazy son, who has got drowned a-hunting of the swallows ; made a hole in the water without thinking of it, poor fellow ! — if he didn't do it a purpose, which heaven forbid ! Poor Bap. ! honest Bap. ! he never'll ask me for a loan of my jack-knife again !'

'He may not yet be dead !' cried I, making my way through the crowd grouped around the body ; 'there may be a spark of life remaining !'

'Dead enough, master,' said another fisherman, 'dead enough. Some of our young folk saw a man jump into the river, just as the gentlemen on horseback rode out of the wood on their way to M. Dubourg's, seven good hours ago. We have been searching for him ever since, and have only just found him. Seven hours in the water ! — dead enough !'

'Hooray !' shouted a handsome urchin of ten years, as he scampered off toward the wood, 'Hooray ! I know where he left his cap, and it's as full as it can cram of young green-finches !'

The little white house of the wood is gone. On the spot where it stood, there has risen up a large house, very full of people, and very noisy. There are no birds in that part of the forest now ; for the large house is a school, built there by Rosalie Dubourg's husband : a school, I believe, on some novel principle, some mutual self-instruction crotchet, by which little boys and girls are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. This is good. Let us hope that they do not also take lessons in envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

M I N E R ' S S O N G .

A GOLDEN life is this life of mine,
Digging for dust where the gold-grains shine !
Delving deep with the pick and spade,
Where the hidden wealth of a world is laid,
And has slept for ages, in dark vaults locked,
Since earthquakes the mountain-cradles rocked !

Fools prize virtue higher than gold :
Both alike are bartered and sold :
Souls are bought by the finest dust :
Purest gold is the surest trust :
Brighter far in its dazzling dyes,
Than soul-lit glance of a maiden's eyes !

Lulled to sleep by the golden streams,
Nightly I revel in golden dreams :
PLUTUS binds me with burnished chains ;
Fills my pockets with precious grains ;
Till a 'trade' is made, and my soul is sold
To a yellow demon, with horns of gold !

T O N A P O L E O N T H E F I R S T .

CONQUEROR! in thy narrow grave,
Dost thou know where thou art laid?
Now no more the ocean-wave
Surges round an island-bed.
In imperial pomp arrayed,
Thou art sleeping with the dead,
Beneath a temple grand,
In thy chosen land.

Art silent yet? The arméd men
Who walk before thee, to and fro,
On Italy looked down with thee,
From Alpine snow.
The men who fought at Rivoli,
To-day are guarding thee.

Art silent yet? The Bourbon race
Has vanished from the land:
The House of Orleans holds no more
The sceptre in its hand.
When all were gone,
It was the People's reign:
The old Republic rose in France,
And armed the world again.

No sound? A soldier of thy blood,
An exile from the land,
Became the great Republic's chief,
By popular command.
Thy name it was that worked a spell
So like a miracle.

Still mute? The Chambers were dissolved
By bands of arméd men;
And in imperial France, thy name
Is *Emperor* again!
Hark! do I hear
The stir of martial weapons near?

Art silent yet? The blaze of war
Is kindling far and near;
The wintry snows of Russia gleam
With sword and martial spear!
Again thy banners in the field
Of Muscovy will fly;
Again will Moscow's gilded domes
Flame upward to the sky!

England, thy ancient foe, is up:
Her armies join with thine!
Thou wouldst have thought thy cup as soon
Had filled with blood and wine!
The builders of thine Island-grave
Are allied with thy people brave!
The marble dome
Scarce keeps thee in thy latest home.

The world is all in arms :
 Rest thou in peace !
 The seeds thy busy hand has sown,
 The harvest shall increase.

Before the struggle ends,
 Shall Austria be free,
 And Polish lances make amends
 For by-gone tyranny !
 Once more the men of modern Rome
 From exile shall return,
 And on the hill-tops of the Rhine
 The lights of FREEDOM burn :
 At last, the People, in their might,
 Shall win, or perish in the fight ! —
 No whispered breath ?
 Thy lips, indeed, are sealed in death.

SIGMA.

L E T T E R S F R O M P O P L A R - H I L L .

L E T T E R F I F T H .

Poplar-Hill, September, 18—.

DEAR EMILY : I have missed you very much, the last four weeks. Since you left Beverley, I have been there only twice. Two Sabbaths it rained so that I did not go out to church ; but last Sunday, I remained after morning-service, and took dinner at the parsonage. I taught your Sabbath-school class in the afternoon. Harold brought me home in the evening : he is very kind to me, and I like to talk with him. I have learned so well to appreciate a brother's love, that I am sometimes inclined to envy you. Yet, have not I a brother, a brave, fond, loving brother ? Would that I might lift the veil of the future, and gaze into the dear boy's face, or 'rather feel than see' that *one* heart beats for me ! I am so weak, so incapable of withstanding the continual strifes and crosses of my daily life. I sometimes think if Henry were only here, to aid me by his advice, or support me with his sympathy, I could brave them all.

Mother's friends left us two weeks ago ; and although they were not congenial to me, I have sadly missed the occupation their society afforded. When there was no company here, I was with Helen constantly. She seemed to be interested in my pursuits : we worked, read, and walked together ; and her conversation, when we were alone, was unaffected. But I wearied of her after a time. She has no natural enthusiasm of character ; no gushing, girlish feelings ; her smiles are all 'hollow, forged smiles,' her expressions 'ceremonious compliments of phrase.' Mother praised her continually. Her comparisons between us were none the less odious because they were unjust.

Helen treated Harold with more deference than any other visitor at the house. At one time I feared *his* feelings were interested ; but now that she is gone, and he is here as often as before, I cannot believe it. He tells me that Poplar-Hill, from associations of the past, is still very

dear to him, and although the subject is studiously avoided in our discourse, there is much untold interest in his countenance and manner. I can see him from my window as he comes from Beverley, stopping below the nut-woods, and looking toward Poplar-Hill. The old place looks grandly from that point. The terraced garden, the arbors and shrubbery, the sloping lawn, the avenue of poplars, and the old house, like a mighty bird lighted on the hill's brow. Old Stephen told me, the other day, that the road to Beverley was a favorite ride with my grand-father. From there he first beheld the effect of any new improvement on the farm. But Stephen says the place is sadly altered since then. He points out the fields as far as the eye can reach, and tells me that years ago they waved with golden grain, that yearly swelled the coffers at Poplar-Hill. This and that bit of wood-land, nestled lovingly against swelling hills, had gone, one by one: debts must be paid: ah! it was well the grass was green on the old gentleman's grave ere this had happened. Sparrow-Bush, which was built for Stephen when he first became gardener at 'the Hill,' is sadly out of repair, and looks altogether neglected and forlorn. Poor old man! he will not complain, but I know only too well how the wind, last winter, must have whistled around his ears. He says it is no matter, now; soon nothing can chill him resting in Abraham's bosom. I go often to see him and to make him comfortable; for he fails rapidly. His voice is still firm, and his mind undimmed. He loves to talk of the Ellicotts and of the days that were, and I dearly love to listen. He talks of heaven, too, and longs so earnestly for its rest.

Mother seems to object to my visits at Sparrow-Bush; not openly, but by various innuendoes that are more irritating. One evening I was detained later than usual after tea, and when I met her, on my way down the avenue, she stopped and asked where I was going.

'To carry something to old Stephen,' I answered.

'What is there so attractive at Sparrow-Bush?' she asked. 'It is strange you have a taste for such low, illiterate people!'

An angry taunt rose to my lips, but I checked it in time and walked on. I did not recover my equanimity until I reached Sparrow-Bush. Stephen was very feeble, and I soon found I could add much to his comfort. I placed his pillows more comfortably, and had just seated myself with the Bible on my knees, when a horse's step, familiar to us both, stopped at the gate, and the next moment Harold appeared at the open door. What mother had said, instantly recurred to me. This, then, was the attraction at Sparrow-Bush! We had met there before, and it was natural we should meet again. Yet I solemnly declare I had never thought of it. What could I say if mother questioned me? Her impressions I read intuitively. I had sought an interview with Harold beyond the restraints of home! Anger and mortification overcame me at the thought. I hated myself and the being who suggested it. The first words from Harold soothed me. 'I am glad to find you here, Bertha!' he said. He talked long and earnestly with the sick man, and in listening, I forgot my annoyance. That night, I read a new phase in Harold's character. He lacked not interest in every expression of the patient, nor did the tale of suffering to his fraternal

sympathy addressed, obtain reluctant hearing.' He ministered to him with the tenderness of a woman: his manner was gentle, his voice subdued. After a while, he read from the Bible, and then he prayed. I shall never forget that prayer. He seemed to have felt all the needs that I feel: while I listened, I was on the confines of heaven, and when I rose from my knees, it was with an undefined hope that that house of death might be one of life to me.

Harold left his horse, and walked with me to Poplar-Hill. When I reached home, my thoughts flowed in an entirely different channel; the transient effect of that prayer was totally obliterated. Our conversation had been pleasing, but I was very unhappy. I could not leave him, and I dared not stay. Every chord in my heart seemed drawn toward some human being; proximity drew me to him. I longed to tell him all, but pride forbade. I opened the gate and went in. He hurriedly wished me good-night, and left me. It was quite dark when I entered the house. I met mother as I was going up-stairs.

'Bertha, you surely did not come home alone?' were her first words.

'No!' I answered, 'Mr. Monteath came with me.'

'Ah! you go there to meet *him*, do you?' she said, and left me.

I hurried to my room, closed the door, sat down. Pride, anger, mortification, despair, alternately swayed me. How long must I endure these things? Was there no means of escape? My aunt Mary's bequest recurred to me; but my father, could I leave him? Oh! no! this thought subdued me, this duty inspired my future. I rose more cheerfully and prepared for the night.

Judge Howard was here last Wednesday; he called and accepted mother's invitation to dinner. We had not spoken since our encounter in the garden-arbor. I entered the parlor a moment after mother had gone to order dinner, and conquered my aversion sufficiently to converse with him. I found him very entertaining, and was flattered by the attention with which he listened to me. Yet I was not thoroughly at ease. It was natural to suspect one who seemed so entirely my mother's friend, and one, I believe, who approved her conduct. Mother came to summon us to the table, interrupting Judge Wilson in a graphic description of the city of Quebec, to which I was listening with evident pleasure. A glance of fiery indignation arrested me as I rose with the rest: my soul recoiled within itself; my delight seemed a mockery, it passed and left so acute a sting. Sadly I followed to the dining-room. Mother engaged the Judge in conversation; but, on entering, she left him, to pass to her place. He noticed me as he drew near the table, and turning with a deferential obeisance, begged pardon for his rudeness, entreating the privilege of placing a chair for me. As he spoke, he drew aside the chair that had been designed for himself, and placed *me* in the seat of honor! I was overcome with mortification. I gazed wildly around in search of some place of refuge. None blessed my vision. On my right sat my mother, in unspeakable chagrin, and on my left, Judge Howard, demanding my attention to a renewal of his tale. I could listen no longer: the charm of novelty had departed; and with a beating heart and down-cast eyes I concluded the meal. I

was flattered with Judge Howard's kindness, yet would willingly relinquish all evidences of friendship or politeness, if they might only be obtained at such a price. This little circumstance rankled in mother's mind for days, she made it the occasion of insinuations most difficult to endure. Its effect upon me has not, I fear, been salutary. There is nothing more injurious to a sensitive mind than to restrain every gushing emotion, every warm sensibility. Lamartine truly says 'All thoughts that we do not share in time turn to sadness.' Ah! to the young heart, what a fearful foreboding of life's bitterness!

To-day I found Margaret in tears; the tokens of deep grief flowing from her ever-cheerful eyes. After much persuasion, I learned that mother had denied her an indulgence granted Elsie, and that this was frequently the case. This new tale of sorrow elicited the recital of many similar instances, trifling in themselves, yet calculated to crush the light-heartedness of childhood. I see my duty now, clearly: if I can but brighten the life of this dear child, my endeavors will be well repaid. I told her how unhappy I often am, and was surprised how readily she understood and sympathized. My mind was determined, and my plans put in execution. I asked father if Maggie could occupy my room with me, and, receiving a ready assent, we moved her clothing and books to my apartment. I regard her in a new light. She will be a loving sister to me, and I will strive to fill for her a mother's long-desolate place. Many conversations have revealed to me the beautiful innocence of her character. Praise Margaret! in purity and transparency of principle, thou art indeed a pearl!

To-morrow we shall spend the day with Agnes, who leaves Kilvyle the last of the week. She will go to Saratoga, and then to her home in New-York. I am willing to part with her, hoping the change may do her good.

I shall endeavor to write to you soon again: meanwhile, think often of your own

BERNIA LILL OTT

THE AMERICAN OAK

The oak of the forest - a glorious tree!
It points itself in the land of the free.
A sapling it grows - a tree it becomes,
To point to man a lesson and to him of a dream.
It grows to the top of the mountain's height,
It grows to the top of the mountain's height,
It grows to the top of the mountain's height,
It grows to the top of the mountain's height,
While the heart of the nation is true,
When the heart of the nation is true,
When the heart of the nation is true,
When the heart of the nation is true,

W. L. G.

T H E B E G G A R - B O Y .

—
'Only a simple beggar-boy.' — WORDSWORTH.
—

I.

HE was ushered to life in a comfortless cot,
That rose by the way-side, unsought and forgot:
It was not a glad home that, though humble, was dear;
It boasted no marks that affection can rear:
No curtain of vines, with its wealth of perfume,
Drooping over the lattice, and smiling in bloom;
No hearth of content, with its magical light,
Glowing softly on faces so happy and bright;
No hand aiding hand in a loving employ,
To receive and caress him, the poor Beggar-Boy.

II.

It was cold, it was cheerless — deserted and still,
With the breeze wailing round it, so mournful and chill;
Bending low the dank heads of the weeds growing tall
In noxious profusion, against the dark wall:
And stealing through crevices, marking with death
The brow of the mother, and chilling her breath.
No father bent over — that father was dead!
No greeting was spoken — no welcome was said;
No heart felt a pleasure, or thrilled with a joy,
Or throbbed with a fondness for the poor Beggar-Boy.

III.

With life's failing strength was the infant caressed,
And warmed on the bosom it helplessly pressed:
The mother's pale lips breathed a prayer and a sigh;
She asked not to live, and she feared not to die:
Her steps had not wandered from virtue and truth,
And she cared not to live, though she died in her youth.
Her prayer was a mother's, and breathed from a soul
That was bursting the fetters of earthly control:
Her sigh was a mother's, that little of joy
Was he born to inherit — her poor Beggar-Boy!

IV.

Years passed, and he wandered — the motherless child:
No arm had befriended, no fortune had smiled:
But the mother had watched him — had bent from her joy,
To gladden the dreams of her heart-weary boy.
He slept: like a halo, the pale flaxen hair
Floated back from a forehead unclouded and fair;
The lashes drooped softly o'er eyes that were blue
As the glad sunny heavens they rivaled in hue:
No sorrow might reach him, nor evil destroy;
For DEATH had caressed him — the poor Beggar-Boy!

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AND REMARKS OF SEVERAL OF THE MEMBERS OF
THE FUDGE FAMILY

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINTH

MR. BLIMMER'S CONSCIENCE.

A bad conscience will make a man that bears it cruel to the beast that bears him.
Even an honest dog will go out of his way for a good piece of meat.

OLD PROVERBS.

MR. BLIMMER does not feel altogether easy in his mind. At his last encounter, at a street-crossing, with JEMIMA, that young lady frowned upon him sharply. But it is not the frown that disturbs Mr. BLIMMER.

He has awkward recollections of a certain stout gentleman, carrying his arm in a sling, who was lost from the deck of a steamer, a great many months ago. To be sure, the court has declared that this old gentleman, and some fifty others, were burnt, or drowned, or crushed, quite accidentally; and that neither captain, or engineers, or company, are at all to be blamed for it.

Mr. BLIMMER is therefore not disturbed upon that score; nor, indeed, is any one else at present. People, (except those who wear deep mourning still, or who walk by twilight beside the tombs where rest the bodies of their drowned husbands, or sons,) think it all well enough; they have forgotten their sudden and eloquent indignation; the captain and engineers, for whom no names were too harsh, once, are driving their several trades; and that influential journal, which insisted 'that an example should be made, by severe punishment,' now enters such paragraphs as this: 'We understand that the popular and gentlemanly Captain —, late of the Eclipse, has taken charge of the new and elegant steamer Empire. We need not say that every attention will be paid to the comfort of his passengers, and we insure them a quick run.'

Public indignation is very *smart* in the beginning; but very mild in the end. The prosecution of murderous captains ends like the Washington Monuments, and the Cooper Statue.

It may well be, however, that Mr. BLIMMER has a twinge of conscience, as he thinks of the important trust which the old gentleman, Mr. BODGERS, placed in his keeping; and, possibly, an additional twinge as his thought ran to the pretty face of the young girl, who, but for him, might have been rich. But straightway this twinge passes off, when he recalls the absolute and pointed manner in which Miss KITTY had refused to become Mrs. BLIMMER.

It does *not* dispose to the exercise of amiable qualities, to receive such rebuff from a woman; least of all, when the rebuff is deserved, and

when the approaches have been made under some false cover. A man is never so out of humor, as when he is out of humor with himself; and there is no such guard to temper, even in adversity, as the consciousness of an honest purpose.

The thought of KITTY, then, did not relieve the uneasiness of Mr. BLIMMER: moreover, Blimmersville was not making such advances toward a city, as the proprietor could have desired. Numerous lots of land had indeed passed into the QUID name, under mortgage to BLIMMER. But the advances were not large; and the residences, which the QUID family had proposed to erect on the property, were still very much in the condition of the Washington Monument, referred to above.

Mr. BLIMMER, in his enterprising way, determined to drive over to Newtown, and investigate matters. He had not, indeed, any very clear idea of what he was to accomplish. Still, he was uneasy; uneasy about the BODGERS will; uneasy about his private copy; uneasy about the QUID claims; uneasy about the Blimmersville payments. He was one of those men who work off uneasiness by restless activity.

He drove rapidly to Newtown. His horse received a great many vigorous cuts which the poor beast never deserved. Mr. BLIMMER was pleased with the appearance of Newtown. It seemed to possess capabilities. He inquired the price of lots. He was struck particularly with the BODGERS property. 'A nice property,' he thought; and he emphasized that impression with a forcible cut upon his horse's flank.

'Squire BIVINS had been the agent and legal adviser of Mr. BODGERS. Mr. BLIMMER determined to call upon 'Squire BIVINS. Miss MEHITABEL, hiding a portion of her nose behind two large bunches of lilac-blossoms, directed Mr. BLIMMER to the 'Squire's office. He was, as usual, sitting over the crusted ashes of his stove, in his leathern-backed chair. He welcomed the new-comer in his accustomed amiable manner; plaiting his wig behind, giving his lower garments a hitch toward the boots, and placing a short twist of Virginia-leaf upon the table, in token of good-feeling.

'I am Mr. BLIMMER, of Blimmersville, office, corner of Broadway and Broome-street,' said the visitor.

'Your most obedient, Sir,' said BIVINS, hitching a chair in his direction.

'Nice village here, 'Squire.'

'Well, pretty fair.'

'Much sale of property?' pursued BLIMMER.

'Considerable,' said the 'Squire; observing his usual caution.

'Valuable estate, which old Mr. BODGERS left, was n't it, 'Squire?'

'Tolerable,' returned Mr. BIVINS, eyeing very closely his visitor; and recalling now, for the first time, the name of BLIMMER, as that of a fellow-passenger with his unfortunate townsman. He ventured to mention the circumstance; and thereupon received from Mr. BLIMMER that gentleman's accustomed rapid narrative of that catastrophe, of his own humane efforts, especially in behalf of that unfortunate old gentleman, Mr. BODGERS.

Mr. BIVINS' interest was keenly excited — in the visit.

'I think that you are an administrator on his estate?' said Mr. BLIMMER.

'I am.'

'And what do you think of the claim brought forward by Mr. Quid, 'Squire?'

'If you ask,' said BIVINS, impressively, 'my *legal* opinion' —

There was a pause, in the midst of which, Mr. BLIMMER drew from his pocket a small note, and slipped it upon the table of the administrator. The administrator, placing the tobacco-twist upon it, in such way as to expose plainly its denomination, proceeded:

'If you ask my legal opinion, it is, that the above claim is very forcible.'

'Oh!' said BLIMMER.

'Very forcible, indeed,' pursued BIVINS; 'so much so, that we have advised our clients to make terms with the claimants, and the estate is now under settlement, subject to those terms only.'

'It's very strange,' said BLIMMER, 'that the old gentleman made no will.'

'Very,' said BIVINS, eyeing him sharply.

'Do you think he *did* make no will?' asked BLIMMER.

'I think he did.'

'You think he did?'

'Exactly,' said BIVINS.

'You think he did make no will?' repeated Mr. BLIMMER, somewhat doubtfully.

'I think he *did* make a will,' said BIVINS, wrenching emphatically a small piece from the end of his Virginia-twist.

'Oh!' said BLIMMER; 'and it was in favor of — Mr. FUDGE, perhaps; SOLOMON?'

Mr. BIVINS eyed his visitor in a very droll manner, and replied, in a quite unsatisfactory tone of voice, '*Perhaps* so, Mr. BLIMMER.'

'I'll tell you what, BIVINS,' said the proprietor of Blimmersville, drawing up his chair, and patting his host in a familiar manner upon the knee, 'we may as well come to business at once. The long and short of the matter is this: QUID has bought rather largely in my lots at Blimmersville; and his pay depends very much upon his holding possession of the BODGERS property. Now I want to know' (and the man of business placed a note of much larger amount than the first upon the 'Squire's table.) 'what are the chances of his being ousted, and what ground there is for believing that, by-and-by, some other party will trump up a will?'

'That's what I call to the pint,' said BIVINS, regaling himself with a view of the pleasant-looking bank-note; and thereupon, he related to the attentive Mr. BLIMMER all that he knew of the claim of Mr. QUID, and of the will in favor of Miss FLEMING, which he had himself drawn up in behalf of the late Mr. BODGERS; which will, however, to the best of his knowledge, had never been signed. He farther stated, that he had already communicated these facts to Mr. QUID himself.

'You know the will was not signed?' said Mr. BLIMMER, inquiringly.

'I *think* it was never signed,' returned Mr. BIVINS.

'Mr. BODGERS was in the habit of doing such business at your office, I believe, Mr. BIVINS?' said the Blimmersville proprietor.

Mr. BIVINS assented.

'And had you no clerk, no assistant, 'Squire, who might possibly have executed the will for Mr. BODGERS, in your absence?'

'I did have HARRY FLINT in my office about that time,' said BIVINS, 'to be sure; but the old gentleman would hardly have arranged such a matter with HARRY.'

'And was HARRY a young man likely to be interested in favor of Miss FLEMING, 'Squire?' continued BLIMMER.

'Well, I did think HARRY was one time tender upon KITTY; but he went off suddenly to California; likely enough, KITTY gave him the mitten.'

'Oh!' said BLIMMER; and the proprietor did certainly manifest signs of embarrassment; which were not lost upon the administrator.

Mr. BLIMMER has thus gained all the information that he desired judging from his own state of feeling, he does not think that Mr. HARRY FLINT will come back from California to interest himself in behalf of Miss KITTY. He feels therefore comparatively safe on that score. But as he drives back to town, he revolves a pleasant scheme for quickening the payments of Mr. QUID. It strikes him as a highly-ingenuous scheme; and no sooner does he reach the office of the Blimmersville property, than he puts it in effect.

He addresses a note to Mr. QUID in this manner:

'MR. BLIMMER'S compliments to Mr. QUID, and begs to advise him that the instalments now due on lots Numbers seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, etc., in the town of Blimmersville, are still unpaid: he also begs to advise Mr. QUID, (hoping he will not take offence,) of his (BLIMMER'S) natural reluctance to place in the hands of so entire a stranger the *original* document intrusted to him by a certain deceased party; he believes, however, that the writing which he had the honor to place in Mr. QUID'S hands, was a true copy of the same; and, in the event of pending negotiations being happily matured, he (BLIMMER) would have no objection to add to it the original instrument:

'Office of the Town of Blimmersville, Broadway.

'N. B. Mr. BLIMMER takes the liberty of reminding Mr. QUID, in case he should have *inadvertently* mislaid the writing previously handed to him, that *another copy* could be prepared without delay.'

'There's a *quid* for him,' said BLIMMER; and he put his pen back in the stand, with a chuckle which meant plainly: 'Well done, Mr. BLIMMER!'

Mr. BIVINS, too, sitting over his crusted ashes, and plaiting his wig consequentially, reflected long upon his interview with the proprietor of Blimmersville; and putting his various queries together, he thought within himself: 'BLIMMER is a man to be watched!'

And 'Squire BIVINS, under those silver-bowed spectacles, wears a very keen pair of eyes.

CHAPTER THIRTY.

IN WHICH WASH. FUDGE RUNS EXTREME DANGER.

'He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it; and whose breaketh an hedge, a serpent shall bite him.'

ECCLESIASTES X. 8.

I LEFT my cousin WASH. in an embarrassing position. It certainly can be no agreeable thing for a young man of even stronger nerve than

my cousin WASH. to be discovered in furtive travel with the wife of another individual. And surely, such discovery must be particularly disagreeable, when, as in the present instance, the aggrieved party is an expert swordsman, and an ardent lover of pistol-practice.

By what means Colonel DUPRÉ had informed himself of the movements of the parties, and stolen a march upon the Countess and her benevolent companion, it is not necessary here to state. The Colonel had been grossly offended; his manner gave evidence of this. He was calm, however; and having coolly turned the key in the door-lock, he drew a pistol from a side-pocket, and directing it toward Master FUDGE, urged him to make such confessions as he had to make, at *once*.

The Countess in terror rushed before her husband; and WASHINGTON, growing pale, drew toward the bell-rope. The Countess observed this movement, and in the midst of her distress, retained her usual prudence. She entreated him not to alarm the house; her character and his own were at stake. She implored the Colonel to forbear his rage, and to listen to reason.

The Colonel, however, so far from abating his indignation, only multiplied his imprecations, and swore he would have the blood of his betrayer before he left the room.

WASHINGTON seemed not disposed to increase the indignation of the injured man by any bravado, or indeed by remarks of any kind. His hopes all lay in the judicious management of the Countess.

'Villain,' said the Colonel, in a voice of thunder, 'what have you to say for yourself?'

I am sorry to report that WASH. received the inquiry with more meekness, than was altogether becoming under the circumstances. He intimated that the Countess would explain.

'Oh! ho!' said the Colonel, very distrustfully, 'it is the Countess, is it; a pretty story she will tell! Well, madame,' (addressing the unfortunate lady, just now recovering from a short fit of hysterics) 'what, pray, have you to say, why I should not put a bullet through the heart of this precious young villain, or hand him over to the police?'

'Ah! rash man!' said the afflicted Countess, 'wretched, unhappy woman that I am!' and yielded again to her agonized feelings.

'So,' said the Colonel, 'is this all?' and he directed his pistol again very deliberately at the trembling WASH.

'For God's sake, madame,' said WASH. 'do tell the Colonel how it all happened; and that I never had a thought of ——'

'Ah!' interrupted the Colonel, with a frightful leer at his victim, 'you may stop! A pleasant little trip you had marked out for yourselves; something wider than a turn in the *Bois de Boulogne*! How is it, *Madame la Comtesse*?'

The Countess had recovered sufficiently to begin her story. She related how, by accident, she had discovered her kinship with the family of Mr. FUDGE.

'*Parbleu!*' said the Colonel; but in a way expressing considerable suspicion.

The Countess went on to mention the hopes that had been raised of recovering some portion of the estates of her maternal ancestry. She

suggested that the assistance of WASHINGTON, which had been most generously offered to her, would be essential in a strange country. She had feared the impetuosity and warmth of the Colonel's temperament; and had rashly undertaken the journey without his knowledge or consent. She did hope that he would forgive such a lapse from duty, and yield to a short separation, from which so much was to be hoped.

'Very good, madame,' said the Colonel, '*elle est très belle, l'histoire que vous me contez là*, but did it ever occur to your precious cousin to leave some guarantee with your family on this side the water, that he was acting in good faith, and was not throwing the foulest suspicion of dishonor upon a nearer member of your family, madame, who has the honor to call himself, *par exemple, le Colonel DUPRÉ ? Parbleu !*'

The mention of a guarantee encouraged WASH.; he recalled a previous escape from very embarrassing circumstances; hope might lie open for him now, in the same direction. It is true his funds were at the lowest ebb; and SOLOMON had positively refused to pay any further drafts upon him. But the present was a case of life and death; even if he escaped the personal anger of the Colonel, the best he could hope for was a French prison, for an indefinite period of time, except matters were now arranged by the Countess.

He waited with more composure the issue of events. The Colonel played nervously with the lock of his pistol.

'Cruel man!' said the GUERLIN, 'will nothing satisfy you?'

'*Mais oui*,' returned the Colonel, 'it will satisfy me to have a quick shot at the young FUDGE yonder, at twenty paces; after which, *Madame la Comtesse*, we will return to our Paris *menage*.'

WASH. grew alarmed again.

The Countess came to his relief.

'And the estate; was it all to be given up?'

'*Mon Dieu*,' said the Colonel, carelessly; 'is it large?'

'Three hundred thousand francs.'

'*Très bien*; and your cousin FUDGE thinks it a secure thing?'

WASH. at this stage, did not venture to express any distrust.

'And his assistance will be necessary?'

There could be no doubt of that.

'Very good. Mr. FUDGE will not object then to advance a certain sum to secure against any losses on your part, by so long a voyage; and an additional gage to me personally, that he is acting in good faith, and not with any dishonorable intent. You perceive, madame, that I am reasonable. *Parbleu !*'

The Countess turned to WASH.: '*Cher WASH.*, what is to be done?'

The Colonel clicked the pistol-lock in a rather sportive manner. The Countess and her young cousin consulted together. The Colonel recommended rapid decision. For his own part, he was quite indifferent. He should feel reluctant to inform against Mr. FUDGE for his extraordinary conduct; he should prefer to settle affairs with him *en homme d'honneur*. As for the estate across the water, if in view of the handsome sum to be realized, Mr. FUDGE was disposed to place in his hands twenty thousand francs, he would consent to their leave. *Madame la Comtesse* could refund such advance, upon the settlement of the estate.

WASH. grew pale again ; the GUERLIN exclaimed against the Colonel's extravagant demand. But that gentleman was very cool ; he seated himself by the door, and amused himself as before, with trying the force of his very effective-looking pistol-lock.

There was even a doubt in the mind of WASH. if his Paris banker would cash at present so large a draft.

The Colonel suggested that this was a matter easily determined by inquiry. It was found in fact that the banker, or his agents, did not object. WASHINGTON met the exigency with more dignity than he had met the previous suggestions of Colonel DUPRÉ. Indeed, he drew upon Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE for twenty thousand francs, with a firm hand.

It is not my opinion, however, that it was a transaction upon which he reflected with great pleasure. It did occur to him, that he was doing a wrong to one to whom he was very largely indebted. However, Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE, or Mrs. PHŒBE FUDGE would, he felt sure, prefer an annoyance of this kind, to the intelligence that he was lodged in a French prison-house, or stretched upon the tables of *la morgue*, with a heart riddled by a pistol-shot of Colonel DUPRÉ.

He consoled himself, then, with the reflection that he had chosen the least of the evils which hedged him in ; without observing, (it may be remarked) that he had marched of his own will, and in a very straight line, into the toils which beset him.

It is a very gratifying thing to be 'a man of the world' early ; particularly in such a city as Paris, where the aspirants to the fore-mentioned attainment are very numerous. But it is my opinion, that it costs dear ; not to the pocket only, but to every thing else that a sound-minded man likes to carry about with him.

Paris is, to be sure, a delightful place ; but a man may stay too long there, — more especially, if he has no more definite occupation than to amuse himself. It seems a good spot to refine metal which is tough by nature ; but what is tender, is apt to waste there. The fires in which steel is tempered, would consume a pewter vessel utterly.

A man should think well, before he sends a son in whom he has any high hopes, to the metropolis of Europe. It may accomplish him, to be sure ; and it may prove his damnation ! Most of all is the place dangerous for those who aim merely at a position in the boudoir-talk of the day, and who would peril every manlier faculty for a triumph in those things which will surprise by their license. These, to be sure, will give elegant scandal in our cities, and a day's boast ; but they do not last. A faith in to-morrow, is better than a blaze to-day.

The elegant WASH. FUDGE, and the accomplished Countess DE GUERLIN, sailed together for New-York. The Colonel DUPRÉ waved them an adieu. I am persuaded that he did it in a cordial manner.

· T H Y W I L L B E D O N E . ·

When sorrow casts its shades around,
And pleasure seems our course to shun ;
When nought but grief and care are found,
How sweet to say, 'Thy will be done !'

S P I R I T - C O M P A N I O N S

ABOVE, around, in every nook,
 Where nothing seems but viewless air,
 Strange faces peer with watchful look,
 Strange figures hover near.

At times, when, of a sunny morn,
 I lay me on the fragrant grass,
 My earthly sight grows dim and weak,
 And fain my spirit-glances seek
 Through the material screen to pass,
 That parts us from the world unborn.

Light feet upon the dew-drops press;
 Rose-scented pinions stir the air;
 Then in my heart my God I bless,
 That His bright angel-guards are near:
 And sometimes, to my drooping eye,
 They show like sun-beams flashing by.

But, shrinking from the garish light,
 Oft sit I in my lonely room,
 And through the silent hours of night,
 Gaze on the forms my spirit-sight
 Discovers in the teeming gloom:
 Forms that have hovered by my side,
 Seen or unseen, for solemn years:
 At times with hope and pleasure bright;
 Radiant, at times, with heavenly light;
 Oft veiled and dimmed by bitter tears:
 Now beaded — now defied.

I see you now, my spirit-friends,
 Folding me with your loving arms;
 Bending, as a fond mother bends,
 To shield her child from frights or harms.
 And hild the forms that guard me round,
 With anxious love and watchful care,
 One figure makes it holier ground;
 For, MOTHER! thou art there!

But other shapes are crowding near;
 Shadows that fill my soul with fear,
 Though some are passing fair to see:
 Yet other some are fierce and grim —
 Monsters from which my soul would flee.
 All round, these phantoms dim,
 Beckoning and drawing nigh to me,
 And seek to win mine ear.

They come: I cannot drive away
 The out-stretched arm, the luring eye:
 They come: my spirit-guards would stay
 Their progress, but in vain they try.
 Bright angels, fold me with your wings!
 My soul with sudden fear is tossed;
 My ear with tempting voices rings:
 Help! help! or all is lost!

J. H. A. B.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PITT.

BY A. F. PERRY.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE measures proposed by Pitt, although frequently resisted by the minority with all possible zeal and ingenuity, were for the most part sustained by a large majority of Parliament, and of the country. The people of England and the majority in Parliament were committed to his fortunes by conviction, by sentiments of personal regard, and by a highly-gratified national pride. Not a few persons of distinguished station followed him with the close ardor of undoubting affection, inspired by his disinterestedness, his genius, and the grandeur of his character. Not a few, wholly uninfluenced by personal associations or contact with the minister, and looking only to the welfare of the nation, observed with awe the signs of approaching convulsion; they found no repose for their hopes in the licentious and immoral private character of his principal competitors, however splendid their talents; and, for public reasons, they grappled themselves to Pitt, as to a life-boat in a tempest upon the ocean. Not a few dexterous trimmers sought their fortunes by binding themselves to one who carried within himself the guarantee of success, and who loved glory with a love so noble and undivided that, while he scattered titles and fortunes with a liberal hand among his friends, he reserved neither title nor fortune for his own enjoyment. All the benefits and emoluments of power he gave away. As for himself, he was William Pitt, the son of Chatham. History would record his actions; glory would attend the mention of that name evermore. Why should it be disguised with titles? What possible private fortune could add to the fortune of standing first in the esteem of his countrymen? What possible endowment was worthy a moment's thought, beyond that happy endowment given him by the King of kings:

‘The applause of listening senates to command,
And read his history in a nation's eyes.’

A few instances have been mentioned, in which measures proposed by him were defeated in a manner that might have shaken the power of another man. But it was not one or a few errors or mistakes that could induce the people of England, or Parliament, or the king, to judge him harshly, or dispense with his services. He was not easily deterred from pursuing his course, whether popular or otherwise; but, once defeated, no one knew better how to rescue himself from a false position, or how more gracefully to advance to occupy public attention with a new one, so fortified as to be impregnable. His popularity was of that overwhelming description which left opposition no foothold and no hope. So that after his first great triumph over Fox and his associates, there was never any serious crisis in his career until the year 1788. Fox had

become so discouraged, that he ceased his attendance upon Parliament, and had sought the gratification of his literary and classical tastes, by travelling and sojourning with his mistress in Italy. But a cloud was discovered upon the prospects of the nation, at first 'scarcely bigger than a man's hand,' which rapidly grew heavy and dark, until it closed in the political horizon, and hung dense and gloomy over the fate of Pitt and of England.

Early in the summer of 1788, the health of the king became feeble, and the operations of his mind irregular. In October, his disease had become aggravated, and the horrible truth could be no longer doubted, that his reason was dethroned. He was insane. The constitution of England, which is nothing more than the habit or customs of England, had placed the chief executive power in a king. He appointed ministers. He commanded the army and the navy. From him emanated all titles of honor; and without him could not any thing be done that was done. If the king died, the constitution had provided who should succeed. If he abdicated, or abused his power, there had been found a mode of replacing him. But here was a king of virtuous habits and patriotic inclinations, endeared to his people by a thousand ties, whose life remained, but whose reason had fled. The only voice having authority to command was now incoherent and unintelligible. The mind which had been charged to preserve order and regulate the movements of empire, was itself in melancholy disorder, and ranged only through a fantastic realm. Of all the calamities with which it has ever pleased the ALMIGHTY to visit the human race, the most appalling is the loss of reason. It is that alone which has power, even for a moment, to unsettle our firm faith in the immortality of the soul. There is not, in all the phenomena of human existence, another fact which makes us in such a spirit of utter dependence and self-abandonment cry out: 'O God! where *now* is that moral responsibility? where *now* that indestructible principle which is in thy likeness, and which is to dwell with the angels?'

This melancholy blow fell upon the king of Great Britain at a time when Europe was rapidly driving toward the great vortex of the French revolution, and when it was a matter of peculiar and imminent necessity that the reins of government should be steadily held. The Prince of Wales, who would be king in case of his father's death, and who alone was likely to be thought of as regent during the king's insanity, was in person and manner the most accomplished gentleman of Europe. But his habits were licentious and reckless: he had long been the centre of opposition to the present ministry, and from his friends emanated lampoons and caricatures, disrespectful to the king's person, and highly offensive to his feelings. The prince was in frequent revel with Fox and Sheridan, and his success would be their success. But for the fact that the prospects of the prince depended upon the preservation of the Brunswick line, there would have been seen many points of resemblance between his character and associations, and his relations to the king, and those of the celebrated and infamous Duke of Orleans of France, and his relations to Louis XVI. The transition from George III. and Pitt, to the Prince of Wales and Fox, at a period of so much apprehension,

was a prospect by no means consolatory to the nation. Fox was suddenly called home, with his mistress, from Italy, and he prepared once more to assume power. Pitt looked about him for help; but, save in his own resources, there was no help to be found. A continuance of the king's insanity would render a regency indispensable, and the accession to power of the prince would drive Pitt from office. Already were his bitterest opponents whetting their beaks for an official repast. Already were they beginning their songs of triumph, and preparing to pronounce with vindictive lips his official obsequies. The only future for him seemed to be in gathering his robes about him, and in preparing to hand over the empire to his adversaries. They, and not he, were the rising luminary toward which to look for the beams of patronage. One only hope remained to Pitt, to the queen, to the nation. The king's recovery was possible, and if it should happen soon, the regency might be unnecessary. Of the two principal physicians in charge, one advised that the king's recovery was extremely improbable; the other, that it might be expected soon. There was a time, indeed, when his death was hourly expected. But Pitt, always inclined to the hopeful aspect of things, pursued a steady course, and was ready for either event. Parliament had been prorogued to meet on the twentieth of November, and there was now no legal authority in existence to hasten or delay its meeting. The session was opened by announcing the king's illness, and by stating that nothing could be done with propriety, until provision should be made for the present melancholy condition of affairs: and Pitt, giving notice that on the fourth of December he should move a call of the House, requested an adjournment to that day, to give time for sending notice to distant members, and to command a full house. The fourth of December arrived: the death of a member caused another adjournment to the eighth. Preparatory to the meeting of Parliament, a privy-council was called to examine the king's physicians, and Pitt had proposed to act upon their report. But it was suggested by the opposition, and among others, by Fox, to be more proper to have the physicians examined by a committee of their own body. On the eighth, Pitt moved a committee of the Commons, consisting of twenty-one, of whom nine were his most prominent opponents, to examine the physicians, and report. Of course, this examination took time; and it was prolonged by cross-examinations on the part of Fox and his friends. They presumed the king's insanity incurable, and their own success to be certain. A few days more or less were of little consequence, provided they could harass the minister, and make him more obnoxious to the prince. Not so thought Pitt. He believed the whole proceeding to be a question of time. If they would give him time, the king would, he thought, recover. He would not factiously seek to delay action, but if they insisted upon playing into his hands, it was not his fault. On the tenth of December, he moved for a committee to examine for precedents. Fox objected that no precedents could be found, and therefore there was nothing to be gained by a committee. He claimed that the prince possessed the legal right to enter upon the regency without waiting to be elected by Parliament. Pitt, knowing that Fox had committed a mistake — that he had put forth a claim wholly unfounded, and

one likely to alarm the country, intrepidly seized and secured his advantage. The claim of Fox was a denial of the right of Parliament to appoint a regent, and virtually a claim to dethrone the king before his death. There was so much the more need of his committee, for a new question had been interposed. It was no longer a question how to proceed, but a question whether they could proceed at all : no longer a question how to exercise their power, but a question whether they had any power to exercise. He obtained his committee, which reported on the twelfth. The report could not be printed and distributed before the fourteenth, and on the fifteenth he was ready to propose action. At the request of Fox, he announced very frankly the outlines of his plan, but declared it necessary to ascertain, in the first place, and declare the rights of Parliament to act in the premises. He was strengthened in this by the imprudent reassertion by Fox and Burke, of the obnoxious claim of the prince's legal right to assume the regency, without being appointed by Parliament. And Sheridan audaciously warned the Commons not to provoke the prince to assert that right which he was willing to waive. All this was playing precisely the part which Pitt would have chosen for them. His first movement was to propose a series of resolutions, stating the fact of the king's illness, and asserting the rights of the two Houses of Parliament to provide for the emergency. These resolutions were discussed in the two Houses until the thirtieth. Here, the prince, influenced by the misrepresentations of Pitt's adversaries, opened a correspondence, complaining that he had not been consulted ; which delayed farther action on the part of Pitt until the fifth of January. On this fifth of January, Pitt was ready to propose his plan for the regency : but here the prince's friends proposed another committee to examine the king's physicians, and ascertain the present state of his health. To this, after objecting to the delay it caused, Pitt, with apparent reluctance, acceded. He could not well do otherwise ; for the proposition had been accompanied with such opprobrious hints and suspicions touching his official conduct in the matter, that it was prudent for him to assist the inquiry. This new committee reported on the tenth ; their report was printed and distributed on the fifteenth ; and on the sixteenth, Pitt proposed his plan for the regency. The discussion in the Commons was prolonged by the prince's friends, and the resolutions were not passed by the House and ready for the Lords, until the twentieth. Two months of the session had thus been consumed. The resolutions occupied the Lords, and were not returned with their approbation until the twenty-sixth. On the twenty-seventh, Pitt moved two committees, to wait respectively on the prince and on the queen, to ascertain whether they would accept the duties assigned them under the conditions proposed. Then he was obliged to wait for the concurrence of the Lords. All these ceremonies, performed no doubt with excellent gravity, produced a favorable response both from the queen and the prince, on the thirty-first. But down to this time, there had been no legal Parliament. The session had not been opened with legal forms, and their action had been, thus far, by resolution only. They had agreed upon a plan, but must now contrive some way to enact that plan into a binding law. It was determined to put the great seal in

commission, so that the Chancellor could open Parliament and perform other necessary acts in the name of the King. This process occupied the time till the third of January. Parliament was then duly opened, and on the fifth, Pitt proposed his Regency-Bill, to carry out the propositions which had been agreed upon and embraced in the resolutions previously adopted. The friends of the Prince were now on the very threshold of power. One step only remained to be taken, and that step they unwisely delayed by fighting over again the previous debates upon the passage of this bill. It was the sixteenth before that bill was ready to send to the Lords. On the nineteenth, it was on its second reading in the Lords, when the Chancellor announced the probable restoration of the king's health, in a period so near at hand as to render a regency unnecessary, and moved an adjournment till the twenty-fourth. On the twenty-fourth, the king was apparently well, and on the tenth of March resumed his official duties.

Thus had the steadiness, dexterity, and good-fortune of Pitt, helped, as was usual, by the folly of his enemies, saved himself and the state from the impending misfortune. The above naked recital of dates shows by what critical good fortune Pitt was saved. It was less than two months from the king's resumption of official duties, that the meeting of the States-General took place in Paris; and that meeting had been called the previous year. It was a period of threatened convulsion, and of great and general anxiety, not only in France, but in England. The hopes of Englishmen hung upon Pitt. They watched his cool and adroit movements, as the traveller watches the commander or pilot who steers his ship among dangerous shoals and reefs, doubtful if each moment may not be the last. Had his movements been even a few days more rapid, the regency would have been established; had they been so much delayed as to give any appearance of factionousness and intentional delay, his majority would have fled to the other side, and sought the smiles of what all supposed to be the rising power. But his opponents helped him to such good causes for delay, and he steered his bark with so much precision, that it is even doubtful whether at any time he sought delay for the sake of delay. It is an instance characteristic of a great man in a crisis: he yielded nothing from despair, but determined to do all that was proper to be done, and leave the rest to fate.

The recovery of the king was hailed by a general out-burst of national joy, and celebrated by religious solemnities, by illuminations, and loud voices of thanksgiving. The affections of the English people were exhibited toward their sovereign in a manner both earnest and touching: nor was Pitt forgotten. It was almost a jubilee over the defeat of his adversaries: almost an ovation for Pitt himself. If revolution were at hand, they were no longer in danger of meeting it under the rule of a profligate and dishonored prince, who had been an undutiful son, and who was nearly destitute of the qualities which command confidence or respect: if a great crisis were at hand, their destinies were not under the guidance of ministers as profligate and as destitute of private character as the prince himself. But George III., who, with all his faults, was, compared with other monarchs, a pure, virtuous,

and paternal sovereign, was yet king ; and Pitt, their great and brilliant minister, was yet at the helm of state. The crisis was indeed at hand, and a crisis more momentous and appalling than it had entered their imaginations to conceive. They were beginning to be tossed upon that plunging and pitiless tide which speedily engulfed all Europe. They were beginning to discern some curling eddies of smoke rising from those suppressed fires which speedily broke forth into wide-spread and merciless conflagration.

The limits of a sketch like this neither require nor indeed permit great fulness of detail. There were many passages in the life of Pitt, of great interest at the moment, which called forth his eloquence and his courage, and which would afford themes for the pen or the pencil ; but they are not necessary to a fair comprehension of his personal or political merit. He was appointed Prime Minister in December, 1783. During the ten years which elapsed before the war with France, he increased the revenues, established a sinking-fund, diminished smuggling, consolidated the various duties, and enhanced the value of the funds. He re-constructed the government of India ; he re-constructed the government of the Canadas : he proposed, and very nearly accomplished, a remodelling and re-construction of the relations between England and Ireland : he participated in the trial of Hastings : he conducted the controversy about the regency.

It has been said that he was a man of tact and plausibility, rather than of strength and high statesmanship ; but if any thing is apparent from the commencement to the close of his career, it is his readiness to undertake, and his strength to accomplish the most responsible and arduous duties which can be thrown upon a statesman. Nor has any minister of England left upon her history a record more enduring, or a greater number of administrative measures of the first magnitude, than did Pitt during the first ten years of his ascendancy. Early in February, 1793, the French Convention declared war against Great Britain, and from that period to the death of Pitt, the country, with barely a nominal cessation, was engaged in expensive, magnificent, and bloody wars.

Pitt entered Parliament with the predisposition common to young men for popular reforms. He united with Fox and the Liberals to oppose the American war. He aided Wilberforce to launch his resolutions against the slave trade. He advocated parliamentary reform and extension of popular suffrages. As finance minister, he overhauled traditional abuses. He declined an office for himself, the clerkship of the Pells, worth three thousand pounds per annum during life, which he might without impropriety have accepted, and he caused it to be bestowed upon another. He sacrificed his patronage as minister by abolishing four hundred and forty-one revenue offices which he deemed unnecessary. He entirely re-cast and re-modelled the system of taxation, and the mode of keeping and auditing the public accounts. He repudiated the practice of distributing beneficial shares of the public loans among his friends and supporters, and adopted the new plan of contracting for loans by means of sealed proposals from different persons,

which were opened in presence of each other. As a peace-minister, he was in every valuable sense a reformer.

The activity with which he replenished the treasury after his accession to power, and his sinking-fund, have been described. It happened on two occasions before the war with France, that he was compelled to incur extraordinary expenses; in the first instance, to prepare for a war with Spain, and in the second for a war with Russia. These occasions passed away without actual war, but not without testing his spirit and his promptness. He provided for these occasions by extraordinary taxes and otherwise, so that in 1792, the sinking-fund had been undiminished: it had bought in forty millions of dollars of the national debt, and he was then ready to add to the five millions of dollars per annum which he had at first provided for that fund, another million of dollars per annum, and at the same time to repeal taxes to the amount of a million of dollars. Under his administration the amount of British goods exported to India had increased six fold. The whole aggregate annual value of goods imported into the kingdom had increased about thirty millions of dollars, and the amount of goods exported per annum, about twenty-five millions of dollars; and in the same short period, the number of ships employed in the trade of the kingdom had increased in the proportion of five to three. He had also carried a bill through Parliament for establishing a new system of police in London. By so many titles had he proved himself a thorough-going and trenchant man of affairs, a statesman not merely for preserving, but for reconstructing and reforming.

When the French revolution broke out, he was more than any other man responsible to his own government for its safety from a similar catastrophe. The danger was imminent. Ideas of democracy and the rights of man, of equality and brotherhood, spread like a contagion. Liberty is a greater than Orpheus; her voice will not only cause the lame mind to walk, the dumb to speak, but will inspire some holy aspirations in the most brutish nature. Visions of millennial happiness, and the perfect empire of reason, awoke the multitudes of England to respond to the multitudes of France. Situated as Pitt was, men are apt to be conservative. The revolutionary movement appeared to him to be an awful vortex, in which not only thrones, but all systems of justice and social morality were in danger of being engulfed. He believed the only way to guard the British Islands against this danger was to bar all its approaches. He regarded all concessions to the democratic idea and to popular clamor as opening the way to destruction. Concessions, he thought, instead of satisfying demands, would multiply and sharpen them, and would give an entering-place to the revolutionary wedge. It was not, he said, the time for concessions: they would give strength and respectability to efforts which ought in his judgment to be thoroughly discountenanced. The British constitution, he argued, protected life and property, and guaranteed a comfortable degree of freedom. As compared with any thing gained by the French revolution, or probable to result from any other revolution, he eulogized it as worthy of veneration and earnest love. Upon its preservation depended, in his opinion, much more than the happiness of England. The British constitution

saved, would stand as a break-water against which the waves of destruction, threatening to roll over Europe, would break and recoil. He was, in his own estimation, fighting a contest which largely involved the happiness of mankind. It was for him, therefore, to fortify the barriers of the constitution against the assaults of democratic theory and the insidious approach of fallacious sentiment. The question was not how to make the government more perfect, but how to preserve any government at all; not how to relieve property from the burdens of partial taxation, but how to save it from utter destruction, or from revolutionary sequestration; not how to gratify the popular desire for sentimental justice and brotherhood, but how to save the people from the madness of anarchy. Projects of reform and specialities in philanthropy were small and narrow compared with the great cause. Effort bestowed upon them was dangerously wasted and diverted from matters of more comprehensive and vital concern. He therefore abandoned the advocacy of parliamentary reform, and opposed it. He threw his whole weight and all his power against democracy. He brought the machinery of government to bear with rigor upon Jacobin movements. The doctrine of constructive treason was revived. Sedition was not flattered by concessions, but arraigned and put upon trial. The state trials of that period will be for ever memorable in the annals of jurisprudence. The logic and eloquence of Erskine displayed upon those trials will be studied through all time as models of forensio argumentation. That great advocate resisted with success many of the most important prosecutions, and won for himself professional triumphs. Government was balked and perplexed, but sedition was disconcerted. Popular leaders might be willing to face danger in battle, but it was a different matter to be watched from step to step by unknown spies, and to feel assured that before their plans had ripened they would be separated from their associates, denounced as traitors, imprisoned, and put upon trial. It was very well to be applauded as martyrs; but to be confronted with treacherous associates who had turned State's evidence, to languish months in duress with an even chance for the gibbet, and to emerge at length with ruined fortunes and damaged reputation was an anti-climax. It was not a part of the play laid down in their plan. Liberty, equality, fraternity, was a charming dream; but reduced to practice by allowing one democrat the liberty of testifying against his brother, and of saving his own neck from the noose by slipping his brother's neck into it, was an exhibition of the sentiment nowhere provided for in the bills. This was the test to which Pitt subjected the theory of human regeneration among its chief disciples in Great Britain. Had Louis XVI. a Pitt, there had been neither a Napoleon nor a Wellington. In the situation of the two countries, war between France and England was inevitable. There is no doubt but France committed the first overt act by opening the Scheldt in apparent violation of a treaty. There is as little doubt that England had long been acting the part of an open enemy to the French revolution, and had taken every step that could be taken short of an appeal to arms. It is abundantly manifest in the speeches from the throne, and in Pitt's speeches, as well as in contemporary history, that although the opening of the Scheldt was the technical ground for war,

much the greater stress was laid upon the necessity of putting down the French revolution. Mr. Pitt spoke of the French leaders as banditti; and he was himself regarded in France with as much abhorrence as Napoleon afterward was in England. The French revolutionary leaders looked upon Pitt as the *cousa cousins* of the many-headed coalition among the old dynasties to suppress the spirit of young liberty. Pitt was by no means first to propose those European combinations. He stood resolutely aloof until the character of the revolution was developed, and his own opinion of the necessity of the case was fully formed. His wish, his ambition, was to maintain peace, and to connect his reputation with a restoration of British finances. But his moral and physical courage were equal to any turn of events. He was intensely English, and when he saw or thought he saw an absolute necessity for kings and governments to array themselves against the rising, spreading, and tumultuous cry of revolution, he calmly unsheathed the sword, but he threw away the scabbard. There was no monarch, no subject in Europe, who brought to the conflict the weight of character which Pitt contributed. He was, therefore, magnified by the imaginations and the fears of the democracy into the Genius and Colossus who stood between them and their hopes. Much that was done by others, and much that was not done at all, was popularly attributed to Pitt. They thought they saw the finger of Pitt in every hostile movement. His name became an execrated name. The French Convention voted him to be an enemy of liberty and of the human race. The feeling on both sides was natural, and no doubt sincere. In the relative situation of the two countries, peace was impossible.

‘WAR, then, war;
Open or understood,’

was inevitable. France preferred it should be open.

In this struggle republicans can feel but little sympathy with Pitt or with England. Her part was that of domination, and interference in the affairs of others. But in judging of public men, it is proper to place yourself in their situation, and to see things from the same point of view they did. If you erect a standard of absolute justice, and test the actions of men, not only by the facts they saw, but by the revelations and the opinions of all time, you yourself become unjust, and deal unfairly. What nation, what man, can stand the test of such a standard? Nay, what nation, what man, is worthy to erect such a standard? Let him who declares honestly to his own generation that which he thinks he sees, and who strives with all his might to do that which seems to him fit to be done, be honored as the true man: if his glance shall pierce the dark obscure of coming events, or his comprehension grasp attendant causes and effects, ever so little more closely than his fellows, let then be added to his name the title of great. For, by any other standard shall you look sorrowfully over the vacant globe, and search all time with an aching heart, finding never anywhere a great or an honest man.

Look at Pitt, then, as a British statesman, deeply attached to the British constitution, pledged by every sacred pledge to uphold the monarchy.

Look at the people of the British Islands, enjoying not equality or brotherhood, it is true, but comfort, safety, and qualified liberty, with a future opening brightly before them. Look at the British monarch, now approaching old age, venerated, loved by his people, who had taken Pitt by the hand when he was young, who had failed him in no engagement ever made, over whom he had watched in sickness and in health, during sanity and insanity, and who now leaned upon him as his staff of support, whose hopes now fled to him for safety as their rock of refuge; you will then see the situation of Pitt as he saw it. Glance across that narrow British channel, and behold there the scenes which he beheld: a people who had inhaled an unaccustomed breath of liberty, and become frantic with an amiable sentiment, murdering their king and queen, and murdering each other; infancy, age, virtue, vice, all sexes and conditions, falling under the executioner's axe or the assassin's knife, and the songs of liberty degenerated into repulsive orgies over undistinguishing slaughter and spreading conflagration. Look then again to the British side of the channel, and see there the same signs, the same organizations, the same gathering together of masses, which heralded the disasters of France. See these rising omens of popular commotion, countenanced, defended, encouraged, by political leaders, men of eloquence, scholars, writers, nay, even by Fox himself. See this threatening tide of danger rapidly spreading, surrounding, approaching, *ex gurgite vasto*, the throne of George III. You then see the situation of Pitt as he saw it.

For us who live in the middle of the nineteenth century, the impenetrable curtain of the future which closed in his horizon has been lifted. That which was feared and suffered has passed away. The masses, the generation of men, who fell before this mighty movement, are almost forgotten. In the result, we see that the feudal system was swept away; that, since the subsoil of society was turned up to the sun by the relentless ploughshare of that revolution, many germs buried until then have shot up into stately growths and hung full of blossoming virtues; that liberty made a great advance, and our sympathies, at least my sympathies, are all with France and her revolution. But let us deal fairly with Pitt. He also was a friend of liberty. Neither he nor the friends of the revolution foresaw results. On all sides of the scene were cries of 'Lo here! lo there!' and all were running after false guides. No man's predictions were accomplished, no man's hopes fulfilled; but warriors and statesmen, alternately victors and vanquished, were in one 'red burial blent.' He who came nearest to a perfect solution of that great riddle had not yet advanced upon his career, but in the end, even he fell short of the true guess, and was fearfully doomed.

In this dreadful confusion of opinion and of events, Pitt saw a few things clearly. There was his king; there the British constitution; there English liberty. If these could be saved, it was much: this done, if he could extend the healing beams of British influence, and pacify the troubles of Europe, it was more. The only experiment, he thought, which duty called upon him to try was that experiment. The post of his duty was there where he stood. The only sentiments for him to improve were those natural affections, love to his own king, his

own people, his own government, and upon these to make fast the happiness and the power of his country. It was there, if anywhere, in the House of Commons, and as plain William Pitt, that he must mount the whirlwind and direct the storm.

Was he 'up to the spirit of the age?' Let him answer who can say what was the spirit of that age. Was his course dictated by the liberal policy of a true friend of his race? Let him answer who can say whether an opposite course would have produced greater happiness. The spirit of the age was a mixed and antithetical spirit; there was a love to talk beautiful sentiments at each other, and then to enforce them with mutuality of guillotines, dirks, and arsenic. Liberality exemplified itself by the bestowal of much excellent theory, and more than all in the free bestowal of cannon-balls, infantry, and cavalry-charges, and in the sacking of cities. Where, oh! where, shall a refuge be found from the influence of cant?

When Pitt took his stand upon this subject, he had the happiness to see many of his most powerful and bitter opponents break loose from their former associations and range themselves by his side. The imaginative, great, and vindictive Burke, so long a determined foe, left his seat in the opposition, and came over to share his eloquence and his efforts with Pitt. It was an affecting scene. The friendship between Fox and Burke had stood the test of adversity and of time. When they separated, it was with the manly sorrow of two rugged natures; it was a breaking up of the fountains of the deep, and was performed with pathetic eloquence and with moistened eyes. For the third time, a crisis had happened in Pitt's career, and each crisis had found him firmer, and left him more strongly grounded in the affections of Englishmen than before, more than ever he to whom the country looked for counsel and guidance.

T H E A R B U T U S .

COME with me

Where blooms the wild arbutus, queen of all
The flowers that blossom in our woods. Half hid
From view, beneath the yellow leaves that strew
The forest-walks, it buds and blooms unseen,
Save by the eye of him, who wanders here
In musings, wrapt beneath these pensive shades.
It haunts the loneliest glooms and shadiest dells,
And sheds its fragrance on the morning air,
Which is, perhaps, by breezes loitering near;
Borne far away to one who long since loved
To wander here in spring-time, and who now
Here wanders but in dreams. I love the flower,
Emblem of modest worth; it does not court
The admiration of the thoughtless crowd;
But, in sequestered glen or pathless wild,
Sought out, alone, by those to whom appears
The face of nature like an open book —
It buds, and blooms, and dies.

Castleton, Vermont.

M. L. S.

T H E G O L D E N A G E .

BY JAS. T. MITCHELL.

AN idle hour of reverie was mine,
Which I have passed, as oft I do such hours,
In day-light dreaming of the Golden Age.
And, that my dreams should not too idle be,
I have, with such precision as I might,
Recalled the wandering tenor of their thought.

I saw the nations that have gone before us,
Climbing again the rugged hills of time;
And, having gained the summit, pause a moment,
Blazing in fiery light of Glory's sun;
Then downward move again, in dark procession,
Along the Valley of the Shade of Death.

First came through dim tradition's morning light,
A phantom legion of departed states,
And weird skeletons of ages past ;
Assyria, Egypt, and ill-fated Troy,
Stalked by like shadows in the twilight gloom ;
And, as they slowly passed along, I thought,
Each one of these has had its golden age,
Yet in them all has been but one idea ;
For, though in different years and different climes,
They each have looked upon a conquered world :
Yet, in them all, the prevalent great thought,
The ruling power, has been the force of arms.

Look at their histories, and the names of those
Whom they have placed upon the scroll of fame :
What, through the night of years, do they present ?
Naught but a catalogue of warrior-kings,
Heroes, whose only claim to high renown
Is writ in crimson characters of blood.

This, then, was man's most marked primeval age,
The wakening up of those fierce faculties
That drive him headlong to the battle-field ;
And its result was the development
Of arts of war, and of those arts alone.

The next age came, but in its dawning brought
Only fresh fuel to the flame of war ;
Man had advanced, with terrible success,
In lawless passions and in iron will ;
But still was shrouded in the gloom of night
The true and gentler soul. Yet now a form
Came forth, exulting, at the pageant's head,
Armed to the teeth ; but yet in every part
It bore the impress of a different strength.
There was a brightness in its every look,
A fiery brilliancy, that seemed to say,

This is the birth-day of a new idea.
Greece is the morning-star, upon whose beams
Is wafted down from highest heaven to man
The new-born principle of Liberty.

The law of arms had, by its nature, been
A tyrant of the worst and deadliest kind ;
And, in man's first and fierce primeval state,
Wherein it held an undisputed sway,
It had developed in such iron strength,
It ruled the world for many an after-age.
Yet still its power, from FREEDOM'S earliest birth,
Began to wane ; for with that great event
Burst on the world the dawning light of soul :

Thenceforth the march of mind was ever on,
Through centuries of darkness, toil, and strife,
Leaving its landmarks in the peaceful arts
That now are spread o'er many a happy land.
But though the powers of intellect and arms
Both lived and struggled in the iron age,
Yet for a time they joined in mighty Rome.
When first her eagle spread his golden wings,
That bore him far upon his rushing flight,
He held within his breast two living powers :
The first was liberty, and this was seen
When every nation that he triumphed o'er
Thenceforth enjoyed its freedom undisturbed ;
But freedom must be such as Romans willed,
And here was thus evinced the tyranny.
Thus both these powers, while they fought within,
Made common cause against the foe without ;
And their united energies soon crowned
The seven-hilled city mistress of the world.
And having now no rival left to fear,
She next began to turn against herself :
Stern civil discord raised her gorgon head,
Wild anarchy went rioting in blood ;
And, through the red, chaotic night of war,
Went slow and sadly down the morning-star.
Then came the darkness and the double night
Of tyranny, and of all-powerful wrong.
Kings sat upon the thrones, and at their nod
Whole nations bowed to slavery and death ;
Warriors arose, and in their trembling turn,
The kings from off their thrones were hurled by those
Who, when their day was done, must follow them.

Then, with a mighty crash, that shook the world,
And echoed loud along the corridors
Of centuries then unborn, fell eagle Rome ;
And settled on her mouldering remains
The fierce and eager vultures of the North.
The world was ruled by barbarism alone ;
The torch of mind which liberty had lit
Went out, and then there seemed to come no light
From all the darkness of the middle age.
But time flew ever on, and, year by year,
The spirit of that darkness fell and died ;
And man awoke again to consciousness
Of powers that had been slumbering too long ;
Then fled the nightmare that had on him lain,

And through the world was seen returning life.
First kings arose against each other's might;
The weak, no longer yielding to the strong,
Banded together 'gainst each common foe.
Then slowly dawned upon the minds of men,
A new and all-important principle.
Though all the ages we have seen pass by
Were mainly moved by different ideas,
Yet through them all we now can see one chain,
And that the force of individual minds.
For though we speak of Greece as one great power,
Yet she was then a multitude of States,
Each separate from the rest, and every one
Rose, lived, and died, upon its own resource.
Rome, even at the zenith of her strength,
Was but a single city, and she held
Her grasp upon so many different states,
Because no *one* of them was stronger than herself.
And, in these states that were divided so,
Each separate man was like a separate power,
And but submitted to his single king,
Since by himself too weak to urge his will.

Here, then, we see one law that bound the world,
Through all the ages past: but now there came
Slowly, yet startlingly, upon men's minds,
The thought, that in union was their strength.
Kings felt its influence first; but, as time passed,
And they by long example showed its power,
The people that had been for centuries
Awakening to a consciousness of strength,
Seized it to shield their own invaded rights.
This brings us to the present age, for this
Is yet a period of struggling thoughts:
The whole world is their mighty battle-field,
On which we see the glittering standards rise,
Of union for the love of LIBERTY,
Against the cause of DESPOTISM in arms.
Thus, every age that yet this world has seen,
Has had its main and ruling principle;
And though each one has lived for centuries,
Beyond the period that it ruled alone,
Yet have the good still grown in strength; while those
Whose deeds were ill, have fallen day by day.
And this is now the age in which shall come
The last great struggle of the living powers;
And those that conquer in the coming fight,
Shall rule the world through every future age.
And who, with history of the past as guide,
And every sign that man can read for hope,
Will say the victory shall not be to those
Who now shall strike for liberty and peace?
That, then, shall be the Golden Age of man,
When all this strife, in centuries to come,
Is over, and the ever-conquering powers
Of LIBERTY, and UNION, and of PEACE,
Shall bury in OBLIVION's dark grave
The hated names of SLAVERY and WAR,
And in their place shall HAPPINESS and LOVE
Direct the march of man for ever on!

A N E P I S O D E

IN THE LIFE OF AUGUSTUS FITZ CLARENCE BOOBIE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

'A SWEET-FACED man; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man.' .. MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.]

AUGUSTUS FITZ CLARENCE BOOBIE was a young gentleman of exceedingly good parts, at least as far as the outward man was concerned, who had recently arrived in the little village of M——, with the avowed design of establishing himself in the practice of the law. He had taken an office upon the main avenue of the town, and over the door had caused to be placed a very showy sign, bearing on a field azure his cognomen in golden letters, appended to which was the usual legal addition of 'Attorney and Counsellor at Law.'

No sooner was he fairly installed in his new head-quarters than he commenced the study of the law, the ladies, and love, of which, however, the last *two* were destined to receive by far his greatest attention.

A more absolute devotee at the shrine of fashion never tripped Broadway. Not a mere fop was he; but the concentrated quintessence of dandyism, be-jewelled, be-scented, and be-decked in the very latest style that foreign importations had developed.

Daily he promenaded the pavé of the little street, to the envy of the village beaux, who stared with jealous glance as he sauntered gracefully along, twirling his moustache and rattan, with an air of self-evident superiority, and the most supreme contempt and indifference to all their operations.

It is proper here to be stated, that his tailor had never as yet received an equivalent for the magnificent suit of French broad-cloth, Genoa velvet, and Turc's satin that enveloped his elegant person; but of what consequence was that fact to him, so long as the suit retained its pristine elegance, and his tailor remained ignorant of his whereabouts?

'Was Solomon in all his glory arrayed like' Augustus Fitz Clarence Boobie? Could that sapient monarch have risen to behold this unique specimen of humanity, he would doubtless have hurried back to his long repose, heartily ashamed of the shabby appearance of his own obsolete wardrobe.

Time passed on, and our hero had ingratiated himself in the good opinions of many of the wealthiest families of M——, with whom he was a general favorite, in fact quite the rage; and there was much strife as to who should make a conquest of this 'love of a man.'

He was such a nice, genteel, moral young man, at least 'so every body said,' and surely 'every body' ought to know.

As regularly as the Sabbath morning dawned, and the little bell had ceased tolling, Augustus, prayer-book in hand, sauntered gracefully up the aisle to his own pew, and devoutly bending his head upon his

perfumed cambric handkerchief, uttered (at least so people imagined) a silent prayer, and then after finding the service for the day, in a clearly audible tone he made the responses very reverently, and paid the most profound attention to the worthy pastor's discourse, 'even unto the end thereof.'

Many stolen glances were directed toward him from all parts of the little church; the chorister sung his loudest, and the lady-members of the choir evinced a perceptible consciousness of his presence within the sacred walls.

And when the 'forty-fifthly' of the good dominie was ended, the last strain of the hymn had died away, and the benediction had been pronounced, what a jostling and hurrying down the gallery-stairs to obtain a glimpse of our hero, or perhaps the honor of a bow from his lordship. Thrice happy the young lady whom he condescended to accompany homeward; and how many thoughts wandered to him, instead of holier objects upon that sacred day!

His presence in the village had a tendency to render society unusually gay, and many balls and parties were given expressly in honor of him. He was lionized by the young ladies, petted by their judicious mammas, clapped upon the back familiarly by their papas; in short, his invitations to breakfast, dinner, and tea, were so numerous that it was exceedingly difficult for him to accept them all. It would have been no very surprising result had a person with a far more ample allowance of brains, under such circumstances, been completely bewildered, and guilty of equal indiscretion.

It was the young men alone who shunned him. They were his sworn enemies.

The 'head and front of his offending had this extent, no more;' he was, as they imagined, usurping the places they had formerly occupied in the good graces of the opposite sex, while they were now almost forgotten, or at least treated with the utmost indifference by his devoted followers.

Among their ranks, however, no 'bright particular star' had as yet arisen upon his mental vision; no fair one had made any indelible impression upon his apparently susceptible heart. No graces of form, feature, mind, or, last though far from least, fortune, had served to touch its tender chords: 'he wandered in maiden meditation, fancy-free.'

His stock of knowledge was limited to a familiarity with the current gossip of the day; a superficial acquaintance with all the latest and most trashy novels in yellow covers, and a tolerably good memory enabled him to quote from Byron and Moore, to just that extent which gave the lackadaisical young ladies of M—— a most exalted idea of his conversational powers. Charming Augustus! thou wert all that sentimental school-girl could picture, or scheming mamma could conceive of, as the beau-ideal, not to say *beau-real*, of romantic perfection. Those were thy halcyon days, when

'Eyes looked love to eyes, which spoke again;
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.
But hush! Hark!'——

CHAPTER SECOND.

'TAKE this of me, KATE, of my consolation :
 Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
 (Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
 Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.'

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Among the village belles was one who was preëminent for beauty, wit, and the thousand little accomplishments which serve to make woman more lovely, and to win them the attentions of the *genus homo*.

Kate Lincoln was a born beauty ; none of your die-away fairies — pale, hectic, consumptive-looking creatures, whose chief ambition is to be thought in an interesting decline ; nor, on the other hand, was she one of those bouncing country-girls of the milk-maid order, who

——— 'WALK in the morning,
 And are shod like mountaineers ;'

but a refined and perfect lady in every respect. Bright and beautiful was she, and justly admired by the whole circle of society in which she moved. She was a genuine lover of fun, provided it did not border on rudeness ; and her repartees were proverbial for the delicacy of their satire, which the most fastidious could not construe into any thing overstepping the bounds of strictest courtesy. She was envied by not a few, for her many personal attractions, and yet beloved by all. Her natural warm-heartedness won her sincere friends among all classes ; and, while her dignity of character always commanded respect, there was nothing forbidding in her manner, but a certain indescribable something which always made you feel at your ease in her presence.

Of course Augustus, in his triumphal progress, was brought in contact with the fair Kate, and, after having obtained an introduction, was completely under the spell of her influence.

Rumor had previously whispered to him that she was the heiress of all her father's wealth, and it required little forethought on his part, to decide that she was at least worth an effort of attainment. Not capable of keeping his intentions a secret to himself, he confided them to a friend of Kate's, who, perceiving at once the object of his designs, communicated the fact to her. Kate was no mean reader of human nature, and no very deep scrutiny was necessary on her part, to ascertain the depths of our hero's intellect. She discovered that he was a hypocrite, as far as he knew how to be ; unprincipled, and by no means as sapient as many people of acknowledged discernment imagined him. His foppery, his senseless chit-chat, and above all his unbounded pride, disgusted her, and she resolved to bring down the latter.

But how could she effect the desired humiliation without compromising the dignity of her character as a lady ? A plan soon suggested itself. For the successful furtherance of it, she accepted his attentions with the utmost grace at every party where both were present ; danced, waltzed, and conversed with him upon every festive occasion, to the great surprise and some little envy on the part of the feminine portion of the community, to say nothing of the indignant looks and speeches of the beaux.

The gossips decided that it was a most reprehensive case of flirtation, and a downright infringement of the laws of propriety, of which the fair Kate ought to be heartily ashamed ; and they even deputed a committee to wait upon the good-natured Judge, her father, to report the 'disgraceful conduct of his daughter.' But then they only received their trouble for their pains, inasmuch as the Judge gave them to understand that Kate was but exercising the prerogative of her sex, and intimated that the institution of a *home mission* would appear far less Quixotic than this voluntary and unsolicited interference with the affairs of others.

Poor, inconsistent women ! they never recalled to mind the ancient fable of the fox and the unattainable fruit of the vine ; never reflected how much it would have ministered to their vanity, could their Sallies and Nancy Janes have been the happy recipients of Augustus' flattering attentions. But no such good fortune awaited them ; Kate, and Kate only, was the chosen object of Augustus' imperial predilections.

Induced by these flattering indications of success, to believe that he should encounter no obstacles to his suit, he soon became a frequent visitor at her father's house, and was received with distinguished consideration by the judge, who was in the secret, and used his inventive faculties to aid Kate in the accomplishment of her plans.

He proposed little social rides and pic-nics, and was so extremely condescending and polite, that Augustus, who considered these opportunities most favorable to the furtherance of his suit, accepted their invitations with delight, and entered into the spirit of them with infinite zest.

CHAPTER THIRD.

'For a full week, the note of preparation
Had sounded through all circles, far and near,
And some two hundred cards of invitation
Bade beau and belle, in full costume, appear.'

HALLECK.

To finish the gayeties of the season, Kate had obtained the consent of her father to give a large and brilliant party.

Invitations were scattered far and wide, and great calculations were made by the village ladies for a grand display of wardrobes upon the occasion. For a week preceding the event, the stores were besieged, and many were the yards of lace and ribbon that were carried away in triumph.

To Miss Jones, the milliner, it was a season of unusual profit ; indeed she had never known a greater demand for the various articles of female adornment, and her two assistants were busily engaged from 'morn till dewy eve,' in cutting, and trimming, and altering silks, satins, and muslins, which had been lying carefully enveloped in pillow-cases for years, in dark closet-drawers, which were strewn with bits of gum-camphor, or chips of red-cedar, sure preventives against the ravages of moths and other destructive annoyers. At the Judge's, no one was idle ; and the occasion was one which called forth an exhibition of Kate's domestic accomplishments. The great parlors had been thoroughly overhauled ; the carpets removed to admit of dancing, and

the old-fashioned dining-hall had been carefully cleansed, and very tastefully decorated with evergreens, among which were arranged numerous candles and lamps. The busy notes of preparation were heard 'from the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same,' and when they were at last all completed, the whole house never looked more cheerful or inviting in its interior appearance.

The expected night at last arrived; the halls were brilliantly lighted, and up the broad, oaken stairway, guest after guest passed to the dressing-rooms. Kate, arranged in a dress of simple white, and with no other ornament than a simple white rose in her glossy hair, stood at the head of the long parlor, leaning upon the arm of her father, and receiving her guests with the grace of a queen. Never had she looked more charming, and there was a silent, yet unmistakable feeling of admiration, plainly perceptible upon the countenances of those who had the pleasure of any conversation with her. She was the acknowledged belle of the evening and the cynosure of all eyes.

At a late hour, the doors of the supper-room were thrown open, and the gay company proceeded thither to discuss the merits of Kate's housewifery. Many were the compliments she received, and many the exclamations of delight at the appearance of the table, which groaned beneath its load of delicacies. Augustus was appointed by Kate to aid her in doing the honors of the supper-room, and to make himself generally useful in seeing that no one was overlooked. After the guests had done ample justice to its merits, and the doors were again closed, Kate took Augustus' arm, and returned to the supper-table to partake of some refreshment herself; having been too busily engaged in her duties as hostess to think of self before. Now was the long-looked-for opportunity; and Augustus at once embraced it to declare the ardor of his passion, and offered his hand, his heart, in short, all that dame Nature and his tailor had produced! under the name and title of Augustus Fitz Clarence Boobie!

Kate directed her glances to the floor, and for a moment hesitated to reply; but at last, summoning all her resolution, she referred him to her father, saying that if *he* was not opposed to it, she would accept him.

So intent was Augustus upon the consummation of his hopes, that, not able to restrain his impatience until the close of the evening, he hastened at once to her father, and requested his presence for a moment in the library. The Judge followed him thither, and closed the door behind them. Augustus, with the air of one who was rather conferring than soliciting a favor, informed the Judge that the attractions of his daughter had made more than ordinary impressions upon his heart, and that he had accordingly addressed her upon the subject. She had, he said, considered it in a favorable light, but referred him to her father, before giving a decisive answer to his proposal. He had, therefore, the honor of announcing himself as a candidate for her hand, and flattered himself that he should meet with no opposition whatever from the Judge.

The latter had anticipated this piece of information, but was not quite prepared for the pompous manner in which it was delivered.

However, he soon recovered his equanimity, and gave our hero to understand that he must decline the honor with which Augustus was about to invest him. Moreover, he would suggest that his visits at the house should, from that time, be discontinued. He acknowledged that he had previously shown him more or less civilities; but, farther than as a guest he had not regarded him, and therefore looked upon his proposal as but a poor return for those civilities; especially so, as he had made it without first consulting him. Augustus expostulated, but in vain. The Judge was inexorable, and would listen to no farther arguments upon the subject. Finding, therefore, that his attempts were unavailing, and only served to exasperate the Judge — who put on a most fierce frown, and spoke very tragically — Augustus returned to the drawing-room, in search of Kate, to whom he communicated his want of success. He then proposed that if she had the slightest regard for him, to fly at once from ‘parental tyranny,’ and make him, without farther delay, the happiest man alive, by being joined in the holy bonds of matrimony, at a neighboring town: to go thence to Philadelphia, pass the honeymoon there; after which, they would return, and throw themselves at her father’s feet, and, obtaining his forgiveness, settle down quietly, as married people should do, for the remainder of their natural lives. He painted the delights of a home such as theirs would be, in very much the same strain as that in which Claude Melnotte described *his* to Pauline; and represented the magnificent estates which he was to inherit from his father, as sufficient to enable them to live in courtly style.

To all this, Kate gave an attentive ear, and then argued very sensibly against a compliance with his request; but she was sufficiently versed in diplomacy to know that such objections would but serve to render him only the more importunate, and, after a long discussion, she, with apparent reluctance, gave a silent consent, and named the corresponding evening of the following week as the one on which the elopement should take place. Then, bidding him ‘good night,’ she cautioned him not to venture to meet her, except at the house of a friend, where all the preliminaries could be arranged, and returned to her guests, who soon after separated, and the party ended.

CHAPTER FOURTH

‘SLENDER. — ‘I came yonder to Eton to marry Mistress ANNE PAGE, . . . and she’s a great, lubberly boy.’

‘PAGE. — ‘Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.’

‘SLENDER. — ‘What need you tell me of that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman’s apparel, I would not have had him.’

‘PAGE. — ‘Why, this is your own folly. Did I not tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?’

‘SLENDER. — ‘I went to her in white and cried *mum*, and she cried *budget*, and yet it was not ANNE, but a post-master’s boy.’

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

During the week following, Augustus complied strictly with Kate’s request, to meet her only at the house of a friend, and there they arranged all the preparations for the flight.

Happy Augustus! happy in thine ignorance of the snare which is being laid for thee.

'Since ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

It was decided that on the proposed evening, a carriage should be in readiness at the corner of a street, one or two blocks distant from the house, and that, at mid-night precisely, our hero should make his appearance under Kate's window, give a signal, and then repair to the back-piazza and remain in concealment till her appearance.

Accordingly, all preliminaries having been satisfactorily arranged on the proposed evening, the darkness of which was relieved only by a few struggling stars, Augustus Fitz Clarence Boobie, in a bridal suit of the finest of black broadcloth, a vest of snowy whiteness, and the other various articles of his toilet in corresponding style, (all of which had been obtained 'on tick,') Augustus — ecstatic youth — proceeded to the rendezvous under Kate's window, and, in a low tone, gave the preconcerted signal; the window was raised gently, and Kate, in a whisper, asked him if all was in readiness. Being answered in the affirmative, she as noiselessly closed the casement, and Augustus, on tip-toe, hastened to the back-piazza, at one end of which was a trellis covered with honeysuckles, just behind which a private door led from the hall. Behind this trellis he ensconced himself, trembling with excitement and the bold step he was about taking, and all impatience to be beyond the reach of pursuit.

A few moments only elapsed when the door slowly and silently turned upon its hinges; and a female figure, enveloped in a large cloak and closely veiled, emerged. She said nothing, but silently took his arm, and pointed toward the gate at the back of the garden, through which they were to pass. Hurrying on, they soon reached the carriage; and Augustus, having handed his companion in, took his seat beside her and bade the driver hasten on. His directions were obeyed, and they were soon beyond the confines of the village, in which not a light was visible. Augustus' happiness was complete. He had exceeded his most sanguine hopes; and, in a delirium of joy, he clasped the gloved hand of his companion and pressed it to his lips. The veiled head soon rested upon his shoulder, and he endeavored to fathom its impenetrability, and 'look love to eyes' which he fancied would 'speak again;' but the darkness resisted all his attempts. He could see nothing but a lighter shade where the sky was visible through the coach-window. But it was enough to feel that Kate was beside him, and from her he would not part, at least until she was his wedded wife.

On, on they drove, through woodland and over plains. Hill and dale were swiftly passed, and, just as the old church-clock was striking two, they entered the village of G—. The driver had slackened his speed a little, that no suspicion might be excited in the village, and drove quietly up to the hotel. The car stopped simultaneously with that of the hotel, and the two parties were introduced to each other. He had been previously informed that the hotel was a private party, and that the hearth. The

gaged, and the landlord went at once to summon him. Augustus had intended that they should remain as short a time as possible at G——, and then hasten on to the railway to take the early morning-train for Philadelphia.

The landlord at length returned, accompanied by the clergyman, who, being duly introduced to the parties, commenced an exhortation upon the duties of the state matrimonial. Augustus listened impatiently, and, perceiving that there was no immediate prospect of a conclusion, reminded the good man that his time was limited, and desired him [to] proceed at once to business. He accordingly commenced a prayer, by way of preliminary, which threatened to be of equally long duration, and Augustus inwardly muttered anathemas upon the devoted man's head.

At length, however, he drew to a close, after taking a census of the world in general, and praying 'for all sorts and conditions of men,' and then requested the candidates for matrimony to make ready for the ceremony. The lady had thus far kept her veil closely drawn over her features, but, at the request of the clergyman, made preparations to remove it.

The landlord was to be a witness to the ceremony, and had taken his seat by the side of the minister. While waiting for his companion to divest herself of bonnet and veil, Augustus fell into a reverie, and was lost in a brown study, from which he was suddenly aroused by a burst of laughter from the jolly landlord. What could be the matter? He glanced at his dress inquiringly, to see if there was any thing there to excite these demonstrations of mirth; but no, there was not a spot or blemish. What, then, could it mean? Another and another peal of merriment caused him to look around, and — oh! shade of Uncle Tom! what think you, gentle reader, met his astonished vision? There stood his *compagnon du voyage*, the one whose hand he had pressed to his lips, and into whose ears he had breathed such vows of endless love and unchanging fidelity — but, oh! how changed! She to whom, in five minutes more he was to have been united for life, was metamorphosed into a young negro boy, whose height and figure were the counterpart of Kate's! He was enveloped still in the cloak, but had removed the bonnet and veil, and stood shaking his sides, and grinning as only a darkey can grin, while Augustus stood completely bewildered and horror-stricken.

'Wal, wat's de matter, Massa?' quoth Sambo; 'I specs you radder not be jined in de bons ob mattermony now, eh? I golly! I nebber hab a *follo* kiss me afore. Wal, I guess Massa Lincoln know he cards, and Missy Kate, she am up to snuff, too.'

Like a flash of lightning it occurred to Augustus that he had been victimized. He raved and swore, and it was with difficulty that the parson and landlord could quiet him. At length his passion cooled down, and he paid his bill, (the only one he ever was known to be guilty of discharging,) and left the house.

The supposed Kate returned in the carriage the next morning to M——, highly elated with the exploit. The real Kate and her father laughed heartily at the success of their plot, and felt that they had

relieved the village of a most dangerous character. All the village was agog before noon with a thousand-and-one different versions of the story ; but all praised Kate's ingenuity, and rejoiced at the benefit she had conferred upon the community at large.

Then, did the creditors of Augustus hunt up their accounts, and cry 'sold! sold!' Then was the sheriff consulted ; but he only gravely shook his head, and said all was in vain, for our hero was beyond the bounds of his jurisdiction. Then did he who had rented him the office repair thither, to obtain collateral security for past quarters still unpaid.

Vain search ! He found a broken, worn-out trunk, containing three soiled collars, a pair of false moustaches, an antiquated shoe-brush, a well-thumbed pack of cards, and a dilapidated boot-jack. All other articles had vanished, no one knew whither.

Our hero has never reappeared upon the stage of M—— ; still, he is not forgotten, and Kate has many a laugh over her midnight elopement with Augustus Fitz Clarence Boobie.

PIERRE VIVANT.

Ann-Arbor, Mich., April, 1854.

U N R E S T .

THE wind is not at rest :
Coming and going, yet a thing unseen,
Leaving its tracery where no sound hath been,
On with the fickle foot-steps of a guest —
No rest, no rest !

The wave is not at rest :
Morning, and noon, and night, upon the shore,
It ever moaneth its perpetual roar,
Its voice of pleading, and its deep request
For rest, for rest.

And earth is not at rest ;
But wheels forever onward through the skies,
Murmuring its note 'mid the spheres' harmonies :
And, looking backward where its foot hath pressed,
Yearneth for rest.

My soul is not at rest :
Forth from its inner chamber comes a sigh,
And the walls echo back the sad reply
To the Unsatisfied, who would be blest :
'No rest, no rest !'

Yet why, my soul, depressed ?
E'en now, from portals of yon starry sky,
From myriad voices comes the glad reply,
As rapture lulls to calm my weary breast :
'Here is your rest !'

Aurora, (N. Y.)

C. L. P.

A R T I S T S

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO CHARLES L. ELLIOTT.

WE are all artists — every one;
 And pictures, from each heart and brain,
 Flow out from morn till set of sun,
 From twilight until morn again.
 Our fancies through the universe
 For ever wander, picturing
 In sea and sky, in heaven and earth,
 Some quainter, stranger, newer thing.
 We see the statue in the stone,
 The picture on the canvas bare;
 And mould the forms of melody
 In rapture-song and solemn prayer.
 Each soul an airy pencil plies;
 And ever grows the glowing hall
 Where fancy's golden statues rise,
 And fancy's glory-pictures fall.
 Our bliss to come is imaged there;
 Our joys and loves, our hopes and fears,
 In shapes and colors that defy
 The art-effacing tread of years.
 The faces we have loved, and lost
 To outward sense, are living there;
 And memories of the dear and dead
 Are graven in our thought and prayer.

We are all artists: every thing
 Some form or picture gives or takes:
 Each atom of the universe
 Receives, or its impression makes.
 The river holds the margy grass
 Reflected in its silver breast;
 The ocean head-land's mighty brow
 Is on the ocean's face impressed;
 The sun paints shadows everywhere;
 Gives shrub, leaf, flower, and grain their hue;
 Gives to the peach its purple rind,
 To morning-glories, heaven's own hue;
 And long before the Latmian reeds
 Charmed shepherds in the orient zone,
 The winds made music in the trees
 And grasses, of melodious tone:
 And birds are older singers, far,
 Than artists of our mortal state;
 And earlier than the birds, heaven's stars
 Sang o'er creation's morn elate!
 No sound has died that ever woke;
 No color lost a tint or hue;
 No form, but in some artist-soul
 Still lives, as fair as first it grew;
 And everywhere, to NATURE's face,
 ART holds her mimic hand and glass,
 And, curious, TIME's processions scans,
 And paints the ages as they pass.

We are all artists — every one ;
 And nature is the soul of art :
 Sense, substance, spirit, all are hers :
 Form, color, only, are our part.
 And God the soul of nature is ;
 And God is in us — in all things :
 The universe his instrument,
 HE, maker, master of its strings.
 And what we picture, be it song,
 Or melody, or color, form,
 Or statue mocking life itself,
 Each breathes with nature's spirit warm :
 All waking visions, all our dreams,
 When sleep has veiled the outer sense,
 Are shapes of nature, mingled with
 The INFINITE — OMNIPOTENCE !
 Not we the cunning hand inspire ;
 Not we the fancy move or still,
 And thoughts come trooping through our brains
 From higher sources than our will.
 Our souls within a greater SOUL,
 Obedient, revolve and turn :
 Our minds within a mightier MIND,
 In NATURE's schools their lessons learn ;
 Learn all their art, and evermore
 From age to age their themes rehearse,
 And sit by sounding sea and shore,
 As echoes of the universe !

C. D. STUART.

WHAT MY THOUGHTS WERE.

I HAVE, this evening, been listening to a most beautiful piece of music, and in recalling the calm, exquisite feelings of delight, which I experienced during the performance, I cannot resist an expression of wonder, that so many should be born, and live, and die, without ever having listened to, and been enraptured with, the music that is continually around them.

It is not in the concert-room alone, that our souls are moved by the 'concourse of sweet sounds ;' the spirit-music is with us in the fields, by the running brook, by the waterfall, on the deck of a frail bark, with the mighty deep beneath us, and a twin flood of golden sunlight above and around us. It is with us in the hey-day of youth ; in the midst of the struggles and vicissitudes of manhood ; and it lingers in the dim, calm twilight, around the bedside of the aged, holy man, as he awaits the coming of his FATHER's messenger.

What a grand and solemn fantasia is a life ! Hark ! the low, thrilling prelude, that announces the opening of that master composition, Man ! How it touches our very heart of hearts with its tender, hopeful, and yet apprehensive melody ! It speaks to us of opening buds, of blossoms, of trembling anxiety, of ambition realized. Anon, there is a change ; the strain grows bolder. Now the movement is rapid, joyous. Our pulse quickens with the memory of scenes gone by. How did every thing seem bright to us when we had entered upon the second

movement of our life ! How did we scorn the thought of unkindness — treachery in our fellow-man ! As we remember the pictures we placed before our mental vision, of successful strife in the world, of manly enterprise, and how our bosoms throbbed with the first emotions of that holiest part of our nature, love ; as we remember how we watched with increasing vigilance, lest our playmate should become our successful rival ; how we burned with indignant grief, that in vain attempted to appear indifferent, when we fancied we were supplanted in the affections of her who was far brighter and purer to us than any angel our young imagination had ever conceived of ; and how at last the lapse of time enabled us gradually to forget the vehemence of our feelings, and to think her interesting simply because *we* have been interested ; we sigh, and start to find that the strain has become fast — loud — energetic. We are fairly launched on the *allegro*.

Now begins the struggle for life, for success, for eminence. There are those who were performers at the commencement, who have already finished their part. There is nothing more for them but rest ; the turning of a leaf will show the *finale* to more of the band, but still the strain moves on. It tells us of efforts, severe and long continued ; of partial success ; of trembling anxiety ; of disappointment ; of prostration ; of blank despair. It tells us how those who were our friends in brighter days, have looked coldly on us in our adversity. It tells us how we have groaned, and wept, to think that our second, our dearer self should be dragged down with us in our fall ; how our appeals to friends for aid, for sympathy, have been met by ‘ sincere and disinterested advice ;’ how the proud spirit has chafed under the cutting kindness ; and how our heart’s comforter, our angel of peace, has comforted us, bid us be of good cheer, and has herself set us the bright example. It tells us how our gentle monitor has excited within us renewed hope ; prompted us to renewed exertion ; and how, at last, complete success has crowned our exertions.

And now, what a cheering melody awaits us ; how sweet is the change ; how do our hearts bound with gratitude to the GIVER of all good ! Now the music of our life is even, graceful, soothing ; reminding us of kind friends, of a cheerful home, where hearts hold sweet communion with hearts, and where all is love, calm and ineffable ; of a past remembered without regret ; of a future anticipated without fear. Ah ! how sweet would be our life, could this be the one measure of existence. But alas ! change is written on the face of all things earthly. A strange foreboding comes over us, as the now fitful, varying harmony, sweeps surging past us. It grows more and more plaintive, until at last, it breaks out so mournful, so despairing, that we shrink back appalled. Alas ! she, who was to one of us the companion of many years, the soother of many sorrows ; she, without whom every joy would be cheerless, lies stricken by the fell destroyer. Now, indeed, does the soul struggle with its inward agony. Now, how does all seem dark and dreary as he watches the fading cheek, the sunken eye, that even in death gleams with affection on her heart’s keeper ! How do his temples throb with anguish as he sees the desponding faces of friends, whose consolation even is misery — despair ! Hark ! the music

of her life is nearly done! How faint! What a tender melancholy breathes in every tone! As he listens, how does his grief overcome all control! See him, how he flings his hands aloft, in wild supplication! Save, oh! save her! One mournful chord, and the tired spirit has winged its flight, to join the heavenly eternal anthem. Oh! what a relief in those tears! How does the broken spirit pour forth in drops of anguish! how does the bereaved turn from all consolation, until he hears the music of his own immortal being, turning his thoughts toward his own heart, that has gone up in her keeping! Brother, thy heart is with an angel now; oh! be patient until the meeting.

The sweet strains of peace, of holy resignation, have calmed the troubled spirit, and he awaits the close of his last movement, silently, prayerfully. Little more of change is there for him. There is nought but the same calm, low, soothing strain that even now we hear. Yet it is even sweeter than the first sounds which greeted him. They told of awakening, of blossom; but these tell of a ripe, a full fruition; of maturity; of the journey accomplished. Yet still it flows on, growing softer, more plaintive, more heavenly, until in the dim, calm twilight, we see him awaiting the coming of his FATHER's messenger. There is now no grief in his bosom; earth does not appear dark or dreary. The consolations of friends are now sweet to the parting spirit. Naught is now around him but peace, a calm and holy peace. The music of his life grows fainter as he watches the slowly declining day. His awakening shall take place with Nature's sleep. Fainter and fainter grows the music as the exulting spirit prepares to wing its flight. The last chord is trembling; it fades — fades! The old man sleeps!

WILL OF CASTLETON.

SMILE O'ER THE DEAD

BY JENNY MAESTI.

SMILE o'er the dead,
 Chide back thy wild sorrow,
 Thy dread of the morrow,
 Dreary and long,
 When thou wilt be missing
 One that is gone;
 But press the white brow
 More tenderly now,
 And thank thy kind FATHER
 For calling her home.

Lift the cold hands,
 And clasp the white fingers,
 As if there still lingered
 Welcome for thee.
 Oh! clasp them more warmly,
 Though icy they be,
 For they have been near thee,
 To comfort and cheer thee,
 When thy bark was wrecking
 Afar on the sea.

Rochester, N. Y.

Smile on the dead;
 Yes, smile when ye miss her —
 That pure, gentle sister:
 Weep that ye stay,
 To be but a mourner
 Of a dark day.
 But yearn in thy weakness
 For her holy meekness,
 And her angel spirit
 To guard thee alway.

Smile o'er the dead;
 Not thine be the weeping
 O'er one that is sleeping
 Unburdened of care;
 Nor chide thy heart's yearning
 To rest by her there;
 But smile o'er the pillow
 Of her that is blest,
 And ask God to call thee
 When He thinketh best.

S W I T Z E R L A N D : O N T H E R O A D .

BY ROBERT M. RICHARDSON.

STAGE EFFECTS.

THE halt was of long enough duration to change horses, and the *air* of the eil-wagon. The latter operation was conducted exclusively by John Bull, who was for leaping out in an instant, and poking about in pursuit of ventilation with an energy that would have won him honor in a better cause.

Having flung wide both doors, through which the clouds streamed forth as if impelled by the conflagration of a barn — giving forth the effluvia of a Cuban plantation — he went within doors to *visit the beer of the country*, which was somewhat of the stalest. Meantime, the Prussian applied himself to overhauling one of his trunks, in which he assured us he had stowed away several pounds of some fine contraband tobacco. His stock having given out during the last two miles, through the agency of his wonderful pipe, rendered this fresh acquisition essential to his happiness. He dealt it around with grave good-humor, making the Frenchman and myself the liberal presents of two short, crooked pipes, with which to test the excellence of the vaunted weed. Picture the surprise of the Briton when he reappeared, smacking his lips and buttoning his upper-Benjamin, picture his foolish face, while he stood before the reinforcement of the cloud-compellers! A hunter in the West, who has blundered into a group of Sioux in one of their nocturnal councils with the *calumet*, could hardly have evinced more perfect consternation.

‘Hah! at it again, I see,’ began he, in a tone that sounded quite sepulchral, though no doubt intended to be pleasant; while two great bottles clinked chorus from the depths of his tail-pockets.

‘*Sapristi! ça va mieux,*’ chuckled the Gaul, handing over the residuum stock of his execrable segars to the postillion, by way of *pour-boire*, while his eyes twinkled most evilly at our hero through a voluminous burst of smoke from his new mouth-piece. ‘I have long pined for a pipe,” added he.

And now *en route* once more. A few easy pulls at the great Prussian’s pipe (which discharged about as much smoke each round as a small field-piece) speedily rendered the quality of air as vaporous as before. But, to the Frenchman’s evident disappointment, his *vis-à-vis*, John Bull, now appeared rather less disconsolate, and in rather better case than previously to the halt. The two bottles speedily clinked forth from their hiding-holes, and the fortunate possessor recommenced the work of refreshment and recuperation, with many an amorous kiss that absorbed the neck of each by turns. I confess that his proceedings were, to me, an unbounded revelation of the capabilities of human hunger, thirst, and *tension*. But to see him come forth fresh and clear, after having

drained six bottles of different wines, perplexed and chagrined the son of Gaul beyond measure.

'Monsieur appears to enjoy his repast,' began he, breaking a watchful silence, with a displeased glance at each morsel as it was consigned to its voracious bourn.

'Eh?' said the *franc étourdi*, imbibing a deep-dyed liquid with a gurgling sound, and instantly afterward striking his repeater sharply. 'You have reason, Monsieur, and so have I. I tell you, gentlemen, that, for one, I can't help, when I reflect upon my actual condition, avowing myself perfectly happy. Why, just consider: here am I, in the flower of my age, in the enjoyment of perfect health, free of responsibilities, and absolutely independent. Beside this, I am a man of much experience; I command respect, am opulent and lucky in love and the world generally. Ought I not to be passably well satisfied?'

'*Pekin!*' muttered the Pole.

'*Saute Marquis!* you reason like the late Pythagoras,' rejoined the perfidious Frenchman, with the slightest inflection of sarcasm in his voice. 'Evidently, *Monsieur a du foin dans ses bottes*. As for *nous autres*, poor devils, we are driven to employ a very different philosophy. A Pole is no favorite of Plutus, and a Frenchman may claim the privilege of the poor traveller in Juvenal. '*Cantat vacuus coram latrone viator.*' For such as us, ardor, address, and audacity suffice; *la véritable Providence ici-bas c'est nous-mêmes*, is the best of our belief. To be born a Briton is *toute autre chose*.'

'Ahem!' replied the dupe of self-importance, emboldened into a new attempt upon the window; but the inevitable pudgy hand went forth again, and Tantalus fell back one more. *Une morne silence*. 'Sir,' inquired he, blandly, of the old monster, 'may I be allowed to know where you bought the band upon your cap?'

'In *Wien*, Monsieur; why?'

'I had hoped it was in Switzerland, because I have engaged a *Swiss* to travel with me, and for the life of me I cannot purchase him a suitable livery in these primitive parts. Now that band caught my eye as soon as ——'

He paused as if a paralysis had at that moment stricken the roots of his tongue. Well, indeed, might he! and may heaven deliver me from ever again encountering the baleful look which those *épuisé* pig-lead eyes shot forth! I think he showed his teeth: certain I am that his pipe cracked; smoke issued from his nose in a dark stream.

It was an Ossianique spectacle to see the old monster stirred up in the caverns of his wrath. We all started with some emotion; even the phlegmatic Prussiann drew himself more erectly, while the *insulaire* seemed actually to slink into half his size.

'For God's sake,' whispered he to his *vis-à-vis*, 'let him know that I meant nothing at all — that ——'

'*Peut-être,*' supplied the Frank, drily, '*mais soyez tranquille, mon brave.*'

For an eternal minute of exquisite horror did anger seem to reek and escape through all the pores of the ugly Austrian. Happily, his was

one of those tight-rope characters which either soon break or lose elasticity. At the very verge of spontaneous combustion, which threatened his very existence, *his pipe broke*, or rather exploded, with *éclat*. A charm was the effect. Quick as thought was calm restored ; reason resumed its empire, and the old Hyrcanian tiger became a (comparative) lamb.

It was a lesson, however, of which our hero would have been wise to provoke no repetition. But man is an animal which instructs itself only by its own actual experience. The entire record of his chuckle-headed contumaciousness yet remains to be written.

As we were within a few miles of the next relay, he stooped down to draw on a pair of boots which had lately been discarded in favor of a pair of furred slippers. This manœuvre he went through not without much hauling, pulling, tugging, and intermittent jerks, which gave rise to a series of internal struggles, sighs, convulsions, and rending groans. His exertions seemed intensified by the narrow field of their operation. The veins of his temples were knotted, and his cheeks were deep maroon. Now, it so happening that the Pole took it into his head at the same time to try the same experiment on his own feet with his old military top-boots, the two prancing gentlemen were jolted into a brisk collision ; in the course of which a top-boot descended with great impetus upon the toes of our hero, who instantly broke silence with a suppressed howl.

‘Pardon, Monsieur!’ remarked the *militaire*, quietly surveying his victim, without desisting from his employment.

There are some modes in which one’s toes may be assaulted with comparative impunity. Understand me, atrocious Sir, whom I see stroking your moved moustaches, it is *always* a dire misdeed, and far from me be it to detract a tittle from its enormity. What I would intimate is merely that the scrape, the trip, and the *faux pas* are among the lightest forms of this heaviest of all social misdemeanors. But, on the other hand, the deliberate tread of a person retreating upon you until his unmitigated heel settles with the emphasis of a corner-stone upon the three minor toes of your favorite foot; is, of all the little miseries of life, the hardest to excuse. Confident am I, that, had the ancients worn modern military boots, instead of their downy buskins, they would hardly have failed to enumerate this press-punishment in the list of infernal torments. On earth, at least, it seems as if nothing short of the instantaneous prostration of the body of the aggressor can appease your anguish. Now, precisely of the last-mentioned form was the action I relate. The iron heel fixed upon the three toes in question, and ground down upon them with all the rancor, as it were, of an old grudge. No wonder if the maddened Bull conceived, with a wince, that the off-hand apology wanted the *weight* of the offence.

‘Pardon, Monsieur,’ repeated the Pole, this time pausing with a perfunctory and reedy bow, and looking the other very deliberately in the eyes.

‘Monsieur l’Anglais, I have twice done you the honor to offer an apology quite *comme il faut*. You are the proper judge of its efficiency. But if any other reparation can be rendered, you have but to allude to

it,' and forthwith he drew out his card with practised ease and grace. It may be remarked that under their faultless exterior of urbanity, the Poles still preserve a leaven of the savage and barbarian. In the display of their politeness, as well as in the ardor of their resentments, they constantly betray their extraction of Scythian and Sarmatian — the *Sarmatorum virtus veluti extra ipsos*, of which Tacitus has spoken.

'*C'est à dire*,' rejoined the Bull warmly, 'that you are perfectly ready to shoot me through the head for being too sensible to your demonstration on my feet. I do not doubt you, sir. Nor shall I soon forget the *shooting pains* you have occasioned me already.'

After this despairing attempt at *calembourg*, which was received with a *rire jaune* all round, the valiant victim sat down with a fine specimen of side-sowl on his brow, and commenced humming a north-easterly air at the resounding window.

The window is doubtless an admirable subterfuge for one who is provoked; but whom good-breeding obliges to restrain himself. Thither you may retire with all the pent-up wrath of Achilles in your burning bosom; and, without being guilty of actual rudeness, is there not a diabolical delight in turning your supercilious back upon the baffled foes who would annoy you? There may you sit, as in a magic circle — your eyes apparently engaged in watching the outer world; albeit their vision is inverted and immersed in the unwholesome recesses of your own brooding soul. There is, indeed, 'no speculation in such eyes.' Yet you feel that your action is comprehended, and this is secret consolation — oh! how sweet!

But then, the window should be *open*. Now, the physiology of the window of our history was the reverse of open; as I believe I have hinted half-a-dozen times already. Moreover, every time the *etourdi* had hitherto ventured in favor of a change, an inevitable hand had interfered to maintain the casement *in statu quo*. But by this time there was no concealing the fact that John Bull was as replete with beer, wine, coffee, comfits, cognac, pâté, and tobacco-smoke, as the interior of any *estaminet* in the *fauxbourgs* of Paris. Like his great royal *compatriot*, the narrator of battles was long since thoroughly disgusted with these 'weak *piping* times of peace,' in which at present he moved and had his being. Certes, it was made manifest that however valiant and fluent in deeds of battle, the Bull was at present as little of a hero as gentle King Jamie, who under similar circumstances declared, that if the devil ever came to see him, he would give him a pipe to smoke. His dry cough and sneeze resembled the embryo efforts of an infant volcano. What with the effects of rage and his other miseries he was fain once more to adhibit a breath of pure air upon his deteriorated lungs. No one was looking, except the Frenchman, who never released his quarry from his falcon glance. So, with an action the rapid dexterity of which a juggler might have envied, the Bull now again elevated the pane which closed out his happiness. Indeed he had temptation.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE LOST PRINCE: Facts tending to prove the Identity of Louis the Seventeenth of France, and the Rev. ELEAZAR WILLIAMS, Missionary among the Indians of North America. By JOHN H. HANSON. In one volume: pp. 479. New-York: GRACEN P. PUTNAM, Number Ten, Park-Place.

LOUIS THE SEVENTEENTH: His Life, Sufferings, and Death. By M. BRAUCHER. In one volume: pp. 289. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE have hitherto abstained from any allusion, in these pages, to the mooted question as to the lost Bourbon Prince, although we have read the arguments for and against the assumption that we have a real 'Bourbon among us.' A correspondent, however, as he conceives with entire impartiality in the matter, has sent us '*A Charge to the Jury of the Public in the Dauphin Case,*' which we lay at once before our readers. The opinion of 'Old KNICK,' C. J., in the mean time, is 'reserved':

'DISCLAIMING any belief in its political importance, we purpose to review this historical question. As a romance, it has become tedious: dignified as a question of history, it must always possess interest. Upon it, we intend to proffer no theory, and to express no opinion. The rival parties have had their claims elaborately argued by able advocates, and the evidence upon which each rests is in a form easily to be examined. Assuming ourselves competent to extract its leading points, we intend to sum up this case, and lay down the law and the facts for the decision of that jury known as Public Opinion.

'Singularly, these works, written without collusion, and from the most opposite motives, appear at the same time. Singularly, too, the writers are advocates rather than historians. Each claims to be laboring to establish an historical truth, but each is only a counsellor engaged in trying a great historical cause. They labor without fee or reward. The client of the one sleeps in the obscure cemetery St. Marguerite: that of the other toils in the wilderness of the new world, to save the souls of a race ruined and forsaken.

'And first, as to the law. There are two kinds of evidence: positive and circumstantial. Positive is that which establishes a fact directly, without the aid of surrounding circumstances. Circumstantial is that which establishes a fact by establishing circumstances from which the fact must be inferred. If a man is found in a room, shot through the heart, and a witness swears that he was in an adjoining hall and saw the prisoner fire the shot, this evidence is positive. If one witness swears that the shot

could not have been fired by the deceased, a second that the sound of a shot was heard in that room at a certain hour, a third that at that hour the prisoner was seen leaving the premises, a fourth that a pistol recently discharged was found upon the prisoner, and a fifth that the prisoner bore ill-feeling toward the deceased: this evidence would be circumstantial. Strange as it may seem, the latter has been found the safest and the surest. The reason is, that where a fact depends directly upon the statement of a witness, all depends upon his memory, his correctness, and his truthfulness. In the case we are considering, the position of M. BEAUCHESNE depends almost wholly on positive evidence: that of Mr. HANSON almost wholly upon circumstantial.

‘Where evidence is conflicting, a jury must do one of three things: Firstly, they must reconcile it: or, secondly, they must believe one of the witnesses mistaken: or, thirdly, they must believe one of the witnesses perjured. The jury must resort to these in their order, and it is only where the facts imperatively require it that perjury will be imputed. To illustrate: should two witnesses testify that they saw the prisoner at a certain hour on a certain day, the one at the Battery and the other at Union-Square, there would be a contradiction. But should the first add that he saw the prisoner getting into a Broadway omnibus, we would reconcile these statements by supposing a slight error as to time. Should, however, the second witness testify that he saw the prisoner at Washington, we would be compelled to think one of them mistaken as to the man. Should the witnesses aver that they each knew the prisoner intimately, that they spoke to him, and that, as before, on a certain day and at a certain hour, he was at two different places, the facts would be irreconcilable, a mistake not presumable, and one or the other of the witnesses guilty of perjury. In judging of testimony, the jury will test it by its weight and character: *testes ponderantur non numerantur*, is the maxim that will govern.

‘And now, as to the facts. In every case there are some facts upon which the parties agree. In this one, they agree in the general outline, up to a certain day. That day is the thirty-first of May, 1795. According to the one, Louis Seventeenth continued in his prison until the eighth of June following, and then died. According to the other, Louis Seventeenth was removed about the first of June, and another child substituted in his place. It is the office of M. BEAUCHESNE to establish the death of Louis Seventeenth in the Temple, and the office of Mr. HANSON to establish the escape of Louis Seventeenth from the Temple, and his identity with the Rev. ELEAZAR WILLIAMS.

‘But before proceeding to examine the facts which form the links in the chain of circumstantial evidence, we will examine the positive evidence on which M. BEAUCHESNE relies. This, it is to be noted, makes out his whole case. The witnesses who testify are two: LASNE and GOMIN. They tell us they were the attendants of the prince, the one from the thirty-first of March, 1793, and the other from the eighth of November, 1794, to the day of his death. This much, the opposing counsel does not dispute. They farther minutely describe the condition of the prince from the fifth to the eighth of June; * and then his last moments, and the hour and the minute when he died. In the elegant language of the counsel, ‘LASNE put his hand upon the heart of the child. The heart of Louis Seventeenth had ceased to beat. It was two hours and a quarter after mid-day.’ As these persons were both in the Temple before the thirty-first of May, it is evident that they both knew the real prince. As they were constantly and solely in attendance, it is evident that no exchange could have been brought about without their knowledge. As they testify explicitly and positively that no exchange did take place, and that Louis Seventeenth died on the eighth of June, in the Temple, there is no ground for mistake. We must therefore conclude that Louis Seventeenth died as they describe, or that their statements are wilfully false.

‘This evidence is most important, and demands a careful scrutiny. It was first given in ordinary statements, made at various times after the death of the child. It farther appears sanctioned by the solemnity of a judicial oath, and sifted by the acumen of a judicial examination. Lastly, M. BEAUCHESNE sought them out in their old age, and

* There is a blank in BEAUCHESNE's account, from the first to the fifth.

procured a farther declaration, in which they assert the truth of their former statements, and solemnly declare, that having spoken the truth all their lives, they will not utter a falsehood as they are approaching the grave. No material discrepancies exist in the several statements of each, or the different statements of both. Their testimony seems frank and explicit. There is nothing on its face to indicate falsehood or concealment. Excepting a conflicting statement in the account of the autopsy between LASNE and PELATAN, which can readily be ascribed to mistake; excepting a discrepancy in their statements as to the silence of the prince, which is susceptible of explanation, were the witnesses before us; and excepting the circumstances connected with their appointment as attendants on the prince, which we will hereafter consider, the ingenious counsel who has scrutinized and re-scrutinized their testimony, has pointed out nothing which can excite suspicion. Without expressing or implying an opinion as to the truth or falsity of this testimony, we charge the jury that it must require very strong proof to overturn such evidence as this.

‘Let us pass to the other evidence. The prince was confined, with the royal family, in a prison called the Temple. At first he was left with the other members of the family; but on the night of the third of July, 1793, he was removed, and from that time imprisoned alone. The reader will not forget the heart-rending picture which M. BEAUCHESNE has drawn of this separation. In all the pictures, painful and revolting, of that blood-stained period, there is none more painful and revolting than this. MARIE ANTOINETTE, standing before her judges, and saying, with a sublime pathos unequalled in the annals of womanly eloquence: ‘I was a queen, and you dethroned me; I was a wife, and you murdered my husband; I was a mother, and you have torn my children from me: I have nothing left but my blood: make haste to take it!’—commands not half the pity, as, with her arms twined around her frightened child, she shrieked that they could not be separated. The character of the revolution is written in this alone: *for a political offence, a child was condemned to solitary confinement!*

‘Believing the evidence of M. BEAUCHESNE, we assume that the prince was gay, talented, and possessed of unusual intelligence. Both of the counsel agree, that during the latter part of his confinement, he hardly spoke. The first point of difference relates to this fact. M. BEAUCHESNE ascribes it to a resolution which, if true, is an instance of childish heroism grander than the genius of dramatist has ever drawn. The prince had been compelled to make a deposition against his mother and his aunt, so horrible that the pens of most historians have refused to record it. Yielding to threats and violence, yet fully aware of the evil that was done, it is supposed that thenceforth he closed his young lips with a determination that nothing could overcome.

‘From that fatal day, according to M. BEAUCHESNE, Louis Seventeenth never spoke. An unbroken silence reigned over the remnant of his young life, and sealed his self-reproach and self-devotion. According to Mr. HANSON, this silence was the effect of imbecility produced by grief, illness, and confinement. Whether the explanation of the latter be correct or not, the position of the former clearly cannot be sustained. It appears by his own evidence, that the principles of the child had been undermined. The wretched queen, we are told, having found an aperture in the wall of the yard where he was allowed a daily walk, watched for hours that she might see her son. When he appeared, the work of his keepers again wrenched the wretched mother’s heart. His fair hair had been cut short: he wore the red cap of the revolutionists, and sang disgusting songs, and uttered fearful blasphemies; songs and blasphemies that his teachers had taught him with blows and curses. An improbability not to be shaken by conjecture instantly arises. It is impossible that, at such an age, one whose moral nature had been thus polluted would suddenly alter and retrieve. Beside this, the question is completely put at rest by M. BEAUCHESNE himself, for he relates conversations of the prince with BEL-LANGER and PELATAN, on trivial subjects, wholly at variance with a resolution betokening in a child such terrible earnestness. These conversations, it is to be remarked, took place subsequent to the thirty-first of May, and it is claimed by Mr. HANSON, that the child with whom they were held was not the imbecile prince who for twenty-three months had lain a silent prisoner in the Temple. Upon this point, we fortunately have

evidence beyond dispute. The eminent physician DESAULT attended the prince up to the thirty-first of May. He had known him and been his medical attendant before his imprisonment. His character is beyond suspicion, and his evidence above doubt. Both parties agree that his testimony is to be taken as absolute truth. DESAULT found the prince worn and emaciated, showing little intelligence, and preserving a continued silence. Although he made every effort to arouse his faculties and win his affection, the child gave no stronger sign of mental power than feebly taking hold of his coat as he was about leaving the room. On the night of the twenty-ninth of May, DESAULT died. Subsequently to this, the child in the Temple seems to have talked frequently, as is shown by at least LASNE, GORMIN, and BELLANGER, and the physicians, PELATAN and DUMAGIN. These witnesses are produced by M. BEAUCHESNE, and he is estopped from questioning their veracity. But apart from this, their evidence is conclusive.

'M. BEAUCHESNE, in effect, admits a change; for he explains it by saying that the child was removed to a light and pleasant apartment. To this, Mr. HANSON replies, that he had been indulged by a daily walk for several months, while the silence continued, and that instead of being convalescent, he was then rapidly approaching his end. Nor had his disease been subject to sudden changes, as the account of the first visit of LAURENT, nearly a year before his death, sufficiently shows. 'The noise around him,' says LAURENT, 'made him tremble, but he did not stir. He answered no question. He was conscious of nothing. He breathed. His open eyes had no expression. Their color had changed. He had the look not of a fool, but of an idiot.' In addition to this, the evidence of the physicians shows that the child dissected by them had died with unimpaired intellect. 'The brain and its dependencies,' says the *Procès Verbal*, 'were in their most perfect integrity.' Without passing upon the reasoning, or drawing an inference from the facts, we must say, that the evidence incontrovertibly shows that on or about the first of June, a sudden change took place, and continued till his death. This the jury will note as the first established fact in the case.

'Next in the chain of circumstantial evidence is the alleged change in the physical condition of the prince. The evidence is produced by Mr. BEAUCHESNE, and relied on by Mr. HANSON. It may be summed up in two sentences. First, DESAULT testifies that the prince had 'the germ of scrofulous affection,' and that the malady had 'scarcely imprinted its seal on his constitution, nor manifested itself with any violent symptoms, neither vast ulcers, nor rebellious ophthalmias, nor chronic swellings of the joints.' Secondly, the four surgeons who, ten days after the last visit of DESAULT, made the post-mortem examination, after fully stating the appearance of the body, testify that all the appearances were 'evidently the effects of a scrofulous disease of long standing, and to which the death of the child should be attributed.' In support of these opinions respectively, we find, firstly, that DESAULT applied gentle remedies up to the twenty-ninth of May, recommended air and exercise, and, according to the Duchess D'ANGUELEME, 'undertook to cure' the prince. Secondly, that PELATAN, on the fifth of June, found the child so low that he instantly called in a consulting physician — M. DUMAGIN, chief physician of the Hospital of the Unity. The eminence of all of these physicians precludes a doubt as to professional errors or intentional misrepresentations. We have the undoubted proof that a very great change took place in a period of seven days, which is not noticed, explained, or mentioned by the attendants, LASNE and GOMIN, and which was entirely different from that slow decay that had previously marked the disease. Whether these facts can be reconciled, is for our jury to say.

'In addition to this, Mr. HANSON advances an argument relating to the tumors on the joints of the prince. It is founded on a difference between those described by the officials and by the *Procès Verbal*. This difference Mr. HANSON assumes rather than states. The evidence, however, shows a discrepancy. Says LAURENT, 'Both his knees and his elbows were covered with tumors.' This was in July, 1794. Says the *Procès Verbal*, 'On the inner side of the right knee we remarked a tumor, without change of color to the skin, and another tumor, less voluminous, upon the *os radius*, near the wrist, on the left side.' This was in June, 1795. This discrepancy our jury will also weigh.

'We may here notice an instance of that species of testimony called 'hearsay,' which

is never allowed as evidence. A soldier is said to have visited the prince, and to have recognized him, and to have conversed with him about a review of the corps of boys, which was one of his royal playthings before the Revolution. This is told by M. BEAUCHESNE. Another soldier is said to have visited the child, and found that it was not the prince, but an older and very different-looking child. This is quoted by Mr. HANSON. Each of the counsel, with lawyer-like dexterity, does not allude to the witness of his adversary. Were it necessary, we might regard the one story as balancing the other. But it is not. The statements are mere hearsay, and we reject both.

‘Let us now proceed to examine the circumstances attendant to the death or disappearance of the Dauphin. The jury, in analyzing these, will do so with reference to two points. Firstly, the inducement for, and, secondly, the possibility of, an escape.

‘It is unnecessary to advert to the revolution. The dauphin was a prisoner in the Temple. The object of the imprisonment was to prevent his adherents from reërecting and himself from re-ascending the former throne. In every mind this question instantly arises: At a time when the best blood of France dripped from the scaffold which the era had erected, when MARIE ANTOINETTE, standing before an assembly of men in the sacred character of a defenceless woman, and appealing to her sex in the sacred names of wife and mother, could awaken not one ray of pity; when Madame ELIZABETH, known only for her charities and virtues, was the last of twenty-five women as innocent as herself, who on one morning bowed to the guillotine, why should a government familiar with such crimes hesitate to destroy the life of a defenceless child?

‘*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas!* Mr. HANSON seems to have overlooked this point; but in the evidence of M. BEAUCHESNE it sufficiently appears. First, The government separated the prince from the rest of his family. Secondly, they appointed a keeper—a friend of MARAT, known from his hatred of the royal race. Thirdly, this man was obliged to become a prisoner in the Temple. He was not even allowed to go to his own home except when guarded by a file of soldiers. Fourthly, the government set apart as large a sum for the expenses of keeping and guarding the child as for all the other members of the family. Fifthly, A system of espionage was established, intricate, troublesome, and expensive. Paris was divided into forty districts; from each district one commissioner was elected. A commissioner visited the Temple each day, and each commissioner visited it but once. With his single visit, his term of office ended. Sixthly, Toward the end of the supposed existence of the prince, the three most eminent physicians in France were appointed his attendants. Whatever was the motive an intent of preservation is apparent.

‘All of this is proven by M. BEAUCHESNE. A motive is inferred by Mr. HANSON. He offers evidence to show that a secret treaty had been entered into for giving up the prince to the Vendean leaders. This was to take effect on the thirteenth of June. The evidence is not as conclusive as could be wished; but, as it is not contradicted, we assume it as sufficient. If it were so, one of these three things must take place: Firstly, it must be performed; or, secondly, it must be broken; or, thirdly, it must be evaded. It could be evaded but in one of two ways. First, is by death; second, by an escape. That the government neither wished to break or perform the treaty is unquestionable; that it did not seek to evade it by the death of the dauphin is proved by the attendance of the physicians. One inducement for an escape may therefore be inferred, should the evidence of these facts, in the opinion of the jury, sustain them.

‘A farther inducement is also claimed by Mr. HANSON. The Count de PROVENCE was the uncle of the prince, and, in case of his death, his heir. He was an unscrupulous man, impressed with the belief that he was to succeed to the throne. It is said that a mysterious missive left with him on the night of the birth of the first dauphin, and foreshowing his death, informed the Count of the future event. From these, and less material facts, it is argued by Mr. HANSON that the Count de PROVENCE wished to obtain possession of the prince in such a manner that he would no longer remain his only obstacle to the throne. Assuming this to be so, it is plain that the government might resort to it as a plan that would accomplish two things—an evasion of the Vendean

treaty, and the political destruction of the dauphin. From these facts, then, may be inferred a second motive or inducement.

‘The evidence showing that there might have been a motive for the escape of the dauphin leads us, in examining the circumstances, to the question whether it ever occurred.

‘It appears that the discipline of the prison was altered and relaxed. Instead of SIMON, LAURENT, and afterward GOMIN and LASNE, were appointed the attendants of the child. The change was made on the fall of ROBESPIERRE, and eleven months before the dauphin’s escape or death. Other persons were also allowed to see the child, and among them was a man named BELLENGER. This man, it seems, from the account of M. BEAUCHESNE, visited the prince on the first of June, and was allowed to spend an hour with him in the absence of the commissioner. During this interview, it seems, he conversed with the child and took a likeness of him.

‘This brings us to what is a very strong point in Mr. HANSON’s case. We have seen the Count de PROVENCE was interested in obtaining possession of his nephew, and might have been so from the worst of motives. It is an undoubted fact that he at that time had emissaries in Paris, foremost among whom was the Count de FENOUIL. Now it is shown by M. BEAUCHESNE, and claimed by Mr. HANSON, that, of the three persons who were in attendance on the prince, GOMIN was a royalist, LASNE, a moderate republican, afterward employed by the Count de PROVENCE, while BELLENGER had been his ornamental painter. It is also claimed that these persons obtained an entrance to the prison of the dauphin through the intrigues of the Count de FENOUIL. This raises a strong presumption of the intent on the part of the Count de PROVENCE to procure the escape of the dauphin, and, on the part of the government, to connive at it. Whether the intent ever became a deed will be for the jury to determine when it is weighed with the other circumstances of the case.

‘But at this time, a very startling event occurred in this drama. DESAULT, within a few hours of his last visit to the prince, died. It is again to be remarked that he was personally acquainted with the prince, was a physician of eminent reputation, and a man of stainless integrity. M. BEAUCHESNE asserts that he died of ataxique fever; Mr. HANSON, that he was poisoned by the government. Aside from the singularity of his death at this particular time, Mr. HANSON produces no evidence except statements said to have been made in this country several years ago, by M. ABEILLE, the pupil of DESAULT. This evidence must be rejected for two reasons: firstly, that it is mere hearsay, and that of the vaguest kind; and, secondly, it is the mere opinion of a witness, without containing those facts from which others could deduce their own conclusion. Had we a statement of ABEILLE, setting forth facts, and were it shown that he could not be produced, we might admit this testimony; as it is, we cannot. But there is one very startling circumstance to be noted, which seems almost entirely to have escaped Mr. HANSON’s attention, vigilant as it is — and that is, that the death of DESAULT was falsified purposely in the records of the government. Whatever may have been the motive, it was registered (as is shown by BEAUCHESNE) four days later than it actually occurred. During these four days no physician attended the prince, and of them the account of M. BEAUCHESNE is silent. There is certainly a singular mystery here.

‘At any other time this evidence would be insufficient to raise the presumption of so foul a crime. At that time all presumptions in favor of innocence on the part of the government cease. Yet, without finding the government guilty of the death of DESAULT, the jury will be borne out in assuming it guilty of some criminal act or purpose. *Omnia presumantur contra spoliatores.*

‘Accompanying this act of the government is another not clearly substantiated, but, if true, clearly suspicious. It is a police order of the same date requiring the arrest of all children travelling, of or about the age of the dauphin. This is sought to be established in two ways; firstly, by a statement of M. GUERRIERE, that, when a child, he was travelling in France, and was stopped under the order; and, secondly, by the statement of a newspaper correspondent, that the police records of Paris show that such an order was actually issued. In the strict letter of the law this evidence is not suffi-

cient; but, as it can be easily disproved if untrue, we will admit the latter as making a *prima-facie* case, and the former as corroborating it. If, however, it should hereafter be discovered that this statement is untrue, the whole of this evidence must be stricken out.'

THE remainder of this charge will be delivered on the first day of next term. The jury, in the mean time, are requested not to read any public newspapers, nor to converse with any one in relation to the case.

LIFE AND SAYINGS OF MRS. PARTINGTON, AND OTHERS OF THE FAMILY. Edited by B. P. SHILLABER, of the 'Boston Post.' In one volume: pp. 384. New-York: J. C. DUNN, Number Eight, Park-Place.

THIS is as genuine a book as ever need to be. It is thoroughly original, and as full of fun as an egg of meat. Mrs. PARTINGTON's sayings and doings are known and appreciated from the shores of the Pacific to the rocky ramparts of the Bay of Fundy; and the echoes of her cheerful philosophy come back to us from abroad, in the journals of Great Britain. Blessings on her good old soul!—she is like herself *alone*. She has had imitators, but to use her own expression, they were no more to be compared with *her* than the 'Hyperion Fluid to a Satire!' Neither Mrs. LAVINIA RAMSBOTTOM nor Mrs. MALAPROP, those strong-minded women, excel her. As we have said, she is without a prototype or an equal. Her portrait, which fronts the title-page of the book, expresses, to the very end of her knitting-needles, the sweetness and genial benevolence of her character. And 'IKE' is not less distinctly limned, both by the author and his pictorial illustrator. In all the colloquies which he holds with the good dame, his 'situations' are always faithful and natural. There is a picture before the reader, and he cannot choose but see it. Widely as the 'sayings' of Mrs. PARTINGTON have been disseminated, we cannot forego the pleasure of recording a few which we have not before encountered:

'This is grand weather, mem, for poor people,' said Mr. TIGH, the rich neighbor of Mrs. PARTINGTON, on a very warm day of winter, and indulged in a half-chuckle about it as he rubbed his hands together. It is a remark that almost every body would make, and mean it, too—at a time when coal, by the rapacity of man, was eight or nine dollars a ton, and cold weather, by the blessing of Heaven, that tempers the wind to the shorn lambs and ragged children, was withheld—but not Mrs. PARTINGTON.

'Yes,' said she, gently laying her hand at the same time on the sleeve of Mr. TIGH's coat, and looking him in the face. 'Yes, and don't folks use this good weather too much as an excuse for not helping the indignant widows and orphanless children? Depend upon it, cold weather is the best for the poor, for then the rich feel the cold, and think more of 'em, and feel more exposed to give 'em consolation and coal. Cold weather comes down from heaven o' purpose to make men feel their duty, and it touches the heart, as the frost touches the milk-pitcher and breaks it, and the milk of humane kindness runs out, and the poor are made better for it. Cold weather is a blessing to the poor, depend upon it.'

'She stopped here, and Mr. TIGH cast his eyes down and struck his cane several times against a brick at his feet; then, bidding the old lady good-morning, he moved away. There was a large 'Dr. to Sundries' on his book that night, which the book-keeper will find it difficult to explain; but Heaven knows all about it, and the secret gift, in charity, and the prayer of the poor recipient, invoking blessings on the unknown benefactor, were great records that night in the angel's book.'

“‘There, don’t take on so, dear,’ said Mrs. PARTINGTON, as she handed IKE a peach he had been crying for. He took the peach, and a minute afterward, was heard whistling ‘Jordan’ on the ridge-pole of the shed. ‘He is sich a tender-hearted critter,’ said she to Mrs. SLED, smilingly, while that excellent neighbor looked at him through the window with two deprecatory eyes: ‘He is so tender-hearted that I can’t ask him to go out and draw an armful of wood or split a pail of water without setting him crying at once.’

‘She paused for Mrs. SLED’s mind to comprehend the whole force of the remark concerning IKE’s lachrymosity.

“‘And he’s the most considerable boy, too,’ resumed she, ‘that ever you see; for when he had the inclination on the lungs, he would n’t take a bit of the medicine Dr. BOLUS had subscribed, ‘cause he knowed it would do *me* good, and said he ‘d full as lieves take molasses!’

‘She went on with her knitting, and IKE became lost in the foot of a stocking that she was toeing out. Those grapes on the trellis opposite where IKE is sitting look tempting!’

“‘Diseases is very various,’ said Mrs. PARTINGTON, as she returned from a street-door conversation with Dr. BOLUS. ‘The Doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. HAZE has got two buckles on her lungs! It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The diseases is so various! One way we hear of people’s dying of hermitage of the lungs; another way of the brown creatures; here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and there about tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head, there of an embargo; one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the sarcofagus, and there another kills himself by discovering his jocular vein. Things change so, that I declare I don’t know how to subscribe for any disease now-a-days. New names and new nostrils takes the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb-bag away.’

‘Fifteen minutes afterward, ISAAC had that herb-bag for a target, and broke three squares of glass in the cellar-window in trying to hit it, before the old lady knew what he was about. She did n’t mean exactly what she said.’

“‘As regards these electrical matters,’ said Mrs. PARTINGTON, just before election — she lived on a main street, and the cheering and noise of parties passing her door kept her awake o’ nights — ‘I don’t see the use of making so much fuss about it. Why don’t they take some one and give him their sufferings, if he has n’t got any of his own, and let him be governor till he dies, just as they do the judges, and arterward, too, as they sometimes do them, for they might as well be dead, a good many of ‘em? Oh! this confusion of noise and hubbub! My poor head aches o’ hearing of it, and ISAAC has got sich a cold, looking out of the window at the possessions without nothing on the head. And then what critters they all be, to be sure! — their newspapers are brim full of good resolutions, but ne’eraone of ‘em did I ever know ‘em to keep. They are always resolving, like the showman’s resolving views, and one resolution fades away jest as quick as another comes. If I could have my way, I would’ —

“‘Hooray! here they come!’ cried IKE, breaking in upon the old lady’s remarks, and banging his slate on the floor, and throwing up the window with a vehemence that broke two squares of glass.

“‘Hooray!’ came up in a big chorus from the street, filling Mrs. PARTINGTON’s little chamber, to its utmost capacity, with ‘hooray,’ the great element of political life.

“‘There they go agin,’ cried she, ‘with their drums and lanterns, like crazy critters, and keeping folks awake when they ought to be in the arms of Murphy!’

‘IKE pulled in his head and dropped the window, and the good old lady mended the fracture of the glass by a hat and a pair of pants of IKE’s, with the threat of severe punishment if he ever did so again. But do you suppose she would have kept it? IKE knew better. When the glazier came in the next day to mend the window, she had to tell him the story of how it was broke, but all the blame was on the politicians.’

‘Mrs. PARTINGTON had watched three-quarters of an hour for an omnibus, and she swung her umbrella as one drove up, and the driver stopped his horses near where she stood.

“‘Now, ISAAC,’ says she, feeling in her reticule for a copper, away down under the handkerchief, and snuff-box, and knitting-work, and thread-case, and needle-book, ‘be a good boy, dear, while I am gone, and don’t cause a constellation among the neighbors, as some boys do, and there’s a cent for you; and be sure you don’t lay it out extravagantly, now; and be keerful you don’t break the windows; and if any body rings at the door, be sure and see who it is before you open it, because there is so many dishonest rogues about; if any porpoises come a begging give ‘em what was left of the dinner, Heaven bless ‘em, and much good may it do ‘em! and — why, bless me! if the omnibus has n’t gone off, and left me standing here in the middle of the street. Such impudence is without a parable!’

'Her spectacles gleamed indignantly down the street, after the disappearing 'bus, and, for a moment, anger had the mastery; but equanimity, like twilight, came over her mind, and she waited for the next 'bus, with calmness on her face, and her green cotton umbrella under her arm.'

'What a queer place this Boston is!' said Mrs. PARTINGTON, when she first came here from the country. 'I was walking along the street just now, and saw on a sign 'Hair-Dressing.' 'Something like guano, I guess, for the hair,' said I to myself. 'I declare, I'm a good mind to look at some.' So I went in and asked a dear, pretty young man, smelling as sweet as catnip, to let me look at some of his *hair manure*—I wanted to be as polite as possible. Gracious! how he stared at me, just as if I'd been a Hottenpot, or a wild Arad. 'I mean your hair-dressing,' said I.

'Oh! ah! yes!' said he; 'set down here in the big chair, mem—scratch, perhaps, mem!'

'Scratch,' said I, completely dumbfounded; 'you saucy fellow! I can do all my own scratching, and some of yourn, too, if you say that agin—scratch, indeed!'—and I went right down the stairs.

'She never before had hinted that she stood in need of any hair tonic, though every body knew that she had worn a wig for twenty years.'

'Is the steamer signified, sir?' asked Mrs. PARTINGTON at the telegraph station.

'Yes 'm,' replied the clerk, who was busily engaged turning over the leaves of his day-book.

'Can you tell me,' continued she, 'if the queen's encroachment has taken place yet?'

'Some say she is encroaching all the time,' said the clerk, looking pleasantly at the old lady, and evidently pleased with his own smartness.

'That is n't possible,' responded the venerable dame; 'but,' said she to herself, 'how could *he* be expected to know about such things? and yet there is no reason why he shouldn't, for all the bars to science, 'notamy and them things, is let down now-a-days, and Natur is shown all undressed, like a puppet-show, sixpence a sight!'

'Good morning, sir,' said she, as he bowed her out; and as she passed down the stairs her mind, grasping the manifold subjects of the telegraph, queen, and facilities in science, became oblivious in a fog.'

'It is all very true, Mr. KNICKERBOTTOM,' said Mrs. PARTINGTON, as she read in the KNICKERBOCKER something concerning brevity and simplicity of expression; 'it's true, as you say; and how many mistakes there does happen when folks don't understand each other! Why, last summer I told a dress-maker to make me a long visite, to wear, and, would you believe it, she came and staid a fortnight with me? Since then I've made it a point always to speak just what I say.'

Her mouth grew down to a determined pucker at the end of the sentence, and the snuff-box was tapped energetically, as if the fortnight of unrequited bread and butter was lying heavy on her memory.'

'I never liked the Swedenvirgins,' said Mrs. PARTINGTON. She was orthodox, and always sat in the Asylum-pew in the north-east corner of the gallery, and had charge of the children in sermon-time. Her raised finger was an admonition that brought young refractories to their obedience at once. Every Sunday was she there, and people expected to see the faded black bonnet above the railings, in prayer-time, as much as they did the parson. 'I never liked the Swedenvirgins; but I ain't one that believes nothing good can come out of Lazarus, for all that. Now, there's JENNY LIND—may Heaven show a flag of dollars on her head!—that is so very good to every body, and who sings so sweet that every body's falling in love with her, tipsy turvy, and gives away so much to poor, indignant people. They call her an angel, and who knows but she may be a syrup in disguise, for the papers say her singing is like the music of the spheres. How I should love to hear her!'

'She grasped hastily at the long bead-purse in her reticule, but an unsatisfactory response came back from it to her hopes, and she laid it back again with a sigh.'

There: without saying any thing of the jocose ROGER, the great PHILANTHROPOS, and the poetical WIDELSWARTH, whose 'sayings' are bound up with Mrs. PARTINGTON's, and are worthy of the excellent company they keep, we have nevertheless said and quoted enough to show the reader what a treat is before him. We must not omit to mention the engravings. In drawing and execution they leave nothing to be desired. The volume is well printed, on good paper.

MELBOURNE, AND THE CHINCHA ISLANDS: with Sketches of Lima, and a Voyage Round the World. By GEORGE W. PECK. In one volume: pp. 294. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

EVEN were the subjects of this volume of less interest than they are, at the present moment, the work would nevertheless soon find its way to a wide circulation, from the extremely attractive style in which it is written. Few narratives of voyages to distant lands, and descriptions of countries visited, have impressed us so forcibly; the best evidence of which is the fact, that when once commenced, it is extremely difficult to lay it aside, until its perusal is accomplished; and when it *was* laid aside, through the interposition of some unexpected duty, or '*morning accident*' in May-time 'settling,' 'ever as we could with haste dispatch' the interruption, we returned again, to devour the unread contents of the book. Mr. PECK is a scholar, a practised writer, a keen, although quiet observer, and a man of genuine feeling and genuine humor; and it is his wont to write as he sees and feels, and to give to clear thoughts a garb of the simplest and most effective words. Our author commenced his voyage round the world at Boston, on the eighteenth of February, of last year, and made Port PHILLIP'S bay, in Australia, on which Melbourne is situated, on the twentieth of May. As no one can speak so well for the author as the author speaks for himself, we shall at once proceed to introduce him to our readers, and plunge, *in medias res*, into his book:

'WE doubled the North Cape of New-Zealand, day before yesterday. About forty miles from the Cape itself there is a group of islets called 'The Three Kings,' in sight of which we passed at nightfall. Yesterday we were becalmed all day; but I could neither write, or play the violin in the cabin while the men were holystoning the poop-deck. In the afternoon, we had a passing call from a school of black-fish, whose mottled backs made them seem like a herd of cows grazing in a meadow. To-day, the wind is still light; the ocean wide and blue. I have no perpetual sense of its boundlessness. As I look back upon my voyagings, it is as when I have travelled inland. Sometimes I have gone through deep woods; these are the storms. Then we have passed over high-rolling uplands; in clear, strong breezes—through a broken, rocky country in squalls; and, on such days as this, across broad plains. The sense of infinite expansion is greater in looking off upon the ocean from a promontory, or in casual glimpses from the turnings of a country road.

'Another odd effect is, that while I feel the poetry of the ocean, and the health-breathing spirit of it, my mind perversely recoils from it. I have a craving for every thing that is in opposition to it; for metaphysics, for example, or æsthetical reveries upon music, and the like. I am a living witness to the truth of the saying that '*colum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt*.' Let no one take a long voyage to *forget*—to court oblivion. The Lethe does not flow into the ocean; I doubt if there be any such river at all. But out of all this wondering at finding one's self under a new heaven, and the excitement, and dread, and expectation, and general upheaval of the elements within, there may come 'strength for what remains.' Last night the moon ascended over long, soft-outlined ranks of clouds, and the Southern Cross stood clear in the mid-heavens—emblem of patience, and hope, and mercy.'

An idea of the space and magnitude of the world's surface is briefly but forcibly conveyed in the subjoined passage:

'WHEN two Sundays come together' is not, after all, an impossible condition. To-day we pass the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude east from Greenwich, in latitude thirty-three degrees south, and now begin to reckon longitude west. Here we fuse two days into one, to correct for the twelve hours we have gained since passing the Greenwich meridian. But since New-York is in seventy-three degrees west, I have come two hundred and fifty-three degrees, and am sixteen hours and forty minutes ahead of Trinity clock—to say nothing of having spent nearly two winters in the

year. The distance home seems quite short. It is only one hundred and seven degrees of longitude, and from thirty-three degrees south to forty-one degrees north—in fact, the distance is nothing, as Mr. MICAWBER observed, ‘comparatively speaking.’

Our author seems not to have alarmed himself a great deal about the dangers of the ocean. In a heavy gale of wind, he writes: ‘In half an hour, or less, we shall be lying-to in a gale and a very heavy sea; a state of things it may be pleasant to read of—in case we survive it, and the others that may succeed it. Otherwise, geologists estimate the average depth of the ocean to be about five miles!’ There’s consolation for you! Leaving to the reader the pleasure of tracing our voyager’s way to the antipodes, we will ‘present him’ as a spectator of manners and customs in Melbourne:

‘It was not my fortune to meet Mr. MICAWBER, or his distinguished son, WILKINS MICAWBER, Esq., in Melbourne, though I encountered many who had evidently formed themselves upon the senior gentleman’s model; whose every-day conversation might almost have sprung from his own eloquent lips, or emanated from his facile pen. The speech of the English Commercial Traveller, alias Bagman, will doubtless one day become the universal language. The bagman penetrates into all regions, however remote, where sales can be effected at a remunerative commission; his object is to effect such sales. Through him the producer is not a producer only, but the maker of his market. He manufactures, the consumer consumes; but not fast enough; the commercial traveller finds occupation in cramming him. He, in fact, produces the consumer. He combines; he separates; he gluts the market: he drains it; he bulls; he bears; he elevates; he depresses—all the while calculating his per centages in a little pocket-book. He is ready to operate in any description of property, personal, real, or choses in action; coals, Colt’s pistols, books, brick-bats, bullocks: he knows of a ‘party’ who holds them for a sum certain, and who will, if pressed, even fall un-certainly for the sake of a cash transaction. This word ‘party’ is the bagman’s shibboleth, his talismanic word, without which his whole species would vanish into the elements. With him, individual men or women are not persons; he knows and thinks of them only as ‘parties.’

This word, which is in universal use in Melbourne, and which I observed to be used in the same way by new arrivals from Glasgow, Liverpool, and London, sounds oddly enough to ears unaccustomed to the jargon of trade. A man or woman is a ‘party’ in Melbourne; and *vice versa*: the words are used interchangeably. ‘Excuse me, I was to meet a ‘party’ at ten—a gentleman from Sydney.’ ‘What ‘party’ was that you were walking with this morning?’ (meaning, what young lady?) ‘You recollect, Mr. JONES, the ‘party’ I introduced you to,’ etc., etc. The associations of the word are extremely picturesque. I thought of substituting it in the poets; as, for example:

‘He was a party; take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.’

‘His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This is a party!*’

‘WHAT a piece of work is a party!’

‘PARTIES of all sorts take a pride to gird at me.’

‘OF party’s first disobedience, and the fruit.’

‘A PARTY’s a party for a’ that.’

‘There are no viler words in any language than those introduced from the forms of law and commerce. In this particular one there is something so suggestive of contracts and bargaining, as well as such a want of definiteness, that it is singularly unpleasing.’

Snobbish English travellers—exceptions, of course, to the true English *gentlemen* who have been among us—have had a good deal to say concerning the manner in which English words are misused in America. Perhaps they had better look at home; for Australia is a home for the same classes that possess or lack a home in ‘Lenden, ye kno’! Our friend the ‘Howadji’ went into a clothing-store in London to purchase a waistcoat. He modestly; and

in a low tone, announced his wishes; when a loud-voiced cockney clerk called out to the 'weskit department,' 'Show this party a oncommon fine pattern of a weskit! — *that* way, Sir!' — and the 'party' was waved back to a second cockney, who took him 'in' and 'did' for him. But there are other lingual peculiarities in Melbourne:

'The which?' instead of 'what?' when the hearer does not distinctly understand what is said, is another vile phrase to ears of Americans. As, also, the never-mitted phrase, 'mind ye,' introduced in a peculiarly triumphant tone, whenever one person sets another right; as, 'I was an hour riding to Collingwood.' 'The which?' 'It took me an hour to ride to Collingwood.' 'Indeed!' 'Ay, but mind ye, how muddy it was.' Hardly any answer to a question is complete without this 'mind ye.' At home we never use it, except to impress a command upon children, or in reply, where we mean to be rather positive and crowing. It would, of course, be ill-mannered to insinuate that there may be a spice of those qualities congenital in what the Quarterly Reviewers are fond of styling the 'British mind.'

'But that Mr. MICAWBER has visited Melbourne is apparent, not so much from peculiar words and phrases, as in the manner and tone of intercourse generally. The rolling, oratorical voice, loud enough in common conversation to fill an auction-room; the magnifying lens of mind, through which all occurrences take on a fictitious importance; the ab, in short, extremely inflated views of that gentleman in all statements respecting his transactions and business-prospects, are as characteristic of the daily Melbourne walk and conversation as they were of his. You shall be introduced to a 'party' — a gentleman; he asks you to dine, 'and be particular to come at four.' You go punctually, and find the gentleman in a tent filled with second-hand rubbish, a box to sit upon, and another for a table, up to his ankles in mud, surprised to see you, and utterly oblivious about the dinner. Perhaps he fishes up some red ink, which you must sip, for it is very choice claret. (I intended to have preserved a vial of some shown me by a friend, for Mr. BARNUM.) After a reasonable while, you, pretending only an accidental call, retire, thinking you have learned something. But no, every day brings fresh developments.'

A small touch of Australian quasi-politics may not be amiss here; for there has been a good deal of speculation thereanent in the United States:

'AMERICANS, on their first arrival there, hear an immense deal of disloyalty and radicalism. The class of all-knowing talkers flatter them by pretending to look upon them as the harbingers of separation and rebellion. 'You are coming,' they say, 'now we will be free!' Of course, such extreme reformers understand as little what they wish for, as they do of the means of its accomplishment.

'But it is a singular fact that Americans do not like such notions abroad so well as at home. Just as English radicals generally become ultra Tories after they have lived a short time in America, so American radicals side with law and order in English colonies. They look upon government from a different point of view; they are not blinded by the feelings, the party catch-words, and the names of canonized political saints, that obscure their judgment at home. The words 'bank,' or 'tariff,' or 'abolition' no longer excite their ire and dethrone their reason; they can offer only secret homage to their former national heroes. They soon perceive how much more practically wise they themselves are in political matters than their new friends; and they have the same pride that Englishmen have with us, which keeps them from meddling with what they fancy to be none of their business. Beside, there is a large proportion among Americans who are accustomed to act understandingly, and are little given to aid in hastening changes which they do not feel thoroughly convinced are needful. And the men of real influence among the American merchants and others, are entirely given to commerce and business affairs, and want no changes but increased facilities for trade. Upon the whole, therefore, the uneasy and uncomfortable portion of the Melbourne population will find less assistance in opposition to the established order of things from Americans than they look for. The Americans are in a position of indifference. They will never interfere except against open oppression, which never can arise; but all the weight of influence becoming to them as alien residents, will be given in support of a government which endeavors to overtake the wants of an almost miraculous influx of population, as fast as that population urges measures and supplies means.

We commend to the reader the truly grand description of the scenery around Melbourne, especially that of the great Public Garden, and the reflections of the author thereupon. It is in Mr. Peck's most effective vein. With the following, we must take our leave of Melbourne:

'MELBOURNE life is all out of doors, or in a crowd. One can walk, when it is not too muddy, or he can take to his bed; it is very difficult to get even a sleeping closet alone. As for myself, I must have some place of study, no matter how small, where I can look through a loop-hole upon the world, or I am like a snail without a shell. Years enough have passed for me neither to be ashamed nor vain of having in my time been more than once as forlorn in a great city as ever JOHNSON and SAVAGE were in London; I never had luxuries, but I want quietness. I do not 'agnize a natural and prompt alacrity in hardness.' I am possessed with a gentle melancholy, and the health of my mind requires that I should be secluded when I please. 'Out, Joux!' is my motto. I would not exchange the certainty of a few years of quiet before the last resting-place for all the gold in Australia.

'The noisy confusion of Melbourne only strengthened this feeling. It would be even a pleasurable excitement if one could only escape from it at will; it would heighten the enjoyment of a snug room, and old books, and old music, just as the noise of a school-room makes the single desk in a corner the best one for study. But this was unattainable, and forms the greatest objection I should have (and other Americans must feel more or less as I did) to residing in such a town. No thoughtful man, or man at all sensitive, could long preserve his integrity in the utter *adriftness* of such a life.'

Our author's visit to the Chincha or Guano Islands forms not the least interesting feature of his entertaining volume. We make room for two or three illustrative extracts:

'THE look-out from either of the islands is enchanting. Imagine the Andes and the Pacific in one view; the islands, with their precipitous walls indented with immense caves, and surrounded by fantastic rocks, fringed with foam; the pure ocean air; the myriads of sea-birds: the shipping; the schools of sea-lions; and, almost always, far or near upon the blue waste, the spout of whales, and the white sails of ships coming or departing. Altogether, the scene is full of exhilaration and excitement. The height of the islands is such, that the eye looks directly down upon the masts of the vessels moored and lying beneath, and the round horizon demonstrates to the eye the appropriateness of the phrase of the Admiralty Courts, 'the high seas.'

'The guano, where exposed to the air, is of a reddish-brown, yellow color, darker than that of its general substance, where it is cut away. It, of course, colors the whole of the islands, the rock on which it rests being only visible round the shores. As it is like light, dry earth, and full of holes, it is difficult to walk upon, there being no certainty that every other footstep will not sink in nearly to the knee. If one hurries, he is almost sure to fall, or rather to get into it all over, in which case the only satisfaction is in knowing that it is almost pure ammonia, and contains no animal substance, otherwise it might be thought to be an unpleasant, sticky sort of soil. A few feet below the surface it becomes compact, and from thence, through its whole thickness, is of nearly the consistence of Castile soap. Its odor is strongly ammoniacal, though this is not perceived, or but faintly, in walking over the islands where they have not been dug upon.'

When the English newspapers have finished talking about the 'sufferings' of American negro 'slaves,' and the 'barbarity' with which they are treated, it is to be hoped they may have somewhat to say of the British scoundrels who, for the mere sake of money-making, sell the liberty and lives of the poor Chinese coolies in Peru:

'THE guano is dug from the hills, and wheeled to depots, or open inclosures, called 'Mangueras,' on the edge of the cliffs, at places where launches or vessels can be moored below — by coolies, who are brought to Peru by English ships from the free ports of China. There are about three hundred coolies at work on the middle island, and seven or eight hundred on the north. It is said that they are brought here under contracts made with them at home, to labor for five years, at a real, or York shilling, per day, and their rice; and that after they have served their time out, they are free to return. It is said, also, that they are induced to come by being made to believe they are going to labor in gold mines. The real truth I suppose to be that they are contracted for by the Peruvian government, and transferred to it, at a good profit, by the English who bring them. Whatever their contracts may be, if there are any, the coolies, who are one of the contracting parties, become, in effect, absolutely slaves. They are condemned to be diggers of guano; their labor is much more severe and injurious than railroad digging; they have no liberty days, no protecting laws, no power to obtain

even the pittance said to be paid them, no proper seasons of rest. Most of them go nearly naked; none have more than enough clothing just to cover themselves; they live and feed like dogs; they are constantly within the reach of the thongs of hideous black drivers — the link between men and devils; there are no women among them, nothing to mitigate their hopeless toil. Before and around them is the shining bay, and beyond it, green groves and mountains; near at hand, hundreds of ships coming and going, filled with men like themselves, only free! They, too, have been free; they were not born in slavery; they are not domestic slaves, or plantation slaves; but slaves without any title, or rights, or conceded customs — mere over-worked beasts of burden.

‘Almost every week some of them commit suicide by throwing themselves from the cliff. They are said to do this in the belief that their spirits will awaken in their native land. KOSSEIT told me that more than sixty had killed themselves this way in the two years he has been there. One was driven over the cliff, or jumped off, and was dashed in pieces, to escape the lash of a black driver, who chased him to the verge, in sight of a captain of an American ship, the week before we left. The cliff where he leaped is two hundred feet high, and almost perpendicular.’

We have said and quoted enough to set forth the character of Mr. PECK’S volume, and we now leave it with the public, who will not be slow in securing its perusal entire. It is well printed, and has a few small illustrative engravings.

THE SPECTATOR: A NEW EDITION, CAREFULLY REVISED. In six volumes: with Prefaces, Historical and Biographical. By ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A.M. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

DON’T be startled, reader: we are not about to inflict upon you a review of ADDISON’S works, for time has but extended their fame, and increased the affectionate admiration with which they are regarded by all persons of the least refinement or taste. THACKERAY has tersely and felicitously hit off the characteristics of this delightful writer: ‘It is as a Tattler of small talk, and a Spectator of mankind, that we cherish and love him, and owe as much pleasure to him as to any human being that ever wrote. He came in an artificial age, and began to speak with his noble, natural voice. He came, the gentle satirist, who hit no unfair blow; the kind judge, who castigated only in smiling. He walks about the world, watching their pretty humors, fashions, follies, flirtations, rivalries, and noting them with the most charming archness. He sees them in public, in the theatre, or the assembly; or at the toy-shop, higgling for gloves or lace; or at the auction, battling together over a blue porcelain dragon, or a darling monster in Japan; or at church, eyeing the width of their rivals’ hoops, or the breadth of their laces, as they sweep down the aisles.’ ‘His sense of religion stirs his whole being. In the fields, in the town; looking at the birds in the trees, at the children in the streets; in the morning or in the moonlight; over his books in his own room; in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town-assembly, good will and peace to God’s creatures, and a love and awe of Him who made them, fill his pure heart, and shine from his kind face. His was a life prosperous and beautiful; a calm death; an immense fame and affection afterward, for his happy and spotless name.’

Such was JOSEPH ADDISON; and we rejoice exceedingly that American publishers have been found who felt it a duty to place the writings of such an author before the public in a garb befitting their purity and beauty. We

are accustomed to say, 'Why can we not, in this country, print books upon as fine, good paper, clear types, and with ink as black, and execution as perfect, as that of the best English works?' These volumes of 'The Spectator' answer that question triumphantly. No more beautiful books, in all points of typography, paper, and printing, have we ever seen from the English press. The pleasure to *the eye*, while perusing the exquisite pictures of ADDISON, enhances to a wonderful, although perhaps imperceptible degree, the enjoyment of the reader. Who will follow the excellent example thus nobly set by the Messrs. APPLETON? Good books should be presented in the best garb: 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.'

PUDDLEFORD AND ITS PEOPLE. BY H. H. RILEY. With Illustrations. In one volume: pp. 267. New-York: SAMUEL HESTON, Number Three Hundred and Forty-Eight, Broadway.

WE briefly announced this work as in press, in our last number. It is now published, and ready for the public. And the public will *want* it. It is not one of the kind of books that will go a-begging for 'patronage,' (confound that particularly English word, for which, as yet, there has been found no good synonym!) but on the contrary, a book that will *command* success, because it *deserves* it. As to that, 'we shall see.' We have seldom been mistaken in our prognostications in this kind, and we 'say it, and we say it boldly,' that *this* time we *can't* be mistaken. You can gather something of the writer from his preface, which we quote entire:

'EVERY body who writes a book is expected to introduce it with a preface; to hang out a sign, the more captivating the better, informing the public what kind of entertainment may be expected within. I am sorry that I am obliged to say that many a one has been woefully deceived by these outside proclamations, and some one may be again.

'I am unable to apologize to the public for inflicting this work upon it. It was not through 'the entreaty of friends' that it was written. It is not the 'outpourings of a delicate constitution.' (I weigh one hundred and sixty pounds.) I was not driven into it 'by a predestination to write, which was beyond my control.' It is not 'offered for the benefit of a few near relatives, who have insisted upon seeing it in print,' nor do I expect the public will tolerate it simply out of regard to my feelings, if their own feelings are not enlisted in its favor.

'The book is filled with *Portraits of Puddleford and the Puddlefordians*. The reader may never have seen the portrait of a genuine Puddlefordian. Bless me, how much that man has lost! If the reader does not like the painting after he *has* seen it, I cannot help it: it may be the fault of the original, or it may be from a want of skill in the painter.

'Like the carrier-pigeon, let it go, to return with glad tidings, or none at all.'

Our readers have had a foretaste of the work, in the two sketches which have already appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER, 'The Bee-Hunt,' and 'A Court-Scene at Puddleford.' The wide circulation given to these portions of the book by the public press indicates the reception which will be accorded to the entire work. Our 'Literary Notice' department is so full, that we are compelled to limit ourselves to very curt 'specimens' of the volume under consideration. Doubtless a majority of the several thousand readers whose names have never been off our subscription-books since the commencement of the KNICKERBOCKER, will recognize in the following the writer of the series

of papers published in this Magazine many years ago, entitled '*My Fishing-Ground*!'

'Not having much luck with big fish, I concluded to amuse the 'small fry.' So out went my hook ker-shump right down in the midst of a great gathering, who seemed to have met on some business of importance. It was a little curious to watch these finny fellows as they eyed my worm. They swept round it in a circle, a few times, and coming up with a halt, and forming themselves abreast, they rocked up and down from head to tail, as they surveyed the thing. By-and-by, a perch, a little more venturesome than the rest, floated up by degrees to the bait, his white fins slowly moving back and forth, and carefully reaching out his nose, he touched it, wheeled, and shot like a dart out of sight. In a few minutes he came round in the rear of the company, to await further experiments. Next came the sun-fish, jerking along, filled with fire and fury, with a kind of who's-afraid sort of look, and striking at my hook, actually caught the tip of the barb, and I turned the fellow topsy-turvy, showing up his yellow to advantage. He left for parts unknown. There was a small bass who had strayed into the community, whom I was anxious to coax into trouble, but he lay off on his dignity, near an old root, to see the fun. I moved my hook toward him. He shot off and turned head-to, with a no-you-don't sort of air. I took my bait from the water and spit on it, but it would n't do. I took it out again, and went through an incantation over it, but I could n't catch him by magic; and I have no doubt, reader, he is there yet.'

It is hard to be obliged to omit so graphic a picture as that of the country church of Puddleford, and BIGELOW VAN SLYCK, the circuit-riding preacher, 'half Yankee, half Dutch; an ingenious cross, effected somewhere down in the State of Pennsylvania,' who occasionally officiated there. But we *must* give a paragraph to the choir; which our friend the 'Rector of St. Bartholomew's' will surely recognize as a picture drawn from and 'to the life:'

'AUNT GRAVES' was very nervous the moment she took her seat in the choir. If any error should be committed, the exercises would be spoiled, prayers, preaching, and all; because, according to her judgment, they all depended upon good music; and *that* she was responsible for. So she began to hitch about, first this way, and then that; then she ran over the music-book, and then the index to it; then she hummed a tune inanibly through her nose; then she examined the hymn-book, and then changed her seat; and then changed back again. She was, in her opinion, the wheel that kept every other wheel in motion; and what if *that* wheel should stop!

'But the Hymn was at last given out; and there was a rustling of leaves, and an *eh-mm-ing*, and coughing, and spitting; and sounding of notes; and a toot on a cracked clarionet, which had been wound with tow; and a low grunt from a bass-viol, produced by a grave-looking man in the corner. Then all rose, and launched forth in one of those ancient pieces of church-harmony, 'Coronation;' every voice and instrument letting itself go to its utmost extent. One airy-looking person was pumping out his bass by rising and falling on his toes; another, more solemn, was urging it up by crowding his chin on his breast; another jerked it out by a twist of his head; while one quiet old man, whose face beamed with tranquillity, just stood, in perfect ecstacy, and let the melody run out of his nose. The genius on the clarionet blew as if he were blowing his last. His cheeks were bloated, his eyes were wild and extended, and his head danced this way and that, keeping time with his fingers; and he who sawed the viol, tore away upon his instrument with a kind of ferocity, as if he were determined to commit some violence upon it. But the treble — what shall I say of *it*? 'AUNT GRAVES' was nowhere to be seen, after the 'parts' had got into full play; she put on the power of her voice, and 'drowned out' every thing around her at once; and then, rising higher and higher, she rushed through the notes, the choir in full chase after her, and absolutely came out safely at last, and struck upon her feet, without injuring herself or any one else.'

The following sketch, describing the manner in which the hearers erect those structures, called 'd — ms' by the profane, will remind the reader of the Indian anecdote recorded in our last number:

'WHY not more'n nor a mile or so up this creek, I've killed piles on 'em. Why, I seed a company on 'em, up there, once, of two or three hundred. They com'd down one spring and clear'd off acres of ground that had grown up to birch saplings, that they wanted to build a dam with, and there they let the trees lie until August. Then they started to build their houses all over the low water in the mash — great houses four or five feet through — and then — — — — — companies of for — — — — — house till

they got 'em done. You jist ought to see 'em carry mud and stones between their fore-paws and throat, and see 'em lay it down and slap it with their tails, like men who work with a trowel.'

'Well,' said I, 'about those trees that they cleared off?'

'When they got 'em done, then they all j'ined in to build a dam to raise up the water, so 't would n't freeze up the doors of their houses. And then there was a time on 't. You might see 'm by moonlight, pitching in the trees, and swimming down the stream with 'em, and laying 'em in the current of the creek, like so many boys.'

'Pshaw!' said I.

'Yes, Sir! I seed one night, a lot of beavers drawing one of the biggest trees they had cut. It was more 'n six inches through. They got it part over the bank, when it stuck fast. Jest the top of the tree was in the water, and there were four or five on 'em sousing round in the water, pulling this way and that, and as many more on the bank jerking at it, until bym-bye, it went in-ker-swash; the beavers all took hold on 't, then, and towed it to the dam.'

'And so they really built a dam?'

'A dam three feet high, and forty or fifty long—all laid up with birch-trees, and mud and stones, so tight, 't ain't gone yet. The *beaver* have gone long ago, but the *dam* hain't.'

'How did you catch 'em?' said I.

'When the fur is good, in the winter, we jest went round with our ice-chisels and knocked their houses to pieces, when away they would go for their *washes*, as we used to call 'em, where we fastened 'em in and catch'd 'em.'

'Washes? what are they?' inquired I.

'Holes the beavers dig in the bank, partly under water, where they can run in and breathe without being seen.'

What we especially admire in this book, is the faithful *observation* of the author, whether in relation to natural scenery, or the varieties and eccentricities of human character. Nor is his imagination ever at fault. Somehow or other he 'hits us' *there*, too, as in the following changeful picture of the diverse forms which summer-evening clouds put on, what time they 'pavilion the setting sun:'

'The sun was waning low, and the shadows of the trees were pointing across the river. The clouds in the west gathered themselves into all kinds of pictures. There was a fleet of ships, all on fire, in full sail, far out at sea; the fleet dissolved, and a city rose out of its ruins, filled with temples, and domes, and turrets, and divided into streets, up and down which strange and fantastic figures were hurrying. The city vanished, and a pile of huge mountains shot up their rugged peaks, around which golden islands lay anchored, all glowing with light. Away one side, I noticed a grave, corpulent, and shadowy old gentleman, astride an elephant, smoking a pipe, and he puffed himself finally away into the heavens, and I have never seen him since!'

How true is the subjoined passage, many a distant wanderer from his native village, who will read these sentences, can well testify: 'There is something impressive in the Sabbath in the wilderness. A quiet breathes over the landscape that is almost overwhelming. In a city the church-steeple talk to one another their lofty music; but there are no bells in the wilderness to mark the hours of worship. The only bell which is heard is rung by Memory, as the hour of prayer draws nigh; some village-bell, far away, that vibrated over the hills of our nativity, the tones of which we have carried away in our soul, and which are awakened by the solemnity of the day.'

But we must close: yet not without saying a word touching the illustrations of the volume. They are happily conceived, admirably drawn, and exceedingly well executed. They 'tell the whole story' to the eye, which the author has so well represented to the mind, of the reader. One of the most note-worthy things, by the way, in modern illustrated books, is the care with which the pictures are drawn and executed. The public will not 'stand' poor engravings, any more than poor paper and printing.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AN EVENING IN THE CALIFORNIA MINES. — Our readers in the Atlantic States will get a vivid idea of 'Life in the Diggings' in California, from '*An Evening in the Mines*,' sent us by a new correspondent in the 'Golden State:'

'THE blazing sun has rolled his disc of burnished gold behind the rocky battlements of the narrow cañon, and the dark, broad shadow, long since deepening over the river-bed, is rapidly climbing, with noiseless steps, the rugged mountain, from whose snow-crowned summit it will soon chase the lingering sun-light.

'The busy sound of pick and spade is no longer heard; the 'rocker' is thrown aside; the water gurgles idly through the long 'sluices' and 'Toms,' and the weary miner, liberally rewarded for his day's labor, has gladly turned to his log-cabin, or broad tent of the open sky.

'The swollen river is rushing, and boiling, and swirling along its rocky channel, sending up a heavy roar through the echoing cañon, like the deep tones of an organ swelling through some grand old cathedral. The smoke is curling lazily up in graceful wreaths from camp-fires over which rough forms, hovering round like the ghosts of superannuated cooks, are preparing the frugal evening meal. See that shaggy old fellow reclining carelessly on the ground, smoking a pipe with such infinite gusto, and watching with scrupulous care a great black Dutch oven, whose tortures he remorselessly aggravates by heaping little pyramids of coals upon its hollow head, till at length he flings off the cover, and exults, swelling up as if on the point of bursting with indignation, at the appearance of a real golden loaf, for he is quite a magician in his hard and horny, his bread, like his heart, is always light. He has just bustled about, and dragged the sputtering frying-pan from the fire, and is ready: so grab that battered tin plate, draw up to the oven, and, without regard to etiquette. Seat yourself cross-legged, like a good Mussulman, on the ground; for our only table is the broad lap of old mother earth. A hard day's work of lifting primitive boulders and picking down cemented formations has made you an appetite like a vulture: fall to and help yourself, for the motto here is every one for himself and the devil to take the hindmost.'

'Pass that loaf around this way before you demolish it; I'm hungry as an office-seeker.' We happen to be out of butter just now, as we always are, but a slice of soft pork will serve the same purpose.

'Let white-livered Grahamites, like NEBUCHADNEZZAR, go to grass, and live on homœopathic broth and saw-dust puddings; you never will have the nightmare or be troubled

with the horrors of dyspepsia, though you devour a dozen slices of swine's-flesh. This river-mining will try your 'pluck,' and you need something stronger than chicken-broth to excite your animal nature, and supply the wear-and-tear of muscle. A lusty beef-eater is worth a dozen rice-fed, scraggy starvelings.

'Now for the pipes. You do n't use the weed? never mind; I'll wager a box of 'fine-cut' that you will smoke like a Dutch burgomaster before you have lived in the 'diggins' a month. As well think of existing here without liquor or bread as without tobacco.

'I say, 'Old MISSOURI,' blow us out a song under cover of the smoke; clear your cracked pipes and play the nightingale.'

'Old MISSOURI' rolls out the volumes of smoke like some dying volcano, but can't sing 'nar'-a-one; while a long-legged Vermonter stirs up the smoking embers, and piles on the brush-wood. How cheerfully the ruddy glow of the fire flashes over the bronzed faces, as it darts its red tongues up against the dark curtain of night!

'Well, old COMET, if you won't sing, we'll *vamose* to 'Uncle JIMMIE's' cabin. Hold on, Doctor! — just play the part of a careful house-wife before you follow: pick up the tin things, and start a batch of bread for the morning. You are thinking of the time when you had 'some body' to look after such things. Now do n't look so glum, so like a sick 'green-horn' sighing for home and his sweet-heart.'

'The cabin seems to be the general rendezvous of the evening; for a score of jolly boys are gathered in a semi-circle round the fire blazing against the stone face of the chimney. That tall, gaunt, and bony man, with gray hair and grizzly beard, is 'Uncle JIMMIE,' the Scotchman, a live Highlander, too, who can sing some of his 'bonnie airs,' in a manner that will make your sluggish pulses thrill, as at the sight of a yellow 'nugget.'

'He has one capital song by BURNS', never in print, which he learned of TAM O'SHANTER, who, after being out late with the merry bard, at social gathering or mid-night revel, often used to enter the house and crawl into bed with 'JIMMIE,' then a mere lad, who says he lay awake many a night listening with boyish delight to TAM's wild stories and mellow songs.

'Near him is another gray-headed old miner, who goes by the sobriquet of 'Uncle Tom;' not the 'Uncle Tom' of a slave-cabin, but the free-and-easy lord of a miner's cabin. A live Yankee, an inimitable mimic, and the best story-teller of 'the crowd,' he is a universal favorite.

'The two 'Uncles,' a pair of jolly souls, 'old fogies' though they be, are the life of the rough band. There is an old tar, whose swarthy features have the funny and peculiar curve which marks the jolly sea-king: an old stager is *he* too, who well knows how to minister to

'THAT voracious appetite for lies
Which SATAN fishes with, for souls, like flies.'

I knew you would like that glorious song by 'Uncle JIMMIE;' so come, my Puritan, a flowing bumper to the memory of BURNS.

'You never drink? Is it possible that you are so very verdant? It won't hurt you, my baby, any more than a cup of new milk. It is pure *eau de vie*. Think you BURNS would ever have written such glowing, thrilling songs if he had lived a cold-blooded, skinny anchorite, and never warmed his northern nature with the nectar of JUPITER? The idea is preposterous. My young simpleton, thousands of 'green-uns,' like you, have come into this world firmly resolved to 'touch not, taste not, handle not;' but a little 'roughing it in the bush' soon drives away all squeamishness, and makes 'moderate drinkers' of them, with scarcely an exception. And *you*, in three months from this very night, will carry off at least three 'horns' a day without a wink or a blush! It is growing late; let us drop off quietly and leave the poker-players to themselves.'

'Middle Fork of Feather River, (Cal.)

J. SWETT.'

Said we not well that this is a very graphic, life-like sketch? To our new

correspondent we would add, 'We would desire more of your acquaintance, good Master COBWEB.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Here is another fragment in the life of 'Uncle REUBEN,' illustrating the manner in which a *woman*, for the first and only time, was elected a member of the famous 'Trade-Sale Company:'

'“UNCLE REUBEN” despised flattery, and the hundreds of ‘white lies’ of every-day use. Yet he never appeared but pleased. Thus, he called one evening on Mr. and Mrs. JARVIS, in company with Mr. JONES, to spend a social evening. Now the JARVISES were called the meanest, stingiest, and most unscrupulous people in the county, although they lived in a grand house, and had friends from the city to visit them. They never contributed to buy for a poor neighbor a barrel of flour, nor a load of wood, nor paid a sixpence toward the minister’s salary; ‘yet were their words smoother than oil,’ especially the words of Mrs. JARVIS.

‘As they were near the house, ‘Uncle REUBEN’ suggested to JONES that word might possibly be sent to the door that they were ‘not at home,’ and if any blarney was lavished on them, to ‘mind his eye.’ JONES remarked that he ‘understood the dead languages,’ and they rapped at the door. As luck would have it, Mrs. JARVIS came to the door herself.

‘MRS. JARVIS: ‘Why how *do* you do, Mr. P —? I am *perfectly delighted* to see you!’

‘“UNCLE REUBEN:” ‘Thank you.’

‘MRS. JARVIS: ‘Walk in — *do!* I told Mr. JARVIS this blessed day to invite you and your wife down here this evening, and he said he had forgotten all about it: (Mr. JARVIS looks astonished, and cannot call to mind any such conversation.) And how are you, Mr. JONES? Why did n’t Mrs. P — come with you? Dear me! Take this easy chair, Mr. P —; you will find it *so* comfortable. And how is dear Mrs. P —, and cunning little SEPTA, and the rest? Why do n’t you let them come down and see us? . . . Oh! Mr. P —, how *can* you say they are troublesome? Why, all the comfort I take in the world is with my children, and although they are all living out, I make as much account of seeing them once a week as I do of thanksgiving. And now, Mr. JARVIS, run and get the big pitcher full of cider, and have it warming between the hand-irons. I love to *see* the cider; and some apples; and we will have a pleasant chat, Mr. JARVIS.’

‘“Why, wife, you know that all the cider has been gone this month, and that PAUL BRYANT carried the last of the apples to market ten days ago.’

‘MRS. JARVIS: ‘Why, bless you, Mr. JARVIS, you do n’t say they are all gone — *all?* Well then, at any rate, we will have ‘a feast of reason, and a flow of soul,’ for Mr. P — is acknowledged to be the most entertaining and gentlemanly man in the county; and now, Mr. P —, although we have been to supper, and are out of the customary ‘treat,’ apples and cider, yet if there is any thing in the house that you desire, it is yours to command, and I beg you will allow me to serve you.’

‘“UNCLE REUBEN,” *(turning to JONES:)* ‘Well, Mr. JONES, Mrs. JARVIS is *very polite*, and I feel pretty sharp-set; and since she is so urgent, what do you say to some ham and eggs? I can always eat *eggs*.’

‘JONES: ‘Well, I have been to supper, although ’t was a poor one; but if Mrs. JARVIS proposes to set the table again, I’ll try what I can do, for I am like you, I can always eat *eggs*. This, however, I should do mainly to accommodate you, Mr. P —, who now have the house at your command.’

‘“UNCLE REUBEN:” ‘Well, then, Mrs. JARVIS, since you are so kind, and since you sent by Mr. JARVIS for us to come down to tea, and being uncommonly hungry, I *will* take

some ham and eggs, and a good cup of Bohea, by way of setting my tongue a-running; and if my wife is not otherwise engaged, I will send her down to-morrow.'

'Mr. JARVIS looked half glad and half 'mad,' and entirely ashamed. She looked even worse; and the way her needle flew and sputtered, for the next three minutes, was perfectly terrific. JONES looked as if he should sink into the ground, and was in the very act of calling on the hills to cover him. 'Uncle REUBEN' was the only cool and self-possessed person in the company. The silence was broken by 'Uncle REUBEN:'

'I *do* think good, nice ham, and fresh eggs, well fried, and a good cup of tea, is equal to any thing I ever saw set upon a table; and for good, generous cooking, of all women in the world give me Mrs. JARVIS! No matter how sharp you whet your appetite, Mr. JONES, you may rely upon it she will exceed your anticipations!'

'Mrs. JARVIS, with a tear in her eye, (not the crocodile tear exactly,) nervously threw down her knitting-work, and set the table in good style, with emphasis on '*eggs*.'

'Now every person that was the subject of one of 'Uncle REUBEN's' jokes was elected into the 'Trade-Sale Company,' and this was the first woman who had been victimized; and it was fully discussed whether or not she should be elected; and it was finally decided by one majority that she *should* be.

'When Mrs. JARVIS appeared in the streets, with all her sails set, a slight '*hem!*' would bring her to, although uttered by a small boy, like as a shot across the bows of a schooner from a man-of-war would bring her into the wind.'

We have seen just such people. - - - 'I HAVE half a mind,' writes a Georgetown (New-York) correspondent, 'to relate an anecdote for your 'Table' connected with this out-of-the-way place, which, I think, will afford to the theologically-good among your readers additional proof of the truth of the doctrine of future rewards and punishments; the best proof of which (our clergyman says) is, that 'the Indian, the Hindoo, all heathen, and even the *enlightened* Deist, believe in a future, with its rewards and punishments.' Now, we have a neighbor, 'an enlightened Deist,' commonly known here as 'Old REED,' who believes that after death he shall appear here again in the shape of some animal, and he *thinks* he will be a horse! The other day, his wife, after suffering greatly from his bacchanalian abuse, determined to have a 'serious talk' with him, and to touch him on the point of his religious belief. So, seating herself by him, with eyes filled with tears, and a face 'as long as the moral law,' she addressed him as follows: 'Old REED, I have something to say to you, and you must hear it: I have a duty to do, and I shall do it, faithfully; so that if you suffer hereafter, the fault may not be mine. You know, REED, that you are in the habit of getting drunk and abusing your family. They have suffered for years, both from your abuse and neglect, while the proceeds of your labor are spent in drink. Now, REED, what do you think will be the result of such a course? What will become of you when you die? I will *tell* you. According to your belief, at death you will turn into some animal, and you *think* it will be a horse. Now, REED, if you keep on in your present course, and continue to neglect and abuse your family, you will, when you die, turn into some *poor old twelve-shilling horse*, and JOEL SOLES will get you; you will be hard-worked, and half-starved, and I shall see you go by every day with a load of shingles. But now, REED, it need n't be so; and if you will turn right about, reform, provide for, and treat your family affectionately, when you die you will turn into a fine, two-hundred dollar horse, and CHARLES PERRY will get you, and feed you a bushel of oats a day, and rub you down with soft pea-straw!'

Our correspondent does not state what was the result of this future 'opening' for the unhappy inebriate; but the last proposition is certainly a very tempting one, and, it is hoped, may have had its weight. - - - Our 'prismatic' friend and correspondent, RICHARD HAYWARDE, who loves the country with a mother's affection, and who is so pleasantly situated in his cottage upon the Hudson, *assumes* the following annoyances, for the purpose of gratifying Mrs. SPARROWGRASS, who must be a woman 'hard to please:'

'It is a good thing to live in the country. To escape from the prison-walls of the metropolis — the great brickery we call 'the city' — and to live amid blossoms and leaves, in shadow and sun-shine, in moon-light and star-light, in rain, mist, dew, hoar-frost, and drouth, out in the open campaign, and under the blue dome that is bounded by the horizon only. It is a good thing to have a well with dripping buckets, a porch with honey-buds and sweet-bells, a hive embroidered with nimble bees, a sun-dial mossed over, ivy up to the eaves, curtains of dimity, a tumbler of fresh flowers in your bed-room, a rooster on the roof, and a dog under the piazza.

'When Mrs. SPARROWGRASS and I moved into the country, with our heads full of fresh butter, and cool, crisp radishes for tea; with ideas entirely lucid respecting milk, and a looseness of calculation as to the number in family it would take a good laying hen to supply with fresh eggs every morning; when Mrs. SPARROWGRASS and I moved into the country, we found some preconceived notions had to be abandoned, and some departures made from the plans we had laid down in the little back-parlor in avenue G.

'One of the first achievements in the country is early rising! with the lark — with the sun — while the dew is on the grass, 'under the opening eye-lids of the morn,' and so forth. Early rising! What can be done with five or six o'clock in town? What may not be done at those hours in the country? With the hoe, the rake, the dibble, the spade, the watering-pot? To plant, prune, drill, transplant, graft, train, and sprinkle! Mrs. S. and I agreed to rise *early* in the country.

"RICHARD and ROBIN were two pretty men,
They laid in the bed till the clock struck ten:
Up jumped RICHARD and looked at the sky:
O Brother ROBIN! the sun's *very* high!"

Early rising in the country is not an instinct; it is a sentiment, and must be cultivated.

'A friend recommended me to send to the south side of Long-Island for some very prolific potatoes — the real hippopotamus breed. Down went my man, and what, with expenses of horse-hire, tavern bills, toll-gates, and breaking a wagon, the hippopotami cost as much a-piece as pine-apples. They were fine potatoes though, with comely features, and large, languishing eyes, that promised increase of family without delay. As I worked my own garden, (for which I hired a landscape gardener at two dollars per day to give me instructions,) I concluded that the object of my first experience in early rising should be the planting of the hippopotamuses. I accordingly rose next morning at five, and it rained! I rose next day at five, and it rained! The next, and it rained! It rained for two weeks! We had splendid potatoes every day for dinner. 'My dear,' said I to Mrs. SPARROWGRASS, 'where did you get these fine potatoes?' 'Why,' said she, innocently, 'out of that basket from Long-Island!' The last of the hippopotamuses were before me, peeled, and boiled, and mashed, and baked, with a nice thin brown crust on the top.

'I was more successful afterward. I did get some fine seed-potatoes in the ground. But something was the matter: at the end of the season I did not get as many out as I put in.

'Mrs. SPARROWGRASS, who is a notable house-wife, said to me one day, 'Now, my dear, we shall soon have plenty of eggs, for I have been buying a lot of young chickens.' There they were, each one with as many feathers as a grasshopper, and a chirp not louder. Of course, we looked forward with pleasant hopes to the period when the first

cackle should announce the milk-white egg, warmly deposited in the hay which we had provided bountifully. They grew finely, and one day I ventured to remark that our hens had remarkably large combs, to which Mrs. S. replied, 'Yes, indeed, she had observed that; but if I wanted to have a real treat, I ought to get up early in the morning and hear them crow.' 'Crow!' said I, faintly, 'our hens crowing! Then, by 'the cock that crowed in the morn, to wake the priest all shaven and shorn,' we might as well give up all hopes of having any eggs,' said I, 'for, as sure as you live, Mrs. S., our hens are all roosters!' And so they were roosters! that grew up and fought with the neighbors' chickens, until there was not a whole pair of eyes on either side of the fence.

'A *dog* is a good thing to have in the country. I have one which I raised from a pup. He is a good, stout fellow, and a hearty barker and feeder. The man of whom I bought him said he was thorough-bred, but he begins to have a mongrel look about him. He is a good watch-dog though, for the moment he sees any suspicious-looking person about the premises he comes right into the kitchen and gets behind the stove. First we kept him in the house, and he scratched all night to get out. Then we turned him out, and he scratched all night to get in. Then we tied him up at the back of the garden, and he howled so that our neighbor shot at him twice before daybreak. Finally, we gave him away, and he came back; and now he is just recovering from a fit in which he has torn up the patch that had been sown for our spring radishes.

'A good strong gate is a necessary article for your garden. A good, strong, heavy gate, with a dislocated hinge, so that it will neither open nor shut. Such an one had I last year. The grounds before my fence are in common, and all the neighbors' cows pasture there. I remarked to Mrs. S., as we stood at the window in June last, how placid and picturesque the cattle looked, as they strolled about, cropping the green herbage. Next morning I found the innocent creatures in my garden. They had not left a green thing in it. The corn in the milk, the beans on the poles, the young cabbages, the tender lettuce, even the thriving shoots on my young fruit-trees had vanished. And there they were, looking quietly on the ruin they had made. Our watch-dog, too, was foregathering with them. It was too much, so I got a large stick and drove them all out, except a young heifer, whom I chased all over the flower-beds, breaking down my trellises, my woodbines and sweet-briers, my roses and petunias, until I cornered her in the hot-bed. I had to call for assistance to extricate her from the sashes, and her owner sued me for damages and recovered. I believe I shall move in town.'

'Move in town!' Not *he!* - - - We have already spoken in terms of deserved praise of '*The Bizarre*,' an original literary gazette, published every Saturday in Philadelphia. Its selections are made with taste and good judgment, and its original articles are from writers of real merit, among whom we recognize names with which our readers have become familiar in these pages. '*The Bizarre*' is carefully edited, and very neatly executed. We clip the subjoined from a recent number. It is a forcible commentary upon 'life's changes:'

'M. THIERS, in his History of the Consulate, recites some very strange and previously unknown particulars respecting the early life and penury of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. It appears that after he had obtained a subaltern's commission in the French service, by his skill and daring at Toulon, he lived for some time in Paris in obscure lodgings, and in such extreme poverty that he was often without the means of paying ten sous (ten cents) for his dinner, and frequently went without any at all. He was under the necessity of borrowing small sums, and even worn-out clothes, from his acquaintances! He and his brother Louis, afterward King of Holland, had, at one time, only a coat between them, so that the brothers could only go out alternately, 'time about.' At this crisis, the chief benefactor of the future emperor and conqueror, 'at whose mighty name the world grew pale,' was the actor TALMA, who often gave him food and money. NAPOLEON's face, afterward so famed for its classical mould, was, during that period of starvation, harsh and angular in its lineaments, with projecting cheek-bones. His meagre fare brought on an unpleasant and unsightly cutaneous disease, of a type so virulent and malignant, that it took all the skill and assiduity of his accomplished physician,

CORVISART, to expel it, after a duration of more than ten years. The squalid beggar then, the splendid emperor afterward; the thread-bare habiliments and imperial mantle; the meagre food and gorgeous banquet; the friendship of a poor actor; the homage and terror of a world; an exile and prisoner! Such are the ups and downs of this changeful life; such are the lights and shadows of the great and mighty.'

A WELCOME correspondent, near Olympia, Washington Territory, on the 'Pacific slope,' sends us the annexed graphic description of '*A Grizzly Bear-Hunt*,' which will greatly interest our Atlantic readers. It is minutely correct, in every particular:

'PRETTY comfortable 'raunch' for an Oregonian,' said 'BILLY' complacently, as he stretched his legs, so as to angle in as much as possible of the genial warmth of the fire.

'And look through the window at grand old 'RAMIER:' 'Humph!' says BILLY, 'shut him out; he looms up too grim and cold in the moonlight: in such weather as this, a man wants to look at volcanoes.'

'A cigar put BILLY in such good humor, and the angle of his legs increased so amazingly that it was a sight to see, as I sat in my little fireside corner, and heaped on the logs, that threw out the flickering light over the little cabin.

'Now 'OLD GRIZZLY' had a deuced sight better have come down —'

'Maybe he was afraid the canoe would n't be safe, this gusty weather.'

'Afraid!' says BILLY; 'man alive, when one earns his name as he did his, fear and him are not very close acquaintances. Let me tell you why we called him so.

'You see, LANDER, as Engineer of Reconnoissance, was frequently off upon detached duty: and when we were upon the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, near the head of the Marias river, he took off from the main camp some seven of us to aid him.

'We had been five days out from camp, when one evening we saw a large moving object afar off upon the prairie. We had been for some days out of fresh meat, and the idea of rich, juicy buffalo-hump induced LANDER, a Texan named GUY, a young Blackfoot, (whom we had as a guide across the Blackfoot Pass,) and myself, to ride out in pursuit.

'We three were all pretty well armed, with revolvers; and GUY had in addition a double-gun, loaded with slugs. LANDER particularly prided himself on his horse — an old buffalo-hunter — from whose back he had a short time previously shot a 'Lone Bull.'

'GUY was mounted upon a pony which had been bought a few days before at a camp of GROSVENTRE'S, whose capacities for running were, if GUY'S word was to be credited, unequalled. The Blackfoot was mounted upon a mule, while I had a sturdy-built horse, 'not good for wear, and not *much* for run.'

'When we drew nearer, our 'supposed buffalo' was seen to be a *grizzly bear*, of the largest class! He had come down from the mountains to dig roots; and as we approached, he moved slowly off to a covert of low bushes.

'Now I'm not particularly cowardly *myself*: but there was a certain something in the appearance of that customer that involuntarily brought to my mind the many stories I had heard of the ferocity of his kind when molested; and his lumbering motion, as he went sideways over that little prairie, was suggestive of considerable speed when he chose to 'let himself out.'

'I halted at once; and, looking back, saw that I was already in advance of GUY and the Indian, who seemed to have no more stomach for the fray than I had.

'LANDER, however, shouting for us to come on, dashed in the covert after Bruin, the old horse, true to his lessons in the buffalo-hunt, galloping up on the right side. The bear awaited no attack, but came furiously out from his shelter, and charged, at racing speed, upon horse and rider. LANDER and the bear went headlong one way, and GUY, the Indian, and I, in about as nearly an opposite direction as was possible upon so short a notice, until we got out upon the open prairie again. Here, looking back, we could see Bruin, still in fierce pursuit of 'Old Buffalo;' every instant getting farther

from the covert, and receiving the balls from LANDER's revolver as he would turn in his saddle to fire at him.

“Again he shouted for us to come up; but we could not trust our horses in a trial of speed with the now-maddened animal, and so kept at a wary distance. LANDER appeared to have exhausted all the loads in his revolver, and yet, save a limping motion in his gait, the bear appeared unharmed; but the headlong speed at which he had gone had evidently told upon him, and as LANDER galloped toward us, he slowly turned again toward the covert.

“He tried to prevail upon GUY to ride up; telling him there was ‘no danger,’ and that both of his barrels, loaded with slugs, would certainly kill him. But GUY's sole answer was:

“‘Look a-here, Kurnel, you can sock along arter that b'ar jist as long as you 've a mind tu, and here's my six-shooter, but you can't toll *me* up thar, nohow! I do n't mind takin' a turn with a big black Arkansaw, but when it comes to hunting *grizzlies* on a pony, jist ‘count me out!’”

“But nothing could prevail upon LANDER to allow the bear to escape; so, exchanging revolvers, he again dashed into the bushes.

“The bear, we could see, had lain down in a tangled spot in the covert, and seemed to await the coming of his enemy. LANDER, supposing that most of his shots had been futile from the swerving of his horse, determined to make surer work *this* time; and so rode down within twenty feet of the bear, and taking deliberate aim at his head, fired.

“The bear was about to rise just as he discharged his pistol; and in his earnestness to make a fatal shot, he neglected to spur his horse as he fired.

“In a bound the bear was almost on him, and I held my breath, and involuntarily closed my eyes, but was too paralyzed to attempt to render any assistance.

“GUY seemed frozen on his horse; but the Blackfoot, with a wild whoop, charged down in a circle waving his blanket upon his gun, and making loud outcries to engage the attention of the bear; but all would have been fruitless, had not the gallant old horse, true to his training, darted off to the right, and so suddenly that I could scarce believe he had escaped, when I saw the brute, with a mad howl, fall where they had stood the moment before.

“One of the stirrups caught in a low bush, and the rider was thrown backward upon the saddle; and I found myself writhing in my seat, as I fancied that all was lost. But no; by a violent effort he recovered himself, and I again breathed more freely; but only again to suspend my breath as, a moment later, the old horse stumbled over a grassy mound. The bear was within six feet of him, and it seemed as if all earth could not save the rider.

“I dashed madly down, only to have ridden to my own destruction; but again the brave old horse redeemed himself nobly; and though evidently much blown, stretched out across the prairie like the wind, the bear close behind. Swinging along with a rolling gait, his green eyes seemed to strike fire; foaming at the mouth, and howling with rage and pain, as ever and again LANDER would turn in the saddle and fire. When they reached the open prairie, Old Buffalo gradually widened the distance between them; and firing low, the foreleg of the bear was broken; and rolling over and over on the prairie, and groaning over the wounded limb, the air grew frightful with his howlings. Once more ‘backing his horse down,’ LANDER fired the last shot in his revolver at the bear's head, when ‘Old Grizzly,’ rearing upon his hind-legs, stood for a moment pawing the air frantically, and then fell back—*dead*!

“After a man has, upon the lonely prairie, stood his watch through the dark hours of the night, momentarily expecting an attack from hostile Indians, and his blood has chilled and his flesh crept, as he imagined, or really has seen, the lurking foe through the gloom, and yet dare not fire, lest he expose his own person as a target; after a man has gone through *this*, night after night, he may imagine he can realize the meaning of *anxiety*.

“All this I have undergone; but never before did my heart stand still, as it did during that half-hour's combat—knowing as I did that with one false step of the horse,

the rider's life was not worth the purchase; impressed the more forcibly upon me next day, when I saw GUY thrown headlong amidst a herd of buffalo, by his stumbling horse.

“On taking off the skin, it was found that eight revolver-bullets had passed into ‘vital parts.’ One had broken a fore-leg; one had made a deep wound in the shoulder; and the *last* shot had given the death-wound in the head.

“Of twelve shots fired in the heat of the contest, *eleven* had hit the bear; *nine* of which would have been death-wounds to anything *but* a grizzly. We estimated him to weigh twelve hundred pounds.

“Our little mule was loaded down with the best portions of the meat, and driven into camp by our Blackfoot ally, singing the brave song of his race, and relating between-whiles how their warriors kill the fierce animal.

“With their imperfect arms, they never attack the bear in the summer. It is only when torpid with cold that they seek his den in the mountains; before which, they make a barricade of logs, and kindling a huge fire, by its light, riddle the vulnerable parts of the bear with arrows.

“LANDER became to our Indian guides an object of great admiration, and was christened by them ‘*Ki-yu*,’ or Bear of the Mountains, which we anglicized by the euphonious cognomen of ‘*Old Grizzly*.’

“A pleasant journey we had toward camp, the Indian chanting as we went, and we admiring the sublimity of a sunset upon the broad prairie. The sun was dropping down behind the ‘Rocky Mountains,’ which, stretching far to the northward, with here and there a snow-crowned peak uplifted, like giants, seemed indeed

“To sentinel enchanted land:’

There was no speaking aloud: awed by the loneliness and quietude, there was something deeper, nobler in the very hush of solitude, than earthly voices speak.

“We made our camp by the shores of a low lake, where myriads of water-fowl sported unscared by the unwonted presence of white men. Under the shadows of the dark pines the water seemed of a steel-like blackness, contrasting grandly with the silvery streams that were bounded in by the grassy banks of the prairie.

“Sitting round our camp-fire at night, and watching the flickering light shining out upon the lake, in the calmness and holiness of the time when

“THE eating cares of the day
Fold up their tents like the Arabs,
And silently steal away;’

it appeared a sacrilege and a profanity to have taken life in such a spot; and there seemed a nobility in the courage with which the poor animal fought for its life.

“I tell you, in the quietude of that night, when the moon poured forth her rich light over the slumbering prairie, and lit with a holy glow the grand mountain peaks——”

“Well, did you kill any more *bears*, BILLY? Because if you did n’t, you need n’t mind about the scenery: I can see grander from my cabin-door any day.”

“Humph!” says BILLY, as he angled in *all* the fire-place.

‘*Allen’s Claim, near Olympia, (W. T.,) January, 1854.*’

R. J. A.

—
We think it was among the ‘solid men’ of the town of Boston that our friend Dr. BETHUNE was to lecture upon ‘*The Age of Pericles*.’ As he was walking to the hall where he was to hold forth to the ‘men of Athens,’ (*modern Athenians*,) he overheard the following colloquy: ‘Where are you going to-night?’ ‘Well, I don’t *know*, exactly; I thought I’d go and hear Dr. BETHUNE lecture on the Age of PERICLES.’ ‘Oh! pshaw!’ replied his colloquist; ‘who cares how *old* PERICLES was! Let us go to the theatre!’ We wish our friends in the ‘Literary Emporium’ to put this anecdote ‘in their pipes, and smoke it.’ It beats us here in Gotham, ‘out and out.’

WE make the annexed extract from a letter recently received from a friend newly arrived in California. The bright and dark sides of San-Francisco are very pointedly hit off:

'Such markets! — fresh salmon from Oregon, perch, sturgeon, (white meat,) smelt, herring, black-fish, etc.; elk, antelope, venison, brandt, teal, red-head, black-bill; good beef, mutton, pork, potatoes weighing three pounds; onions the size of your hat-crown; turnips larger, celery, radishes, cauliflower, salads, etc., etc.; every vegetable, and all the year round! We can beat you in mud, in dust, in rain, in food — in every thing. And our climate, too, is unapproachable. We have had, barring the rain, the pleasantest weather I ever experienced; about the temperature of May or June at home. We are a gay people; dress extravagantly, live fast, drink heavy; we also wear glazed hats, put our pantaloons into our boot-legs, and cultivate the moustache. Every one does as he pleases; sleeps in his room, or *elsewhere*, breakfasts at nine, somewhere, and dines at six, anywhere. On Sundays, they play billiards and euchre, attend concerts and theatres; and on Monday, Tuesday, and the rest of the week, do it all over again. JOHN CHINAMAN is also a feature, and an important one. He does nothing but gamble. The section of the town in which the 'celestials' live is unique. Every woman is — but I forbear. They wear the national costume, and preserve their national customs and modes of living. Spanish women and Chilians are numerous; their trade can easily be guessed. We have eleven daily newspapers, eight or nine weeklies, and two or three monthlies.

'Let me give you a few illustrative 'items' of society here, which dispose of as you will. I took up a hat, the other evening, belonging to a friend, and, seeing a small *compass* inserted in the inner side of the crown, I asked what it meant. He replied that, when purchasing it, he had asked the same question of the maker, and received for answer: 'So that when you get 'sociable' of a dark night you may be able to lay your course for home!' Another had a *thermometer*. This I suppose was to test the pressure of the 'steam,' to know when a man was drunk enough to go to bed. A 'ready reckoner' might be useful to those who carry many 'bricks in their hat.' . . . Of our gambling-saloons, as large as the Apollo ball-room, with bands of music, and open, and filled, too, from morning early until past mid-night; of our streets, buildings, wharves, etc., I must tell you another time.'

Just think of that! — eleven daily newspapers in San-Francisco, and less-frequently-published journals and periodicals in proportion; and there are no better-conducted newspapers anywhere; carefully edited, and generally luxurious in paper and typography. And yet we have had lying in our drawer only since the autumn of 1846, a copy of the first number of the first paper ever printed in English in California — '*The Californian*,' issued at Monterey, August the fifteenth, 1846, and published by COLTON AND SEMPLE — our old friend and correspondent, WALTER COLTON, now, alas! no more; a small 'folio of four pages,' but not what would now be called 'a happy work.' 'Look a-here,' Atlantic States' 'peoples,' California is 'a great country, and no mistake!' - - - At one of the schools for young ladies in San-Francisco, it is the custom of the pupils once a month to 'write a composition.' Upon a late occasion, the principal of the establishment requested one of the children, an interesting little girl of twelve years, (we remember her bright face when she was scarcely six, and foresaw her promise,) to write a letter. The little girl replied: 'To whom shall I write?' 'To *any body*,' was the answer. 'But I don't *know* 'any body' to write to.' 'Well, then, write to the *Man in the Moon*!' The following is an exact copy of the letter she wrote to that fabulous personage:

'San-Francisco, Feb. 10, 1854.

'DEAR SIR: I am very anxious to know how you live in the moon. Have you got any water there? We heard that you had not. As for us, we have a beautiful earth: we have green grass, and plenty of cattle, and every thing very nice. We have had a great many fires here, Sir, and we heard that you had a great many volcanoes, and we have often wondered how you lived up there, and so I thought I would write to you and gain the information. I hope you will write to me, and tell me all about it, that is, if you have any pens, ink, and paper, and a post-office. We often read about the moon in astronomy. She gives us a great deal of light in the evening, when

the clouds don't cover it up. How large does the earth appear to you? I would like to know all these things, if you please. Do you know if any of the larger planets are inhabited? If they are, tell me that, too. I want to know all these things, so that I can understand all about astronomy. We have a few telescopes, but I never saw one, and that is the reason I ask you all these questions. As I have told you before, I am very anxious to know all about you. Well, dear Sir, I shall have to bid you good-bye, hoping you will answer my letter: we shall all expect it with anxiety, and I myself particularly; as I have no more time to write, I will again say farewell.

Your curious friend,

EMMA H. JOYCE.

Our friend 'Colonel Pipes' answered this letter, in an epistle dated '*The Moon, Story Third*,' April, 1854, in which, among other things, mainly local, he says: 'I received by ADAMS AND COMPANY'S Express, your polite letter, in due course of time. I should have replied earlier, but the cars got off the track between the cities of MARS and JUPITER, and were likewise detained at the town of VENUS, to take in a wedding-party. However, I shall try to find time to answer some of your numerous questions. As to 'how we live,' I would answer, principally on cheese, of which commodity celebrated 'naturals' insist the moon is composed. You ask how large the earth appears to us? Well, about the size of a plum-pudding. I have written to the principal planets to inquire if they are inhabited, and will let you know by the return mail.' - - - The capital '*Song of an Amateur Fisherman*' arouses us like the blast of a trumpet. We must gain time now to visit 'Rex, my King,' and in company with that dearest of fishermen, 'cast our lines in pleasant places,' which we have visited aforetime, and with the amplest success:

'When sultry suns begin to burn,
And toil breeds little hunger,
And nights have many a sleepless turn,
And mornings bring but languor;
They who have known need not be shown,
And who have not can try,
The sport of a line in ocean's brine,
Quick bites and a right-brown fry.
On the sounding shore, as they sang of yore,
From toil and terrible weather,
In the cool sea-breeze to take your ease,
For a day, mere boys together.

'Gray rocks rise bold from waters deep,
Where, sly the keen-hook baiting,
Its angle's weight in our thought we keep,
And patiently stand in waiting.
The billows lay, as at rest from play,
Round the dark-topped sunken ledge:
A wide sea-view, with sky as blue,
Just meeting its distant edge.
And here once more, as oft of yore,
While cheeks get brown as leather,
In the bracing breeze we take our ease,
For a day, all boys together.

'Tall ships, meanwhile, a noble show,
Come, pass and go before us;
And jests as freely, to and fro,
Attest what mood reigns o'er us.
Some nibbling jog from bass, tautog,
Or tom-head, easy caught;
Then soon a shout for the first one out,
And lively grows the sport;
On the sounding shore, where, as years before,
From toil and tedious weather,
We sport at ease in the cool sea-breeze,
All boys for a while together.

'Then, sometimes, in the light bateau,
 Or yacht, so smoothly gliding,
 We down among the islands go —
 In fortune still confiding;
 And anchor wide, with lines o'er side,
 Of ready wit brim-full,
 As the sprites we feel round the baited steel,
 And their signal oft: 'Pull! pull!'
 And then once more to the sea-faced shore,
 All hearts of kindred feather,
 And the feast prepare for kings to share,
 All boys as we are together!

Sir PRUDENT's phiz, 'mid sports like these,
 Like wine, fresh mirth exciting:
 Bad luck upon the croaker seize,
 Who comes dull care inviting;
 Aye, let him look, lest, hook or crook,
 A mischief there befall him!
 For, very sly and very dry,
 Their joke no less may gall him.
 Yet still the more we'll seek the shore,
 When next year suns make weather,
 For a day at ease in the bracing breeze,
 All boys again together.

'And oft at night, by the milder light
 For beauty's cheeks more fitting,
 The joy we'll share with our partners fair,
 Along the smooth sands flitting.
 The ocean wide, its lessening tide,
 The white surf's pulsing play,
 Congenial sports and gentler thoughts,
 Our turning long delay,
 On the stretching shore, where suns no more
 Pour down untempered weather;
 Where cheering zest and freshening rest
 Nerve heart and soul together.

Rocky-neck, on the South Shore of Boston Bay, June, 1853.

HERE is the long-missing letter from Rome, of our friend 'Colonel PIPES, of Pipesville.' 'Moving' will always 'turn-up' things that have been lost or mislaid: so that, after all, this dreadful annoyance has its advantages, also:

'Hotel d'Almeyne, Rome, May 8, 1853.

'MY DEAR KNICK.: At last the feet of Mr. PIPES have reached the seven or eight-hilled city, and from a capittally-furnished room, only six stories high, with a magnificent prospect, is he penning these few lines to you, a keind frend promising to mail it from London, as that will save you at least a hundred dollars postage, this bein' very deer in the Papal States. Now as I have seen and gazed at sum werry curious 'things' on this side the worter, and have only a short space to report 'em in, I shall pick out a phew 'PIPE-stems' for those of your Reeders who have done me the honor of glancing at my ill-spelled yarns. Fust of orl comes Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. In each of the cities and towns through which I have pass'd, I have seen, in various languages, the announcement of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' for sale, and in two instances the name was spelled thus: 'MISTRESS, HARRIET BEATCHER STOVE!' In PIEDMONT, I saw it akted, and the Italien who took the part of ~~UNCLE~~ TOM affected the audience to tears, the women crying like sixty!

'My edication being sadly neglected in the 'classikal line,' wen a young child, prevents my givin' you any very extended notis of this world-renowned citty, or interesting anekdotes of Mr. CÆSAR, Mr. TITUS, Mr. NERO, or POMPEY's Pillar, and the like; but a

few of the 'things,' providing I can spell 'em right, I will 'jot down.' Among the foremost I would menshun 'The Colluseum,' where BIRON used to lie on a stone, and right 'CHILD HAROLD.' It is in vast preservashun, though wonderfully goin' to ruin. I sor the place were the wild beastesses used to cum up through a iron grateing, while Mr. CÆSAR and his family used to look on. SAINT PETERS is decidedly larger than our church in Barclay-street, take it orl round on an average; then, it has got a ball, so high that the bats can't fly up to it; which makes 'em very cross, they say. I sor the POPE, who is a very mild-looking gentleman, dressed in various colors. He wears a oap like a shugger-loaf, and has got a large cross on his gown, like wot they mark cattle with in the country sum times. Peeple generally kiss his toe — I disremember which one — but I did n't. He goes to Bed about eight bells, and gets up immediately before brekfast. I visited the late residence of NERO and TITUS, still standing. Some of the fresko's, though painted three thousand years ago, are yet visible; they were done by various painters, such as VANDIKE ROOBINS, Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, MORELAND, ELLIOTT, INMAN, and RAFFLE. I am not quite certain, but I think these are sum o' the names.

'Then I went to the VATIKAN — one thousand, four hundred rooms; sor statuary, mummies, (no daddys,) regular original ones, done up in linen; then I went to the theatre; paid two pauls entrance, (ten cents English;) the play was 'MARY, Queen of Scots;' did n't understand a word of it, corse it wos hurried up in Italien. It appeared that Sir WALTER REALLY got into a muss with Queen ELIZABETH, but I a n't quite certain. Then I went to the 'Pantheon,' or the 'Pantry' I forget which: this wos built twenty-five years B. C., and is still standing: there is a large hole at the top, which admits light and rain, sometimes both: I think they show you the pew St. PAUL used to occupy, but I'm not quite sure. Then I went to the arch of Mr. SEPTIMUS SEVERIOUS, carved all over in real stone; then to the Pyramid of CARIUS CESTICS; then to the arch of CONSTANTINE, and Temple of VESTA, where the fust waist-coat was made; so they, said, but I a n't quite certain. I did n't see any regular, real Romans, like they used to be in the old times: they all wear tail-coats, now, and patent-lether boots, and gold shirt-studs. I sor the Foram, but I don't think they were sitting; I a n't quite certain. On my way to Rome, having to stop at Leghorn for two days, I took a run per railroad to PISA, and went up the Leaning Tower; and I fully expected it would fall down every minit, bekorse I wos there, but I believe it is yet standing. Pisa is in Tuscany, or Tuscaloosa, I forget which.

'Yesterday, I sor a copy of the 'KNICKERBOCKER,' of last month or the month before, at the English Reeding-Room of Mr. PIALE, Number Seventy-Nine, Piazza di Spagna and there were half-a-dozen 'Merikans waiting to get a sight at it. There was the nice blue cover, the pictur of 'Old KNICK.' in the easy-chair, and in a moment, there came to me such 'pleasant memories' of the past, of 'chats' and mild 'brewings' 'now and then' in the sanctum, of sundry visits to Nassau-street, and the polite and gentlemanly Mr. H —, when a bright, fresh copy would be handed me; and pleasing indeed to me was the thought that I might soon meet you all again!

'Trooly Yours,

'JAMES PIPES, of Pipesville.'

Col. PIPES has been everywhere. - - - We should like to have seen 'NEHEMIAH DODGE's *Anti-Choking Arch-Valved Pump*' applied to the ERIOSON steamer, when she was sunk off the Jersey pier. The proprietor of this great improvement will construct a pump upon his principle which will throw a stream of water six inches in diameter from a ship's hold twenty feet deep, and one man can perform the operation. It is the wide-open, unobstructed, and *unobstructable* throat of the new valve, which gives Mr. DODGE's pump its great superiority over all modern inventions, or existing hydraulic improvements. Mr. DODGE will explain his invention to any one interested, at his residence, Number forty-two, University-Place.

CAN any reader tell us who is the author of the following lines? They are replete with a delicate fancy, and strike our ear as exceedingly musical :

'THE SUN stepped down from his golden throne,
And lay in the silent sea,
And the LILY had folded her satin leaves,
For a sleepy thing was she.
What is the LILY dreaming of?
Why crisp the waters blue?
See, see! she is lifting her varnished lid!
Her white leaves are glistening through!

'The ROSE is cooling his burning cheek
In the lap of the breathless tide;
The LILY hath sisters fresh and fair,
That would lie by the ROSE's side;
He would love her better than all the rest,
And he would be fond and true:
But the LILY unfolded her weary lids,
And looked at the sky so blue.

Remember, remember then, silly one,
How fast will thy summer glide!
And wilt thou wither a virgin pale,
Or flourish a blooming bride?
'Oh! the ROSE is old, and thorny, and cold,
And he lives on earth,' said she;
'But the STAR is fair, and he lives in the air,
And he shall my bridegroom be.'

'But what if the stormy cloud should come,
And ruffle the silver sea?
Would he turn his eye from the distant sky,
To smile on a thing like thee?
Oh! no, fair LILY! he will not send
One ray from his far-off throne;
The winds shall blow, and the waves shall flow,
And thou wilt be left alone.

'There is not a leaf on the mountain-top,
Nor a drop of evening-dew,
Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore,
Nor a pearl in the waters blue,
That he has not cheered with his fickle smile,
And warmed with his faithless beam;
And will he be true to a pallid flower,
That floats on the quiet stream?

'Alas for the LILY! she would not heed,
But turned to the skies afar,
And bared her breast to the trembling ray
That shot from the rising star:
The cloud came over the darkened sky,
And over the waters wide:
She looked in vain through the beating rain,
And sank in the stormy tide.'

Very beautiful! . . . THERE must have been some suppressed 'snicker-ing' in the 'meetin'-house' where the following laughable incident occurred: 'Let me tell an anecdote of one of the old settlers in this neighborhood, whom I will name PETER G——, who had resided on his farm near our village for the last forty years, and, by his industry and the increased price of lands, was called rich, and lived 'full fat and plenteously.' He was one of those hale, hearty, hard-working, bluff, blunt, open-hearted farmers, who thought more of looking after his stock and farm than of visiting a house of worship on the Sabbath-day. A near neighbor, who was his very opposite, and thought it sacrilege to miss a regular church-meeting, called on PETER one day and asked him to attend on the next Sabbath to hear Parson D—— preach; who, by the way, had built up a large church in the village. So

PETER promised that he would be there on the next *Sunday*. Punctual to the time, as PETER thought, but a little late, he arrived at the door, which was closed, and the minister had commenced. PETER knocked at the door. Some one sitting near opened it. In walked PETER, with his ever-bluest 'How de do? how d' do?' and looking up at the minister, he said, 'Sir, how d' do?' and, in walking up the aisle, he spoke to every one, all of whom he knew. When his friend who had invited him, rose up to seat him in his pew, he grasped him by his hand and, with his loud voice said, 'How are you? and how are yours?' which made such an unusual commotion that the congregation was in one titter during the whole sermon. This was his first and last visit to Parson D ——'s church. He said they were 'the most dry, and unsociable set of people he had ever seen, when they had got on their Sunday-go-to-meeting faces.' - - - Our old friend and correspondent, 'LORRAINE,' after sitting awhile, the other morning, in our new publication-office, awaiting his accustomed chat with the EDITOR, took up a pen, and was presently delivered of the following gossiping epistle; a communication which shows, that even so trifling a thing as *The First Fly*, to a reflective mind, may become 'food for thought.'

'This is the fourth day of May; a month which, when I was young, was the sweetest, loveliest, and most flowery of the whole twelve.* Now, however, by some *tip* of the earth, or some obstructing body, (by the way, the eclipse is near at hand!) it is dreary, drizzly, cloudy, and cold. I see nothing, hear nothing, breathe nothing, that reminds me of the month of May, save and except one thing. I have just seen *a fly*—the first fly that has crossed my vision since the 'great fly-time' of last year. Where it came from, I don't know, nor does the fly know; nor do I care, nor does he. But here he was but a few seconds ago, brushing his bill with his fore-legs, and rubbing together his hind ones, and stepping briskly across your desk, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER. He is gone. Well, brighter skies to him, *soon*; and flowers, and more to eat and drink than, from present appearances, he can find in this new office of yours, Number Ten in APPLETON'S magnificent building.

'The fly—how strange it is! But insignificant as he is, he associates himself with Uncle TOBY, and Dr. FRANKLIN, and hosts of others. What a lesson was that which Uncle TOBY read to the world, on humanity, when, (as every body knows,) after a fly had buzzed about his nose, and worried the tender-hearted old man to death, almost, he caught the fly, and straightway rising, walked to the window, and extending his arm out into the fresh and boundless air, said to him kindly: 'Go thy ways, poor devil!—the world is big enough for both thee and me.' I can do this too, with a fly, but never with a mosquito! Down with the mosquito!

'And into what a fit of philosophical thought did a fly once plunge Doctor FRANKLIN! The philosopher had some wine, which had been brought by him from France. During the process of decanting it, out came a fly. 'Well,' thought the Doctor, (for he was full of thought,) 'who knows but this wine may not have kept this fly in a state of vitality? Let us see?' So taking him up gently, with finger and thumb, he laid him out to dry on the window-sill, in the sunshine. One eye on the wine, and the other on the fly, the Doctor presently let go the decanter, and walked over to see what it was that made a sudden motion in the fly. It was a breath of air, perhaps! No; it was *the return of absolute vitality!* The fly was alive! And he, too, as flies will, began, as this fellow did, (on your desk, just now) to rub the sides of his head with his fore, and his back, and wings, with his hind legs; then shaking himself, and his eyes having got all the wine out of them, and seeing the bright and beautiful light in which he so loved to sport in France, he gave himself to the air: his wings being put in motion, away he flew, not doubting for a moment that he was still in France, and had just parted from his companions, who, like himself, had been sipping the juice of the grape, but who, unlike him, were not caught in the current, and borne down through the great opening into the pipe or the demijohn, there to soak himself, and become unconscious, for the space of—no body knows how long. There can be no doubt that he had lost *nothing*, by that plunge

* Our friend and correspondent, Mr. S. C. MASSETT, of California, would scarcely have been inspired to write his beautiful '*May-Queen's Song*' for the ladies of the San-Francisco Female Seminary, had he been surrounded by such 'airs' as we had at the time in Gotham.

into the wine, for 'There is no perception of time in the insensibility of sleep.' Out of which opinion, some infer that 'the moment of *our* demise touches upon the moment of our restoration to life.' It may be so with this; and I have no doubt it was so with Doctor FRANKLIN's fly. Whether the fly ever discovered that he was not in France, but in America, no body knows—at least I do not.

'Now, it was not possible for a man having such a head as FRANKLIN carried on his shoulders, not to *reflect* somewhat upon the death, and restoration to life, of that fly. Our friends, the phrenologists, tell us that FRANKLIN's reflective faculties were prodigiously developed; of course he was bound to reflect a little on the coming to life of that hitherto dead fly; dead or drowned which is about the same thing. And so, as was natural, perhaps, he reasoned thus: 'If this fly could die, and then revive again, after having been so long submerged and corked up in wine, why could I not, myself, be headed up in a pipe of the same kind of liquor, and after continuing there for a century, or more, or less, by some process of heating or revivification, breathe and live again?' Whatever the doctor's conclusions were on this question, it is certain he could never muster up faith enough to try the experiment. But only think of that great man's waking up, even now, and looking out upon what science and the arts have achieved since his day! How one of COLLINS' steamers would astound even his calm and penetrating faculties! And the cars and the locomotive, and being whirled along at the rate of forty miles the hour, what, I would like to know would he think of that? But when he should be inquired of by some old Quaker friend in New-Orleans, or Philadelphia, or Boston: 'How art thou this morning, BENJAMIN?' and he should respond: 'Pretty well, I thank thee, SAMMY;' and get from two of these places in two minutes the response: 'Glad to hear it;' and from the third in ten minutes: 'Mayst thou long live and continue so,' what sort of thoughts, think you, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, would chase one another around and about his cerebellum? and what would be the *stir* in the congeries of his brain? How he would think of his kite, and of the lightning; and when he should learn that it was the lightning flashing the answers, he had received, along wires, he would say: 'My kite is the egg out of which all this telegraphing was hatched.' Calm as he was always, it would take him at least a month to quiet himself, as the wonders were looked into by his quick, and sagacious, and philosophical eye! If the doctor had gone into that pipe of wine, and been beaded up, for one, I should wish him to remain there a while longer; for, if I am not mistaken, there are 'more things in our philosophy, HORATIO, than are yet *dreamed* of.' ERICSSON will be out soon with his wonderful invention; and a little while after, we shall all be going from place to place through the air, and the earth be unpeopled of its travelling community. That would be about the time I should like to *unbung*, and take the doctor from his sleep in the wine.

'I knew a man once, who, on reading the account of Doctor FRANKLIN's fly, resolved on proving to the world that there was *one* believer, at least, in his theory. He had a beautiful pointer, named PONTO. Upon this dog he resolved to test the question. So, on filling his ice-house, one winter, he ordered PONTO to be covered up in a cavity left in the ice. It was done. The next summer, when it was hot almost to suffocation, PONTO was brought forth from his icy tomb, and conveyed to the slope of a hill, covered with grass, and gently laid upon this beautiful carpet. Two stout 'CURRYS' were put to work to rub PONTO, and apply to him all the agencies that were considered most likely to set what was once the machinery of his life in motion. But alas! PONTO had slept his last sleep; and so, after exhausting every experiment, his hair rubbed off, the owner gave orders to dig a hole, and put what remained of the poor 'experimental' animal into it.

'This, however, was not a fair test. It did not effect the experiment fully. PONTO ought to have been drowned in good old Madeira wine!'

Well, let *that* experiment be tried! - - - 'BEAUTIFUL,' says a modern writer, 'it is to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, can die, even in this earth. The work an unknown good man has done, is like a vein of water hidden under ground, secretly making the ground green; it flows and flows; it joins itself with other veins and veinlets; one day it will start forth as a visible, perennial well.' We thought of this passage the other day, in passing the noble institution now in process of erection, through the munificent liberality and generous public spirit of Mr. PETER COOPER. Mr. COOPER has been 'doing good' for years and years, without pretence and without ostentation; and his crowning act is the superb and superbly-endowed 'INSTITUTE' which bears his honored name. He did not wait until he could hold his money no longer, before he made a bequest of it for the

good of his kind. He desired to *see* the good he could accomplish; and, in the prime of life, and in the midst of his active usefulness, he has built himself a monument which will last as long as there is any gratitude left in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. Honor, *all* honor, say we, to *such* a disinterested benefactor of his race! - - - THE following '*Boat-Song*,' which has 'gone the rounds' of the American and English press uncredited and unclaimed, is, we are quite certain, from the pen of our friend and contemporary, General GEORGE P. MORRIS; for we remember having seen it, on its first appearance, with his name prefixed to it:

'PULL away merrily — over the waters!
Tug to your oars for the wood-tangled shore;
We're off and afloat with earth's loveliest daughters,
Worth all the argosies wave ever bore.
Pull away gallantly — pull away valiantly —
Pull with a sweep, boys; and pull for the shore:
Merrily, merrily, bend to the oar!

'Pull away cheerily! — land is before us —
Green groves are flinging their balm to the spray;
The sky, like the spirit of love, bending o'er us,
Lights her bright torches to show us the way.
Pull away charily — pull away warily —
Pull with a nerve, boys: together give way:
Merrily, merrily, pull to the lay!

'Pull away heartily — light winds are blowing,
Crisping the ripples that dance at our side:
The moon bathes in silver the path we are going,
And Night is arrayed in her robes like a bride.
Pull away readily — pull away steadily —
Pull with a will, boys, and sing as we glide
Merrily, merrily, over the tide!'

We are not surprised at the popularity of this song. It embodies the very spirit and life of the scene which is its theme. - - - HERE is a letter to the EDITOR, from a young lad in Kentucky, which we cannot resist the inclination to 'embalm' for preservation in the KNICKERBOCKER:

'DEAR SIR: I am a boy, fifteen years of age, and am at present attending a very good school. My teacher considers me one of his best scholars, and it is my intention never to give him occasion to think otherwise. I never, in school-hours, whisper with my neighbors; I never throw paper-balls across the school-room, where sit a regiment of small chaps, who, before the balls arrive, dodge behind their desks, their strong-holds, and quick up again to return the shot. No, Sir; I never indulge in such warlike exercises; but I apply myself assiduously to my studies. My teacher has often remarked that I study too hard. But I have ample time for exercise. When I began this letter I intended to ask a favor of you: whether you would be so kind as to buy for me a practical work on Fencing, for which I inclose one dollar. I do not know the price. By doing so, you will confer a lasting favor upon me.

'Your obedient and humble servant,

T — A —.

Will some of our publishers 'please advise' touching the *Work on Fencing*? We know not where to get it. - - - WE are glad to learn that the *Exhibition of the National Academy of Design*, although open for scarcely half the usual period, was eminently successful the present season; having received, in that short space of time, more money for admissions than during the entire term last year. The art-critic of the '*Home-Journal*,' in his lively, matter-full '*Gazette*,' of Hoboken, speaking of the portraits in the collection, confirms the justice of the remarks heretofore made in these pages upon the

same theme: 'OF MR. ELLIOTT's pictures it is difficult to write, and at the same time to avoid the repetition of ourselves and others; we need only say that the pictures of this accomplished Master of Arts, now on exhibition, fully sustain his previous reputation, and all the world knows what that is. Of Mr. ELLIOTT, an eminent English writer observes, that 'he seems born to continue the line of illustrious portrait-painters in America, at the head of which stands the immortal STEWART. If a gentleman sits to ELLIOTT,' he adds, 'a moderate immortality, whatever may be his peccadilloes, is certain.' Mr. HICKS, who paints in a style the very opposite of Mr. ELLIOTT's, is equally notorious as a master in his profession. As serious and as severe in his delineations as DA VINCI or OPIE, he compels admiration by his fidelity, and impresses us with the simplicity of his style. His coloring, sombre and almost sepulchral compared with his rival, under the management of less skillful treatment, would ruin any other artist. It is to his absolute mastery over all his materials that he has been enabled to produce such nobly-wrought works of art. We do not, however, consider his present works equal to those we have heretofore seen. Yet, of the head of Mr. TRIMBLE, we venture to say, that we know of no living artist whose pencil could produce a better one. Of the picture itself, the simple historical character of the accessories will not allow us to speak in high terms.' We infer the 'English writer' to be Lord ELLESMERE. - - - THE subjoined comes from Fort-Wayne, Indiana: 'I have an anecdote to tell you, which occurred last Sunday evening at one of our churches, known among the 'Philistines' by the not very euphonious sobriquet of '*Old Saw-Mill*.' After securing a seat, and getting comfortably 'fixed in,' I turned my attention toward the pulpit, anticipating something grand and sublime, as the 'brother' who was to hold forth, had arrived from a southern town, and although very diminutive in height, extended widely on all sides. A few scattering hairs 'peeped' over the top of the pulpit, and from their occasional bobbing, I concluded the venerable cranium of the reverend gentleman was underneath; and in this I was correct; for I had not been seated long when up popped the ruddy, luminous countenance of the divine, like the rising of the full moon over the eastern horizon in a calm summer evening. The preliminary exercises were disposed of, and a text chosen from one of St. PAUL's epistles. He spoke of 'Brother PAUL as a free-born Roman citizen, a man of great learning, boldness, energy, and perseverance; his miraculous conversion, when the heavenly light shone upon him; and 'how he fell to the ground.' 'Some may ask,' he remarked, 'why such a bold man as St. PAUL should fall to the ground because of the light: the true reason was, *because he could n't stand up!*' A slight titter ran among the audience, but whether caused by this cogent reasoning or not, I cannot say.' - - - THE 'spread of intelligence' is very forcibly exemplified in the following 'authentic fact,' which we derive from a correspondent in Newport, Rhode-Island: 'This Newport is the place where, until within a few years, they 'built *old houses*,' but since it became a fashionable summer resort for all sorts of people, there has been all sorts of buildings built. There is a journeyman-painter here who goes upon the principle of 'obeying orders if he breaks owners,' who was sent by his 'boss'

Editor's Table.

ansion, and a barn belonging thereto, with orders to 'fill up
bad places, and make a nice job of it.' He returned about
mixed up half a barrel of putty, and returned to his labor.
inquiring how he used so much putty, ascertained that he
g to putty up the pigeon-holes! In finishing the floor of one
in the mansion, he painted all round the outer edges, and
elf in the middle of the floor, in a small circle, where he remained
it became dry!' Smart house-painter that! We commend him
d F——, in the Fifth-Avenue. - - - The author of 'The
-House,' says he is not a singer, but he recommends those
o sing them, to try the air of 'BEN BOLT;' at all events, if that
hem, he knows of no tune that will.' We venture to hint that the
s so lax that the lines might be twisted to the air of 'The Groves
ey,' as 'poor POWER' used to elongate that veracious ballad:

'Do n't you remember the school-house, old friend,
With 'Tampus Fugit' over the door;
Which prophesied in Latin of the recesses' end,
And made us enjoy them all the more?
In the old school-yard in the valley, old friend,
From the place where it stood all alone,
They have torn the old house, and erected in its place
A much more substantial one, of stone!

'Do n't you remember the master, old friend,
The master we all used to fear;
Whose one great delight was to check us in a smile,
And whose other was to cause us a tear?
In the old kirk-yard in the village, old friend,
In a corner, without any stone,
(Which remains to be laid,) they have laid his remains,
And his master now has his own.

'Do n't you remember the ferule, old friend,
That at one time endangered your life,
Being 'shied' at your head by the master, who said
You 'd been whittling the desk with your knife?
In the old box-stove, in the corner, old friend,
With the relics of his high-cushioned stool,
I deposited the ferule, and then kindled up a fire,
On the very day that I left the school.

'And of all the merry scholars that attended, old friend,
At the old school with me and with you,
We're the only ones left to remember the old house,
And to pay up our taxes for the new.
Like the chaff on the wind they have scattered, old friend,
And their names have passed out of my mind;
But among all the scholars of the present it is hard
To find many that are of the old kind!'

'A very good song, very well sung.' - - - THERE has not lat-
number of our Magazine in which we wished to say so much as in th-
nor one in which we have been constrained to say so little.
know what 'moving' from the city to the country is, will lool
short-comings with indulgence. A chartered sloop with all yor
'traps,' books, manuscripts, etc., on board, arrested by a three-
north-east storm on the Hudson; the trouble in town, the t-

